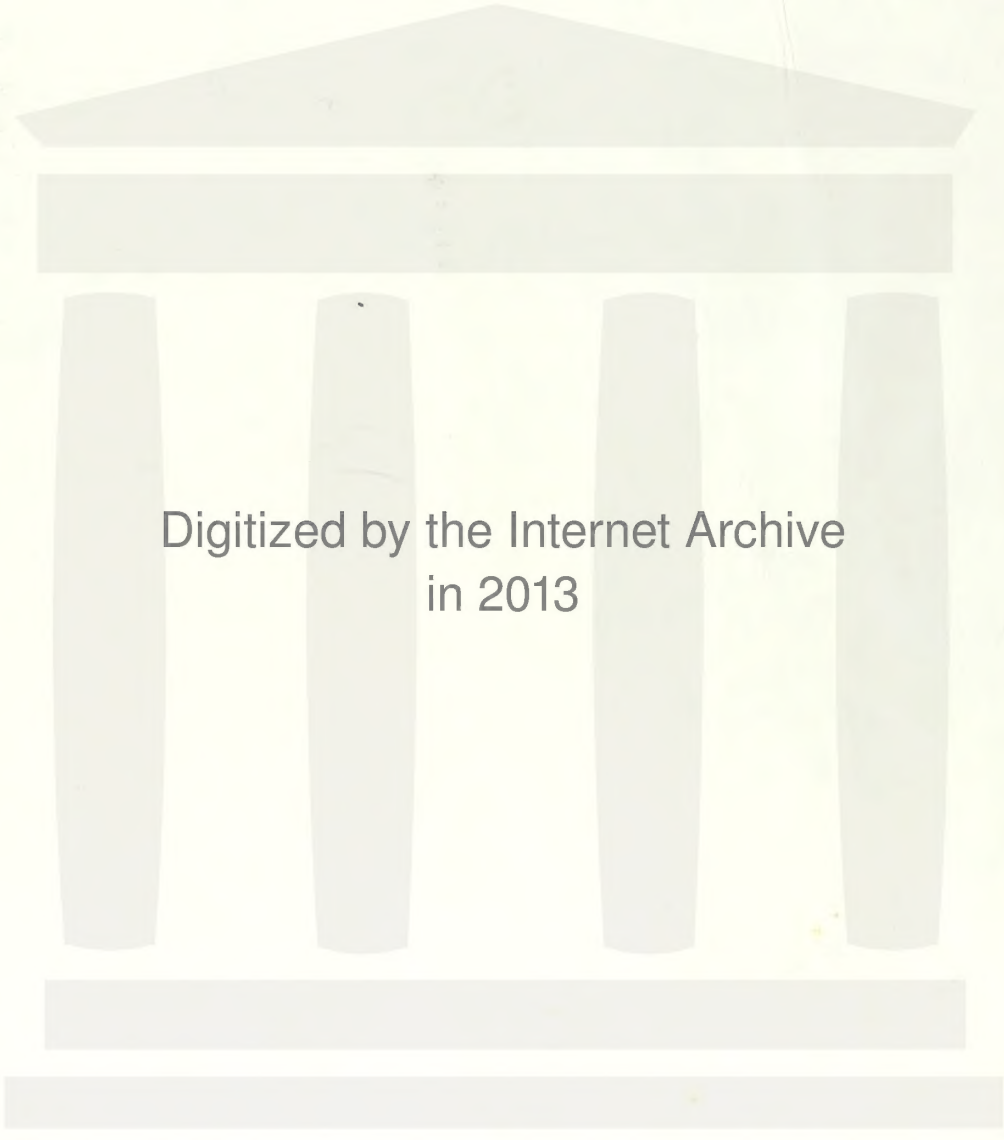
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Harper's Magazine

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Harper's magazine



Where I get my energy—

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

The Abominable Snowman

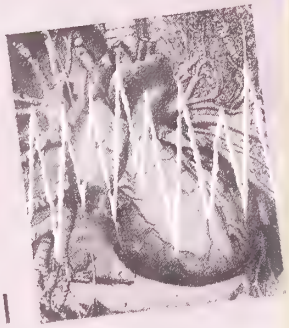
John Masters

A Plan to Save Trees, Land, and Boys

Senator Hubert H. Humphrey

Electronic Helpers for Ailing Hearts

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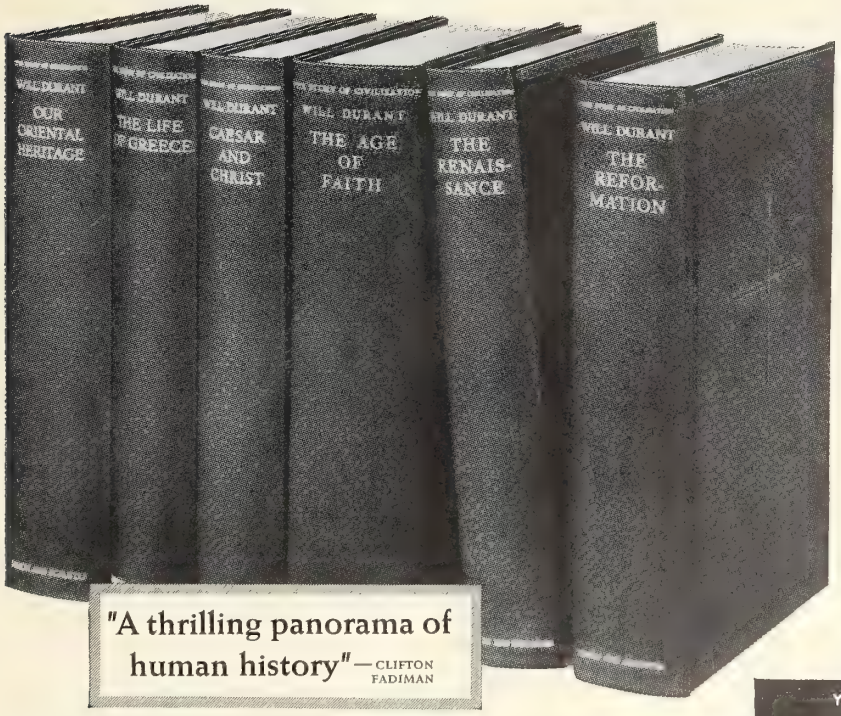
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LETTERS



Inge's Men and Women

TO THE EDITORS:

I have just read Mr. Brustein's "hard look" (hard wallop would be more to the point) at Inge ["The Men-taming Women of William Inge," November]. It's a fascinating article with which I found myself agreeing all the way. How could I ever have enjoyed the four plays so much?

MRS. MONROE D. NORTH
Harrison, N. Y.

Mr. Brustein's criticism of Inge's plays tells more about Robert Brustein than it does about William Inge. The male Mr. Brustein wants glorified—"I am fighting for my freedom, for my honor, for myself, one and indivisible"—is the infant male screeching: "I WANT TO WRECK WRECK WRECK; I WANT TO SCREAM UNTIL NOBODY ELSE CAN BE HEARD BUT ME; I WANT TO STRUT THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE LAND TAKING MY FEMALES WHERE I FINDS THEM." . . .

The infant in the biceps boy goes on screaming for his freedom, and when he gets it, how happy to crawl back to the hearth and home cooking! . . . Matriarchy has nothing to do with it. Inge is no romanticist or sentimentalist, he's a realist.

ESTHER R. COADY
Cincinnati, Ohio

The writer of the following letter is the author of the Broadway hit, "Two for the Seesaw."

As a playwright of sorts, I was interested in what you call Dr. Brustein's "rigorous"—I would say indignant—arraignment of Inge's plays; it brings to mind the ancient ill-will between artist and critic. I think Dr. B. has been treated very unfairly, and Inge and your magazine and life owe him separate apologies.

There is a story that Maxwell Anderson once turned from a withering notice of a play of his to the newspaper's front page, and observed that a hatchet murder thereon had been reviewed more charitably than his play. (One may note in passing that the story preserves Anderson's name, but not the critic's or murderer's; the fact tells something about the value an illiterate citizenry sets upon various activities.) I do not question that every playwright's crime is heinous; nothing minor could call forth these cycles of objective contempt. The real questions therefore are: what is the nature of the crime, and how may it be extirpated?

Your description of Inge as having "a formula for turning domestic romance into gold at the box office" implies one answer. The crime is Success, and every writer who is innocent of this crime is properly outraged by it. But are the innocent rewarded? Here we have a playwright obtaining large quantities of money and respect under false pretenses, scheming night and day for fifteen years, in play after play misrepresenting his labors as having interest and deceiving the uninformed public into agreement. Dr. B. in one sitting cleverly exposes him; and how does your magazine deal with this lamentable con man and his lamenting judge?

It does the same as the illiterate citizenry: it features a cover which is all playwright, and his critic is smuggled aboard it, like a flea on a moose. Why do you so unjustly perpetuate Inge's face, which does not need saving, and neglect Dr. B.'s, which does? Is it only to sell copies? Is one to conclude, wildly, that it is Inge who lends the major interest to Dr. B.'s piece, and not Dr. B.?

Can it be that this "fast-rising" critic is ascending only the playwright's shins? Why can not I sell you my article on Dr. B.'s lifework, written in the last two minutes, entitled "The Moose-Taming Flea of Columbia"—simply because there is no public interest in the subject? Do you ask me to believe that even Inge's failings are of more significance than his critic's successes?

The answer to all these questions must be a resounding no, or yes, or maybe, as the case may be. I raise them only to set the relative difficulties of their achievements in proper perspective.

But there is a larger issue here than the injustice to Dr. B.—it is that of extirpating the original crime. Criminals are notoriously a calloused lot, immune both to reason and their critic's pains, and no doubt Inge is even now plotting another success. It is to the federal government rather than to the little man like Dr. B. that we must look to protect the public from further fraud, and we can be sure of no means short of the total outlawing of Ilk and all his inge.

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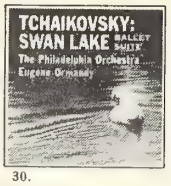
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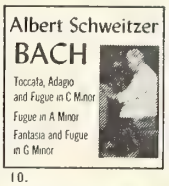
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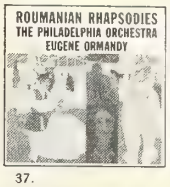
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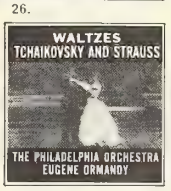
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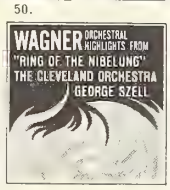
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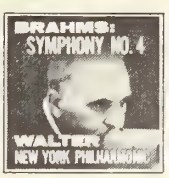
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LETTERS

brightest reviewer with none whatsoever, but we must all be prepared to make sacrifices in the interests of a better humanity. WILLIAM GIBSON
Stockbridge, Mass.

Howls from Harvard

TO THE EDITORS:

David Boroff, the author of the amusing "Imperial Harvard" in your issue of October is in error when he speaks of "President Lowell's free-elective system, which enormously expanded the horizons of education but was susceptible to abuse. . . ."

This system was Eliot's, not Lowell's, and it was Lowell who reformed it. I was at Harvard when Eliot went out and Lowell came in.

SPENCER ERVIN
Bala-Cynwyd, Penna.

During several of my undergraduate years at Harvard, I was a commuter and probably stereotyped as "poor Irish." I was also President of the Harvard *Crimson.* I am therefore most disturbed to read in David Boroff's "Imperial Harvard" that a candidate for election as President of the *Crimson* made anti-Semitic pronouncements.

In 1952 my executive board nominated a Jewish student to be my successor as President. He was one of three Jewish students nominated for the important editorial positions on the paper. All three were exceptionally qualified and the selection of one to be nominee for President was correspondingly difficult.

The entire *Crimson* Board of Editors thereafter voted to accept or reject the executive board's nomination. The vote was preceded by a closed-door frenzy commonly associated with electioneering. At no time prior to election was I aware—and being somewhat of a daily fixture at the *Crimson,* I would have been aware—of a single anti-Semitic pronouncement by any candidate. . . .

To say that "a good Jewish candidate" was "beleaguered by prejudice" is quite simply an outright lie. I say this with one reservation, and that is that I do not know when the alleged incident occurred. I only guess from the vague statement that it was a "few years ago." In addition I am not aware that a Jewish student has served as President of the *Crimson* since, but even so the thought of anti-Semitism and the *Crimson* seems incredible. . . . PHILIP M. CRONIN
Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Boroff replies:

I can only report that I have the utmost confidence in the source of my information. However I am not at liberty

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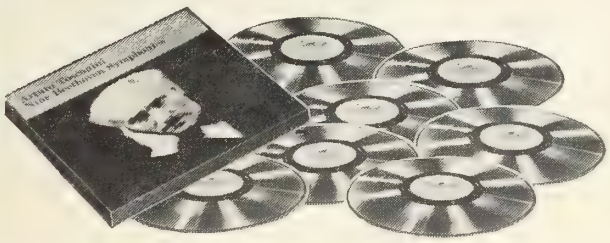


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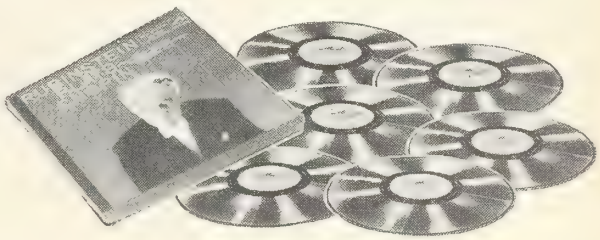
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by AMY VANDERBILT



Author of *Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette* and United Features Syndicate column on etiquette.

The color of wine is so decorative and appetizing that it logically is served in clear thin glasses. Sherry and Port call for stemmed glasses holding 5 or more ounces and slightly narrower at the rim than at the bowl, as this design concentrates and enhances the bouquet.

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to divulge the name of my informant or the year in which the election took place.

It is important to view the episode in the context in which it occurred. The significant fact is not that someone made anti-Semitic pronouncements; this can occur anywhere. What is more pertinent is that the effort to introduce anti-Semitism was peremptorily rejected by the members of the *Crimson*. I made the point that the "*Crimson* ethos was such that a good Jewish candidate, beleaguered by prejudice, could win hands down."

Mr. Cronin writes: "The thought of anti-Semitism and the *Crimson* seems incredible." This, it seems to me, is merely another example of a certain chauvinism with which some Harvard alumni are afflicted. It mars somewhat the image of an institution which in most respects is altogether admirable.

DAVID BOROFF
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Snarled Highways

TO THE EDITORS:

I would like to add a further comment on the highway problem to John I Snyder, Jr.'s excellent article—"Unsnarling Traffic on the Roads, Rails, and Airways" [November].

More people are moving out to the suburbs, and country towns even further away from the cities are turning into suburbs; there are more automobiles on the roads each year; new highways are being constructed and many of the existing ones "improved."

But the situation is going from bad to worse. Why? . . .

A highway should be built, and controlled, to connect one point with another and to enable the motorist to proceed along it as freely and easily as possible. A shopping center should be a complex of stores, situated near but not on a main highway, with an adequate parking area or areas. A residential area, where residents can get away from noise and congestion, should be readily accessible from highways and accessible to shopping areas, but sufficiently removed from and protected from both. These should be considered as three distinct units. Yet the tendency is to mix them all together and stir rapidly.

The result is that the highway is cluttered with residences and stores, schools and churches, which impede through-traffic and rob the highway of its primary function. Residents have little more peace and quiet than they did in the city from which they moved. Merchants lose many of the customers they have sought . . . because the motorists are using the highway, not for shopping purposes, but because they wish to proceed from one point to another without stopping and wasting time.

Thus the highway ceases to be a "highway"; residences find themselves in the heart of a commercial area; and the shopping center, where the customer can browse at ease and make a variety of purchases at the same time, has become a string of shops, which, with garish signs and placards, attempt to flag the passer-by. . . .

The highway [soon fails] in its function, and so another has to be built, at the taxpayers' expense. Here, history again repeats itself, and the same process continues. . . . It will continue until highway departments and engineers, town zoning boards and realtors put their wits together in a concern to break this eternal triangle—patrolling and controlling the highway, planning and safeguarding the shopping center, and protecting the residential area from highway traffic and commercial encroachments.

Unless this is done, bedlam will not only continue but finally take over completely.

DALE WARREN
Boston, Mass.

Scientific Minds

TO THE EDITORS:

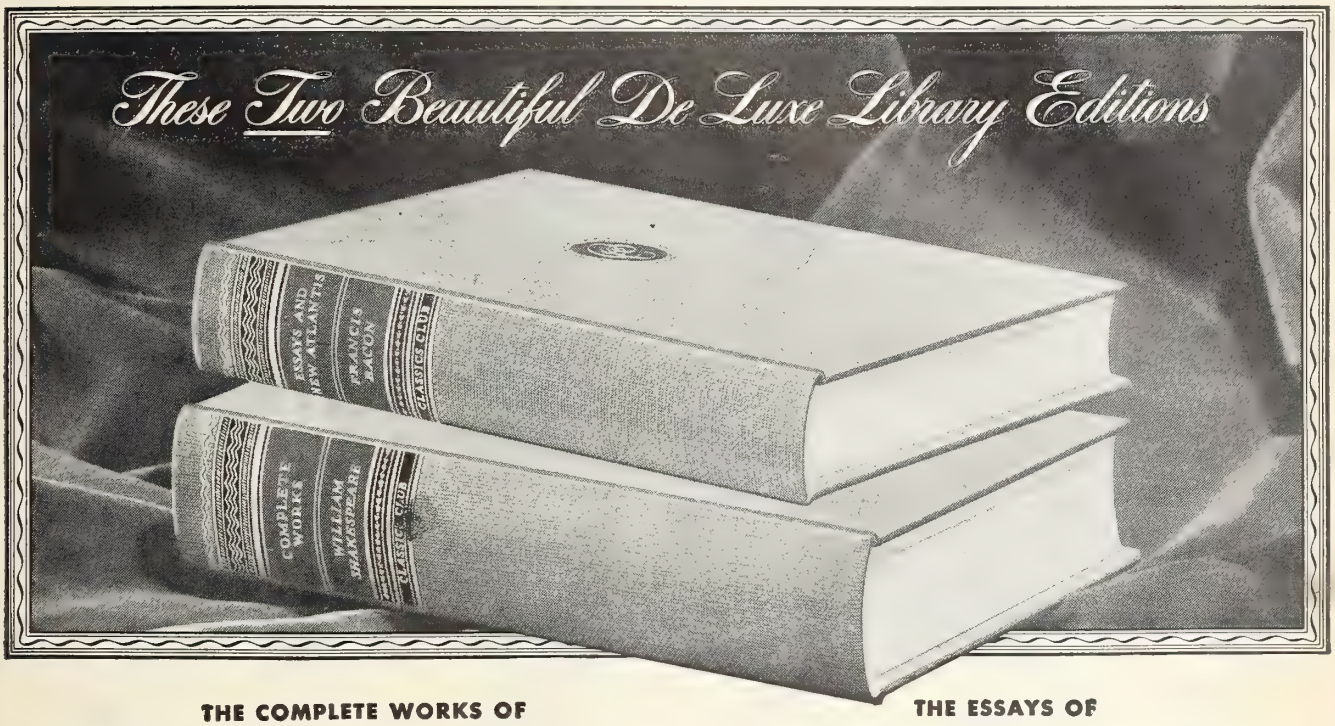
Dr. Ian Stevenson's article, "Scientists with Half-closed Minds" [November] states truly that "deep conservatism strongly influences the approach of many scientists to new ideas." . . . but possibly a few remarks about the other side of the picture may be in order.

Among scientific theories, idiocies abound. At various times, scientists have been asked to believe that the earth is hollow and inhabited on the inside . . . that the earth is a spherical concavity in a vast universe of solid rock, and that the sun and stars flit about the center of this hole. Automatic incredulity is a grand defense mechanism against this sort of thing, though it is a rough stumbling block for the innovator.

But the history of science in the last 500 years indicates scientists are particularly susceptible to new truth, though the burden of proof for a new theory rests upon its inventor . . . Really radical innovators like Einstein and Heisenberg have won acclaim. The crackpots, for the most part, have been crushed, one by one, insofar as the scientists are concerned. Not, on the whole, a bad record for science.

Compare, though, the ease of acceptance of new ideas by scientists with the ease of acceptance of new ideas on,

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say government or ethics. . . . That "man is endowed by his creator with certain inalienable rights" met a good deal of resistance. . . . That "we ought not to make war on our enemies, but love them" has had an uphill fight for 2,000 years.

GEORGE HEIGHO
Marblehead, Mass.

Learning about Latins

TO THE EDITORS:

It's good to see you looking south occasionally, as in your "Why Latin America Distrusts Us" [by Thayer Waldo, November]. So much of American public attention and official concern are focused on Europe. . . . Mexico comes in for travel-brochure copy and most of South America is taken for granted. If any great thoughts are thought, songs are sung, their authors will bring them to New York—translated into English—or be ignored.

Right here in Dallas, our back is turned, culturally, on Mexico. Art movie houses show British, French, Italian films with good box office. Yet Anglo-American faces are never seen at the Spanish-language films shown nightly here, filmed in Spain, Argentina, Cuba, Mexico City, and Hollywood. Many are significant, some excellent. . . . Latin Americans attend but all this is beneath the Anglo populace.

A Spanish opera star comes to Dallas. She speaks Spanish, French, Italian, and German, but the local reporter knows only English and is unable to interview her. . . . This happens in a city where 32,000 people live whose mother tongue is Spanish. . . .

ROBERT N. JONES
Dallas, Texas

Water and Oil

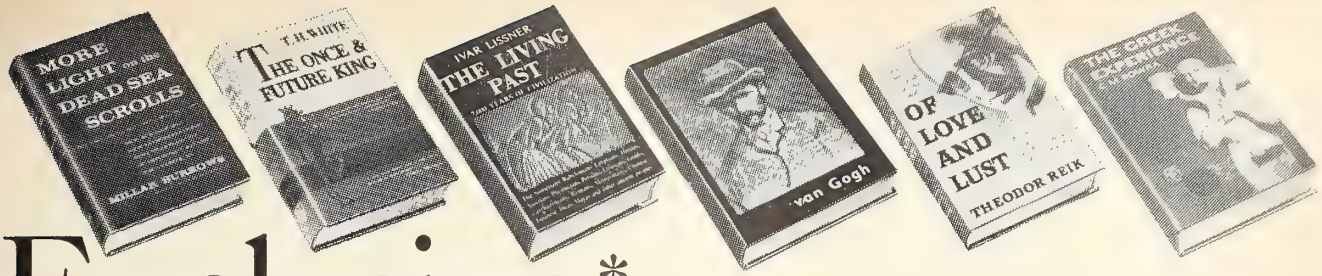
TO THE EDITORS:

I have been thirsting for an article on water and was delighted to read Robert and Leona Rienow's "The Day the Taps Run Dry" [October].

I have been in Persia for the past year worrying about the United States' water supply. Here there is oil, oil, everywhere and not a drop you can drink. . . . It has taken 3,000 years to denude this area of trees, shrubs, grass, lakes, and rivers. This was before the era of electricity and atomic energy. It was because people did not know any better.

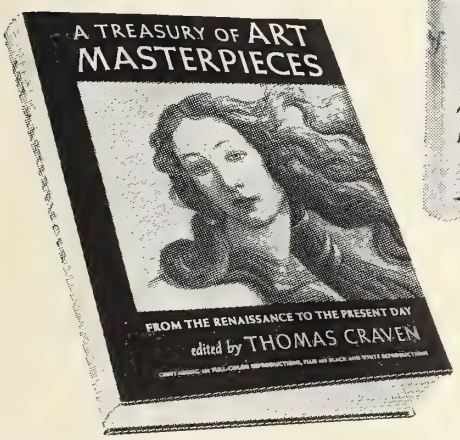
We shall become an underdeveloped area ourselves in the U. S. if we don't start thinking and acting to conserve and develop our water supply. Without water, people become progressively more selfish, more degraded . . . if not extinct.

ELIZABETH H. PHILLIPS
American Embassy, Iran



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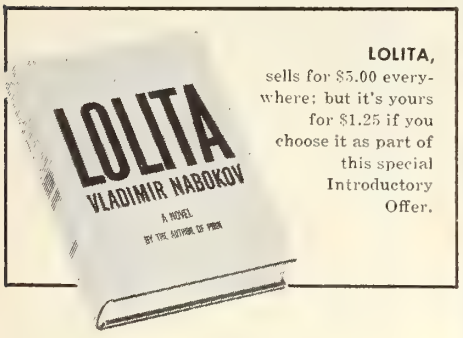






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the Easy Chair

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The author of this candid success story is a native Mississippian who was born in Columbia, a small town in Marion County, and grew up in various logging camps in the southern part of the state, where he attended public school. He edited two union publications before November 1953 when he founded a newspaper in Petal, a town in Forrest County, Mississippi

Despite the history he relates here, the Petal Paper *has not yet gone out of business. Although it does not have a single subscriber in Petal, nearly half of its 2,000 circulation is in Mississippi with perhaps a fourth of this in Forrest County. Seventy-five per cent is in the South, and the rest, according to Mr. East, "is scattered in all forty-nine states, England, Germany, Italy, France, Japan, Australia, and Hawaii."*

I AM a man of distinction. For some it is difficult to find some small item to set them apart, but, given time, it can be found.

My claim to distinction actually is two-fold. First, I own a weekly newspaper in the village of Petal, located two miles from the town of Hattiesburg, in Forrest County, Mississippi, and my newspaper has the lowest local per capita circulation of any in the world. I confess to an abounding ignorance of arithmetic, but I think in dealing with material objects the lowest count is zero. And zero is the number which represents my circulation in Petal (whose own claim to distinction is, as proud Petalites will tell you, that it is "the largest unincorporated town in the country"). Second, my paper is, to the best of my knowledge, the only one in the nation with an unlisted telephone number. In my defense I wish to point out that to reduce a local circulation from 2,300 to zero in only five years requires a certain ability and constant effort. Frankly you've got to work at it full time—and a ringing telephone is distracting.

My distinction makes certain demands, and to date the price I've paid has been two ulcers, a pointed head of gray hair, and almost $10,000 in cash. I'll admit my success was not a sure thing in the beginning. Actually the first hint of it came when a mop-maker refused his paper at the post office one week. It was returned to me marked "refused," and I was surprised, but in the weeks that followed I became accustomed to an armful every Friday. And with those refused papers I knew I'd arrived.

The secret of my first sweet smell of success was relatively simple. I had reached a startling conclusion: that Negroes were, after all, just people. Needless to say, I was more than a little surprised to learn that everyone didn't share my opinion.

I reached this conclusion from reading the Constitution of the United States, and especially the amendments to it, which impressed me, and wouldn't turn loose from my memory. Having been so corrupted, I was shocked at a proposed amendment to the Constitution of the State of Mississippi, put to a vote in the fall of 1954, which empowered the State Legislature to abolish the public school system in the event of integration. My best advertiser—who, by his own modest admission, was the leading merchant in the village—told me that anyone who opposed the amendment was for the integration of white schools. He was an articulate man and got the message across: If I opposed the amendment he would stop advertising. I opposed it, true to my conscience; he stopped advertising, true to his word. We were both honorable men.

I stopped to reflect and concluded that success didn't "just happen." I saw right away I'd have to work at it, which I did. In a short time I didn't have a single advertiser in Petal.

Having been corrupted by the Constitution, I next decided it was my patriotic duty to render a service to my state. I did so in presenting an editorial, on April 21, 1955, suggesting that the state symbol of the Magnolia be replaced with the Crawfish.

"Here in the State of Mississippi we are making progress," I wrote, "progress such as no state heretofore has known. Our sagacious leaders are showing us how; they are leading the way. Their aim is to protect us from those crawfish who haven't the intelligence to move backward (as any sane crawfish knows), backward toward the mud from which he came."

The reaction was of some interest, especially the fact that something like five professional Southerners bought subscriptions to the paper, telling me how pleased they were that I'd made it clear to "them niggers as to their place." I was proud to take their money.

IN THE meantime, I decided to support a friend of long standing in his race for the office of county sheriff. He had asked me to support him, and I knew of no reason why I shouldn't. During the campaign I had occasion

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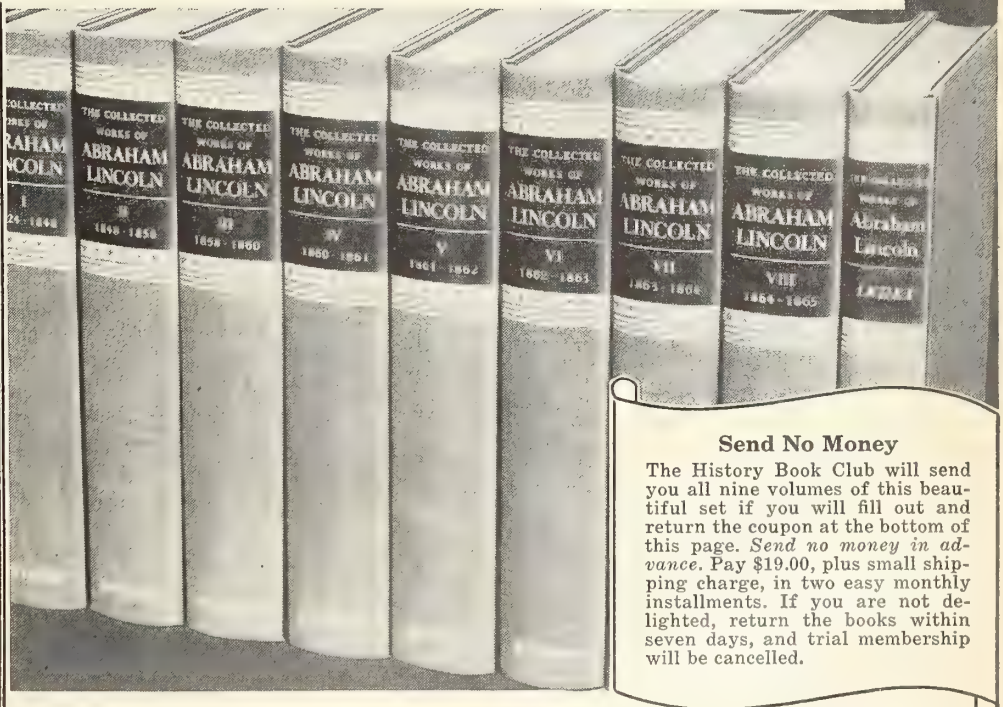
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to call on him at his home twice. Both times I found myself cooling my heels on the front lawn. Not once was I invited in. Being a sensitive soul, I began to wonder about my social standing in the community.

Admittedly, it took a little time for the situation to dawn on me, but now I know—there are four homes in the entire county to which I can go and not have to sit on the lawn. And to those four, I confess, I'm never invited. In any event, I have a plan. Should my dear friend decide to seek the sheriff's office in the next election he will have my full support—whether he wants it or not.

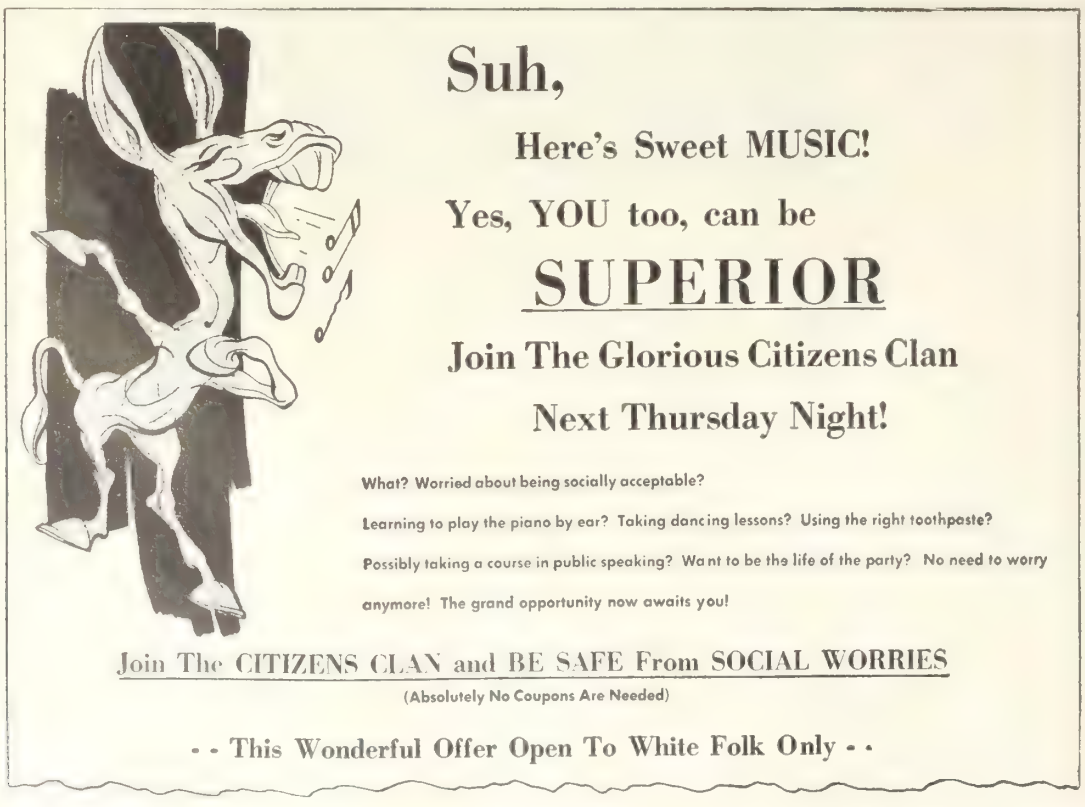
That same year I opposed a gentleman seeking re-election to his office. My opposition was based on the fact that he had stood on his hind legs in the courthouse of Forrest County at a meeting of school-board members and said that whites and coloreds could not meet together. The dozen or so Negro citizens present had been invited to the meeting by the school-board members, all of which were white. In short, the gentleman played to the gallery (and the press) and in five minutes did harm to race relations that couldn't be repaired in five years.

My personal impression was not a favorable one and, having run out of ideas for editorial copy on the blessing and wonders of American Motherhood, I felt inclined to comment on this act by a real, 100 per cent, red-blooded professional Southerner. While I've never claimed that the gentleman was responsible for it, I will point out that for two days and one night thereafter my wife was shadowed by an unknown person. I think it was a war of nerves, and I think whoever was responsible came close to winning, because my wife got ever so nervous, believe me.

Shortly after my comments on the behavior of the professional Southerner, I happened into the post office in Hattiesburg and a lady stopped me and said: "Are you P. D. East?" Thinking she just might want to spend three dollars for a subscription to my paper, I admitted that I was. (I have since learned to keep my mouth shut in such circumstances, except to say: "No, I'm sorry. I'm God, but I've got my eye on that fellow.") She fixed me with a steady gaze and said: "I'm of half a mind to wring your neck."

Still in pursuit of success, I took a stand in a telephone strike. My position was that labor had every right to bargain, to negotiate, and to strike, should its members so decide; but it did not have the right to destroy property, public or private, nor did members have the right to beat up employees who did not belong to their union.

I fear my simple position was misunderstood by all concerned. On a Saturday night, following the statement of my position, my home telephone began to ring. Eight times it tolled, and each time for me, and each time it represented a can-



Fragment of a full-page advertisement satirizing a Citizens Council group in Forrest County, Mississippi. From the Petal Paper, *March 1956.* *(See p. 16.)*

America's jet age rolls in on rails of steel

Another example of how railroad progress goes hand in hand with U. S. progress

New York to London in only 6½ hours! That's the flying time of today's dramatic new jet planes—as America advances into the jet age.

Assembling jet planes – from raw material to finished product – calls for a massive job of hauling. So naturally, the builders turn to the railroads. For no other form of transportation can move such huge quantities of materials with the efficiency and economy of the railroads.

In fact, the railroads are absolutely essential to the growth of our economy and to our national defense. The country couldn't do without them. That's why the railroads should be allowed equality of treatment and opportunity with their competitors.



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That's the newest project we're working on at Atomics International. We're excited by the scientific advances it will make possible . . . sobered by the magnitude of the job.

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This is a rare opportunity for the dedicated engineer or scientist. You'll be working with one of America's major builders of power reactors. Advancement can be rapid. Ability is recognized—and rewarded. We'd like to talk with you—about your future and ours.

Please write to Dr. J. Conway, Professional Placement Office, Atomics International, 21600 Vanowen Street, Canoga Park, Calif.

Atomics International

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celed subscription, coupled with a verbal blow. Finally, I left the telephone off the hook.

It was during the strike that I received my first threat of a beating. The unidentified gentleman was nice about it: he was just going to knock my brains out . . . nothing really serious. Anyway, it would have been quite a feat, considering that other callers had said that I didn't have a brain in my head.

Farther along the road to success and distinction, I became involved in a matter having to do with the rights of property owners. A refining company decided to locate near Hattiesburg and did not ask, but demanded, that a family let them have a certain tract of land for their site. The family declined, and the company told them that they were going to take the land—and set out to try. Local tempers flared.

My contention was that I'd like to see the industry locate in the area, but more important than a few dozen additional jobs was the fact that the right to private ownership must not be denied. I fear my position was once again misunderstood. It was thought I was opposed to industry moving in; thus I was said to be against additional payrolls for the area. A few advertisers saw fit to cancel because of my position: among them the refining company and two other firms in the petroleum business, all of which were good advertising accounts. When it was all over, the right of property owners was retained and the refinery located in the area anyway. I was not invited to the formal opening. As a matter of fact, I didn't make a dime out of the whole affair.

PROBABLY my greatest single step toward my present distinction was taken in March of 1956. Around the first of the month I learned that a citizens council group was going to be organized in Forrest County. The date for organization was set for March 21. I felt inclined to oppose the council, contending that we had sufficient bigots without organizing them. I worked on editorial copy for almost two weeks, and all of it seemed inadequate to me. With my deadline fast approaching, I decided to run a full-page ad (see page 14) in behalf of the citizens councils.

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S9-4

I did not attend the meeting at the courthouse, not having been invited; however, a friend went in my behalf and reported to me. The keynote address was delivered by a local attorney, and at one point in his address he saw fit to hold up before the audience the page I had so generously donated. With a dramatic gesture he denounced it, finally throwing it to the floor with the statement that he was going to cancel his subscription to my paper. (Trying to be of service to a subscriber I checked my files the next day and found that his name had been dropped from the list some nine months before for non-payment. I felt it only fair to report this fact in the following issue of the paper.)

Following the service I rendered in behalf of the citizens councils, there were a few telephone calls . . . a canceled subscription, perhaps two or more.

Those telephone calls were interesting, especially the several from unidentified ladies. One lady advised my wife (I had stopped answering the telephone) to tell me not to stick my head out of the house, else her husband would knock it off. Another lady said to me: "You nigger loving commie, son of a bitch. Somebody ought to kill you." I found it to be such a pleasure to talk with ladies. Shortly after this, however, I had to have the phone number unlisted, otherwise I would never have got any work done.

One day en route from my home in Hattiesburg to my office in Petal I stopped for a traffic light by the post office in Hattiesburg, and a gentleman of the old South walked from the curb over to my car and said to me: "You no-good bastard, if you'll get out of that car I'll mop up the street with you." Being a natural born coward, I told him, "Well, now, you'll have to offer me more inducement than that." While wondering what additional inducement he might offer, I drove away.

An acquaintance of mine once had the good fortune to interview one of the founders of the citizens council, mr. robert patterson of Greenwood, Mississippi. Upon being asked about me, patterson replied: "I don't know P. D. East. I've never met him; I have no opinion. I only know what I've read about him in the *Daily Worker*." Frankly, I was hurt by that sort of ingratitude, especially since I subscribe only to *Harper's*, *Time* and the *Reporter*. (While I've never seen a copy of the *Daily Worker*, I've been told that it has quoted Jesus, Lincoln, Jefferson and others. However, if they were still in business I might sue them for having quoted me, if they really did.)

Still and I confess to this weakness, I'm hurt because robert patterson has never seen fit to write me a fan letter. After all, there are those who do write. Just the other day I got a letter which said: "I read your nigger-loving paper. I'm glad to get it. It saves me $.50 a year on toilet tissue." Another gentleman wrote recently: "It is my honest opinion that you're crazy as 900 hells."

With an inward feeling of warmth and good fellowship and, admittedly, seeking to sustain my success and distinction, I decided to enter a candidate in the race for the U. S. Senate. My candidate was a well-educated gentleman from an old Southern family. His name was Cornpone Pu Neanderthal, and I ran his announcement in my paper, naturally. But what an ass matter it is to be misunderstood! Some of my fellow Mississippians actually thought I was poking fun at our beloved senior Senator, james oh eastland, affectionately known and loved as "Our Gem," a real jewel of a man.

THE most recent incident to bring to mind my success as a publisher and editor had to do with a Congressional election in the district where I live. The Congressman wrote me a letter, enclosing his formal announcement, and in the letter he said there would be advertising sent to me later. After a week or two I noticed that every single newspaper in the district had ads from the Congressman—except mine. I felt inclined to check around and learned that "a Petal merchant" had called the Congressman on the telephone in Washington and advised him not to run his announcement in my paper. The Congressman ran the announcement anyway, but decided not to run any advertising. Later, about five or six days before the election, I got word from his headquarters that they had decided to run one ad with me. I explained that while I appreciated it I was not upset about having been left out, that, after all, I wasn't concerned with the principle of the thing . . . just the money. But what bothered me most of all was the fact that "a Petal merchant" had spent that money on a long distance telephone call he could have run a large ad in my paper for what it cost him. Some businessmen simply amaze me.

Not that I'm any great shakes as a businessman myself. A newspaper with no local advertising and no local circulation naturally doesn't make a lot of money. In fact, the *Petal Paper* keeps going only because my creditors are astonishingly patient because a good many subscriptions are beginning to flow in from outside the state; and because I pick up a little cash by lecturing.

I guess I'm never going to be much of a social success, either, but my wife and I don't let that bother us any longer. We have three or four friends who will go to the movies with us occasionally, even though we don't like to embarrass them by asking them to our house. Also, she paints cool pictures and drinks warm beer; all in all, I'd say she bears up pretty well. My daughter, who'll be six this month, hasn't started to school yet. To date she has suffered no sting, because of her father. I'm trying to teach her enough self-reliance so that she won't get an ulcer, but maybe can give them to other people, should the need arise.

As an editor, I've not been able to live up to the image of The Fearless Newspaperman that I've seen so often on the screen. Perhaps I just didn't know how to inspire my reporters. Mostly they were women who collected local items in their neighborhoods—what kin folks were visiting Miss Sally Jo, how many cans of preserves were donated to the church bazaar, that kind of stuff. When they discovered that a lot of their friends and news sources disapproved of me, they quit. They just couldn't see any reason to get into hassles in defense of me. Oh, well . . .

I don't have any regrets—although I am sorry that I had to change ambitions somewhere along the way. My first ambition was to be a moderate in Mississippi—a rich moderate, that is. I've had to settle for being just a man of distinction.

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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Among Our Contributors

THE MYSTERY OF ENERGY

BY and large, American women outlive their husbands (there are eight widows to 2.3 widowers in the U. S.), but few of them get much satisfaction out of mere survival. Even if they have decent health and enough money to live on, they have to generate their own motive power and set up lines for its use. Maybe here and there one would prefer to be dear old Granny in a corner, but today it's hard to find the corner.

Eleanor Roosevelt—seventy-four years old and in her fifteenth year of widowhood—is, of course, a shining example of what a woman can do on her own; but this is not her main role. The kind of power she generates is not aimless bustle; nor does she take to cruising on an English canal just (to paraphrase H. Allen Smith's comment on some other American tourists) because *it is there*. She is moved by a directed energy and—much more than most people of any age—she understands how and why the inner dynamo works. This is what she explains in "Where I Get My Energy" (p. 45). Coming from one of the few persons in the world of whom it can be said that authorship of three best sellers in a decade is only a side occupation, her brief reflective statement is source material in human understanding and accomplishment.

. . . **Senator Hubert H. Humphrey's** "Plan to Save Trees, Land, and Boys" (p. 53) will come before Congress in this session. The proposal is immediately attractive both because it offers a cheerful, if admittedly partial, solution to our depressing problem of juvenile delinquency, and because it has economic values as well. The CCC of the 1930s (as Mrs. Roosevelt recalls in her book, *This I Remember*) was the early New Deal measure in which the President "took the greatest pleasure." It was "one of the things he felt might well have become permanent."

An up-to-date Youth Conservation Corps would have a stronger educational program than the old emergency CCC and would, therefore, be better suited to the needs of boys who are stymied at home or school or on the job. No one fancies it would be a sure cure for those rare boys whose extreme childhood frustrations lead to criminal violence. The teen-agers who were convicted of murder in the Michael Farmer case last April, for example, have personal histories that seem to defy salvation short of reversal of the past. But even in the affluent 'fifties, hundreds of thousands of poor boys, as Senator Humphrey points out, would jump at a chance to work instead of hanging around.

One of the CCC boys, interviewed in the South in 1939, was asked if he wanted to stay with it:

"Yes'm, as long as I kin," he said, "because I git plenty to eat here. I didn't always at home, not the same kind of stuff, anyhow. . . . I'm learning too. . . . They's three at home now to go to school, but they never went none and guess they won't ever. I git thirty dollars a month and send twenty-two of it home to them. . . .

"I git up about five in the morning, eat breakfast, go to morning classes, then go to the field. . . . I git to be with lots of boys that I wouldn't at home. They help me lots, show me how to do things I wouldn't have never knowed about. I like all my bosses and I like all the fellers. They tease me sometimes, but they like me too. . . ."

The boys called him Wearie Willie because he looked so sleepy-headed. Thousands like him today need only opportunity, discipline, and motive power to wake up to a useful life.

Senator Humphrey, now in his second term as Senator from Minnesota, is one of the leading possibilities for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1960. His important committee assignments include Foreign Relations, Agriculture and Forestry, and Government Operations.

In the 1930s, he was completing his education at the Denver College of Pharmacy, the University of Minnesota, and Louisiana State University, where he took an M. A. He later became director of War Production Training in Minnesota, taught political science, was special instructor to the Army Air Force at Macalester College.

He was Mayor of Minneapolis for two terms (1945-48) until his election to the Senate.

. . . In "Electronic Helpers for Ailing Hearts" (p. 25), **Leonard Engel** reports on a medical-engineering invention that opens the way to a new defense against the biggest killer in the country. This is Mr. Engel's first appearance in *Harper's* since the publication of his new book, *The Operation* (McGraw-Hill). The book (which is the kind of narrative that keeps you up at night till you finish it) is a step-by-step account of an open heart operation on a patient at the University of Minnesota, and it also presents in a series of flashbacks a history of modern heart surgery.

Mr. Engel has specialized in writing for magazines on medicine and science and has had some 300 articles published since World War II. Some of his pieces in *Harper's* have been "The Long Slow Battle with Cancer," "Electronic Calculators: Brainless but Bright," and "The Salk Vaccine." Last year he won the Blakeslee Award of the American Heart Association. His next major work is to be a book on the New Genetics, about nucleic acids, genes, and heredity.

. . . Note to **John Masters** (who is writing a novel and may, by his own confession, be up to six months out-of-date on news of "The Abominable Snowman," p. 30):

A team of Soviet scientists in Moscow asserted recently that the real Abom. S. exists, not south of the Himalayas, but in the Iron-curtained deserts and mountains between Tibet and Mongolia. Present-day Tibetans who have met him (or it) "speak of it as an animal moving on two legs, with brown shiny fur and long hair on its head,"

What is the largest "farm group" in *your* state?

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At the same time that trading stamps are putting items into farmers' homes and tool sheds, they are also putting money into farm pockets. America's farmers have a stake in supplying food for 90,000 workers whose livelihood depends upon the business generated by the trading stamp industry. The industry is a customer of theirs for primary materials such as wool, cotton, leather that go into the manufacture of merchandise for stamp redemption. In fact, total farm purchases resulting from the stamp industry in 1957 were estimated at 47 million dollars—about equal to the income all U. S. farmers received for the raising of sheep and lambs that year.

Economically and personally, America's farm families are deeply interested in the trading stamp industry. They benefit not only through increased income, but are rewarded for their diligence and thrift in the things they get with trading stamps.

* * *

NOTE: If you would like to receive research material about the trading stamp industry . . . or answers to specific questions about stamps, simply write to The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

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P & O

and making "peculiar cries." One was caught and exhibited in Kansu Province in 1947 but lived only a few days. To judge from the quite different reports appearing in those sober journals, the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*, in mid-November, the Communist Abom. S. is as contradictory as the presumably Neutralist Yeti of the Himalayas.

John Masters' new novel, *Fandango Rock*, will be published in February by Harper & Brothers. His widely read and much admired fiction includes *Nightrunners of Bengal*, *Bhowani Junction*, and *Far, Far the Mountain Peak*, all written since 1951. Earlier Mr. Masters was in the Indian Army, for which he trained at Sandhurst, graduating in 1934. He took part in the Middle East campaigns and after the war taught mountain and jungle warfare at the British Staff College in England. After the Indian Independence Act in 1947, he came with his family to the United States.

. . . **Peter F. Drucker's** gift for noticing and forecasting trends in the way modern society works has won him special respect in several fields of journalism, social science, and advice to corporate management. "The Breakdown of Governments" (p. 35) is adapted from his new book, *Landmarks of Tomorrow* (which Harper & Brothers will publish this month). An earlier preview of another section of this book appeared in *Harper's* August 1957 issue as "The New Philosophy."

Mr. Drucker's books since World War II include *The New Society*, *The Practice of Management*, and *America's Next Twenty Years*. He is professor of management at the Graduate School of Business at New York University and an adviser on business policy and management to a number of large corporations.

. . . While drawing the "Enemies of Conversation" (p. 41), **Robert Osborn** was thinking not only about cocktail parties but about "why the U.S.A. in all its magnificence hasn't learned to converse with simplicity, clarity, and humanity with the rest of the world." Mr. Osborn has written and drawn many books, including *Low and Inside* and *On Leisure*. His paintings and caricatures have

COMING IN

Harper's *magazine*

NEXT MONTH

THE FAITH OF A HERETIC

A young philosopher who was born a Protestant and later became an Orthodox Jew tells why he now finds all religions unsatisfactory—and what he has put in their place.

The first in a series of four articles on modern American religious beliefs.

By Walter Kaufmann

AN OVERLOOKED OPPORTUNITY
to Get Into a Good College

Thousands of able high-school seniors are breaking their hearts trying to get into overcrowded "prestige" universities. At the same time many equally good (or better) colleges have plenty of vacancies—but are afraid to admit it.

By Martin Mayer

THE FLORIDA SWAMP THAT SWALLOWS YOUR MONEY

A vast "flood control" project that was slipped through Congress almost unnoticed is costing the taxpayers millions—largely for the benefit of a few speculators and big landowners.

By L. Boyd Finch

NEW HOPE FOR THE MENTALLY ILL?

By John Bartlow Martin

LOVE AND J. D. SALINGER

By Arthur Mizener

appeared in *Harper's* and on its cover many times—and on billboards and envelopes in the mail, in Navy manuals, and all over *Life*. He was recently awarded the Navy's Distinguished Public Service Award for his contributions to aviation safety and public information.

. . . Arnold Rothstein's heirs in gambling and racketeering make the headlines every day, but nobody makes a killing like the one he made at Aqueduct on July 4, 1921. **Leo Katcher's** account of that race (p. 48) is part of a biography of Rothstein, called *The Big Bankroll*, to be published next month.

Mr. Katcher was formerly city editor of the New York *Post* and reporter for the Philadelphia *Record* and *Ledger*. He later wrote the screen stories for "The Eddy Duchin Story," "The Mark Hellinger Story," "Three Rode West," and other movies, and a western novel, *The Hard Man*.

. . . "Bird-watcher" (p. 58) is **John J. Espey's** first story in *Harper's*, but in 1944 he contributed two reminiscences of his boyhood in the International Settlement in Shanghai, which became part of his book, *Minor Heresies*. Since then he has written two volumes of stories (*Tales out of School* and *The Other City*).

Mr. Espey is professor of English at the University of California, Los Angeles, and on leave is enjoying a Guggenheim Fellowship granted for a critical study of Pound. Like the narrator of "Bird-watcher," he is married and the father of two daughters, both Brownies.

. . . When Pablo Casals, the Spanish cellist, played at the United Nations Day celebration in October, he focused the world's attention on the rule of Franco in Spain; for Casals in exile has symbolized anti-Franco resistance for more than two decades. Is there a chance, at last, that the most durable of Europe's Fascist dictators is nearing the end of the road? **Paul Johnson** weighs the complex factors in his article on page 68.

Mr. Johnson is the author of *The Suez War* (1957) and *Journey into Chaos* (1958), and a contributor to *Conviction*, "a symposium on political theory by British young progressives." Oxford-trained and a former captain in the British Army, Mr. Johnson is assistant editor of the *New Statesman* and London correspondent of *L'Express*.

. . . **Robert Graves**, who demonstrates suavely "How to Pull a Poem Apart" (p. 78), has written in many literary forms (from biography and criticism to fiction and the study of myths and murderers). But he has said that poetry—he has written volumes of it—is what he cares about most. An Oxford graduate and former captain in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, he was also a professor at the Egyptian University in Cairo, and now lives on Majorca. During trips to the United States, he has become one of the most learned and handsomest guests on TV.

. . . Three poets make their first appearance in *Harper's* this month:

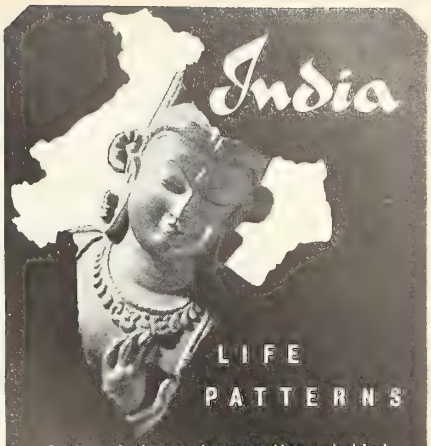
Maxine W. Kumin (p. 37), born in Germantown, Penn., is teaching at Tufts University in Medford, Mass.

John V. Hicks (p. 67), a Canadian, is an accountant by day and a writer by night, contributing to Canadian and American periodicals. He and his wife are both organists.

John R. Platt (p. 77) is professor of physics at the University of Chicago.

. . . The Frederick Lewis Allen Memorial Room at the New York Public Library was opened for preview on October 29. Mr. Allen was editor-in-chief of *Harper's* (1941-53) and the author of many books of American social history. He was also a member of the Reference Department Committee of the Library and a trustee of the Ford Foundation, which established the room as a special quarters for serious writers.

Mr. Allen spent many of his off-*Harper's* hours in the public reading room and closed stacks doing research on *Only Yesterday*, *The Big Change*, and other books. Now other authors and scholars can settle down at private desks for research, using library materials and typewriters in comfort and quiet. Since accommodations are limited, application for admission should be made on forms available from the Chief of the Reference Department, the New York Public Library, N. Y. 18.



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BOEING

Harper's MAGAZINE

ELECTRONIC HELPERS FOR AILING HEARTS

LEONARD ENGEL

The first published report on a new invention—a white plastic box about the size of a cigarette pack—which promises to save thousands of hearts.

ONE day a few months ago, a half-dozen doctors gathered around the bed of a fifty-two-year-old man, a coronary patient, in the University of Minnesota Hospitals in Minneapolis. The coronary attack, several days before, had not only injured the muscle of his heart. As sometimes happens, it had also damaged the tissue that conducts the heart impulse from the auricles (the receiving chambers of the heart) to the ventricles (the pumping chambers). The interference with the heart impulse had now led to "complete heart block." This is an oddly named disorder which might better be called "heart impulse blockage"; when it occurs, the auricles and ventricles beat independently instead of in ordered sequence.

Complete heart block resulting from injury or disease of the heart sharply reduces the flow of blood to the brain and other vital organs; moreover, the ventricles are apt to come to a complete stop without warning. In patients such as this, complete heart block is ominous as well as difficult to treat.

One of the doctors injected a local anesthetic into the skin on the left side of the patient's chest. Then, feeling carefully for the correct place, he pressed a long hollow needle between the ribs until he could feel the tip just beginning to penetrate the heavy muscle of the lower end of the heart.

An assistant handed him a length of fine, braided wire. He passed it through the needle until his sense of touch told him that the end of the wire had also reached the heart and was firmly embedded in the heart muscle. He then withdrew the needle. Now, a second wire was attached to the patient's skin, and the two wires were connected to a white plastic box about the size of a pack of cigarettes.

The physician flicked a switch and set a pair of dials on the face of the box. Instantly, the patient's heart had a new beat. It showed on a monitoring instrument alongside the bed—rhythmic, regular, exactly 100 to a minute.

The tiny device that had been wired into the patient's heart and had taken charge of its disease-disordered beat was a battery-powered transistor pacemaker. The man who had put it in was the well-known Minnesota heart surgeon, Dr. C. Walton Lillehei.

During the past two or three years, medical investigators in several parts of the United States have been experimenting with a number of such electronic helpers for injured hearts. As we shall see, many problems remain to be solved before they become a routine part of the medical arsenal. But they are now at a stage of development not unlike that of the heart-lung machine seven or eight years ago. They are well on the way. Within a few years, medicine is likely to have at its command startling new means of dealing with several forms of heart disease.

THE FROG'S LEG CLUE

THE development of electronic helpers for the heart is quite a story. It takes in numerous devices and schemes, some of which sound more like science fiction than fact—and may turn out to be only science fiction, though even some of these (or variants upon them) might be made to work. The story embraces both some of the most recent discoveries of science and an observation almost two centuries old. It gets into several dramatic areas of medicine including heart surgery and the problem of the patient whose heart stops on the operating table (a tragedy that may happen in many forms of surgery). Above all, it is the story of another contribution of the imaginative mind to the healing arts.

The best starting point is the two-hundred-year-old observation. In the year 1771, the public lecturer in anatomy at the University of Bologna, Luigi Galvani, noticed that freshly dissected frog's legs, left hanging from an iron railing by a copper hook, twitched. Galvani thought that the twitching was caused by electricity generated within the frog's legs. Actually it was due, in this instance, to stimulation of the legs by electricity originating at the point of contact between the iron and the copper. But never mind Galvani's mistaken interpretation of what he saw. His observation established the fact that muscle responds to stimulation by an electric current. Moreover, later investigators were to discover that nerves do generate electric currents; the nerve impulses which cause muscles to contract are electrical.

In the case of the heart, the rhythmic contraction of the heart muscle is brought about by an exquisitely simple mechanism. Branch nerves run from the central nervous system to the heart, but they merely accelerate or slow down the beat. The impulse that fires the beat is generated in the heart itself. Once in each heart cycle —nearly 100,000 times in a day, two-and-a-half billion times in a seventy-year lifetime—a signal is discharged from a small, barely visible knot of tissue in the wall of the right auricle, called the sinoatrial or S. A. node. From this node, the impulse spreads over the surface of the heart, causing first the auricles and then the ventricles to contract in proper sequence and send the blood on its way.

The heart impulse is electrical; and, like other muscle, heart muscle can be stimulated with an electric current. Evidence for the first fact can be found in any doctor's office, in the form of the electrocardiograph—the machine which records heart impulses as an aid to the diagnosis of heart disease. The ability of heart muscle to respond to electric stimulation can be demonstrated with nothing more elaborate than a freshly dissected frog's heart, a pair of flashlight batteries, and a pair of wires.

When the EKG machine (as doctors term the electrocardiograph) was invented shortly after 1900, it helped bring to light two previously unsuspected problems. No great importance was attached to either at first. But both have had a prominent role in spurring the creation of electronic helpers for the heart.

One was what appeared to be a double heartbeat, found in some individuals: a normal beat for the auricles, and an entirely independent, much slower beat for the ventricles. It turned out that these individuals *did* have a double beat as a result of "complete heart block." Heart block occurs in various degrees. In partial block, many or most of the ventricular beats are normal; this condition is not dangerous. In complete block, the heart impulse cannot, for some reason, get through from the auricles to the ventricles at all, and the ventricles develop an independent, often very slow impulse and beat. Complete block did not then seem a major problem, either; however, doctors saw chiefly survivors, not those it killed.

SHOCK FOR STOPPED HEARTS

THE other problem the EKG machine helped reveal has to do with cardiac arrest —sudden stoppage of the heart, a calamity which is often thought of mainly as an operating-room accident, but which may also occur in coronary attack and under certain other circumstances. The EKG disclosed that cardiac arrest may come about in either of two ways. The main pumping chambers, the ventricles, may simply cease contracting; this is called "ventricular standstill."

Or the ventricles may fibrillate, that is, suddenly begin contracting in a wholly disorganized manner that has been compared to the squirming of a handful of worms; this is known as "ventricular fibrillation." Ventricular fibrillation is the result of disordered spread of the heart impulse through the ventricles and is swiftly fatal, unless halted, because a fibrillating heart pumps no blood.

It was already known to laboratory workers that the heart can be made to beat by electrical stimulation, and it was soon learned that fibrillation can be stopped by a strong electric shock to the heart. But little was done to apply this knowledge to human patients. The difficulties would then have been overwhelming.

A change began in the 1930s with the development of chest surgery and the start of surgery around and upon the heart. In both types of surgery, the patient's heart is exposed to view. In an increasing number of operations, consequently, the surgeon was in a position to see just what was happening if something went wrong—and to act at once. He could attempt to restart an arrested heart by "cardiac massage" (manual squeezing of the heart), or by injecting stimulating drugs into it, or by stimulating it with an artificial pacemaker, a machine that delivers timed pulses of electricity. If the patient's heart was fibrillating, he could halt its lethal contortions with the electric defibrillator, a device for delivering a powerful shock through metal paddles held directly against the heart. Such contrivances as the artificial pacemaker and the electric defibrillator—long familiar in the laboratory—began to appear in operating rooms.

The successes achieved by chest and cardiac surgeons in restarting arrested hearts soon spurred other surgeons to attempt to restart hearts that had stopped. For cardiac arrest is not a hazard of chest or heart surgery alone. It can occur quite as often in several other types of surgery. (Some cases of operating-room cardiac arrest are, in fact, not accidents of surgery at all, but are the result of coronary attacks that happened to take place in the operating room.)

Actually, resuscitation of the heart is by no means always possible, even under favorable circumstances. The percentage of failures has been high. But the effort to save patients whose hearts had stopped has had substantial and valuable results.

To begin with, many hundreds of lives have been saved—some under almost unbelievable circumstances. For example, a Cleveland physician had a coronary with cardiac arrest as he was leaving a hospital. Other doctors got him to an emergency room, cut open his chest, and squeezed his heart to get his circulation going again within the maximum of four to five minutes that circulation may be interrupted without risk of brain damage. They kept the circulation going by hand until his heart was finally defibrillated and restarted thirty minutes later.

There also is the case of a twenty-four-year-old X-ray technician who keeled over—his heart in arrest for reasons that are still obscure—in the film laboratory of a Chicago hospital. A surgeon who happened to be in the X-ray department at the time opened his chest with a penknife and relays of doctors squeezed his heart (it's hard work) for two and a quarter hours until his heart, which began fibrillating, was successfully defibrillated with drugs. (The only electric defibrillator available had a short circuit.) Both the Cleveland physician and the Chicago technician recovered and returned to work.

Equally important, the new interest in heart block led to intensive study of its causes and of ways of preventing it, at least in the operating room. This has brought changes in anesthesia and the management of operations which have further reduced the risk—never actually large—of cardiac arrest during surgery.

THE FIRST PACEMAKERS

THE most intriguing result of this study, however, is the new breed of electronic helpers for the heart that it may produce. One of the centers where much has happened to bring such devices over the horizon is the University of Minnesota, home base of the team of heart repairmen headed by Dr. Lillehei and Dr. Richard L. Varco.

In not quite five years, the Minnesota group has performed more than six hundred open-heart operations with a heart-lung machine or other arrangements (before that machine was available) for keeping the patient going. Early in the development of open-heart surgery, it became apparent that one group of patients ran a special risk—paradoxically, those for whom open-heart surgery was particularly devised.

These were youngsters with an opening in the ventricular septum, the wall between the right and left ventricles, either as the sole heart defect or as one of a constellation of defects. The difficulty was that the defect was often close to the tissue that conducts the heart impulses from the auricles to the ventricles. In nearly one patient in ten, in fact, the conduction tissue was

injured by the stitches needed to secure in place the plastic patch that closed the heart defect. Complete heart block was the consequence.

The Minnesota surgeons cast about urgently for a means of dealing with this chilling complication, for it was invariably fatal. Every drug with any promise of improving the rhythm of the heart was tried. One, Isuprel, saved about 50 per cent with heart block. That was progress, but not enough.

Another possibility was the use of an artificial pacemaker. But how was the machine—which the child would need until normal heart rhythm returned, a period of days or weeks—to be attached? External pacemakers, which delivered the stimulating impulse through the skin, were available. The voltage they required, though—about 60 volts—made the youngsters jump and twitch with pain.

The problem was solved by attaching a fine wire directly to the heart muscle and bringing the wire out through a small incision in the skin. One of the many young surgeons attracted to Minnesota by its worldwide reputation as a surgical training center, Dr. William T. Weirich (now at the University of California) worked out the details in dogs. The wire was not only easily attached during surgery; it was easily pulled out when no longer needed. The return wire—necessary to complete the electrical circuit—had merely to be attached to the skin. Effective stimulation of the heart could be maintained with 1.5 to 2.5 volts—too weak a current to be felt.

The myocardial electrode—as the heart wire is termed—was first tried in patients two years ago. It all but abolished death from surgical heart block. The wire has been used in more than fifty surgical-block patients to date at Minnesota alone, and in scores more at other centers. Difficulty has been encountered only under special circumstances in an occasional patient. Most patients return to a normal rhythm within a week or two. Those who do not can be gradually adjusted to the rate their hearts can maintain on their own.

THE PORTABLE MODEL

YET Dr. Lillehei was still dissatisfied. He did not like a machine that had to be (as was the case with the standard pacemaker) plugged into the wall electricity supply. A short circuit in the machine could easily lead to the electrocution of the patient. A power failure that blacked out most of Minnesota and Wisconsin for hours one day in the fall of 1957 underlined the danger of putting the patient's life at the mercy of an outside power supply.

Dr. Lillehei asked one of the major electronics companies whether a small, portable, battery-powered, transistorized pacemaker could be designed. The request apparently got lost in the company bureaucracy. After hearing nothing for months, the Minnesota surgeon asked an acquaintance, Earl Bakkan, an electronics engineer, to design one. Bakkan built the first model within a few weeks. After it is "plugged in" to the heart, it can be strapped to the patient's chest, hung up on a bed post, or even carried around in his pocket.

The Minnesota surgeon and his colleagues were also concerned over having to open the chest in order to attach the pacemaker wire to the heart. In most of their patients, this made no difference; the block appeared at the time of surgery. In an occasional patient, however, block developed later, or recurred—a normal heartbeat seemingly having been re-established meanwhile—after the heart wire had been taken out. There *had* to be some alternative to another operation or to attaching these youngsters to the high-voltage external pacemaker.

As a matter of fact, there was more than one alternative. One was devised by another of the Minnesota surgical residents, a young man from France named Dr. André Thevenet—the through-the-skin insertion procedure we saw done on the fifty-two-year-old coronary patient. Another was recently worked out by Dr. Seymour Furman of

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PHILENE HAMMER

TORCH SONG

Our Song! We heard its short refrain
A hundred times in lovers' lane.
Remember how we said, my pet,
That this would be Our Cigarette?

Let others claim insipid tunes
Of dusty stars and glowy moons;
We flipped our tops while holding hands
To lilting strains of filter brands.

I never puff a *York* (king-size)
But what the smoke gets in my eyes
Since our affair, despite our song,
Was neither mild nor smeuthe nor long.

Montefiore Hospital in New York. Dr. Furman put a pacemaker electrode into a patient's heart through a vein leading to the heart. And other methods of getting an electrode in will undoubtedly be devised.

The real point to finding methods of inserting a myocardial electrode without surgery is that there are many non-surgical patients who would benefit from an electronic helper for the heart. In addition to coronary patients with complete block, there are individuals with Stokes-Adams disease, a condition in which there are repeated episodes of temporary cardiac arrest—one of which finally becomes permanent. Some of the drugs used in treating heart disease may also cause heart block.

Most of these conditions have been regarded as uncommon. But Dr. Lillehei received over a hundred letters of inquiry from physicians soon after a report on through-the-skin insertion of the heart electrode was given at a medical meeting. Dr. Dennison Young of Montefiore said:

"I suspect that some of these conditions are a lot commoner than we think. I am sure, for example, that many coronary patients are killed by transient blocks and could be saved if the block were detected and if some means were found of tiding them over the critical period."

NEW MUSCLES TO PUMP BLOOD

ACTUALLY, solid evidence that such patients can be helped already exists. Over half-a-dozen years ago, a Boston cardiologist, Dr. Paul M. Zoll of Beth Israel Hospital and Harvard University, began treating cardiac arrest with an external pacemaker and an external defibrillator. He and his associates have halted fibrillation as well as restarted hearts in standstill without opening the chest.

Some of Dr. Zoll's patients were undergoing surgery. A large proportion, though, had Stokes-Adams disease and similar conditions. Some of these have had several hundred attacks of fibrillation or standstill—and were pulled back to life when a monitoring EKG machine signaled an attack and the defibrillator or pacemaker (whichever was needed) was switched on.

The equipment Dr. Zoll had to use for most of his patients is too bulky for regular use except in a hospital. But he proved that Stokes-Adams patients can be saved. And he and his associates are now also (like several other research groups) developing a transistorized pacemaker of their own.

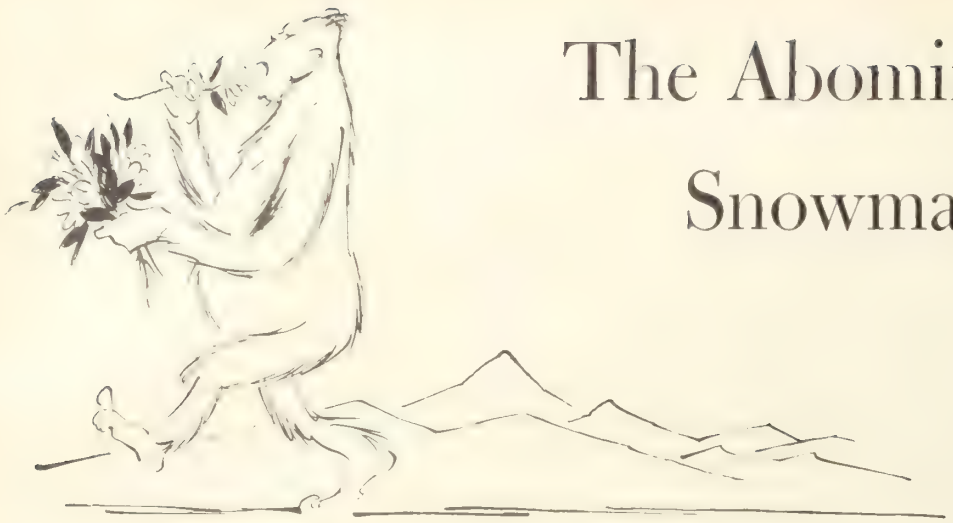
The biggest problem with the new electronic aids is that it may not be possible to leave an electrode in the heart indefinitely. The in-the-muscle wire fails in several weeks to two months, usually because resistance to the current builds up in the heart tissue immediately surrounding the tip of the wire. The through-the-vein electrode makes it necessary to keep the patient on anticoagulant drugs, in order to prevent the formation of blood clots.

Aside from the fact that a way of pacing the heart indefinitely might be found, this limitation may not be quite so discouraging as it seems. For one of the most significant findings from Dr. Zoll's work is that even patients whose hearts have fibrillated or stopped hundreds of times often settle down and go for long periods without further attacks. The settling down frequently comes within a few weeks—well within the limits of present methods of placing an electrode in the heart. In patients with transient block from a coronary attack, the period during which a pacemaker would be needed might be even shorter.

Still more striking are the distant possibilities. One afternoon two years ago, a young New York heart surgeon with a talent for electronics—Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz of Maimonides Hospital in Brooklyn—fell to wondering about another heart problem while flying a glider above Elmira, New York. A sudden idea made him do something glider pilots seldom do—land while he still had plenty of rising air currents to keep him aloft. His idea was to wrap part of the diaphragm—the heavy muscle that moves the lungs—around the body's trunkline blood vessel, the aorta, and then stimulate the transplanted muscle to contract rhythmically. This would literally provide a new muscle to help out a faltering heart.

Dr. Kantrowitz has since equipped numerous dogs with "auxiliary hearts," made to beat in sequence with the heart itself through a transistor radio unit that picks up the heart impulse and transmits it to the transplanted muscle. The dogs have suffered no significant ill effects from their unusual cardiac equipment.

The "auxiliary heart" has still to be put to the critical test of seeing whether it can add effectively to the output of a sick, failing heart—not a normal heart as in the dogs in which it has been used so far. In animals with sick hearts, it may not do at all—and thus may not do for man. The surgical soaring enthusiast from Brooklyn has nevertheless provided a glimpse into the future. The electronic pacemaker is already here; and other electronic aids for the heart are plainly on the way.



The Abominable Snowman

Who's been tracking snow across my closed continuum?

By JOHN MASTERS

Drawings by Frederick E. Banbery

Armchair scientists can sneer all they like, but a former British Army officer, who prowled around the Himalayas for years, insists that Something Is Up There. Two Somethings, in fact, both of them quite dreadful. . . .

THE case of the Abominable Snowman, or Yeti, was first drawn to my attention twenty years ago by H. W. Tilman. Tilman had led an unsuccessful attempt on Everest and at the end of his official account, *Mount Everest, 1938,* he added a certain Appendix B, subtitled *Anthropology or Zoology with Particular Reference to the "Abominable Snowman."* Tilman can be a funny writer and he is one of the few high-altitude men who allow the upper lip to tremble in the face of comic or disastrous incidents; but he does have a tendency to flippancy, even facetiousness, and the passing references in his appendix to *Homo Niveus Disgustans* and *Homo Odiosus*—taken with his conclusion that it would be rather jolly if there were indeed strange semi-human beings in the High Himalaya—seriously upset the scientists.

Scientists are nothing like as keen on knowledge for its own sake as they pretend, and a chap who produced a sure disproof of the Quantum Theory, or some other current fad, would likely wake up sharing a bottle of formaldehyde with a coelacanth. Seeing in Tilman one of these interfering blighters who make them do their sums over again, the scientists turned on him like so many spluttery hoses, directing cold water on his agreeable suggestion and leaking Latin names over interested bystanders and the correspondence columns of the London *Times.*

It would have gone hard with Tilman, indeed, if Hitler had not saved him by ordering his armies to invade Poland. Tilman headed for the peace of the Parachute Regiment and the scientists, still hissing crossly, turned to useful things like radar and atomic bombs. But the lines of battle had been drawn—on one side the Outdoor types, who have nearly all insisted that there is Something Up There; and the Indoor types (or sc**nt*sts), who have insisted that there is not.

The purpose of this article is to give a short and biased review of the situation to date. In preparing it I have drawn freely and with gratitude from *The Abominable Snowman Adventure,* by Ralph Izzard, the most complete compendium of information currently available on the subject. (Izzard was the leader of an expedition that went to Nepal in 1954 for the express purpose of finding out the truth about the Yeti.) I have also plumbed other sources, including personal research.

It all began in 1887, beyond the passes,

when a Colonel Waddell recorded that he had seen mysterious footprints in the Himalayan snow. Period.

In 1906 a famous explorer, H. J. Elwes, actually met the beast. Elwes was a careful and accurate observer and he made full notes of his encounter. The notes were seen by various phlegmatic fellow explorers—and then lost. Everybody who saw the notes is dead.

In that same year, 1906, Elwes wrote an article for the journal of a British learned society, in which he quoted a letter he had received from a Forest Officer in Darjeeling. The writer of the letter claimed to have discovered the existence of "another animal but can not make out what it is, a large monkey or ape perhaps—if there were any apes in India. It is a beast of high elevation. . . ." But the Edwardians were obviously more interested in Saki's Tobermory, a beast of low elevation but impeccable manners, for nothing happened until—

1921. Colonel Howard-Bury, on another Everest expedition, saw footprints like a human being's, at 21,000 feet. When he asked his Sherpa porters and the local Tibetans about them, they gave the ludicrous explanation that the marks were made by an animal unknown to Western science—a *metch Kang-mi. Metch* is apparently a linguistic impossibility in Tibetan. Nevertheless a Mr. Newman, a feature writer for the *Statesman,* an Indian newspaper, interviewed the porters and translated the phrase as Abominable Snowman—thus giving the thing the name under which it has achieved fame.

In this interview the porters said that none of *them* had ever seen a *metch Kang-mi* or *Yeti* but that it was rumored to feed on yaks and people, to wear its feet back to front, and to be covered with fur. Newman could hardly contain himself at this delicious nonsense, and explained parenthetically that the marks in the snow were, of course, really made by either (1) ascetics, or (2) criminals—who, in Tibet, are often put out of their villages to fend for themselves, and so take to growing their hair long, eating yaks, and (presumably) putting their feet on back to front.

A few years later a Mr. Tombazi, a merchant, was camped near the Zemu Gap, a difficult 19,000-foot saddle in the Kanchenjunga massif. Mr. Tombazi saw something. It had an outline like a human being, walked upright, and was eating rhododendrons. Its prints were undoubtedly those of a biped.

"The coolies naturally trotted out fantastic legends . . . fairy tales . . . plausible yarns," said Mr. Tombazi; and quickly returned to Calcutta, where a senior member of Ralli Brothers could keep his credulity at a comfortably low temperature in the icebox of the Bengal Club.

ENTER the father of Tenzing Norkey, of Everest, who was besieged in a stone hut by a Yeti. It jumped onto the roof of the hut and tried to get in, with intent to do Tenzing's father a mischief. His description of it is precise: like a small man, covered with reddish brown hair, high conical skull, walked on two legs.

Another Sherpa, Sonam Tensing, saw one: of man-height, about five feet six inches, covered with reddish brown hair except on the face, no tail, tall and pointed head.

Eric Shipton, a British mountaineer, took photographs of mysterious tracks in high snow, which Sherpas assured him were Yeti tracks. Neither Shipton nor anyone else has been able to prove that they were made by some other animal. On the other hand F. S. Smythe, yet another famous mountaineer, also came across



strange tracks; but Frank must have had something of the scientist in him, because he got his porters to swear that the tracks were made by a Yeti, and then photographed them and had little difficulty in proving that they were made by a bear. Rather a dirty trick, some chaps think.

To North Burma, where an explorer came across tracks "exactly like those that would be left by barefooted men," except that there were no other men in the area, either barefooted or wearing gumboots. The scientists said that the tracks were made by Giant Pandas. The explorer, enlarging on his previous statement, said that the area was devoid of barefooted men, food for Giant Pandas, and Giant Pandas.

Outdoorsmen were seeing unaccountable tracks, hearing peculiar noises, all over High Asia. Science had an answer every time, and every time something different. It was a monkey —a bear—an orang-outang—and (best of all) an otter, progressing in a series of leaps across the snow. The men on the spot became peevish. One of them, reviewing the available evidence and the scientists' unwearying determination to fit it onto something already in their museums, said grimly, "The burden of proof has been shifted to the shoulders of the learned men, who must now find us a one-legged carnivorous bird weighing several hundredweight." The learned men suavely brought forward the Mylodon, or giant ground sloth. . . .

Tilman again, 1938, near the Zemu Gap. . . . Having had some refreshing exercise on Mount Everest, he and a small party were loafing about at twenty or twenty-one thousand feet when they came upon a long line of blurred tracks, made by a single biped, which could have been a man. The tracks crossed the Gap itself. Tilman knew that the only other party in the neighborhood was one led by a Major John Hunt (yes, the very same); and when he met Hunt, therefore, he asked who had traversed the Zemu Gap, and alone—a feat of some danger and considerable skill. The answer was—no one. And Hunt told Tilman that he had also been in the same area the year before, 1937. On that occasion the only other party in the neighborhood was German. Hunt had climbed toward the Gap, had found tracks coming over it from the other side, and had returned to his camp. Later he asked the German leader who had made the passage. The answer was—no one.

1958. Stop Press (at least for me; I'm writing a novel and may be up to six months out-of-date with my news). An American expedition is reported to have reported that Yetis eat toads, which they find under rocks. The American expedition is almost certainly eating Spam.

The last two pieces of evidence that I shall adduce are of a slightly different kind.

First—in the monastery of Pangboche, high up near the Tibetan border in Nepal, the monks preserve a scalp. They say it is a Yeti scalp and they say it has been in the monastery for about three hundred years. Several Westerners have seen it. It is conical, covered with reddish brown hair, and the skin is very thick. It could not have been sewn together; it is a scalp; and it fits no known animal.

Second—in 1942 a Pole called Slavomir Rawicz escaped, in a party of five, from a Soviet concentration camp in Central Asia. Shortly after the party had crossed the main ridge line of the Himalaya, from Tibet, they saw two massive animals shuffling about on a snow-covered ledge one hundred yards away. Rawicz's description of them is definite: nearly eight feet high, squarish heads, coats of a rusty camel color, in appearance like a cross between a big bear and an orang-outang. Obviously upset by his experience Mr. Rawicz soon married an English girl and settled down to life in the Midlands, for which Siberia would be an excellent preparation. (I can't help adding that there is something about this whole incident which makes me scratch my chin in doubt; perhaps it's those square heads.)

AT ALL events, it is now time to call all the guests into the library, where we shall serve tea and eliminate suspects. The butler, whose skull is of a suspiciously coni-form shape, will pass round the Brussels-sprouts sandwiches.

Let us first deal with the theory that the whole thing is an impossibility. This view has been supported by the name Snowman (a mistranslation, remember), and by the fact that all or nearly all the tracks have been seen on snow. The upholders of the scientific applecart have pointed out that no animal can live permanently in snow, because there is nothing for it to eat. The answer is that snow falls occasionally in all high valleys, and that many of the Yeti incidents reported by Nepalis occurred below the permanent snow line. The Yeti, therefore, lives in the rock zone, and goes on the snow only as other animals do, for the purpose of getting from one place to another. In the rock, or alpine zone, between the forests and the snow, there is plenty to eat. As in similar zones all over the world there are shrubs, plants, small bushes, coarse grass, lichens, moss, and many kinds of birds and animals, from bears and wolves to ptarmigans,

voles, and toads. Either the flora or the fauna would provide adequate food for the Yeti, which seems to be omnivorous. Mr. Tombazi's beast was eating rhododendrons; Tenzing's father's beast was trying to eat him.

Next there is the contention that though there *is* something up there, it is not unknown to science. Any child could tell you what it is. It is, of course, a . . . and here we must examine some of the positive identifications made by anthropologists abed in England while the Tilmans and the Tenzings were grappling with monsters from four to eight feet high in the Himalayan passes. There are four popular modern candidates.

First, the eagle. No one on the spot believes that the Yeti is a bird, but its tracks sometimes resemble bird tracks. Nothing much was proved by a recent experience of Yeti-hunters, who found tracks which looked as though they might have been made by a giant Himalayan eagle. Following them zealously for some miles across glaciers and screes they finally caught up with a giant Himalayan eagle.

Next, the langur. This is an amusing and mischievous Indian monkey—gray, with a huge tail, and one of the most distinctive animals in India. I have seen several thousand of them, and it has never crossed my mind that they were Yetis. Nor has anyone ever seen a langur above twelve thousand feet. No one has ever reported a Yeti below that height.

Next, the Red Bear. Here we must study researches made by Charles Stonor, a member of Izzard's party, into the word Yeti. He found, first off, that it should be *Yeh Teh*. *Teh* means, well, a *Teh,* this Thing that we're investigating. *Yeh* means rocks. The Yeh Teh is therefore a Teh that lives in or among rocks. But there are two kinds of Yeh Teh—a *Dzu Teh* and a *Mih Teh*. *Dzu* means livestock, so this one is associated with yaks, cattle, and the like; dangerous to them, presumably. And the Sherpas said this was a very large kind of *Teh*. *Mih* means Man; so the other, smaller Teh is dangerous to man.

Stonor and, I fear, the noble Izzard, are pretty positive that the Dzu Teh is the Himalayan Red Bear, while the Mih Teh is IT. But I think that my Outdoor friends are here afflicting themselves with the myopia of the scientists. One of the strongest points in favor of the Yeti is that the Sherpas, though simple people, are neither damn fools nor subject to hallucinations. Stonor estimated their reliability and intelligence as equal to those of a Sussex shepherd or Highland gamekeeper. I wish he hadn't brought that fey Scot into this, but as to the shepherd, I agree; and the Sherpas say that there *is* a Yeh Teh (or Dzu). It is naughty to use this very strong argument, on the one side to deny that the Mih Teh could possibly be a small bear, and on the other to accept that the Dzu Teh must certainly be a large bear.

Our last candidate is Man—man holy or antisocial, but at any rate living in caves or rocks at high altitudes. Without undue sarcasm one can (can't one?) ask whether the ignorant and superstitious natives of Nepal are now not supposed to know what a naked man looks like—especially since these natives live in a land where a man can hardly throw his wife out of the house without having her bounce off a bhairagi, sunnyasi, yogi, gypsy, or dhoti-salesman, mostly undressed, unkempt, and unwashed to a degree equaling anything reported of the Yeh Teh.

On the other side I must not conceal a contrary opinion held by a few, which was summarized for me, in India, by an Indian lady of quite extraordinary beauty. She looked as though she had been pried loose from the walls of Ajanta, and not even the tender drape of her sari could conceal that her breasts were perfectly and mathematically round. When an anatomically impossible sixth-century statue is willing to give me an opinion, I get out my notebook. Someone had filled my head with flame-colored cotton wool, but I managed to croak out my question—"What, in your opinion, is the Yeti?"

Her huge eyes fastened on me, and she said, "Mister John Foster Dulles."



Since I am a registered Democrat I had a hard time concealing my dismay at this unfortunate theory, which I must leave in your lap, as my Ajanta lady brings us nicely to the end of the non- or anti-Yeti candidates.

If we are inclined to dismiss all these, for one reason or another—as I am—we must again have a look at our evidence. The inestimable Izzard has done so, and says flatly that all accounts of the Yeti add up to the same thing: a smallish, squat, bipedal animal, about the size of a fourteen-year-old boy, covered with stiff, bristly, reddish brown hair, with no tail. . . .

Steady on, old sport! What about Mr. Rawicz? If he and his English wife by now have a fourteen-year-old boy the size of the beasts he saw, we'd better advise them to rush a cable to Gonzaga U., hadn't we?

But Izzard himself has laid before us better evidence in favor of a "large" Yeti. He ends his book with several appendices. Appendix E, an obvious attempt to counteract the effects of Tilman's unfortunate levity, is entitled "On the Nature of the Abominable Snowman." (Good. Our jowls are already settling into prognostic folds.) The author of the appendix is Wladimir Tschernezky. (Excellent. The W in Wladimir is particularly telling.) And I hope the good professor sometimes has tea with Mr. Rawicz, his wife, and their eight-foot children in the English Midlands, because he (Tschernezky) concludes that the Snowman, or *a* Snowman, must be at least seven feet high. He gives his reasons. They are to do with the length of the Yeti's stride; the trunk measurements of certain fossil hominids; and Von Koenigswald's studies of *Gigantopithecus* teeth found in a Chinese drugstore about 1934. Poor Tilman.

I say, therefore, that the evidence so far points to two sorts of Yeti, a smallish reddish one and a largish not-so-red one; and this is exactly what the Sherpas and Tibetans have claimed all along, to the extent of giving them different names. As to what they are, my views coincide with those of T. Lobsang Rampa, who recently alleged, in a book, that he is a Tibetan and a very high lama, and had seen plenty of Yetis. T. Lobsang Rampa believes that the Yeti is a throwback of the human race, who has taken a different path in evolution and who can live only in the most secluded places.

There are tales, he adds with a hardly perceptible leer, of lone women being carried off by male Yetis, and he thinks this may be one way they continue their line. Well, I'm not so sure about that. Girls who disappear from home almost invariably do so for reasons unconnected with the arrival of a lustful Yeti at the back door. But, skipping the sex, Lobsang's theory is my theory and I wish I did not have to record that a British investigating committee alleges that Lobsang's mother, the wife of an English plumber, knew him better as Cyril Hoskins, and said that he had never been anywhere near Tibet.

But Lobsang-Hoskins is not stupid and if you must adhere to the thirteenth stroke rule (the thirteenth stroke of a clock is not only itself false but casts grave doubts on the validity of the first twelve), we part company here, for I say that his Yeti theory is not invalidated but positively strengthened by the fertile imagination and careful research which, it is alleged, enabled him to write his book. The Lobsang-Hoskins-Masters thesis might thus be stated as follows: There are Yetis, two types; both are species of *homo,* that evolved on different lines from each other and from Man somewhere before the Gigantopithecan era.

I conclude that we must therefore stop talking glibly of Abominable Snowmen and Disgusting Snowchildren, because soon we will be faced with a moral problem which has already worried the magnificent and prescient Izzard—when found, what do we do with them? We can hardly put *homo* in a cage unless he's been given a chance in a reform school first. I offer the suggestion that instead the Yetis put us in cages, labeled *Loathsome Earthman (self-extinguishing)* ♂ ♀, take away our nasty toys, return to their caves and rocks, and live happily ever after.



Harper's Magazine, January 1959

PETER F. DRUCKER

THE BREAKDOWN OF GOVERNMENTS

All modern nations—democratic and dictatorial —are finding that their machinery no longer will do its job . . . and that what they need most is a new theory for a workable state.

IF ONE trend seems obvious in the political history of our century it is the growth of central government. Government everywhere has become the country's largest employer. Everywhere it takes and spends the largest slice of the nation's income and so, it seems, controls the lives of the people. It has become both patron and boss of scientific research, of welfare and individual security, of economic life. Fifty years ago, government—even in the most highly centralized state, Imperial Germany—was merely a little hill on the prairie, compared with the Himalayan range of modern governmental establishments.

And yet this apparently absolute power is illusion. An equally important, though less conspicuous, political fact today is the impotence of government. The huge monster which has developed in the past fifty years is actually inert. This contrast has brought government to a crisis —a crisis of concept. The principles on which modern government has been based, since it first emerged in the century of religious conflict three to four hundred years ago, are dissolving.

Four interrelated conditions are responsible for this crisis:

(1) Government has grown too big for effective policy-making or administration.

(2) New highly charged non-governmental power centers have broken the government's monopoly on organized power in society.

(3) The new military technology is forcing all countries to subordinate both individual and society to the "garrison state."

(4) In the international sphere, government has all but lost the ability to act rationally.

DROPSY IN ADMINISTRATION

IN OUR century government has become a swollen monstrosity. This universal dropsy is the first symptom of crisis. One extreme example of malfunction is the social-security system of Chile, where administrative costs eat up fifty cents of every dollar paid in and the rest is destroyed almost immediately by inflation. But even at top functioning form, the central government can only mediate between power groups as an honest and efficient office manager. It has little to do any more with policy-making and execution.

One important casualty of this crisis is the chief policy-maker's job. No American President, for example, can any longer do what he was elected to do. John Quincy Adams—perhaps the most conscientious of our early Presidents—did all his work with one clerk, and had plenty of time left for his private diaries and other interests. Today the Office of the President sprawls all over, but the so-called Chief Executive cannot possibly complete his work. And, more serious, he cannot control policy decisions, no matter how brilliant he is or how scientifically organized his staff. This is not an American phenomenon—let alone the result of one man's habits or limitations. Great Britain shows the same symptoms. There, one re-organization of the Cabinet has followed another ever since the end of World War II; the Prime Minister can no longer direct policy, he can no longer even, as Suez showed, be adequately informed on vital policy decisions.

Another victim of governmental dropsy is

the efficiency of administrative agencies. These bodies nominally control transportation, power, housing and so on—all essentially local matters. They dispense more princely favors than any monarch; by granting or denying a TV license or air route, they create or destroy individual property, privileges, and profits. But when they are scrupulous, they are fussy and slow. When they are "efficient" they are likely to be responding to pressures—sometimes corrupt. They are a necessity in industrial society with its organized power centers and pressure groups and its metropolitan communities. But they are a cancer in the political system.

THE NEW BARONS

THE second fact of the present crisis is that this towering, ever-present government has lost its control of society. It no longer holds the monopoly on organized power which was the basic rationale of modern government until this century.

Today, all around him, the citizen sees other mountain ranges, hardly less imposing than the government. Here are the institutional peaks of big business, there the sheer cliffs of organized labor pinching off access to trades, crafts, and jobs. The farmers hand over decisions to national farm organizations; doctors to the American Medical Association; and teachers to their similar pressure groups. Even the churches are organized in strong national bodies which speak for the individual denominations, sometimes lobbying before the city council or Congress.

These autonomous power centers are not the result of "conspiracy," as the folklore about "wicked pressure groups" and the "evils of bigness" wants us to believe. They are inevitable in an industrial society. Nor is their growth specifically American. Even in Soviet Russia, as we know, Stalin could only maintain his despotism by playing against one another the major, organized, and largely autonomous power centers of Party bureaucracy, army, secret police, and industrial management. Under Khrushchev it has become even clearer that the facade of totalitarian government hides the reality of a power struggle.

This not only means that the citizen again—as in the ages that preceded modern government—finds himself ruled by countless and competing private baronies. It not only means that government in the public interest becomes difficult; all government usually can do is to mediate between competing self-interests. Above all, it means that government is becoming too weak to be effective—despite its size, its plenitude of legal powers, or even, in the totalitarian states, its control of information.

THE GARRISON STATE

THE third fact of the crisis is our surrender to the garrison state. To be prepared for "defense," government today claims the right to commandeer the laboring time of the citizens, their skills, property, and persons. In the name of defense, it irrevocably controls a large part of the national income—taxing away for armaments in peacetime many times more than any earlier government has ever taxed away for all purposes, warlike or peaceful. It takes a bite out of the citizen's productive adult life for military training. It demands that scientific inquiry largely be subordinated to the needs of hypothetical warfare. Above all, it claims—perhaps it must claim—the power of veto on all actions and talk that may, in the government's opinion, "endanger the national security."

An attempt to suppress a government document in peacetime—as thousands of official papers are now "classified"—would have been laughed out of court less than twenty years ago. Today, we try to prevent only the abuse of censorship, not censorship itself. In most Western countries education has been state-supported for centuries. But it would have been inconceivable a generation ago for government to tell a university that a man could not be hired for any kind of research work on grounds of national security. Today, all we are concerned with in a free society is to make sure that this veto be limited to research of military significance, and that any man so attacked can obtain a fair hearing. In other words, we take responsibility only for the proper procedures for the exercise of the new veto. The principle, despite its momentous implications, we have conceded.

By so doing we have abandoned one of the foundations of modern government: that it be strictly limited in its control of private institutions and common citizens. The less government can actually accomplish, the more it claims today.

The reason for this is not the "international situation." It is not Russia or Red China or—as seen by the have-nots—"colonial imperialism." It is something about which we can do even less: the revolution in military technology. Even though a country may be virtually defenseless today, it has to put an ever-growing share of manpower and resources into the defense effort. And

it can no longer wait to mobilize these resources until war has broken out. The "conversion" on which our war effort rested as recently as World War II is no longer possible. It would not only come too late. The great bulk of today's arms—jet bombers, missiles and helicopters, electronic fuses, long-range radar—simply cannot be produced except in plants built exclusively for this purpose.

THE INTERNATIONAL GAMBLE

BUT the worst breakdown has occurred in the international sphere—the very sphere where modern government made its greatest and most original contribution.

As a result of the revolution in military technology war has gone completely out of political control. It is no longer possible to use war as an instrument of policy. On the contrary, policy has to be shaped to the military needs of survival.

No country can risk total war; no country can hope to survive such war even if it wins. Hence war cannot serve the purpose of bringing decision out of conflict or even of putting over a scheme of international blackmail. International affairs have become largely irrational—an unpredictable gamble, a series of improvisations. Never were more "policy papers" written in the chancelleries—of London, Paris, Washington, and surely also of Moscow and Peiping. Never were decisions more rashly improvised, more subject to sudden change, less based on policy.

In the name of foreign affairs, government today must demand a control over the citizen which denies both the theory and practice on which the modern state was founded. Yet government today cannot give the citizens the protection in international affairs which has always been one of its first duties as well as its major justification.

A subtler, but perhaps more insidious, poison is the militarization of thinking, of public opinion, and of policy. John Foster Dulles hates war as deeply as any man in the world today. But he has not been able to develop a foreign policy other than military alliances. Senator McCarthy rode high until he attacked the Army. We have known for a decade that American education is in serious trouble, but few cared until Sputnik showed our educational weaknesses to be a danger to military security.

Our irrational behavior in foreign affairs is not the result of military arrogance. On the contrary our military men, at least in this country, are appalled by it, and are indeed more "civilian-minded" than the civilian public. Nor is it the result of undue admiration of the military man; the reaction against the "brass" is as pronounced today as it was in the 'twenties. Yet we are all forced to become militarists; military technology has undermined both civil society at home and diplomacy among nations.

No formal revolution can possibly solve the crisis of modern government. It is not a matter of republic *versus* monarchy, of separation of powers *versus* paramount power, of written *versus* unwritten constitution, or of this or that system of elections. It is even less a matter of socialism *versus* capitalism, of democracy *versus*

MAXINE W. KUMIN

HALFWAY

AS TRUE as I was born into
My mother's bed in Germantown,
The gambrel house in which I grew
Stood halfway up a hill, or down,
Between a convent and a madhouse.

The nunnery was white and brown.
In summertime they said the mass
On a side porch from rocking chairs.
The priest came early on the grass
Black in black rubbers up the stairs
Or have I got it wrong? The mass
Was from the madhouse and the priest
Came with a black bag to his class
And ministered who loved him least.
They shrieked because his needles stung,
They sang for Christ upon His cross.
The plain song and the bedlam hung
On the air and blew across
Into the garden where I played.

I saw the sisters' linens flap
On the clothesline while they prayed
And heard them tell their beads and slap
Their injuries. But I have got
The gardens mixed. It must have been
The mad ones who cried out to blot
The frightened sinner from his sin.
The nuns were kind. They gave me cake
And told me lives of saints who died
Aflame and silent at the stake

And when I saw their Christ, I cried
Where I was born, where I outgrew
My mother's bed in Germantown.
All the iron truths I knew
Stood halfway up a hill, or down.

despotism. No matter how organized, no government functions adequately today.

This is clearly true of totalitarian dictatorship the one major new response to the collapse of modern government. Indeed, of all forms of government we know, this is the least efficient.

A dictatorship cannot overcome internal disintegration. We have learned by now enough of what went on behind Nazism's façade of emotional uniformity to know how thinly it covered extreme incompetence, deadly struggle between power centers, and permanent crisis. The same is true of Communist dictatorships, as the dramatic events in Russia and the satellites since Stalin's death have shown.

Moreover, totalitarian states cannot restore rationality and control to international life. All they can do is to make a virtue of chaos, make delusion a habit, crisis a necessity, lying the principle of conduct, and paranoia a synonym for achievement.

Above all, totalitarianism cannot solve the first problem of functioning government: It cannot provide for an orderly succession. From the time of decision by combat among tribal braves to the era of constitutional rule, orderly succession has been the touchstone of government. The order of succession has to be automatic, immediate, and stable.

Few attempts to solve the succession problem have been quite so futile as the trial by conspiracy to which any totalitarian society entrusts itself. It is a near-miracle if it works once, as it did in Stalin's case. It is most unlikely to work a second time in Soviet Russia. It would not, all records make clear, have worked in Nazi Germany had Hitler died at any time during his reign.

The Succession

The American Constitution has provided one of the few effective solutions of the succession problem. Yet it is far from perfect. It establishes automatic succession of a legitimate head of the government with full control and in full possession of his faculties. But it does this only by the expedient of the Vice President: a "stand-by" and a cipher as long as the President lives, occupying the most frustrating political position human ingenuity could devise, condemned to mothballing his ambitions if an honest man, and to praying for a dead man's shoes if an ambitious one. And, as we have been recently reminded, we have not solved the problem of partial disability and diminished vigor in a President.

THE RETURN TO PLURALISM

I CAN see one possible—but only partial—solution to the governmental crisis of our time. This is a return to political pluralism, to government by many autonomous powers, each with its own sphere, its own job, its own law, all competing with one another and limiting one another.

This means complete abandonment of the principle of modern government. Indeed modern government, as we know it, came into being because pluralism had collapsed. Organized power monopoly triumphed everywhere in the West—except in the United States. Here pluralism remained fundamental—in practice as well as in theory: John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Calhoun, the great political theorists of the American Republic, were all pluralists. The United States was founded on a conscious rejection of European concepts of monopoly government and nation-state, and adopted instead the concept of government by countervailing powers under the law. Even though the actual drift of American political development has been toward a unitary national state, pluralism is still standard practice in American social, economic, cultural, and religious life.

The most successful creation of American pluralism is the political party. It may also be of major importance for the future of all free countries.

Only a few years ago it was fashionable to decry the American political party as an unprincipled anachronism. When Harold Laski, the late thinker of the British Left, attacked it violently in the postwar years, he was only repeating what had been said for at least a hundred years by foreign and American political observers. Being non-ideological, so the argument ran, the American party stood for nothing. It had no program, no principles. All it did was organize "interests"—sectional or social—for the conquest of power.

Today, however, we realize that the American party—Democratic or Republican—is an agent of national unity, mainly because it lacks ideology. The national conventions every four years do an essential job behind the façade of pageantry and bombast: they establish national coalitions bridging internal cleavages. More important, perhaps, we are beginning to realize that the

really unprincipled anachronism is the ideological party. Willing to subordinate national welfare to doctrinaire righteousness, it is less and less capable of providing effective government. In the free countries the major parties are either changing into non-ideological coalitions like the Christian Democrats in continental Europe and the Conservatives in Great Britain: or they are, like parties in France or Socialist parties everywhere, becoming prisoners of the past and effective only in opposition. The crisis that brought De Gaulle to power in France may well have been the final crisis of ideological party government.

IS THERE ROOM FOR FREE CHOICE?

ANOTHER American example of pluralism is our system of higher education with its competitive state, denominational, and private colleges. None is subject to control by a Ministry of Education. All follow different philosophies—ranging from the austere intellectualism of the Hundred Great Books to the hedonism of courses in social dancing or skin-diving.

Still another example is the American labor union: essentially non-ideological, despite Walter Reuther . . . consisting of competing locals within competing unions forever raiding each other's jurisdiction . . . bargaining locally for whatever it can get at the moment. In glaring contrast is the European labor union with its ideological commitment, its centralization in a strong national federation, and its bargaining on a national or at least an industry-wide basis.

Pluralism is untidy. But it gives individuals and institutions a sphere of free choice—if only in the gaps between the giants of organized power.

It has also given us the only really new political institution of the century—the public corporation for specific metropolitan or international jobs. The Port of New York Authority, the London Passenger Transport Board, the Moscow Electric Power Board, the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission, the Rheinisch-Westfälische Electricity Works in the industrial Ruhr, the TVA—all serve the needs of the new metropolis. The Delaware Water Compact controls and allocates (though not very adequately) water resources in the world's most densely populated area: the New York-Newark-Philadelphia region. Regional planners are looking toward even bigger public corporations to handle the common problems of the "megalopolis" such as the dense urban stretch from Portland, Maine, to Norfolk, Virginia, or from Sacramento to San Diego—public corporations in charge of traffic and water supply, power and tax allocation, zoning and building. And in New York City, Commissioner Robert Moses has for thirty years been an effective one-man public corporation—a pluralist in himself.

The first such institution is only a little over a hundred years old: the Metropolitan Police of London (better known as Scotland Yard). But now the public corporation has become the usual way in which modern society tackles technical tasks of the metropolitan community. It is by no means a perfect tool. It is local government without being local *self*-government; indeed it is all but beyond local control. It is far away from the citizen—too far. However active he may be in school board, PTA, Community Chest, or church, the citizen is rarely conscious of the existence of these metropolitan public corporations. And yet they have much more power over his life and his community than any of the older, more familiar local political bosses, councils, and elected officials. But still, the metropolitan public corporation is the best we have so far—and it is a pluralist institution.

Major areas in international life—particularly the economic and educational development of poor countries—require similarly autonomous and pluralist agencies of international policy and co-operation. The most effective international organ of recent years, the Marshall Plan, was such an institution. Europe is gradually uniting in extra-governmental and supernational organizations: the Iron and Steel Community, the European Economic Commission, Euratom (for atomic energy), the Common Market. And as Robert Oppenheimer argued in the October 1958 issue of *Harper's,* only similar non-governmental, non-national, pluralist organizations of scientists could effectively control the weapons of total destruction which scientific knowledge is producing.

Pluralism may again become an important concept of political order—as, outside of this country, it has not been for three hundred years. But so far it is only a promise.

Whether it is even applicable to the central issue—the collapse of international rationality—is dubious. American policy during the last decade has been based on such pluralism—especially in the various regional alliances for collective security or economic development. No one will claim, I think, that its success has yet been so great as to prove the principle—nor that

it has failed so completely as to disprove it.

More serious, there is still no cure for the old flaw: the danger that the commonwealth will disappear under the conflict, selfishness, short-sightedness, and sheer technical efficiency of pluralist institutions and power centers. No pluralist system has ever escaped this disease. It has usually been fatal.

THE BLITHE PROMISES

OLD pluralist doctrine holds that a policy in the general interest will emerge from attempts to balance and compromise sectional and partial interests. John Calhoun pronounced this as doctrine in the United States a century ago, and the bright young men of the New Deal revived it enthusiastically. But can we trust this blithe promise that right vision will result from the canceling out of assorted short-sighted interests, and that selfless action will emerge from the conflicts of selfishness? Is anyone who has seen them in faculty meetings really willing, for instance, to trust the scientists (or any other group of experts, however scholarly) to subordinate their special views to the needs and aspirations of the world's people?

Clearly this is a crucial question. Under today's conditions of industrial and international life, government's first job is to make the common interest prevail over partial and private interests. Yet today our many power centers, except in time of war, recognize no overriding common good.

The crisis of modern government is not the result of the incompetence of political leaders, or of their wickedness. It is not capable of resolution by better men, not even by great men; today it takes supermen in government to do even a poor job. It is a crisis of basic concept; the very terms "sovereignty," "national state," "balance of power," "defense," "government by law," "parliamentary control" are rapidly losing meaning.

The crisis can be resolved only by new institutions embodying new political theory. But political theory today is sterile. The last great age of European political philosophy—the age of Hobbes, Locke, and Harrington, of Bodin, Grotius, and Montesquieu—is two to three hundred years in the past. Burke has now been dead over a century and a half. Even the brilliant but short outburst of creative political thinking in the United States came to an end just over a century ago with Calhoun's theory of sectional pluralism.

As long as modern government could do the job, there was no need for new political theory. But today we need to think hard about "the foundations of the commonwealth." Colleges cannot "cover" the subject in a course on comparative government and dismiss it.

We need a political theory that will give us effective, strong government—together with substantial liberties and protection of the citizen from both government and from society's organized power centers. We need new institutions of local government; and in a free society these have to be institutions of self-government. We need new institutions for the international community. We have to accept the reality of the new power centers; but we have to make them subservient to the common good and to the freedom of the individual. We need pluralism; but it must be embedded in, and transcended by, objective, general law. Thinkers capable of tackling these questions may be the greatest need of the era just ahead.

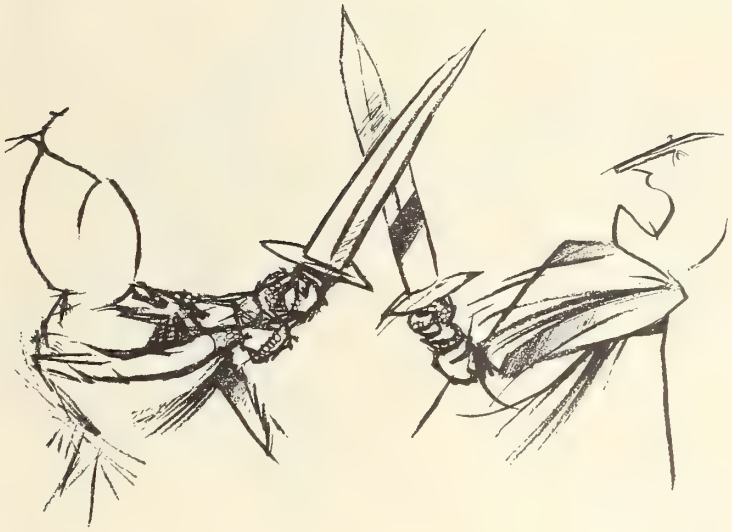
TO ANY CANDIDATE ANYWHERE

> WE WANT our candidate's . . . promise to make mistakes. Half the troubles of the free world are caused by politicians either refusing to admit they have been wrong, or refusing to act for fear of being wrong again. In both cases the effect is a kind of paralysis. If public men would only concede that they have made mistakes in the past which they now proposed to correct, but will inevitably make more in the future, they would be able to get a lot more done. They would also be protected against the occupational hazard of thinking themselves infallible.
>
> —Leslie Hannon in *Maclean's Magazine,* Toronto, February 1, 1958.

If conversation is a lost art, it hasn't just been misplaced; it has been stifled, mangled, and marooned by people who despise it, fear it, or talk it to death. The drawings on this and the next three pages were made by Robert Osborn one Sunday after a Saturday night party from which he came home almost defeated. It is his contention that in America you will find all these . . .

Enemies of Conversation





For example:

Two Business Tycoons locked in deadly struggle over nothing more vital than their commercial egos. When one tries to outdo the other, the din is deafening.



The Hostess who catches you by the arm, moves you across the room and says, "Now you talk to Major Stidley, he's just back from the Middle East . . ."



BY

Osborn

Major Stidley is one of those three-generation "squares" who mumble inconsequentialities as though they had actual significance.



Then there is The Atomizer who can and does pulverize any conversation with her minutiae and disconnected banalities—mostly about herself.

But even she is no match for The Erotic-Neurotic, whose heart before you can get a word in edgewise is on *your* sleeve.



She should, perhaps, be coupled with The Voice of Doom, who can counter her manic with his depressive . . .

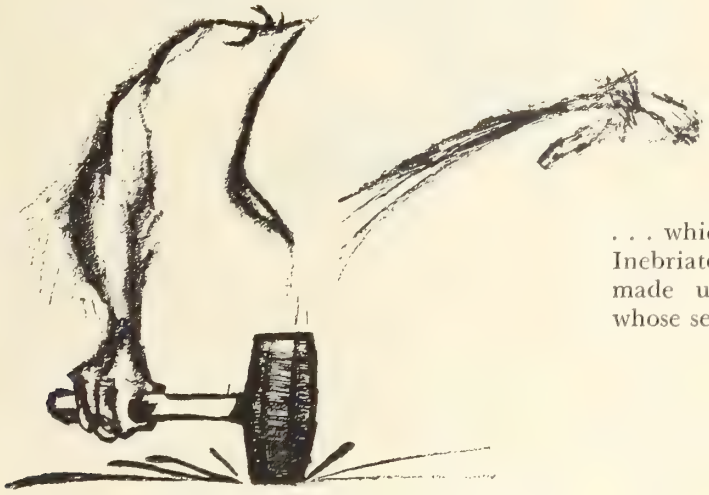


. . . or with The Excessive Detailer who can leave out nothing—a sort of precision machine sticking everything together with minute and careful bee stings.

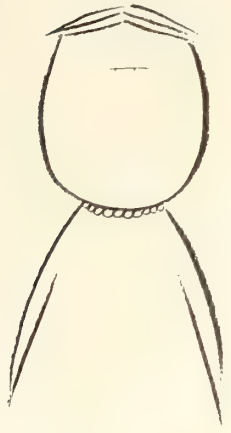


Over in the corner are The Tongue-tied, burning inside to say something, but nothing will come out. Their misery is exquisite . . .





. . . which cannot be said for The Inebriate, whose mind is suddenly made up about everything and whose sense of power is ecstatic.



In some ways he is the best friend of The Dumb One, who looks, listens, but is afraid to have opinions about anything.



The Amateur Psychoanalyst, however, thinks he (or she) can pry the secrets out of a stone, and in twenty minutes can reduce anyone to a jelly of neurosis or a bonfire of indignation.

The Brighty, who knows all the latest gossip, slander, and cultural clichés, makes quite a show, but generates no heat.





Nobody, however, could warm this customer, The Literal-minded Talker, who nails down all the details until everything is at a standstill, including himself.



Everything, that is, except for The Congenital Interrupter, who unabashedly chops off any line of talk. Of all the enemies of conversation this is the most devastating.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

where I get my ENERGY

The secret of being tireless at seventy-four—says the busiest woman in the world—lies in self-discipline and unflagging zest for life.

MY UNCLE, Theodore Roosevelt, was known for his remarkable energy. He preached the gospel of the strenuous life and as a child I heard much of his wonderful physical prowess—his hunting, exploring, riding, and polo playing. No matter how busy his life became, he always read prodigiously and still found time to spend with his children.

What was the source of his immense energy and his huge capacity for work and play? Today people ask me the same question. I decided long ago that we must have had some very sturdy ancestors. When I am told that I have extraordinary vitality for a woman of seventy-four, I feel that a good part of the credit must go to my ancient forebears. Although I know little or nothing about them, I am grateful to them for handing down to me good health and a capacity for self-discipline.

From my mother's side of the family—the Halls and Livingstons—as well as the Roosevelts—I also have a heritage of good health and good living. Though both my parents died young, I had many aunts, uncles, and cousins who managed to live to a ripe and vigorous old age. They were surprisingly numerous in an age when diphtheria, typhoid, and many other diseases we no longer fear cut so many lives short. Today, with new safeguards to prolong our lives and much more knowledge about how to stay healthy there seems little reason why the average person cannot remain self-reliant for all his days.

To be able to regulate your life and your habits in a sensible way is perhaps even more important as you grow older than when you are young. I was fortunate in learning self-discipline early. My grandmother who brought me up from the time I was seven was much more severe with me than she had ever been with her own sons and daughters. She had been chiefly concerned with loving them, leaving discipline to my grandfather. Her children were young when he died and she had great trouble controlling them, so she was determined not to make the same mistake with my younger brother and me. We would be taught to obey, and we were brought up on the principle that it is usually safer to say "no" than "yes" to children.

Of course I tried sometimes to escape from her rules and regulations. For instance, my grandmother believed that a daily cold sponge bath kept one from catching cold. If I could manage to get into the bathroom alone, I used to add a little warm water to the basin. But by and large I took a cold sponge bath every day of the year; perhaps this is one reason why today I derive special enjoyment from a warm tub.

My grandmother said "no" so often—particularly to anything I wanted to do for pure pleasure—that after a time, I stopped asking her if I might do anything outside of the daily routine. I learned to say I did not want things that I knew in advance would be forbidden, in order to forestall her refusals and keep down my disappointments. I cannot say that I did this with complete cheerfulness, but in retrospect I think it was probably very good for my character.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT HEALTH

SOCIAL life was very important in my grandmother's world and her social code demanded a great deal of self-discipline—particularly of women. Social obligations were sacred—no matter how you felt, the show must go on. If you were depressed, you certainly did not air your sadness in public. Even in showing appropriate emotions like pleasure or polite regret you were decorous and subdued. If there were social obligations to be met, my grandmother believed it was incumbent on me to see that I felt well. She had no sympathy with a headache, for instance. She simply felt irritated that I had not avoided doing whatever had caused it.

This rather stern code has stood me in good stead on many occasions when more serious responsibilities made it absolutely necessary for

me to stay well. I remember one such crisis during the flu epidemic of World War I when my husband was Assistant Secretary of the Navy and we were living in Washington. The city was fearfully crowded because government departments had taken on great numbers of clerical workers. When the epidemic that had been raging throughout the country struck Washington with full force, the Red Cross had to organize temporary hospitals in every available building. Many of these units had no kitchen space, so the junior cabinet wives agreed to supply food to certain buildings every day.

I managed to meet this obligation because my cook and I both contrived to stay well. Otherwise our pleasant house on R street was an emergency hospital too. Every one of our five children had come down with the flu. Two had developed pneumonia. I had a trained nurse to care for the sicker one; John, who was then a small baby and had only a slight case, was in my room. My husband, who was also down with the flu, was relegated to the dressing-room, with the door left ajar so that I could hear him if he called during the night. Somehow I was able to keep myself in such good condition that I resisted the disease.

Today I still feel that I am largely responsible for keeping myself in good health. My physician, Dr. David Curewitsch, seems to expect his patients to have a certain amount of common sense. I take the vitamin pills he prescribes and also some chocolate-coated garlic pills which are supposed to have a beneficial effect on my memory which is nothing to brag about. I am still able to work at night when necessary although I try to take a half-hour rest in the middle of the day.

The responsibilities of a family are, I think, excellent training in organizing one's life. Like most women, after my marriage I thought first of my husband and children. Although I had a good nurse and governess, I always breakfasted with the children and saw them off to school. I often had lunch with them and was always there when they came home from school or their afternoon outings. Learning to fit my own activities into the family schedule was good preparation for the demands of work and public life in later years.

Many women who are not married also carry family responsibilities, for an older relative or brothers or sisters. Most women do not feel it is burdensome to adapt their plans to the needs of others. On the contrary, it is what makes life worth living. The things we do just to satisfy our personal desires soon lose their flavor but there is a deep satisfaction in meeting the needs of husband, children, or friends. The self-discipline which these tasks develop is a great treasure for our later years.

Today, of course, there is little reason why I should not organize my life just to suit myself since I live alone. In the city I have a maid who comes in by the day. In my Hyde Park cottage where I spend my weekends, my friends Mr. and Mrs. Lester Entrup, are my housekeepers. The people who know me might, at first, be a little shocked if I suddenly announced that I would no longer be available for my usual activities because from now on I was going to do only the things I really enjoy. Quite soon, I suspect, my friends and family would adjust to this attitude and I would find myself unneeded and forgotten. I think there would be little left that I really enjoyed doing, for I believe that it is giving pleasure to other people that keeps our interest in life alive and makes us look forward to the next day.

ON SCHEDULE

I LIKE a regular routine. When I get up at 7:30 I usually take some lemon juice and hot water. I have breakfast at 8:30—orange juice, tea, toast, and jelly. Then I read my paper and start the day's work. My engagement book tells me what is to be done every half-hour, and if I were ever to lose it, I would soon be in a terrible situation.

For instance, this was my schedule on last October 17:

6:15 A.M. Got up a bit earlier than usual; had a quick breakfast and made two urgent phone calls.

7:30 A.M. Took taxi to LaGuardia Airport.

8:10 A.M. Off by plane to Washington; got my paper read en route.

9:30 A.M. My son Franklin met me at National Airport, drove me to his new office to meet his new associates.

10:30 A.M. Back to hotel for conference with Mr. Carl Stover of the Brookings Institution. I agreed to give a talk at the Institution next spring. Mr. Seth Jackson whom I met on my last trip abroad came to call and to seek advice about his plans.

11:30 A.M. To reception of the Democratic Central Committee of the District of Columbia, at the Mayflower Hotel.

1:15 P.M. Spoke at Committee luncheon.

2:00 P.M. Mrs. Anna S. Miller of the Washington, D. C. Housing Association drove me to the airport and invited me to address her group in May which I will do.

2:30 P.M. Took plane back to New York.

3:45 P.M. Took taxi home.

4:15 P.M. Got to work with my secretary on my correspondence which I usually do right after breakfast. Read my mail and dictated replies; also dictated my column.

5:30 P.M. Guests for tea who left just in time for me to have a very quick tub and change to evening dress.

6:30 P.M. Not quite dressed when a friend arrived to go with me to the Overseas Press Club.

8:30 P.M. Spoke at dinner given in my honor.

10:45 P.M. Home again to work on my correspondence.

1:30 A.M. October 18. To bed.

Sometimes, I must confess, I look with apprehension at a schedule like this one. Yet I know that if my life were not busy, I would feel less alive, even though I might be less tired by night. For me, there are just two remedies for weariness —one is change, the other relaxation. I have never found coffee or tea or any other stimulants helpful. Although I enjoy an occasional glass of wine, I do not take even a sip if I am tired.

RELAXING THROUGH CHANGE

BY WAY of change in the summer, I fill my cottage in Hyde Park—mostly with children. It has a number of bedrooms and a dormitory for young guests so the capacity is considerable. I cannot say that I have less to do than in the city, but my program is completely different. I have a chance to do some really serious housekeeping, to plan interesting meals and go shopping myself. Sometimes it is exhausting to watch over the comings and goings of a household overflowing with lively young people. But this is a different kind of weariness; the mere contact with youth is good for old age, I believe.

One of the most stimulating changes for me is a trip to a new and intriguing part of the world. Of course, travel is tiring too. Some people tell me that after a long plane flight they need a day or so to recuperate, particularly if the hours lost or gained have upset their usual timetable. I do not find this upsets me at all. I just accept the day at whatever hour I arrive; the time lost or gained never seems to make any difference. I have learned to relax and even to take a short nap sitting in a chair almost anywhere. I find the droning of the plane engines soothing and usually manage to sleep an hour or two and sometimes through the whole night. I am perhaps not quite as comfortable as in my own bed at home, but I seldom feel really weary the next day. One of the most delightful sightseeing trips I remember was at dawn in Istanbul where our plane had unexpectedly landed us at five in the morning.

The ability to relax, recuperate, and enjoy is, I suppose, partly an attitude of mind. Like most older people, I am constantly fighting the temptation to slip into self-absorption. If one loses interest in the people who tie one to life, then it is very easy to lose interest in the world as a whole. This, I think, is the beginning of death. For all of us, as we grow older, perhaps the most important thing is to keep alive our love for others and to believe that our love and interest are as vitally necessary to them as to us. This is what makes us keep on growing and refills the fountains of energy.

At present I look like Methuselah but I feel no older than my youngest friends. I am sure that I am no more exhausted at the end of a busy day than many who are half my age. When you know there is so much to be done that is not yet accomplished you are always looking forward instead of backward. This is one of the secrets of having strength and energy. As you grow older too, it becomes easier to think about other people and forget about yourself. Thus you have many interests and these, I think, give you the capacity to do whatever really needs to be done.

CRAZY MIXED-UP GREEKS

ATHENS [in ancient times] was full of educational fervor. Such times come for the most part when there is an increasing lack of confidence in the state. If people feel that things are going from bad to worse and look at the new generation to see if they can be trusted to take charge among such dangers, they invariably conclude that they cannot and that these irresponsible young people have not been trained properly. Then the cry goes up, "What is wrong with our education?" and many answers are always forthcoming.

—Edith Hamilton in *The Echo of Greece,* W. W. Norton, 1957.



the Biggest Race Track Killing ever made

By LEO KATCHER

Drawings by John Groth

When he was shot down in the Park Central Hotel in New York on November 4, 1928, Arnold Rothstein had long been the organizer and overseer of big-time crime in the United States. His activities had included bootlegging, labor racketeering, stock-swindling, and political fixing, but to the public he was known, beyond all else, as a gambler. (His death stemmed from a poker game in which he lost $322,000, a debt on which he welched.)

In 1921 he made what was probably the biggest winning of all time on a horse race—and he did it without doping a horse, bribing a jockey, or doing anything else illegal. How he brought off this coup—with only six seconds to spare—is told in the following excerpt from a biography of Rothstein, The Big Bankroll, *to be published in February.*

IN THE period when Arnold Rothstein operated on the race track, purses were small and expenses high. There were no $100,000 and $200,000 races. And there was also relatively little policing of the tracks. No saliva tests were given, no scientific examinations made of the sputum and urine of winning horses. Jockeys, trainers, and some owners used their horses on the track purely as gambling instruments.

And yet it was not by doctoring horses but by outsmarting the other gamblers that Rothstein made his biggest killings.

Competitors were alert to every move Rothstein made. They tried to bribe his stable help and people who worked in his offices—and sometimes succeeded. The Jockey Club long sought some means of barring Rothstein from the turf. When it was known that Rothstein was betting a horse the odds were shaved. Often the horses were wiped off the slates. And yet Rothstein could not be stopped.

His first coup, which took place at Aqueduct, was unplanned. It resulted from a hunch Rothstein played, plus an assessment of all the factors involved. It was a lightning decision, reached in a matter of minutes. It succeeded by the margin of six ticks of a watch.

The date was July 4, 1921. This was the second big day of the racing season. The first was Memorial Day and the third was Labor Day. On only those three days of the racing season were the tracks thronged. On only those days were the crowds so large that they filled the clubhouse and overflowed the big betting shed in the grandstand. The crowd played an important part in helping Rothstein.

The horse by means of which Rothstein won $850,000 was named Sidereal, by Star Shoot out of Milky Way. Herbert Bayard Swope had picked the fortuitous and fitting name for the colt.

Though it was owned by Rothstein, it was registered in the name of Max Hirsch, now an elder statesman of the turf but then Rothstein's trainer.

The Rothsteins arrived at the track shortly after noon and went to the table that Rothstein always had reserved in the clubhouse restaurant. While his wife Carolyn ate, Rothstein attended to business.

The table resembled an anthill, with a continual parade of people moving to and from it. These were a motley group. Clockers and trainers. Men who were settling the losses of yesterday or collecting their winnings. Stage stars and producers. Big-time politicians. Betting commissioners. Touts and would-be borrowers.

THE OUTSIDER

AFTER a time Rothstein left the table and went toward the stable area with Hirsch. They had to muscle their way through the crowds. The clubhouse bookmaking section was a solid mass of people, all trying to get down their bets. Under the grandstand thousands were surrounding the bookmakers who had their stands there. Rothstein said, "They're so busy, they don't have a chance to think. This would be a day to put a horse over. By the time they got wise they'd be paying off."

He did not like the idea of losing so rare an opportunity. He was not certain that another would arise soon. Hopefully he asked Hirsch, "Do you know anything?"

Hirsch shook his head. "Nothing. The only horse we were going to run today was Sidereal. I'm going to scratch him for a race on Friday."

Rothstein's head jerked up. "What shape is he in?"

"He's sharp." Hirsch looked at his program. "I think he could beat these other horses."

"Then run him." Rothstein was eager, scenting the chance of cashing in.

"I didn't van him in. He's in the stable at Belmont." That was three miles away. Hirsch looked at his watch. "I can get him here in time, though, if you want to run him." Getting the horse there "in time" meant twenty minutes before the horses went to the post.

"We'll never get another chance like this," Rothstein said. "Get the horse here." He walked away from Hirsch.

Now Rothstein had to make his plans. His own employees and betting commissioners were known to every bookmaker. If any of these started making bets of any size, the bookmakers would immediately scent trouble. Not even the size of the crowd would prevent that.

Rothstein's first step, therefore, was to ask a number of people if they would mind his using their commissioners during the day. He made the request casually. "I don't figure on betting today, but I may change my mind. I gave Nat [Evans] and the boys a day off."

Those whom he asked had no choice but to grant permission. You didn't refuse Arnold Rothstein a slight favor; you never knew when you might need a large one.

Rothstein immediately hunted up the various commissioners. He told all of them he might be using them during the afternoon. He added, "If I do use you, don't tell anyone for whom you're betting; bookmakers know I'm playing a horse, they'll shave the odds on a five-dollar bet." The commissioners knew that this was true. And, like their principals, they were only too eager to do a favor for Rothstein.

There were two races to be run before that in which Sidereal was entered. At the track, betting was primarily from race to race. It would be some time before the prices went up on Sidereal's race. However, the "overnight" line had Sidereal at prices ranging from 25 to 1 to 40 to 1. He was the outsider, his form unknown, in the figures.

Rothstein now went looking for Hirsch to see how arrangements were going. He located him at a telephone, sweat running down his face. The trainer had been unable to get anyone at Belmont to answer the phone. It was a holiday and no one was in the track office.

He told this to Rothstein quickly.

Rothstein's lips thinned. He wasn't going to have his plans upset. "Come with me," he said, and hurried back to where Carolyn was sitting.

Of course, if the horse couldn't be vanned to Aqueduct in time, Rothstein would lose nothing. But he was already counting his potential winnings and these had attained a reality to him. In addition, there was his ego to satisfy. He had to make chumps of the bookmakers.

Carolyn caught his signal, rose from the table and joined Rothstein and Hirsch.

"Tell her what she has to do," Rothstein said. "Tom Farley's out in the car and he can run her over."

Hirsch grasped at this. He lived close to Belmont and his wife was at home. "Pick her up," he said, "and go to the stables with her. Tell her to have the horse's plates changed and then put him into a van and get him over here. Tell her and the foreman we don't have any time to waste."

This was literally true. One race had been run. The horses were being saddled for the next. And Sidereal was entered in the race after that. Hirsch, not having scratched the horse, was responsible for its being in the stable area in time to run. If the horse was not there, Hirsch could be fined and suspended.

Carolyn rushed from the track. Farley drove her to the Hirsch home, where Mrs. Hirsch was picked up. On the way to Belmont, Carolyn explained what was to be done. She knew something big was happening and was caught up in the excitement of it. This was one of the few times when she shared anything with Rothstein. She didn't want to fail him.

The car pulled up in front of the stable where Rothstein's horses were quartered. A stableboy was sent to find the foreman. When he appeared, Mrs. Hirsch told him what had to be done. He said, "You'll never make it."

"We have to," Carolyn said.

The foreman shrugged. "I'll see what I can do." He sent the stableboy to find a van and driver. No blacksmith being available, he changed the shoes on the horse himself. As he worked, the stableboy returned. He had found a driver. The van would be on its way soon.

Carolyn looked at her watch. Time was going fast.

THE BATTLE OF THE ODDS

TIME was also going fast at the track. Rothstein had begun his betting campaign. He had given cash to some of the commissioners, told others to bet in the names of their regular employers. His orders were simple. "Get as much as you can down, but make all your bets small. Use anyone you need to help you."

The opening price on Sidereal was 30 to 1. As this price, a bookmaker might take a $100 bet in the clubhouse, a $50 bet in the grandstand. However, after taking the bet, the bookmakers would probably cut the price. It was up to the agents, and their agents, to protect the price as long as possible.

Normally, if one bookmaker cut a price, others received a report quickly and, even though not carrying any bets, they would cut their price too. This day, however, most bookmakers were so busy they could hardly keep track of their own books, let alone keep watch on the competition. This was what Rothstein was banking on.

He had forty men placing bets for him, placing bets at the same time. The bets were relatively small, but they started adding up. The odds dropped from 30 to 25, and then to 20.

Now some bookmakers began to wonder what was going on. They dispatched men to seek Rothstein out and observe what he was doing. These spies returned to say Rothstein was sitting in a box with friends and apparently totally unconcerned with the wagering.

Since none of the bets had been placed by men who worked for Rothstein, it was plausible that he had nothing to do with the wagering. The race track was filled with many amateur gamblers on this holiday and most of these were long-shot players. That was why holidays were red-letter days to bookmakers. These were the days when they got the sucker play.

Nonetheless, the price on Sidereal dropped steadily as the bookmakers sought to keep their ledgers in balance.

Meanwhile, Hirsch was waiting at the gate. He had virtually no leeway left. It was five minutes to saddling time, five minutes until the horse had to be in the saddling area or Sidereal would automatically be scratched.



Jimmy McLaughlin, the paddock judge, began to verify the presence of the horses. He saw Sidereal's stall was empty. Hunting for Hirsch, he found him at the gate.

"Where's your horse, Max?"

"On the way" was all Hirsch could say. He was staring down the dirt road. He wondered if that was a dust cloud he saw.

McLaughlin looked at his watch. "Two minutes, Max."

"I know." Hirsch kept peering and was sure that it was a dust cloud.

Then it was one minute. McLaughlin said, "I'll have to notify the stewards, Max. Sorry." He started to turn.

As he did so the dust cloud lifted. A van was rolling up to the gate. It came to a stop. It wasn't enough that the horse was on the track; it had to be in the paddock.

Hirsch ran and opened the tail gate. The ramp went up. Hirsch jumped into the van, led the horse down, brought him into the paddock.

McLaughlin looked at his watch. "You sure drew it fine, Max. You beat the gun by six seconds."

Hirsch had no time for McLaughlin. He was rubbing the horse down, quieting him. Grooms and stableboys went to work on Sidereal. The jockey, who had been standing about, joined them.

Carolyn Rothstein drove up while this was going on. She got out of the car. "Were we in time?"

"Yes," Hirsch said.

Carolyn went back to the clubhouse. Walking through it, she saw Rothstein. Casually, she stepped into the box; Rothstein gave her a quick look. Her nod was almost imperceptible. So was Rothstein's smile.

The saddling bell sounded. Then the bugle for the parade to the post. The horses came out slowly, led by the outrider.

Rothstein got word to the commissioners. "Take any price."

Now the money was poured in. The price kept dropping and dropping. To 15 to 1, to 12, to 10, to 8, to 5, to 4.

There is a contagion, a hysteria, at a race track. Word spreads without a word being spoken. Five people, fifty, five hundred—five thousand—suddenly become aware of the same thing at the same moment. That happened at Aqueduct. It seemed as though everyone at the track simultaneously decided to bet on Sidereal.

Professional bettors, casual visitors, and touts. The innocents and the smart money. All of them wanted to get in on this. It was the same at every book, clubhouse, or grandstand. Price meant nothing.

The books did the only thing they could. They marked "OUT" opposite the name of Sidereal, boosted the odds on every other horse in the race, hoping, somehow, to balance their sheets.

The horses were nearing the post. Marshall Cassidy, the starter, and his assistants were at the barrier. And still Rothstein sat in the clubhouse box, chatting and smiling.

But the bookmakers were no longer fooled. They knew that they had been hoodwinked, outsmarted. And there wasn't anything they could do about it. There was no place—no one—to which they could turn and try to lay off the bets they had taken. The man who had made those bets was the only place open for laying them off.

Some did try, however. And, surprisingly, Rothstein was willing to take back some of the bets. But at "closing" odds. That meant the last price that had been posted against Sidereal, 8 to 5. He accepted bets amounting to $125,000 at those odds.

Why? Because it meant that, no matter what happened in the race, he had to be a winner. He was playing with the bookmakers' money. If Sidereal won, even after paying out $200,000, he would still be $850,000 ahead. If Sidereal lost, he would be about $40,000 winner. Not bad for an afternoon.

Of all the gamblers at the track he was the only one who could relax and watch the race. He had taken advantage of every bit of percentage. The odds were working for him. This was the gambler's dream, the sure thing. That is, if the gambler was Arnold Rothstein.

THE STRETCH

SIDEREAL was a golden chestnut with a glistening coat. He was a handsome horse, thick in the withers. There was a full field in the race—thirteen horses—but the crowd was interested in only one, Sidereal.

Cassidy and his assistants lined up the horses. This was before the starting gate was in use, and the horses ranged behind a barrier. It took time to steady the horses, to have them get over their nervousness. But Sidereal appeared without nerves. The horse stood ready, poised to break when the barrier went up. Its jockey, Billy Kelsay, was crouched low.

The chart on the race reports: "Start good." The horses broke almost in a straight line. Kelsay broke Sidereal fast so as to avoid trouble at the first turn. Sidereal was fourth as the horses went around the bend. Ultimo, owned by Charles Stoneham, was in the lead, with Northcliffe, owned by Thomas Fortune Ryan, the traction magnate, second, and Harry Payne Whitney's Brainstorm running third.

The horses ran in that position up the backstretch, made the turn and then came around again into the stretch, with a quarter mile to go. Here Kelsay made his move. He loosed his grip on the reins, slapped the horse. Sidereal passed

Brainstorm and ranged up alongside Northcliffe. A half-dozen strides and Sidereal was second, a length behind Ultimo.

The boy on Ultimo started using his whip. The roar that was thundering out of the stands told him something was moving up behind him. Ultimo gave his best, but it was not enough. He was a tired horse and a hundred yards from the finish he began to bear out slightly. Kelsay had racing room, went inside Ultimo. Sidereal was a neck in front, a half length, and then a full length.

The chart reported: "Won driving. Place same." The margin of Sidereal's victory was a length and a half.

The time for the race was 1:11 2/5. Good time, but not sensational. But in that short time Arnold Rothstein had won more money than most people earned in all their lives.

He appeared to give no sign of strain, of pleasure. But Carolyn Rothstein knew how much emotion he felt because, when he spoke to her, there was a quiver in his voice. It was the only time she ever heard the quiver when he was a winner. All the other times it was present he was a loser.

With the end of the race won by Sidereal came the birth of a new race. The bookmakers, many of them knowing they were in debt to—and some beyond—the limit of their resources, had their slates up again. The bettors began to place fresh wagers.

Rothstein had made a killing, but done nothing dishonest. Sidereal was a two-year-old maiden, a non-winner in the three races in which he had started. Two-year-olds were permitted, by racing custom and racing law, to "qualify" in their first few races. That meant that owners and trainers did not run them to win, but to "educate" them.

In this manner a horse's true form and ability were concealed by its owner. This was part of the game. The one rule of the betting ring was "Caveant omnes." Let everyone beware.

The "qualifying" rule still holds. However, the pari-mutuel machines prevent any such killing as Rothstein made. A horse can open at 100 to 1 but the final price on the board determines the pay-off. And the more money bet on a horse in a race, the smaller the pay-off.

ROTHSTEIN sat through two more races and then he and Carolyn were driven back to New York. He did not tell her the amount of his winnings, saying only, "I won a big piece. A very big piece."

After a time he said, "This is my lucky day. I feel it in my bones. I think I'll find a game tonight. Do you mind if I don't take you to dinner?"

For the first time in their marriage, Carolyn lost her temper. "Damned right, I do," she said. "We're eating together tonight."

Taken aback, Rothstein said, "All right. All right." He tried to appease her in the one way he knew. He took out his bankroll, peeled off a number of bills. "Buy yourself something with this. You earned it." It was $5,000.

They had dinner at Delmonico's. All evening men came to their table. Some came to congratulate Rothstein on his killing; the word had spread very quickly. Others were bookmakers, come to negotiate a settlement with Rothstein, trying to arrange some means of having him carry their debt to him. He acceded to some of the requests. At six per cent.

It was almost eleven o'clock when Rothstein brought Carolyn home. He went inside with her, checked his telephone messages, and then went out. Still looking for a game.

She went upstairs, read a while, and then went to bed.



HUBERT H. HUMPHREY
U. S. Senator, Minnesota

a plan to save *TREES, LAND, AND BOYS*

How an up-to-date version of a New Deal program—the only one that practically everybody applauded—could yield a handsome profit for every American.

EVERY day the news bears evidence of an appalling waste of young lives. Shocking juvenile crimes are commonplace on page one. But no less distressing are the countless minor transgressions more briefly reported from the crowded dockets of magistrates, desk sergeants, and juvenile court judges.

The cost to the United States is beyond all calculation.

This waste of human resources is matched in another field by an outrageous dissipation of our resources of soil and water. From the tidewater East to the mountains of the far West, wind and water and fire gnaw at the hill slopes and fill our lakes and streams with topsoil. Despite encouraging progress made by conservation programs, sluicing rains tear new gorges in the earth. Millions of acres of cut-over forest lands lie abandoned to brush, wind, fire, and insects—ugly and unproductive, at a time when the U. S. Forest Service predicts that our need for lumber and other wood products is rising beyond our expected forest yields.

Muddied and polluted lakes and streams mock the tourist brochures of dozens of States. Park and forest campsites and trails are deteriorating. Even these neglected facilities are crowded today—would-be campers often find only dim echoes of the refreshing outdoor experiences that our parents took for granted fifty years ago.

Such a waste of both human and natural resources need not be tolerated. This was proved a generation ago in a nine-year national experiment that gave us a blueprint for conservation that can teach us a lot today.

The idea for the Civilian Conservation Corps sprang into action almost overnight in March 1933, during the magnificent ferment of the first hundred days of Roosevelt's New Deal. It became one of the most successful projects of the 'thirties, acclaimed by both parties.

The theory was simple: we had a lot of young men out of work; outdoor work was good for young men: therefore, let's get the boys out into the woods! Within weeks, the first experimental CCC camp was in operation at Camp Roosevelt, two hours west of Washington, D.C., in the green woods of the George Washington National Forest. Reserve Army officers were called back on active duty to supervise the boys, and out into the woods they went with shovel and axe. Within a few months, camps began to mushroom throughout the country, with about 200 boys in each. Within a year, the CCC enrollment had hit its average of 300,000 and until the early 'forties the CCC boys were working in nearly 2,600 camps in the state and national parks and forests.

What started as a "make-work" project rapidly developed into the most comprehensive program for the management and conservation of natural resources that any nation had ever undertaken. Frankly improvising, the professional conservationists of the U. S. Forest Service, the National Park Service, the Bureau of Reclamation, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and the Soil Conservation Service shifted into high-gear projects that had only been dreams of forestry and conservation technicians.

Conservationists who had despaired of moving

beyond the first giant step taken by the pioneers of the Teddy Roosevelt–Gifford Pinchot era—when the major national park and forest areas were set aside for public use—suddenly awoke to find a new force at work. Raw brain and muscle, willing and enthusiastic, became available almost overnight for the long-dreamed work of forest-fire prevention, erosion control, timber-stand improvement, new outdoor recreational facilities, and earth-dam reservoirs.

As the waste motion came under control—as the boys from New York and Chicago, Chattanooga and Los Angeles and a thousand cities and villages across the nation were trained into effective, skillful teams—millions of acres of land were transformed by reforestation, strip-cropping, gully-stabilization, and forest-fire control.

What happened to the CCC boys themselves—eventually almost three million of them—was also fascinating.

The boys put on solid weight. They grew taller. Many had their teeth attended to for the first time. They developed manual skills they had never suspected and later got specialized vocational training—truck-driving, machine maintenance, building-trades skills. Eventually, training became as important as the actual pick-and-shovel work of conservation. Skilled leaders emerged among the teams of boys and young men working against fire, erosion, and waste in ever more carefully planned projects.

HOW THEY DID IT

NINE years of the CCC built into the national economy and, it may be, into the national character, some extraordinary values. A major start was made in using nearly untried techniques of forestry and soil conservation in the nation's timber and grazing lands, and our infinitely valuable watersheds. But in terms of the salvage and the strengthening of young lives, many hundreds of thousands of them, the CCC may have made its most important contribution. Former CCC boys are today scattered throughout the leadership of American industry, government, and education—testimony to the social values of this great experiment. I have asked some of them what the CCC meant to them.

A typical comment comes from a Marine Fishery Research biologist:

> It is my honest opinion that my experiences in the CCC during the critical years of my life better prepared me for my years of service overseas with the U. S. Army during World War II . . . an enrollee enjoys a sense of accomplishment, a sense of having contributed something worthy to the nation.

My good friend, Congressman John Blatnik of Minnesota's forested 8th District, who had just finished teacher's college at the time, became a CCC camp educational adviser. This is what he says about his experience:

> The CCC looked good, and believe me, it was good to me. . . . We worked in warm weather and in cold. There was plenty to do, but we were young. We liked the work; we liked the life; and especially, we liked the opportunity to be a recognized part of American life. . . . [The CCC] was a great movement to renew a spirit of adventure in youth, and to dramatize the protection and restoration of our natural resources.

World War II killed off the CCC, but in its nine years some great steps had been taken. The teams of boys planted nearly three billion trees, built over 150,000 miles of trails and fire lanes. They strung 85,000 miles of new telephone lines and put up 4,000 fire towers, 45,000 bridges, and thousands of buildings.

They built several million check dams against soil erosion, and did improvement cuttings and thinnings on about four million acres of forests. They saved millions of acres by prompt fighting of small fires before they got out of control and protected the trees from attacks by insects and diseases. They also helped replace sagebrush with forage grasses on nearly forty million acres of brushy range lands. Altogether, the value of their work has been estimated at one and a half billion dollars—in 1940 dollars, too!

What did it cost? An even $1,000 each year per boy—for everything—overhead, salaries, everything.

HOW MUCH SHOULD WE INVEST?

THE demands of World War II mobilization drained away the CCC's manpower, but the conservation needs remained. The job the CCC did until 1942 in putting our forests and farm lands into shape was by no means finished, though the work was put aside "temporarily." Conservation programs went on a strictly maintenance basis during the war and have never been resumed on the scale needed.

Today, the children born during World War II are our teen-agers—and they are finding a crowded world—not only in the cities, but in the outdoor recreational areas. More than fifty mil-

lion visitors are now using the National Forests alone each year.

A critical shortage of forest products will come by the year 2,000 if we do not expand our forestry programs *now*. Trees take time to grow. And, although our agricultural abundance is a concern today, demographers are predicting scarcity to come, if we continue to allow wind and water to wear away our topsoil at the present rate.

Last summer, the Natural Resources Council, made up of the heads of nationally important conservation groups, completed a searching estimate of the total job needed to bring the corrosive actions of man against nature under control, and to rebuild the productive capacity of our lands and waters enough to sustain the predicted population of fifty years from now.

They came up with some hard figures. Over a ten-year intensive program, they said, we need to invest $3 billion to put our forests into adequate productive shape; $4.5 billion to halt the loss of topsoil and protect vital watersheds; $1 billion to stabilize the soils and increase the forage yields on our Western range lands; $2 billion for the upgrading and expanding of the areas of outdoor recreational facilities; and another $1 billion to improve refuges for wildlife. Many of these represent planned programs in the files of both federal and state conservation agencies. They do not include the huge conservation needs of our new state of Alaska.

Take just one major resource—forest lands. Professional foresters estimate we have 275 million understocked forest acres in need of timber-stand improvement, thinning, eliminating diseased trees, and reducing fire hazard. Another 52 million acres of open, unproductive land should be replanted in trees.

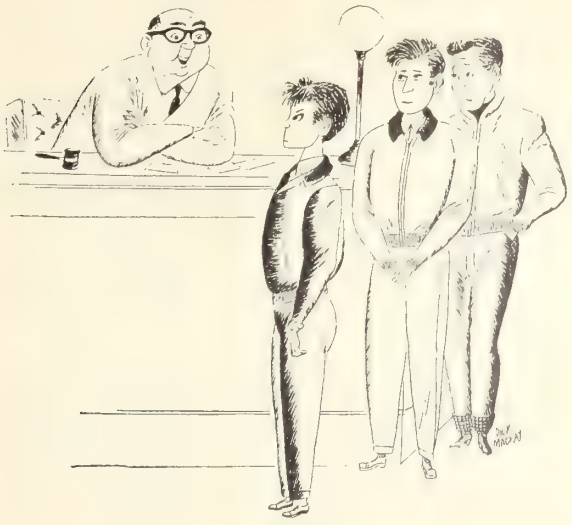
Water and topsoil are not inexhaustible. Yet hundreds of thousands of streams dump silt into our reservoirs and harbors. Stream banks can be stabilized—but only by human hands planting protective vegetation. Federal and state conservation agencies have simply not been able to tackle these and other conservation jobs on anywhere near the scale demanded. Manpower shortages and lack of funds, not ignorance, are holding them back. There is work enough to employ several hundred thousand men for a decade or more—at useful, not make-work, jobs.

AN UP-TO-DATE CORPS

A GIANT step toward the *prevention* of delinquency and the improvement of physical fitness could be accomplished if the CCC were in existence today to provide not only healthful, useful outdoor work, but educational opportunities for boys and young men with too much time on their hands.

Drop-outs from high school, and even a considerable proportion of high-school graduates, find it increasingly difficult to secure jobs with any future. Despite the sharp increases in college enrollment, millions of young men will not go on to higher education. Instead, they will flow directly into a labor market which is at best inhospitable for teen-agers, and during recessions is forbidding.

I am convinced that we must again provide the kind of opportunity for creative work on the land that was given to American boys in the





'thirties. I introduced legislation to accomplish this during the last session of Congress, and Congressman Blatnik introduced a companion bill in the House. We expect to bring the measure up again in the new Congress, shortly after this article appears.

Briefly, the bill would establish a somewhat smaller, more flexible, and more education-oriented organization than the old CCC—a Youth Conservation Corps of 150,000 young men. It would be decentralized among the federal and state conservation agencies in relatively small groups as compared with the old 200-man CCC camps.

The boys would improve young timber stands by thinning, help carve new access roads and trails into the forest areas, plant seedlings on bare lands, stabilize eroding stream banks by hand-planting. They would construct picnic area facilities, retaining walls, erect earth dams to create upstream reservoirs, improve lakes, streams, and marshes for fish and wildlife, rebuild game cover, team up for fighting forest fires and reseeding deteriorated range lands.

It would be hard, dusty, and rugged work, but if I know American boys they would fight to participate.

Recruitment and overall budgetary control, the responsibility for the maintenance of minimum standards for working hours, and for health and educational programs, would be in the hands of a Director under the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. An advisory board from the Departments of Agriculture; Interior; and Health, Education, and Welfare would consult on policy with the Director.

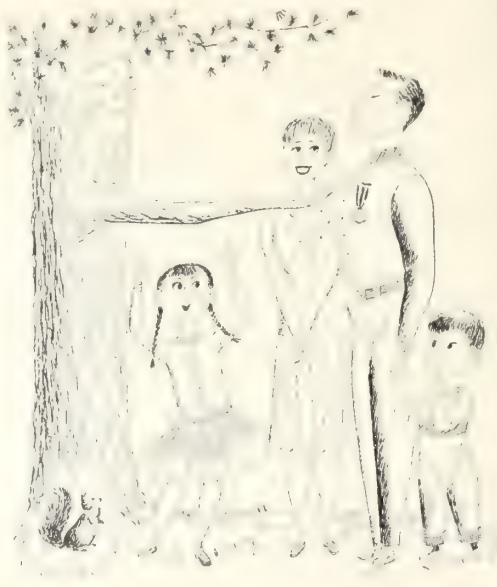
But once the boys are processed through the YCC recruiting and orientation period, they should be assigned directly to small units of perhaps 50 or less under the immediate supervision and direction of professional foresters and conservationists of the U. S. Forest Service, the National Park Service, the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Soil Conservation Service, and the state conservation departments.

The boys would be put into on-the-job training situations throughout the conservation field —good, vigorous outdoor work under careful supervision. But, in addition, I propose the development of well-articulated health and educational programs for the enrollees quite apart from their conservation work. In fact, 20 per cent of their time is explicitly to be set aside for educational purposes, making use of the facilities of schools and junior colleges in the vicinity of the projects.

Enrollees would be paid at the current rate of a private in the Army—about $78 per month—plus subsistence, medical care, and other fringe benefits. They would sign up for one year, or for special "vacation period" enrollments for students. Enrollment would be open to any American boy, of course, regardless of race or creed or color, who is at least sixteen years old, and physically qualified.

Like the old CCC, the YCC would also provide for the enrolling of a small percentage of more mature skilled woodsmen and other conservation workers to provide a leavening of older heads and skills for the groups of inexperienced young men. In areas close to or actually inside Indian reservations, special provision would be made





to give work opportunities to tribesmen on their own lands. This would relieve an acute and chronic unemployment problem in the reservations, and also serve to lace the pool of manpower with another good measure of woods skills.

PEOPLE ARE ASKING FOR—

THERE has been a heartening response to my proposal from around the nation. Juvenile court authorities, social welfare people, state and private conservation officials—and many young men themselves interested in enrolling in the corps—have written me all through 1958 suggesting minor changes, advocating different emphases but, without a single exception, strongly favoring the proposal.

A juvenile court judge in Ohio, for example, asked me if I would consider reducing the minimum age to sixteen. "In Ohio," he pointed out, "a boy may be released from school if he has passed the seventh grade and is sixteen years of age. Lowering the age to sixteen would therefore enable the boy who is maladjusted in school to get a working certificate and enroll in the Youth Conservation Corps. . . ."

A superintendent of a work camp for delinquent boys in Minnesota wrote that his seven years with the old CCC and his five years with the Minnesota Youth Conservation Commission were "the most satisfying of my life" and outlined detailed conservation projects which could be undertaken in his area.

Stressing that the group between fourteen and eighteen is his particular interest, a Missouri superintendent of schools said:

"We have no institution between the public school and reform school to take care of the boy who is (1) a poor student and not interested in school; (2) one who has family problems and is emotionally maladjusted; or (3) one who has no opportunity to earn the money he feels he needs and that to him is more important than an education."

Many correspondents raise tough questions. For example: what about something for the girls? That gets us into a whole series of new considerations, and will be the subject, I am sure, of separate legislation and a separate program. The answer, of course, is that there *should* be something for the girls—something beyond the Scouting years, and of a serious, constructive nature—that would involve practical conservation work without the heavy, load-lifting duties of the young men.

Another interesting question is whether service in the YCC should be counted as part of the fulfillment of obligatory military service. Undeniably, the body-building of outdoor work would greatly increase the general state of physical fitness of our young men. Yet I strongly feel that young men would enroll in the conservation corps without the added incentive of being able to "write off" a year's reserve service requirement, and I am inclined to feel that at this time we should leave the military training to the numerous and competent Reserve and National Guard programs.

The CCC left no bad taste. Even the bitterest opponents of the New Deal had to admit that the CCC was a sound investment in both people and the land. And millions of American families taking to the fields and woods today constantly run across reminders of the constructive CCC work of a generation ago. Among them are thousands of loyal CCC "alumni" who take pride in revisiting the woods trails, recreational areas, and upstream reservoirs, the burgeoning stands of young timber, the renewed game cover and green stream banks on which they worked as very young men.

Americans, until our very recent urbanization, have always been outdoorsmen. Only recently has the privilege of living and working in the open been denied to so many of our younger generation. For hundreds of thousands of city boys, the opportunity to work on the land could enrich and strengthen their lives. Too, it might provide a new sense of meaning and purpose for young men growing up in a society in which the opportunity for creative accomplishment is becoming rarer each year. Eleanor Roosevelt once said that conservation programs in which young men worked to save our natural resources might serve as a "moral equivalent of war" needed to inspire young men's loyalties and their dreams.

I am convinced that young men in substantial numbers would seize the opportunity to roll up their sleeves and join a great national effort on the land. The challenge of a task that transcends the mere earning of a living, the chance to participate in a purposeful effort, would be far more important to such young men than the nominal wages and subsistence. I know a dozen young men from stable, middle-income families who would give their eyeteeth for such an opportunity.

And could anything more effectively and constructively channel those restless energies that today are leading tens of thousands of underprivileged boys in the direction of delinquency, violence, and self-destruction?



A Story by JOHN J. ESPEY

Drawings by Richard E. Davis

BIRD-WATCHER

I DIDN'T even know the Bauers had a canary until that Saturday afternoon in August when I saw Harry Bauer staggering around under the walnut tree in our patio. He had his head cocked back and was taking what looked like drunken circling steps, but it was only three o'clock and for a moment I wondered if I had misjudged him during the year we had lived next to each other. I stepped out through the sliding glass doors and said, "What's up, Harry?"

He grunted, not taking his eye off the tree, and said, "Triller's up there. We thought he'd got to know us so we let him out of his cage and he just flew through the open window and came here."

"Oh," I said, looking up through the dark green leaves of the walnut. Just then Harry let fly, and I caught a flash of yellow as a good-sized canary hopped awkwardly from one twig to another and let out a frightened squeak. Harry must have scooped up a handful of gravel from my driveway and now he was getting set to throw again.

"Just what's your plan?" I asked.

Harry let fly again, and I must say his throwing arm wasn't bad. The stone zipped past Triller and fell on the lawn.

"Well," Harry said, "I thought perhaps I could stun him."

"What if you really hurt him?" I asked.

"I hadn't thought of that," Harry said, throwing once more. This time he came very close, and the canary fluttered up clumsily and with a crazy staggering flight left the walnut tree in the patio and made for one near the southwest corner of our lot. He missed his first landing, tottered wildly, and then got hold of a lower twig where he held on after fluttering his wings.

Harry followed, and I followed Harry. "I didn't even know you had a canary," I said.

"We haven't for very long," Harry said, getting set again. "Betty's mother breeds them down in San Diego and Triller is one of her prize males. She gave him to the girls. I'll be in a real mess if we lose Triller."

Once more Harry came very close to Triller, who took off uncertainly, this time to a walnut tree in the southeast corner of our lot.

The Bauers' house and ours are both built in an old walnut grove near the west end of the San Fernando Valley. When real estate became more profitable than walnuts, the owners subdivided and we have about a dozen trees on our acre.

There ought to be a better word than neighbors to describe our relation with the Bauers, but I don't know what it is. I call him Harry and he calls me Jack, but our wives call each other Mrs. Bauer and Mrs. Thomas. The Bauers' two daughters, Phyllis and Irene, play with our two daughters, Martha and Jane, but my wife Mary and his wife Betty wouldn't dream of setting foot in each other's houses. Harry and I, on the other hand, are familiar with each other's garages; he never hesitates to borrow a chisel

or a hammer from me, and I sometimes use his power saw and drill. I suppose one thing that makes for this mixture of familiarity and distance is the fact that Harry sells insurance and I happen to be a college professor—and of English, at that—which always seems to bother people like Harry.

Harry kept sailing stones all over my yard and Triller was traveling from one walnut tree to another with his pitching flight.

"You could really hurt that bird," I said.

"Well, how would *you* try to catch Triller?" Harry demanded.

"If you just leave his cage outside, he'll come back when he gets hungry," I said. "Cage-birds aren't very enterprising about feeding themselves."

"Is that true about the cage?" Harry asked.

"It's what everyone says," I answered.

"I don't know what my mother-in-law will do if we don't get him back," Harry said.

He stopped throwing the gravel, and I thought that with luck my power mower wouldn't get more than ten or twelve nicks the next day.

An amazing thing happened then. Triller let out a burst of song, a long melodic phrase, and then flew, really flew, to the top of the tree in the patio, landing with confidence. He let out another phrase of throaty warbling, hopped up from the twig, and came down in perfect balance.

UP TO that time I hadn't thought much about Triller himself. He was a striking bird, I saw now, deep yellow with an undertone of orange, and a fine black slash across each wing. Set there against the hot blue August sky above the leaves of the walnut he made a handsome sight. But it was what Triller had been able to do that excited me. I am, after all, a teacher—educator, if you insist—and my life is based on the assumption that it is possible to teach things. There are times when the assumption is obviously a myth, but on rare occasions something happens, and I go on with half-confidence in the illusion.

Triller could learn. He was, to use a pretentious word, educable. In about fifteen minutes Triller had started learning to be a bird. Much as I disliked his name, I found myself on Triller's side. From that moment on, you could say that Triller was my boy.

"Look, Harry," I said, "I don't think you'll ever get him this way."

"You may be right," he said.

We started down my driveway. Triller had flown over the house and perched in the walnut in the middle of our front lawn. Every now and then he tried out his voice. We had reached the end of the drive when another exciting thing happened.

In our end of the valley, a mixed flock of finches comes through twice a day, in the morning and in the afternoon. The core of this flock is a dozen or more house finches, but it usually includes a few white-crowned sparrows, some English sparrows, and, in the winter or even in a very dry summer, two or three Sierra juncos. This flock comes through, gleaning seeds and chattering away in the restless, life-loving, dusty fashion of finches. Triller saw them as they swept to the ground under the shrubs by our front fence, and after a couple of experimental calls, he swooped from the tree to a fair landing at the edge of the flock. With his brilliant orange-yellow body and black-slashed wings, he was a splash of color against the duller finches. Even the red of the male house finches was no match for this sunburst.

Then Triller, still on the edge of the flock, spread his wings a bit and strutted.

"Well, I'll be," I said. "Of course all finches are notoriously lascivious."

"What did you say?" Harry asked. We had both stopped dead.

"Sexy," I said. "Finches—something all the poets have noted."

Triller was interested in a female house finch. Female house finches do not stimulate me. They are small brownish birds, their breasts streaked and spotted. The male house finch, on the other hand, is quite attractive, with reddish tones varying from crimson to orange.

Triller hopped toward the house finch. She flew to the top of the three-rail fence across the front of our lot. Triller followed. He perched near her and edged up.

"He's pretty enterprising for a cage-bird," I said.

"My mother-in-law said he was a cross from some sort of foreign bird," Harry said, looking at Triller with annoyance and almost distaste.

"That explains the intense color and the black slash," I said. "What do you suppose a mixture of that with the red of the house finch would give?"

"Well, I wouldn't know," Harry said indifferently.

The finch seemed to lose interest and rejoined the flock. Triller followed. He made an imitative stab or two at the ground with his bill, and I thought I saw him eat something. Then the flock took off on its usual ragged flight into the

vacant lot across the street, where a pair of nesting California jays greeted them with angry calls and flew back and forth among the neglected trees.

The female house finch paused on the fence, and Triller joined her, singing a few notes and sidling up again. Then the finch flew off after the flock. Triller teetered on the fence. To my disappointment, he left the fence, not for the flock, but for the tree in our patio, flying over the house and landing on his first perch.

"I guess I'll set out the cage," Harry said, and each of us went back to his own house.

If Triller could learn to fly, if Triller could learn to be a ground-grubbing finch, Triller could learn a lot of other things. It was late in the season, and why the female house finch hadn't mated I didn't know, but there it was.

My daughters appeared spontaneously as children do. "What are you doing, Daddy?" Jane asked.

"Nothing much," I said, as they followed me into the kitchen. I opened the bread drawer and got a crust from a new loaf. "Where is your mother?"

"She's out marketing for the Brownie picnic tomorrow," Martha said.

"I remember now," I said. "Why don't you go over and see if Phyllis and Irene wouldn't like to play with you—and in their yard?"

"Their yard?" Jane asked.

"Yes, I thought you liked their new swing set," I said.

"We do," Martha said and they went out.

A minute later I followed with a casual saunter. Harry had come out of his house with the cage. Triller was still in the patio walnut tree. Crumbling the crust in my right hand, I walked to the shrubs farthest away from the Bauers' lot and let a trickle of crumbs fall near where the finches had gleaned. Then I went along that side of our lot, around the house and into the patio, letting the crumbs drop from my hand held straight down.

I strolled over to the other side of our lot and leaned against the fence. Harry was fussing around the cage, putting in a new cuttlebone and a fresh piece of lettuce. The four girls were making a most satisfactory racket.

Harry caught sight of me and walked over to the fence. The way things stood, Harry and I were between Triller and his cage. The girls were beyond it but fairly close.

Harry and I exchanged a few remarks on birds generally, and I must have shown too much interest. "Say," he said, "I thought you were an English professor. How come all the bird lore?"

"Oh, I just keep my eyes open," I said a little defensively. It is considered a good and wise thing in my profession to know what birds Chaucer wrote about, but beyond that—well, one must be discreet.

"You're a regular bird-lover," Harry said.

"No, no!" I exclaimed. "I'm a bird-*watcher*."

"There's a difference?"

"There is," I said firmly. "Bird-*lovers* identify with birds, but a bird-*watcher* just watches them. He simply observes. He lets Nature's pattern proceed and enjoys watching it being worked out." My voice had taken on its worst classroom tones. I tried to relax it. "You know, there's a pair of nesting California jays in that vacant lot. I don't mean that they would go after a bird Triller's size, but they do eat the eggs of other birds and sometimes nestlings."

"Well, if they won't go after Triller, it doesn't make any difference."

"Last year a pair of green-backed goldfinches nested in one of the oleanders out front there," I went on. "After the eggs hatched the jays discovered them and ate the nestlings."

"How do you know?" Harry asked.

"I watched them," I said.

"Why the hell didn't you chase them off?"

"Ah," I said, "that's the remark of a bird-*lover*. Who am I to decide that a jay hasn't a right to its natural food?"

I had gone too far. Harry backed off, not wanting to talk with a cold-blooded bird-watcher.

MARY drove in just then, and I could see Betty Bauer talking to Harry out on their front lawn. Triller came down from the walnut, landed close to the shrubs in the front, and pecked at something. Then he pecked again.

I followed Mary into the house and to the kitchen. Taking down a saucer I filled it with water and started out to the patio.

"What in the world are you doing?" Mary asked.

"I'll be back in a minute," I called.

I could see the girls now in the Bauers' backyard. They made a delightful sight in their light dresses as they whirled and danced and giggled and shrieked.

Mary came out. "What are you doing?" she demanded.

"Well, the Bauers have lost Triller, their canary," I said, "and I thought he might need some water."

"Tell them to leave the cage outside with the

door open," Mary said. "And if you're putting out water, put it by the cage."

"Is that true about the cage?" I asked.

"Everyone always says that. Anyway, take the water over there."

"Oh, they have water in the cage," I said.

Mary stared at me. "Are you up to something, Jack?"

"I don't know," I said, "but Triller is part wild and he seemed to be making out with a female house finch."

Mary continued to look at me. Then she said, "Well, call the girls in."

"They're enjoying themselves. Let's give them a few more minutes."

For a moment I thought Mary was going to say something else, but then she shrugged and went back into the house.

I retreated to the inner edge of the patio. Suddenly through the dusk with a flash of yellow and a burst of song Triller came back to the walnut tree. He swooped down to the saucer and drank. Then up again in the fading light to the top of the tree with another musical phrase and then a chirp or two and then silence.

I strolled over to the fence and called the girls home.

I suppose it was the fact that my imagination had begun to work on the chances of what might happen if Triller and the house finch paired that made me call George Crowell after dinner. The girls were looking at television and Mary was in the kitchen. I went into my study and after I had looked up George's number I dialed it.

George is an ornithologist and we've been on a couple of committees together. I didn't know if he was at home or off studying the Texas nighthawk, which is his current project.

But he answered, and, feeling embarrassed at having called him, I said, "Say, George, this is Jack Thomas. I know this will sound funny to you, but what would you say the chances are of a cross-bred male canary going wild and mating with a local finch?"

"Did you say this is Jack Thomas?" George asked.

"I did." Then I told him briefly about Triller and mentioned the house finch.

"Of course all finches are sexy as hell, you know," he said, "so I suppose they might actually breed. But ninety-nine chances out of a hundred the clutch, if there were a clutch, would be sterile. It's an interesting idea, but you're just dreaming."

"I suppose so," I said. One chance in a hundred was still something.

"And it's terribly late in the season," George went on.

"The canary seems to be pretty randy," I said, and thought of the hot late August in the valley.

"You know, Jack," George said, "I never dreamed you were a bird-lover."

"I'm not," I said. "I'm a bird-*watcher* and I'm sure you know the difference."



"That's what they all say," he said, laughing. "But you might tell your man that if he wants his canary back he'd better put the cage out with the door open."

"Is that really true?" I asked.

"Oh, it's one of those things you always hear," George said.

"I see you're a true man of science," I said.

When I hung up I saw Mary standing in the doorway. "Well?" she said.

"Shouldn't the girls be going to bed?" I asked.

"They're going," she said, settling herself in the leather chair by my desk. "Now just what is all this?"

"I can't help thinking about Triller and that finch," I said. "Just imagine a whole new breed of bird growing up here in the west end of the valley—aristocratic like the canaries and tough and dusty like the finches. And think of what it would do to the scientists." I chuckled.

"Well, what *would* it do?" Mary asked.

"They wouldn't believe it at first," I said. "And then they would have to revise all their texts and lists and classifications and all that. And, anyway, Mary, just think, what fun to have a new breed!"

"Well, I don't know," she said, getting up and going over to a window. "It takes longer and

longer each evening for the air to cool this August."

"So it does," I said, thinking of Triller in the walnut tree and the finch sheltering with the flock. If only the heat would hold, I thought, as we went to bed.

MOST of the time I can take or leave my daughters' Brownie Scout troops, but the whole notion of Brownie Scouting seemed an admirable one the next morning, for this was the date of the midsummer all-day outing. The girls and Mary, who was a co-leader of one troop, would be gone from early morning until evening.

I had got up surprisingly early for a Sunday. In fact, I had got up at the first bird-note, though it turned out not to be Triller's. But about fifteen minutes later he did stir himself, let out a chirp, and came down to the saucer of water.

The day was already heating up. Triller flew over the house. I went around and saw that he was eating under the oleanders. Looking over toward the Bauers' I could see the cage still out, the lettuce wilted.

Triller flew back to the patio walnut and tried a few notes.

By the time Mary and the girls were ready to leave the day was steaming. "I'll bet you wish you could come to the beach with us," Martha said.

"Oh, I'll manage," I said, and waved as long as I could see the car.

Just then Harry came out and looked at Triller's cage. I went over to the fence. "I saw Triller in one of my trees this morning," I said.

Harry shook his head. "What my mother-in-law will say I don't like to think."

"I've got to do my chores," I said. "Maybe Triller will get hungry soon and come home."

"If he doesn't, I just don't know," Harry said, shaking his head again.

I went to my garage and got out the power mower. I'm not a particularly good mechanic, and Harry has often remarked that my mower must be out of adjustment. It is, in fact, a mower that can take a lot of tinkering, and that morning it got off to any number of false roaring starts. I mowed slowly. I mowed so slowly and carefully that I still had a good half of the lawn to do by ten o'clock.

The finches were on schedule. I shut off the motor and waited. Triller came over the house and perched in one of the front walnuts. Then he began to sing, a lyric, passionate song. How Harry Bauer, hearing it, could want Triller back in his cage, I couldn't understand.

A female finch—*the* female—hopped to the top bar of the fence. Triller came down in a flashing arc and landed about a foot from her. She fluttered to the side and Triller came after her. Then the finch was down with the rest of the flock and Triller was too. One of the English sparrows took a peck at him and Triller hopped up and back, surprised. Then he struck back hard, the English sparrow chirred angrily, and the two birds whirled up three feet into the air. Triller outweighed the sparrow and got in another good peck, and the sparrow flew off to the edge of the flock.

Triller was right beside the finch now. The leaders of the flock took off for the vacant lot. The jays screamed. The stragglers began to follow. For a moment Triller and the finch were left, but then she flew to the fence, hesitated, and went after the flock.

I pulled the starting cord of the mower with a steady strong pull. The motor roared up, I put the mower into gear, and I headed for the fence. Triller took off for the vacant lot like a black and yellow rocket.

For the next five or ten minutes I mowed carefully across the front of the lot, keeping an eye on the finches. There were more seeds in the vacant lot than in our yard and the flock worked slowly through it, in spite of the jays' angry calls. Every now and then I caught a flash of deep yellow.

After the flock had disappeared and I had seen that wonderful touch of brilliance going with it, I mowed on, more quickly now, and finished up in a hurry. I would have finished sooner if I hadn't had to stop from time to time for the bits of gravel Harry had heaved all over the place.

I went in and took a shower. I put on a pair of walking shorts and a T-shirt. I felt fine. I stayed indoors during the hottest hours of the day, most of the time just whistling softly to myself and wondering how things were going with Triller. The whole valley was quiet, sodden with heat.

By three o'clock or a little after, the walnut tree in the patio was casting a good thick shadow on the flagstones. I mixed myself a Scotch-and-soda and went outside to one of the long chairs. I was just finishing my drink and wondering if it were too early to mix another when I heard the crunch of tires on the driveway. I walked around the house and saw George Crowell getting out of his car.

"This is a pleasant surprise," I said.

"I was driving out this way," George said, far

too casually, "and I thought I'd just stop by and see if that canary had given up."

"Come on around to the patio and have a drink and I'll tell you," I said. "I'm having Scotch-and-soda. What's for you?"

"If you've got any ginger ale I'll have bourbon and ginger ale," he said.

"Oh," I said, trying to remember that he really was a first-class ornithologist.

We did have a bottle of ginger ale, since the girls sometimes drink it, and after I had mixed his drink I led George to the patio. We stretched out in long chairs and I filled him in on what had happened since my phone call.

"That's really interesting," George said. "Of course, as I told you, even if anything happens the eggs are bound to be sterile." Then he laughed. "I never would have taken you for a bird-lover."

"Bird-watcher," I said, and I told him about the jays and the green-backed goldfinches. He looked even more horrified than Harry had. He had just started to say something when I heard the finches on their second trip. "Hold it," I said. I led him around the house and we stood beside it watching the flock under the shrubs. Triller's rich black and yellow blazed out in the shadow of the oleanders and pyracanthas. He was pecking up seeds and grubs and not just crumbs now.

"Interesting, very interesting," George said.

"Interesting!" I said brusquely. "It's terrific!"

From the corner of my eye I could see Harry Bauer standing by the fence. When the finches began to take off for the vacant lot I was terribly let down to have Triller start repeating his morning's performance.

"The fool!" I said.

Triller paused on the fence, singing. Then he flew back to the top of the patio walnut and kept on singing.

"The fool!" I said again when we were back in our chairs.

"You're taking it pretty hard for a bird-watcher," George said, grinning stupidly.

"I really thought he was set," I said, taking a good belt from my drink.

"If it'll make you feel any better, look near the end of the fourth branch down from the top," George said, still grinning like an idiot.

For a moment I didn't understand. Then I looked up and saw against the green of the walnut leaves the drab little figure of the house finch. She chirped, and Triller, stopping his singing, came down beside her.

I went into the house and mixed a new round and then we went back to the patio and drank to Triller. At least I did, for George, whose limitations I was learning, didn't seem to grasp the importance of the whole thing. He kept giving me a lot of rather dull information about the Texas nighthawk, most of which I didn't take in. I watched Triller and the finch and thought of the future. It was something of a relief when George got up to go.

Harry was still out in his yard and I walked over to the fence after George had driven off. "Triller really seems to be going wild," I said. "I suppose you might as well take the cage in."

"I guess I'll leave it awhile," he said. "It doesn't cost anything."

When Mary and the girls got home that night, sunburned and sandy, they were so full of their own day that it was a long time before I could say anything about Triller and the finch.

SINCE, as Harry said, it didn't cost anything to leave the cage out, he left it there for three more days. By that time I had stopped worrying. Triller and the house finch were getting ready to build a nest, and what pleased me most was that they settled under the eaves of



the side of our house away from the Bauers'. Once they had started, I realized there wasn't much nest material around. We had an old kapok-stuffed pad from a long chair stored in the garage. The canvas had rotted and Mary kept talking about re-covering it but never did. I took a couple of handfuls of kapok and hung the stuff on the fence at that side of the house. Triller didn't grasp the possibilities, but the finch did, and before long they had built a neat nest.

A COUPLE of days after this George Crowell came back, and I showed him the nest, the finch and Triller still fussing around it.

"It doesn't look quite like a house finch's nest," George said, squinting up at it. "What the devil is that stuff mixed in there, anyway?"

"It looks like kapok to me," I said. "They must have found some lying around."

George was still full of the Texas nighthawk, though now that the nest was actually built he did begin to show more interest. "But I still say that even if she lays, the eggs will be sterile," he insisted.

Harry wasn't home during week days, of course, but when I did see him in the evenings he would mutter about his mother-in-law. And he looked really worried when she showed up for a surprise visit. I was pretty sure there were eggs in the nest by now, and I decided I might as well have it out with Harry's mother-in-law. As it turned out, Mrs. Palmer—as I discovered her name to be—was a fairly intelligent woman. She was far more interested in Triller and the finch than any of the Bauers, and she and I exchanged a number of interesting observations on birds in general. Once Harry saw how the wind blew he cheered up, and from that time on the Bauer household really dropped out of Triller's story.

But if Harry was out of it, George Crowell came more and more into it. Once we were sure there were eggs—we counted six when both birds were off the nest—George seemed to come by almost every other day and I had to lay in an extra supply of ginger ale, not to mention bourbon. Actually, George wasn't too bad to have around, at least until the day he left for the desert. He came by that afternoon, and from his intensity I could see he was thinking about the nighthawk.

"I just stopped by this time to say I'm going to the desert tomorrow," he said. "I found I could break away and be gone until the new semester starts."

"Isn't it awfully late?" I asked.

"Well, I got to thinking about your birds," he said. "And then the desert is still hot. With luck I could get some work done."

"That's fine," I said. "Meanwhile I'll keep track of Triller and the finch."

"That's why I came by," George said. "Come on out to the car."

We started down the drive.

"I still say nothing can come of it," George said, "but after all, I am an ornithologist and if anything does come through I don't want to miss out."

We were standing beside his car. He reached in by the front seat and lifted out an old Daisy air gun.

"I had one of those when I was a kid," I said, surprised.

"I use this for collecting small specimens," he said. "The thing carries a little to the left. At thirty feet you aim one foot to the right and you hit the target. You might practice a bit, though I know it's useless."

"Practice for what?" I asked.

"The way I figure it, the eggs if they *do* hatch are due any day. Of course the birds themselves—the birds that don't exist, that is—will certainly be mules, but I'd like to have two or three specimens: one when they leave the nest, one when they're grown, and so on. The BB shot will probably kill them at that size, but if it just stuns a bird, put it in a box and call my lab assistant."

George handed me the Daisy and a small cloth bag of shot as if he were doing the most ordinary thing in the world. Carried back to my boyhood, I took the gun and held it barrel down. I didn't say anything.

George turned back to his car. "I won't be back till the very end if I have any luck, and the first weeks of school are so busy I may not make it out here for a while."

"Oh," I said.

George got into his car and backed out the driveway.

Mary and the girls were surprised to see me coming toward the garage with the gun. I hadn't had any kind of gun for years.

"What are you going to shoot, Daddy?" Jane shouted at me.

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing."

"What in the world?" Mary asked.

"One of George's crazy ideas," I said. "I'm putting it in the garage."

For two days nothing unusual happened.

But the morning of the third day after George had left I thought I heard something from the

(Continued on page 67)



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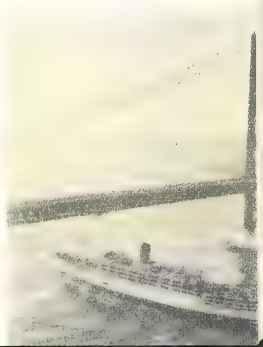
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nest. The finch moved about restlessly. Triller hopped along the top of the fence. In another hour I was sure and I went in to tell the family. Even they were excited by now.

IT WASN'T long before Triller and the house finch began an endless round of journeys to and from the nest. A few days later the clamor the nestlings set up whenever one of the parent birds returned to the nest was really something.

A couple of days later still I was sitting in the patio, half aware of the birds' chatter. I was still indignant over the Daisy air gun. Given the one chance in a hundred, and the other chance that the birds might not be mules, and all the other odds against surviving and crossing—well, if George Crowell thought I was going to use that gun, he was nothing but a mad scientist.

I must have been sitting there for a long time, peopling the whole west end of the valley with my new breed of brilliant and lively and lusty little birds when I slowly became aware of a new sound.

It took me a few moments to wake up to the racket and then I realized that I was hearing not only the calls of Triller and the finch but also the low annoyed croak of another bird.

I jumped up from the chair and ran to the side of the house. Perched on the roof were the two adult jays, and ranged along the fence were their three half-grown offspring, squawking hungrily.

Triller and the finch were diving at the two giant birds, but they couldn't hope to hold them off for long. I grabbed up a handful of grass and flung it at the jays, shouting at the same time. The jays hopped back. I grabbed a clod of dirt from beside the fence post nearest me and let fly with it. The jays retreated farther and the younger ones flapped away to the front lawn.

Then I ran as fast as I could to the garage and lifted down the Daisy and the sack of BBs. I loaded the gun as I ran back. One of the great jays was just going in under the eaves and Triller and the house finch were diving and shrieking. I tried to measure thirty feet with my eye. I raised the Daisy and aimed a foot to the right of the jay. Then, back in my boyhood, I carefully squeezed the trigger.

The hollow *ping* of the air gun startled me, but I had guessed right. The jay came down, stunned but still flapping. I ran to it, snatched it up, and broke its neck.

The other jay screamed from the fence, confused and angry. Once again I measured thirty feet, aimed a foot to the right, and squeezed. This one I got through the eye and it fell, fluttering slowly, drawing up its legs as it stopped quivering. The young jays were flying back to the vacant lot and I let them alone, knowing they would do nothing without the older birds.

I picked up the two dead jays and carried them toward the garage.

Mary and the girls had run out of the house and I could see the Bauer girls and Betty Bauer in their yard looking at me. But I wasn't finished. George would be coming back some day and I wasn't taking any chances. I went to my tool chest and got out a cold chisel and a hammer. As I have said, I'm not particularly mechanical, but almost anyone can wreck an old air gun.

JOHN V. HICKS

THE WAY AND NOTHING MORE

THE sign post says three miles to town,
But not come on or keep away
Or how a stranger fares; the lineal fact
Is all it has to say.

So are the bounds not overstepped
Of useful function, unadorned
By promise or opinion; he who reads
Is neither bid nor warned.

For such, the wise wayfarer knows,
Were all that ought to be expected;
The safer that he lay no claim beyond
His right to be directed.

Who looks within himself has looked
Upon the shape of things in store;
And is himself well served who has required
The way and nothing more.

By PAUL JOHNSON

Drawings by B. Krigstein



the End of the Road for FRANCO?

For the first time in twenty years, currents of change are beginning to flow beneath the frozen crust of Spain's dictatorship—and even his American friends are now hinting that it is time for the Generalissimo to go.

SPAIN'S most typical institution is, perhaps, its small railroad stations. They seem to breathe the spirit of hopelessness and resignation, of decay and timelessness, of a country which both God and men have treated harshly.

I remember reflecting on this as I stood recently in the tiny station of the *Compañia de los Ferrocarriles Vascongados* in San Sebastian, waiting for the slow train to Bilbao. The ticket office was firmly shut and bolted, and a bedraggled Civil Guard barred the entrance to the platform. Three old widows, dressed from tip to toe in black, sat on the only bench. A blind man was trying to sell lottery tickets to two soldiers engaged in dividing a piece of bread with a bayonet. On the wall was a command from General Francisco Franco's Catholic and Social State:

Mind What You Say.
The Law Forbids Blasphemy.

(Spain is the only country I know which punishes blasphemy; its people are unquestionably the most blasphemous.)

As always on a Spanish railroad station, I had the feeling that the train would probably never arrive and that, even if it did, only relatives and personal friends of the station master would be allowed to get on it. It was my first visit since 1953, and as I glanced round that station, I told myself sadly that nothing had changed, that nothing ever would change in Spain. Franco, who last October 1, celebrated the twenty-second anniversary of his official installation as ruler of Spain, would live as long as Adenauer and die snugly in his bed in El Pardo Palace.

But I was wrong. After two decades of dictatorship, the frozen corpse of Spanish politics is stirring—or, rather, the deep furnaces of anarchy, which smolder eternally beneath the surface of Spanish acquiescence, are flickering

into flame again. I caught a hint of the new mood when I opened the morning papers in Bilbao, that sad, industrial capital of the Basque country, which has fought governments of all complexions throughout the centuries. The big news was the crisis in France. On my last visit also France had been in difficulties, and the Spanish papers had published unanimously sanctimonious editorials, descanting on the follies of democracy and congratulating Spain for choosing a system which had brought order and stability. This time, however, the news from Paris was reported simply, sympathetically, and without comment. Were the Spanish, I wondered, discovering that order could be bought too dear?

A second eye-opener was the conversation of the Spanish I met: shopkeepers and waiters, a ticket collector in a train, a bank clerk, an elderly salesman hawking primitive washing machines, a young student planning to be a construction engineer. On previous visits, like many other liberals, I had been disconcerted and dismayed to find that such people—to whom the regime offers little but genteel poverty—were prepared to accept Franco philosophically, and even in many cases to sing his praises. Indeed, I remember in 1951 arguing with students at Granada University who spoke of Franco with the same passion and idealism which young Arab nationalists lavish on Nasser. Now, virtually everyone agrees that the regime has been a failure, and they are prepared to say so openly, even to strangers like myself.

"There are only two good things about Franco," a hotel manager told me. "One, he is old. Two, he is sick."

The bitterness is greatest precisely among those who once believed in him. An official of one of the "corporate" (*i.e.,* Fascist-style) unions told me: "We have had two decades of authoritarian rule and international isolation. I and thousands of Falangists like me have sweated out our guts for Franco. Yet what have we got to show for it? *Nada!*" And he spat, with superb timing and accuracy, into an ornate brass spittoon, which stood under the inevitable portrait of the *Caudillo.*

THE TRIUMPHANT CAVALRYMAN

FOR those who watch affairs in Spain closely, this change of mood is astonishing. After Salazar of Portugal, Franco is now Europe's senior dictator and for many years he has seemed its most durable one. His bitterest enemies have been slowly forced to concede him political talent of a rare order. A rough-and-ready cavalry general with no political experience, he took over a country divided and seared by the most savage civil war in European history and restored stability and at least the semblance of harmony. Hitler and Mussolini had ensured his victory over the Republic, and had thus placed him heavily in their debt. Yet, with superb diplomatic skill, he steered a neutral course throughout six years of World War II—rendering Hitler sufficient assistance to stave off invasion, but not enough to invoke a declaration of war by the Allies.



In 1945, the world wrote him off as another Fascist casualty: the triumphant United Nations boycotted him, the trumpets of democracy sounded in London and Paris, calling on the Spanish workers to rise. But the Walls of Jericho did not fall. On the contrary, Franco skillfully played on Spanish national pride, uniting the country behind him in the face of a hostile world. Gradually, as the Cold War descended, his stock rose in the eyes of the West, and he eased his way back into the world community: the UN, WHO, UNESCO, OEEC—one by one, the great democratic clubs opened their reluctant doors.

In Spain itself, Franco shuffled and reshuffled the four trump cards he held in his hand: the Church, the Army, the banks, the great landowners. Together, the four were invincible; but to exalt one would invite the jealousy and eventually the treachery of the rest—and all were equally pressing in their demands. Franco formed his cabinets from all four, varying the proportions of the recipe as circumstances changed. His first cabinet was predominantly military. His second, formed in 1945, included a strong sprinkling of "respectable" Catholics. In 1951,

he brought in industrialists and bankers, and last year he returned to the Church and the Army. Each in turn, his supporters thus enjoyed the illusion and some of the fruits of power, but it was Franco himself who took the decisions. Small, large-headed, taciturn, remote, he buried himself in his modest El Pardo Palace outside Madrid, seeing few people outside his family, and emerging only to issue decrees and instructions at rare cabinet meetings.

Such a system might have endured until death removed its keystone—and Franco, though sixty-five and occasionally troubled by a prostate gland complaint, is a fit and active man. Yet many shrewd observers I met in Spain—and they included foreign newsmen, diplomats, and businessmen, besides Spaniards—would give the regime no longer than a year. What has gone wrong?

INFECTION WITH INFLATION

THE simple truth is that Spain has been smitten by a sharp dose of the universal malady of the postwar world, the disease which has brought parties and governments low in every country outside the Iron Curtain, Democrats and Republicans, Labor and Tory, Socialist and MRP, good, bad, and indifferent: inflation. It need not have happened. Until 1951, Spanish prices were among the lowest in Europe, held there by low wages with a consequent absence of a consumer market, low productivity, low investment, and low imports. Franco seemed to be following the advice of his colleague Salazar, who believes—with good reason—that right-wing dictatorships can only survive against an economic background of deflation and stagnation.

Perhaps I should explain what I mean by this. A left-wing dictatorship (as in Russia) need not fear inflation—indeed, inflation can be a planned means of redistributing wealth. Since it controls industry and possesses a variety of physical controls over prices and wages, it can usually ensure that rising wages are related to rising productivity, and so keep ahead of rising prices. In a right-wing, unplanned economy, inflation is a hit-or-miss affair, which tends to strike hardest at the regime's natural supporters—the middle classes.

Franco's decision to abandon a deflationary policy, which he took in 1951, springs from one of the basic contradictions of his regime. He himself is an old-fashioned, conservative military gentleman, who believes like Salazar, that progress is a social evil, and too much prosperity is bad for the souls of workers and peasants. Yet his regime is nominally based on the Fascist-style Falange party, which models its economic ideas on the expansionist state capitalism of the Germany and Italy of the 'thirties. Under pressure from the Falange, Franco was persuaded to ape the postwar investment programs, financed by Marshall Plan aid, which were proving so successful elsewhere in Europe. Having reshuffled his cabinet, including for the first time men who had heard of Keynes, he launched into a phase of rapid industrialization, plowing back (in theory at least) up to 20 per cent of national income into investment. He put money into mining and shipbuilding, into railroads, chemicals, and hydroelectric power. The program was ill-planned and, lacking capital from savings, it required heavy deficit financing. From 1951 to 1955, the budget rose, in absolute value, by 46 per cent, while industrial production rose by a mere 17.7 per cent.

This meant printing more paper money. From 1953, too, came a flood of dollars from America, which Franco received in exchange from his agreement to lease bomber and naval bases. Properly administered, this money (nearly one-fourteenth as large as the entire Marshall Plan expenditure) might have ensured success for Spain's investment program. But only a fraction has gone into productive investment; most went for imported luxuries, cars, cosmetics, radios, refrigerators—or simply into the bank accounts of the thousands of officials through whose hands it passed. Hence it increased the inflationary pressure. (This is not the first time the Spanish economy has been wrecked by a flood of largess from the Americas: in the sixteenth century, unrestricted gold imports from Mexico and Peru led to what historians refer to as "the great price revolution," and the rapid collapse of Spain as the dominant European power.)

The inflation took four years to get going; then, in 1955, the government gave the wage-price spiral a final twist by ordering a 40 per cent increase in basic wages. Prices leapt up by 30 per cent in 1955, by 25 per cent in 1956, by 27 per cent in 1957. Early in 1957, Franco, alarmed by the gathering crisis, attempted desperately to apply the brakes.

Franco reshuffled his cabinet again, bringing in what economists call a "deflationary team." He also took the opportunity to perform another of his political balancing acts. During the previous two years, Catholic criticism of the regime had been growing. Franco

therefore included in his new cabinet three ministers from the secret Opus Dei organization—a society of Catholic laymen who work behind the scenes for the advancement of Vatican policies. Franco had become alarmed at the movement's growing power and its increasing tendency to criticize his policies. He hoped therefore to undermine it by making three of its leading members responsible for a deflationary policy which was bound to be unpopular.

The maneuver misfired on both counts. First, the Church authorities were far too shrewd to allow themselves to be saddled with Franco's failures: instructions were issued to "play down" the activities of Opus Dei in the Catholic press, and to emphasize, instead, the importance of Catholic Action, whose leaders meanwhile stepped up their attacks on the government.

Second, it proved physically impossible to stop the inflation. Even with all the machinery of a modern state—efficient credit controls, building licenses, capital issue controls, investment quotas, and so on—it is difficult to slow down the inflationary process once it has got out of control. And in Spain, many of the basic elements of this machinery are lacking. The Spanish Finance Ministry does not even possess a proper statistical department, which means that the government lacks reliable month-by-month information on which to base its policies.

The government took what action was in its power. Investment funds were totally erased from the 1958 budget, bringing the industrialization program to a sudden and chaotic halt. It clamped down an absolute wage freeze, enforced by troops, tanks, and lockouts. Last spring, a wave of strikes hit Bilbao, Barcelona, and Saragossa—they were repressed with brutal ferocity. But though guns can enforce a wage freeze, they cannot stop prices from rising. The inflation has continued, if anything more rapidly than before. Between June and October 1958, meat prices rose by 20 per cent, rail transport by 15 per cent; the general commodity index by nearly one-fifth.

The result is a crisis which in some areas approaches a famine. When I was in Madrid, there were no potatoes except in the luxury restaurants. In many areas, the workers and peasants have stopped drinking wine. In the Don Quixote country of La Mancha, I was told, the peasants are living on lentils: a pound of meat represents two days' wages.

History shows that a people will endure with patience the most abysmally low living standards —provided they have a tendency to edge upward, or at least remain stable. The devastation wrought by the Civil War virtually halved living standards in Spain; but after 1945, there was a long, slow, but steady climb upward. It was this glimmering of a future prosperity which led the majority of the Spanish to accept the Franco regime, with all its inadequacies.



EMPTY BULL RINGS

NOW hope has disappeared; for the first time since the Civil War, things are getting worse. This fact was brought home to me when I attended a top-class bullfight in Barcelona. Despite the big names on the bill, the *sol*—or sunny—section of the amphitheater, where the workers sit, was half empty. Spanish workers will cut down on virtually everything—food, clothes, even their funeral savings—to find the price of a bullfight ticket. The empty benches were a sure sign that the starvation level had been reached.

Nor is the discontent confined to those whom the inflation has hit hardest. Franco's foreign policy, based on a vision of Spain as the patron of the Arab world, playing a major role in Mediterranean politics, has collapsed ignominiously. Franco hoped that, by working with the Moroccan nationalists against the French, he could retain Spain's prestige foothold in North Africa. Instead, the new Moroccan government forced him to evacuate the Spanish protectorate, retaining only the coastal towns of Ceuta and Melilla. Later he had to surrender another slice of territory north of Rio del Oro; and Morocco already has claims on the rest. As in France, the Army —once Franco's firmest and strongest supporter— is growing restive at these repeated bloodless surrenders.

Franco's deal with the United States—his greatest diplomatic triumph—has, paradoxically, led to trouble also. In return for three huge bomber bases—including Torrejón, near Madrid, SAC's biggest outside the U. S.—and a naval base at Cadiz, Franco got one billion dollars, with the prospect of more to come. Many Spaniards claim this is not enough; others would like to know what has been done with it. The answer may be that much of it may have gone into the pockets of big contractors and officials. Moreover, Franco no longer feels that the U. S. agreement automatically provides him with a political guarantee. Many Spaniards feel quite sure—and I agree with them—that the Sixth Fleet would protect him against a coup from the left. But he knows also that the Americans are increasingly anxious for him to go, provided the transition to a pro-West democratic regime is reasonably smooth.



WHO WILL SUCCEED?

MOST observers in Madrid now agree that Franco will go quietly, rather than risk the final ignominy of a Mussolini or a Perón. Salazar has already offered him a comfortable retirement palace in the Portuguese island of Madeira. But when to go—and how? Franco has trained no successor, and in any case no ordinary man could hold this ramshackle regime together. His own wish is to retire in favor of the twenty-one-year-old Don Carlos, the son of the Pretender, Don Juan. Carlos is a bright young man, extremely well behaved—except perhaps for a taste in fast sports cars—and he has been brought up in the traditions of the regime. He is a graduate of Franco's military academy, is now attending the national naval academy, and recently he has been given a number of semi-diplomatic missions abroad—including a visit to Washington last spring.

But the Monarchists, logically enough, do not want Carlos. They want Don Juan, the legitimate heir, who is, after all, only in his late forties, a mild, well-mannered, soft-spoken man, who for many years has held a court-in-exile in the Spanish seaside resort of Estoril. Juan, who is perennially short of money and tired of exile, would return on almost any terms; like King Charles II, he is merely anxious "not to go on his travels again." The Monarchists now feel they are strong enough to insist on Juan's succession, and the recent visits paid to him by Señor Fernando Castiella, Franco's Foreign Minister, and Carmen, his daughter, seem to suggest that Franco may now be prepared to give in to them.

But it is no easy matter to restore a monarchy in this day and age. Last April, a horde of workmen suddenly descended on the vast Palace of the Orient in Madrid and began to redecorate it after a generation of disuse. But it is one thing to provide Juan with the panoplies; quite another to give him the realities of power. Juan himself is thinking in terms of a liberal monarchy on the British or Belgian model; but the ideas of some of his courtiers date from the eighteenth century. They constitute a smart set rather than a political party, and they are thinking more of court balls than of ballot boxes. No doubt the Catholics would accept a restoration; but the Falange, or what is left of it, will never—so they say—accept Don Juan without a fight; and they count the powerful Security Police among their allies.

In the meantime, Franco's one-time loyal supporters are taking out insurance policies against the future. Convinced that change is imminent, two main groups—embryonic political parties—are beginning to emerge. On one side are the Catholics, planning a broad-based Christian Democrat center party on lines which have proved so successful in Italy and Germany. Their future De Gasperi or Adenauer is Alberto Martin Artajo, a youngish (fifty-three) high-powered politico who until last year was Franco's Foreign Minister. Artajo, who was educated by the Jesuits, is the Church's favorite son in Spain—

indeed, he has written a number of books with titles like *Catholic Social Doctrine* and *The Social Function of the Family*. A first-class lawyer, he is undoubtedly a man of great ability (when Egypt nationalized the Suez Canal, he produced an ingenious compromise solution which, had it been accepted, would have averted the tragic Franco-British invasion) and has many friends and admirers in the West.

The policy of this Catholic group is democracy —limited at first to voting by heads of families— and stability. Fearing a repetition of 1835, 1909, and 1936—burned churches, confiscations, massacres of priests and nuns—they are now busy trying to dissociate themselves from the regime. Attacks on the government by Church spokesmen, which until recently were left to a handful of progressive clerics, are now frequent. While I was in Spain, the Cardinal-Primate, Pla y Deniel, delivered a massive attack on Franco's social policy at a top-level meeting of Catholic Action, and he has instructed bishops to appear as little as possible in public with ministers and officials. Catholic Action is being organized on the lines of a poltiical party, ready to come into the open when the ban on parties is lifted, while Catholic workers' groups are being formed as the nucleus of a Christian trade-union movement.

But others are preparing too. Around the regime's trade-union organization another party is beginning to form: leftish, progressive, authoritarian in outlook. Its leaders are salaried officials of the regime; but they now detest Franco for his failures and his betrayal of the Falange. They are bitterly anti-monarchy and tinged with anti-clericalism—which the recent Catholic "invasion" of the trade-union field has brought to the surface. Their mouthpiece, *Pueblo,* under the able direction of the young and vigorous Emilio Romero, has become Madrid's liveliest and most outspoken newspaper. It tripled its circulation in the past year.

As the Catholics look to Adenauer as an example, so this group looks to Perón, envisaging a vast workers' party built around the unions and capable, if necessary, of winning a free election. They already have a leader, José Giron de Velasco, Franco's ex-Minister of Labor: hard, heavy-jowled, Fascist-trained, whose social philosophy has a great deal in common with that of Goebbels and the left wing of the Nazi movement.

How far the workers would follow Giron is problematical. For the most part they detest the unions, which are run on lines similar to those in Russia and the satellites. Nevertheless, the unions are a political fact of some importance. In creating them, Franco hoped to divert working-class political energy into safe channels; instead, he has allowed a Trojan horse to enter the citadel of the regime. For a union, even of a "corporate" type, inevitably generates a spirit of class-consciousness and, more important, supplies an organization which, when the day comes, can translate this spirit into political action. Already the unions are unreliable, and at the lower levels of their hierarchies of officials —which have been infiltrated by cells of ex-Republican unionists—opposition to the regime is outspoken. One of the leaders of the recent strike of Asturian miners, for instance, was himself a Fascist union boss.

Faced with these emergent forces, realizing that some move on his part is both inevitable and urgent, Franco's dilemma is acute. Should he hand the country over to a monarch without an intermediate stage, and risk physical opposition from the Falange and the unions? Or should he legalize political parties first, and so jeopardize the whole concept of the restoration?

A MILLION DEAD

BESIDES, as he knows, there is a fourth group: the Republicans, those who have never accepted his regime. Could anyone expect them to remain passive in the background and meekly accept a choice between an Adenauer, a Perón, or a monarch? There are, after all, the memories of a million dead, of 12,000 political murders, of current persecution and misery. Artajo, Giron, the leading monachists—all are deeply involved in the record of the regime. Nobody wants a civil war, but the past cannot simply be wiped out. It is this fourth factor which seems to make each of Franco's alternative equations well-nigh insoluble.

The day before I left Spain, I walked round the Escorial, the isolated and gloomy palace-monastery on the hills outside Madrid. Here, King Philip II, the religious fanatic and world-statesman, spent his last years, living and praying with the monks, and brooding on his sorrows and failures. Was his position, I reflected, any different from that of the lonely old general in El Pardo Palace, as he toys with his political jigsaw, vainly seeking the missing piece which will complete the picture? Yes, I concluded, there was a difference. To Philip, contemplating eternity as he gazed down on the endless, barren plain, time meant nothing. But to Franco, time is all: his last asset, and one which measurably diminishes as Spain suffers and stirs.

BY *William S. White*
HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT


Arnold Newman

what to expect from

THE NEW CONGRESS

We are about to see the first era of Congressional government in a generation . . . a civil-rights fight which the liberals will win . . . and a new measure of "moderation."

WASHINGTON—A new and arresting political era is now opening, as the Eighty-sixth Congress—with its huge Democratic majority—gets ready to start its work. For most of us, it will be a unique experience. For what we are going to have is government-by-Congress, in sharp contrast to the Executive government which is the only pattern ever known to those of us now in middle age.

This will be the third distinct political era since the end of World War II. The first period was concerned with the liquidation of the New Deal and the Fair Deal—which can be considered, historically, as a single political movement. The Roosevelt New Deal, in its domestic meaning, ended with Pearl Harbor; the Truman Fair Deal, in domestic terms, never even got started. Before Mr. Truman had been in office for two days, it was clear that he would have to put his mind and effort to foreign and postwar problems. The tone of his Administration was one of national rejection of domestic reform, and a painful growth of preoccupation with world affairs.

The second postwar era can be described as the Eisenhower Easy Deal—a term justified by the demonstrable fact that it was neither a return to the old nor a search for the new. Its aura was one of relaxation and accommodation. Although it has not yet literally ended, in a practical sense it is finished already. Seldom have any Congressional elections mortgaged the remaining days of any sitting administration so heavily as did those of last November.

The Roosevelt-Truman period was characterized by executive domination (or, if you prefer, strong leadership), and the exploitation of clear-cut partisan issues. The Eisenhower years have been characterized by weak and hesitant executive leadership, and a general fuzziness of issues. What is now at hand is a period of Congressional leadership, with a considerable sharpening of partisanship. It will endure at least until a new President takes office in January of 1961.

For the new Congress holds nearly all of the real and *present* political power in the country. The kernel of that power lies in the hands of the Democrats in Congress; and until 1961 they will hold the decisive power in the national Democratic party as well. The influence of Democratic leaders outside of Congress—Adlai Stevenson, Harry Truman, and the others—will be much diminished.

Moreover, the Congressional Republicans have emerged with greater relative strength than the

leaders of their party in the executive offices. Hard hit as they were in November, they now control about all that is left of the national Republican structure. I am well aware that there is a man named Rockefeller in New York—but his considerable power and promise lie in the future, rather than the present.

The Eisenhower Republicans have had it. Their label of "modernism" was cast away by the very nature of the President's unconvincing campaign efforts last October, when he tried to "give 'em hell" by running against FDR and Harry Truman. As a result, the future of Modern Republicanism now belongs to Nelson Rockefeller and his supporters; the one-time copyright owner, President Eisenhower, gave it up two years earlier than he need have done.

NIXON'S DELICATE DILEMMA

AND for the present, the leader of the *existing* Republican organization is Richard M. Nixon. The Regular Republicans—the orthodox and the right-wingers—lost an election last November, and at fearful cost in casualties. Yet at the same time they re-won control of the party's machinery; and Mr. Nixon will steer it.

He not only took charge of the GOP campaign. He also persuaded the President to abandon his old identification with so-called liberal Republicanism, and to go out on the stump in the image not of Dwight Eisenhower but of Richard Nixon. It was perhaps the most untimely surrender by one wing of a party to another that we have ever seen.

The extraordinary nature of the Vice President's victory-in-defeat carries with it extraordinary dangers for him and his party. Until the day when Rockefeller may seize control of the national party—which he could hardly do before the spring of 1960, if at all—the daily operational command will be exercised by the kind of traditional partisans who helped lose five Presidential elections beginning in 1932.

To be sure, Mr. Nixon himself is not a rigid stand-patter in the Taft-Knowland tradition. But it was he who stirred up the orthodox Republican tiger during the last campaign, and he now holds it by the tail. It will be engrossing to see whether he can avoid being identified with it in the most intimate possible way—by being swallowed up.

All this is not meant to give support to what will undoubtedly be a growing chorus from the Rockefeller camp—a chant that "Nixon can't win" of the sort that so often beat Taft at the conventions. It is far too early to concede the nomination to Rockefeller, much less to install him in the White House. Nixon's ties to the Wall Street Republicans—the *really* rich Republicans, who created the Eisenhower Administration out of the popular appeal of a war hero—are by no means all severed. Nevertheless he is no Eisenhower, and for the next two years he can hardly expect to maintain the cozy relationship with the Street and the Avenue—Wall and Madison—that has prevailed in the recent past.

During this time Mr. Nixon's delicate task will be to guide the Congressional minority while Nelson Rockefeller beams broadly at the back of his neck. In the interests both of himself and of the party, he will need to hold the Republicans in Congress to just the right pitch of partisanship. The ideal mixture would combine: (1) enough partisanship to satisfy all but the most extreme of the GOP Old Guard; (2) not so much partisanship that the GOP and Nixon himself would personify the stale slogans about "radicalism" of recent memory. Much of this sort of thing could put both of them back to about the degree of public influence that the Republicans enjoyed under Alf M. Landon; and nobody knows it better than the Vice President.

To keep the Congressional Republicans under such nicely balanced control will require all of Mr. Nixon's virtuosity. He *had* to stir up the GOP animals during the campaign, if only because nobody else had the talent to do it. And now that their claws are out and their hackles bristling, they will immensely complicate his life and his future. Yet he probably will manage, because all of the Republicans hereabouts—even such liberal ones as Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky—feel indebted to the Vice President and closer to him than ever before.

They are especially grateful for the fact that he went into the campaign early and stayed late, unhesitatingly associating himself with what he knew perfectly well was a losing game. He proved himself combat-worthy—and every politician appreciates a front-line character who is willing to breathe the cordite fumes.

COOLING DOWN THE RADICALS

ON THE Democratic side, the new majorities in Congress are a clear vindication of the moderate policies of the Texan Twins who lead the two houses: Senator Lyndon Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn. This is, indeed, the third vindication in a row. The Democrats

regained control of Congress in 1954, in the post-storm of Eisenhower's first great victory. They did even better in 1956, in the howling winds of his even greater victory. Now they sit upon the calm mountaintop—and it cannot reasonably be argued that Johnson and Rayburn did not do much to put them there.

Moreover, the Congressional Democrats scaled this peak without once raising their campaign voice beyond middle register, and with a bare minimum of pledges to labor or any other pressure group. Many of the newcomers are relatively uncommitted, and they may prove to be a lot closer to the middle of the road than some early post-election analyses would indicate.

Certainly this Congress will be less "moderate" than the last. Johnson and Rayburn could not go along with the Republicans so quietly as in the past, even if they were so inclined. They aren't. Neither of them is really a pacifist, and they will be under considerable pressure from the rank-and-file to get in there and fight. In fact, some of the new Senators have arrived full of fire and determination to show Johnson how it really ought to be done.

Yet before too long most of them will have cooled down remarkably—after they have grasped the realities of Congressional power and after Johnson has had them in singly for a chat and a drink or two. Like Nixon (only more so) Johnson is highly valued by his colleagues. Argue as you will about policies and attitudes, the election returns have spoken. Today Johnson is Mr. Democrat. (What he may be in the 1960 convention is something else.)

The extent to which the initiative in government has passed to him was indicated only a few days after the election, when he let it be known that he and Rayburn were drafting a comprehensive legislative program for the new Congress. There was no pretense of waiting for the President's own State of the Union message. From now on Johnson will be calling the signals, and in the end Congress will follow most of them, in spite of some balking and snorting on the party's left.

The Democratic liberals will concentrate their heaviest pressures on the filibuster issue—and here they probably will be at least partially successful. Before a single crocus has been celebrated next spring, it is as good as certain that the cloture rule of the Senate will have been changed. This is, of course, the rule that governs debate in that body. At present debate can be limited—and a filibuster cut short—only by a vote of two-thirds of all members of the Senate. Thus the Southern Democrats (with such allies as they can pick up among the Republicans and Democrats from other sections) can be pretty sure of enough strength to prevent formal limitation of debate on any measure which they bitterly oppose; and—in theory—by talking indefinitely they can keep it from coming to a vote.

HYPOCRISY BEHIND THE FILIBUSTER FIGHT

THE real question is not whether the cloture rule will be modified, but how much. Some of the Democratic liberals, and about a half-handful of Republicans, would like it changed to permit a simple majority of the Senators present to put on the cloture.

Not merely all Southerners, but also all moderates in both parties, will resist a change as drastic as that. Indeed, all reasonable men everywhere would oppose it, if they took time to reflect deeply about the question. For while the power to filibuster has unquestionably operated *to some extent* against one minority—the Negroes—it is nevertheless still a basic protection for minorities in general, and might one day be a protection for the Negroes themselves.

What some liberals forget is that the filibuster has saved the day for many a liberal cause. The late Senator George Norris, for example, used it to prevent the sale of Muscle Shoals to private power interests and thus took the first long step toward creation of the TVA.

Moreover, the notion that only Southern filibustering has so long delayed full civil rights for the Negro is as phony as it is widespread. The plain truth is that civil-rights legislation has long had more vocal backers than genuine backers—a fact well known to every qualified observer of the Senate. It is also bitterly known to the ablest and sincerest of my Negro friends in politics and journalism. (I cite these others because some people might think me a disqualified observer, for, undeniably, I was born in Texas; my grandfather and other relatives fought with the Confederacy; and I once wrote a book defending the institutions of the Senate, including the filibuster, and haven't taken any of it back.)

The truth is that no civil-rights bill has *ever* been defeated by a filibuster. Actually no real effort has ever been made to break any anti-civil-rights filibuster, in the way *any* filibuster can be broken—that is, by sheer attrition. No bill of any sort which is deeply wanted by a substantial majority of the Senate could ever be permanently stopped by filibustering. Some of the most au-

thentic pro-civil-rights liberals have told me that they agree, in private, with this view.

It has been a vast convenience for lip-service Northern backers of civil rights—most of them Republicans—to go through sham battles with less than twenty Senators in real opposition. After a few days of skirmishing, they have always given up. They could then piously proclaim: "You see, we did our best for you—but those Southern fellows just won't let us bring the bill to a vote."

Here lies an excellent argument for changing the cloture rule. A reasonable change would force an unaccustomed candor on those who pretend they are for civil rights, but in fact are not.

There is *no* good argument, however, for a change that would grant the power to halt debate to a mere majority of a quorum of the Senate. Such a rule, if it had been in effect in the past, would have permitted the passage of much hysterical and undemocratic legislation—like drafting railroad strikers, putting essentially indecent restrictions upon all kinds of liberal political movements, and instructing the Supreme Court to change its mind.

THE DUELISTS

WHAT is likely to be done—and what in my view ought to be done—is a change in the rule to permit two-thirds *of those voting* (rather than of the total membership) to clamp down on debate, either at their will or after a specified time. The present requirement is, I think, too hard and not quite fair. A modification like that indicated would make it easier to pass any legislation really wanted by a substantial majority; it would take a shoddy alibi away from lip-service civil-righters; and it would still provide a reasonable check on hasty or hysterical legislation. It would still give minorities some protection against an angry or ruthless majority.

The argument, however, will be bitter and divisive—possibly mortally divisive for the Democrats in 1960 unless Senator Johnson can again force his Southern colleagues into substantial retreat, while at the same time substantially moderating the demands of his Northern colleagues. What makes the position even stickier for the Democrats is the fact that Vice President Nixon, as the Senate's presiding officer, has long since shown himself cheerfully prepared to skip the fine print and some of the fairly large print in his interpretations of the rules.

JOHN RADER PLATT

FIRST PHYSICIST

WHEN Archimedes hauled his engine high
and showed the Roman fleet the force of thought
the witless poison of the mushroom sky
lay hidden in his unperfected fruit.
He knew the quick Eureka! of the mind
and he could balance planets in his head;
he died to guard a theorem in the sand
and should we judge him by the Roman dead?
Engine-grown we celebrate his art
and overlook a patriotic guilt
and hope a thousand years will take our part
and praise the clever atoms we have built.
These little sins will season our success;
we need not feel the least uneasiness.

Mr. Nixon's view of Senate tradition is not one of enchantment, quite apart from the fact that he has assiduously cultivated the Negro vote—as of course he has every right to do and as he will go on doing. In sum, he holds in his capable and not overly-finicky hands a packet across which might well be written: "Seeds of disaster for the Democratic party." (Or, "Democrat party," as no doubt he would put it.)

None of the coming interplays of this session of Congress can be so fascinating as the duel between Nixon and Johnson. The issue will be this: Can Mr. Nixon—in the service of liberalism, maybe, but of the Republican party and of himself to a certainty—induce the Democratic party to rend itself apart? Or can Senator Johnson—undoubtedly in the service of the Democratic party and to a less vivid extent in the service of himself—find a way not to mortgage the future or wholly to destroy the past?

A political writer, of course, is endlessly subject to the temptation to write in large superlatives. Yet with all due caution, I believe that in political and human terms the next two years will be pre-eminently the years of Nixon and Johnson. What they do will largely determine the outcome of the 1960 Presidential election. For even if neither should get a single delegate's vote at his party's convention, they will between them very largely be the Government of the United States of America until that time.



How to Pull a Poem Apart

By ROBERT GRAVES

Drawings by Sheila Greenwald

IF I thought that any poem of mine could have been written by anyone else, either a contemporary or a forerunner, I should suppress it with a blush; and do the same if I ever found I had been imitating myself. Every poem ought to be new, unexpected, inimitable, logical, incapable of being parodied or pulled apart. The poet's first rule must be never to bore his readers; and his best way of keeping this rule is never to bore himself which, of course, means to write only when he has something urgent to say. He must constantly scrutinize poems written years ago and ask:

"Is this poem really necessary?"

If it can't justify itself, out it goes! But self-deception cannot always be avoided, and then someone else must pull the poem apart. The pulling apart of poems, other than my own, has often got me into trouble with the educational authorities; I have never hesitated to say exactly why a poem was bad if it seemed so to me, whoever the author.

Poems must always be judged in their historical context. Thus I would not, for example, venture to criticize the permissibly inexact rhymes of cowboy ballads or capstan chanteys. Nor would I quarrel with Coleridge's use of "honey-dew" in *Kubla Khan*—"For he on honey-dew hath fed, And drunk the milk of Paradise."

When Coleridge wrote this poem, nobody knew the nature or origin of honey-dew—a sticky, sweet substance that messes up the bonnet and hood of a car left parked for a few hours under an English lime tree. Gilbert White, in his *Natural History of Selborne,* thought it a peculiar form of dew, like the Biblical manna that fell upon the Wilderness; Pliny, in his *Natural History,* had explained it as a sweet distillation of the stars. Entomologists, however, now have discovered honey-dew to be the watery excrement of plant lice; as manna is the solid excrement of the scale insect *(trabutina mannipara),* which infests tamarisk trees in Sinai.

Myself, I should never use "honey-dew" in a poem to denote delicious food of supernatural origin. Honey-dew is not really tasty, even if one forgets its unappetizing origin, though Alpine bees in bad seasons mix it with pine-blossom honey—and so impair their own digestions.

POEMS reflect a poet's contemporary world of reference, and even the blackest Protestants can admire Old English carols written by pious Catholics in the days before religious doubt set in. Nor do Chaucer's or Shakespeare's or Donne's unscientific beliefs about medicine, geography, or physics destroy the value of their work. Yet the mere antiquity of a poem seems a very poor excuse for faulty construction or feebleness of thought. No poet, however much of a classic, is above criticism. I have always deplored the practice of making students admire indifferent work that happens to have been written by long-dead poets as politically respectable, say, as Wordsworth or Milton.

An example? Very well. Recently someone upheld Wordsworth's sonnet "Great men have been among us," as the kind of poem that nobody is great-hearted enough to write in these degenerate

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days. I refrained from immediate comment, but sat down and copied out the lines in longhand as though I were composing them myself—a useful technique for testing the integrity of a poem. If my pen runs on without check or hesitation, well and good; if not, I ask myself, "What is wrong?"

BIZARRE CHOICE

THIS sonnet proved peculiarly difficult to copy out, though I found it had been ranked, by educationalists, as "one of that splendid series of generally impressive and universally intelligible poems dedicated to national Liberty and Independence."

> Great men have been among us; hands that penned
> And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none:
> The later Sidney, Marvell, Harrington,
> Young Vane, and others who called *Milton* friend.
> These moralists could act and comprehend:
> They knew how genuine glory was put on;
> Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
> In splendor: what strength was, that would
> not bend
> But in magnanimous meekness. . . .

"Great men have been among us . . ."! "Have *been*," in Wordsworth's time, as now, suggested a short stay: "I have been in New Haven; I have been to Venice; I have been on Capri—as opposed to "I have *dwelt*," or "I have *lived*," which imply residence for a year or more. So I expected Wordsworth to furnish a list of distinguished foreign visitors to Britain: perhaps Julius Caesar, St. Augustine, Dante, Peter the Great, Voltaire. But apparently he meant "have dwelt." In that case, why did he not list King Alfred, Sir Thomas More, John Hampden, and men of their caliber? Surely he could have made a less bizarre choice than Sir Philip Sidney, Sir James Harrington, Andrew Marvell, and Sir Henry Vane, adding certain anonymous characters "who called Milton friend"?

My pen came to a stop. Presently I realized that the "later Sidney" was not, after all, Sir Philip Sidney in his maturity (as one discusses the "later Beethoven" or the "later W. B. Yeats"); but either Algernon Sidney (1622-83), a Commonwealth statesman, or, less probably, his elder brother Philip, the third Earl of Leicester (1619-98), another stanch republican; and that these four men were chosen as representative friends of Milton's. So Wordsworth meant: "*Others* who called Milton friend," not: "Others who called *Milton* friend."

The sonnet, I saw, formed part of a sequence in which Wordsworth likened himself, by implication, to the great poet-prophet-republican John Milton, whose freedom-loving voice had thundered across the Continent two centuries before —when France was threatening England, as once more in 1802, despite the Peace of Amiens.

Now, about these four stanch republicans. Algernon Sidney was a member of the Cromwellian Council of State, notorious for his bad temper and ambition. After Charles II's restoration to the Throne, he visited King Louis XIV at Paris and offered for 100,000 crowns to raise a revolt in England, already much troubled by the Dutch Wars. Louis found the price too high, so Sidney returned to England where the French Ambassador paid him well to foster French interests in Parliament.

Sir Henry Vane, another member of the Council of State, and sometime Royal Governor of Massachusetts, was an unbalanced religious enthusiast distrusted by all political parties. Crom-



well said of him: "O Sir Henry Vane, O Sir Henry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane."

Andrew Marvell should have been omitted from Wordsworth's list: he was a poet, not a moralist.

Sir James Harrington, appointed Groom of the Bedchamber when the Roundheads captured King Charles, was suspected of disloyally trying to aid his escape. Harrington's book of political theory *The Commonwealth of Oceana* is condemned in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as "irretrievably dull."

Since Milton, as Cromwell's Press Censor, worked closely with the Book Censor, these four great men could hardly afford not to call Milton friend, if they wanted anything penned by themselves to be published. At any rate Wordsworth, my pen told me, ought to have qualified his sonorous statement about great men, by defining the period during which there were no better than these available. He could easily have done so by cutting out one miserably prosaic line:

> These moralists could act and comprehend . . .

and turning the remaining lines around. Thus:

On the Friends of John Milton

> Algernon Sidney, Marvell, Harrington,
> The younger Vane, each calling Milton friend;
> Such great men lived among us, hands that penned
> And tongues that uttered wisdom better none,
> From Cromwell's usurpation to his end.

This change would have dispelled the ambiguity of "better none," which, as it stands, could well mean that it is always preferable to have no tongues at all speaking wisdom—on the ground, perhaps, that Algernon Sidney and Sir Thomas Harrington were both eventually executed for High Treason, and Sir Henry Vane imprisoned. The vagueness of "They knew how genuine glory was put on" also troubled me. Did "put on" mean "worn like a crown," or could it mean "cleverly faked"?

WORDSWORTH'S GUILT

THE end of the sonnet came as a surprise. I had been expecting a reasoned justification of Wordsworth's rash thesis that these four men "taught us what strength was, that would not bend but in magnanimous meekness." Or else, perhaps, a complaint that Wordsworth himself lacked friends as noble as those who surrounded Milton during his Latin Secretaryship; Coleridge, Southey, and Crabb Robinson may have seemed to him poor fish by comparison. Instead, however, I found a wholly irrelevant sestet, salvaged perhaps from a discarded poetical tirade of the *Gott strafe Frankreich!* sort popular at the turn of the century when the war was not going well for England:

> . . . France, 'tis strange,
> Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
> Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
> No single volume paramount, no code,
> No master spirit, no determined road;
> But equally a want of books and men!

Here Wordsworth presents the surprising view that France in all its long history has never produced a single great soul comparable to the four English ones listed, or a single book comparable to any written by them. (I cannot blame Wordsworth for failing to anticipate the introduction, two years later, of the *Code Napoléon;* but surely he should have revised the sonnet in his *Collected Works,* despite the difficulty of finding another rhyme in *ode.)* He is, I suppose, outdoing Milton, who wrote in *Areopagitica:* "What does God then but reveal Himself to His servants and, as His manner is, first to His Englishmen?"

At the same time, Wordsworth is studiously recanting his former attachment to the French Revolution, while holding fast to old-fashioned English republicanism. He damns France with all the greater violence because he feels an overpowering sense of guilt: guilt for having deserted not only the Girondist cause but also Annette Vallon, the daughter of his French host at Blois, whom he has got with child. The poetic result is confused, confusing, and false-hearted.

"Ah, but," you plead, "it's a wartime poem; and at least it *reads* well."

Yes, perhaps! As we often used to say at breakfast in 1940-45: "It's wartime jam, and at least it *spreads* well."





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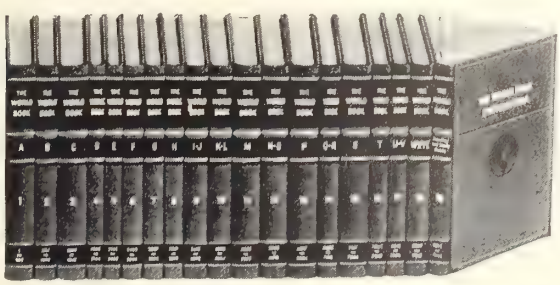
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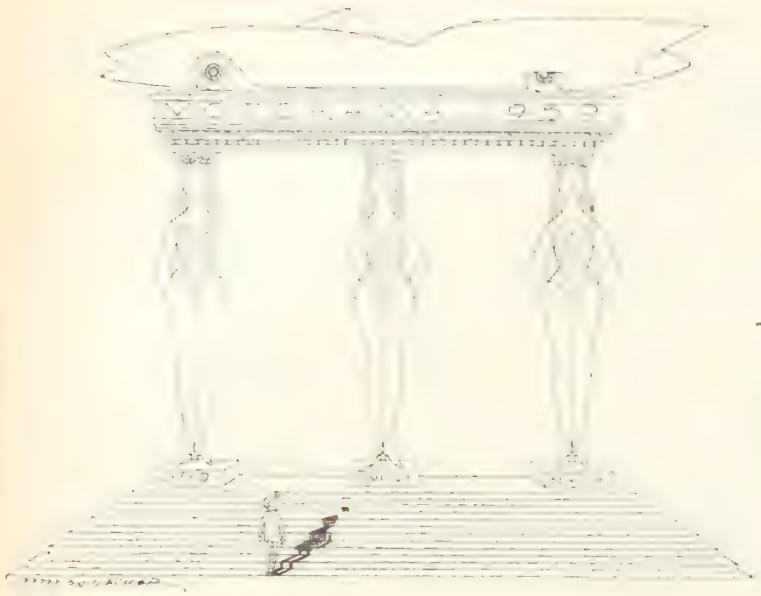
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MR. HARPER'S

After Hours

SHOWGIRLS IN BIG BIZ

LAST October I looked in at Motorama, which came lumbering into New York's Waldorf-Astoria to unveil the new General Motors line. In the realm of industrial theater, Motorama is the Big One. (So big that a rival packager said sneeringly, "The theme is lost in a great, vast something.")

It took eighty vans to transport the show from a staging area in Linden, New Jersey (in the dead of night, a press handout breathlessly revealed). Presumably it took the same number to get it to Boston, where it expired. The show had a cast of a hundred, a fat figure even by Broadway standards. The cost, no doubt staggering, was a zealously protected secret. Maurice Evans took time out from Shakespeare and other projects to produce Motorama, and June Taylor did the choreography. The theme of the show was "Imagination in Motion." ("How does it all begin? Where does it come from?")

Motorama had a high Broadway finish—technically flawless, handsomely mounted, tuneful, and bright. I constantly had to remind myself that this wasn't the usual romantic frou-frou one sees in a Broadway revue. All those enraptured faces and impassioned lyrics were inspired by General Motors, not Eros.

"What is controlled power?" a sepulchral voice asked. The answer was provided by an acrobatic virtuoso in full dress suit, who did a finger stand on a high perch. There was an engineering dance, which was routine modern jazz, and a procession of showgirls of astonishing proportions. (They made the dancers look as if they suffered from beriberi.) The showgirls minced their way across the huge stage, arms resplendently aloft, in costumes of stunning opulence. They represented themes like "new silhouette," "fabulous new fabrics," "increased visibility," but to most onlookers this was just a lavish display of flesh.

The showgirls were amusing. They alternated between regal hauteur and a nervous concern about the "groundlings" milling about in front of the stage. (Maurice Evans pointed out that the floor of the Waldorf—no chairs and a cheerfully irreverent audience—was not unlike the pit of the old Globe.) In the boxes surrounding the stage was the new Nobility—GM dealers, public-relations men, and friends of friends.

The real star of the show was a hydraulic ballet. Five long, cream-colored cars—Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, and Cadillac—were suspended high in the air. At an appointed time, each came forward and up in the arms of a gleaming hydraulic lift. At one point, in a riot of hydraulics, all came forward at the same time—the air swarming with sleek, gray bodies. The performers hailed each car with song and dance. In a final rite, the dancers genuflected to the new Cadillac, a magnificent Golden Calf made of plastic and steel.

On the floor of the Waldorf, thousands of urbanites, soon to file out in a long, cramped line, looked on wistfully. There are no trade unions, no assembly lines, no traffic jams in this dream world of General Motors. Curiously, there was little applause ("They hate you; they've been waiting in line for hours," a performer said.) Occasionally, the audience clapped for the new cars—"as if they were people," a GM executive remarked. But the show itself seemed to induce only a gentle reverie. General Motors may have wrought better than they knew; the dream world indeed took over.

Between performances I walked around the floor where cars were on display. Here the sovereignty of the free citizen asserted itself. A young man in a sweater announced magisterially: "They'll take Ford apart; they've got eye-appeal." Another looked coldly at Firebird III with its "Unicontrol" (a stick, airplane fashion, in place of steering wheel, accelerator, and brake). "It may be a dream car," he said "but try stopping with this stick, and you'll dream longer than you're supposed to."

Before I left the Waldorf, I asked a GM executive if they were talking about *The Insolent Chariots* in Detroit. (This is a book which whacks the auto industry for its gaudy excesses.) "Never heard of it," he said with a friendly smile.

I made some inquiries about in

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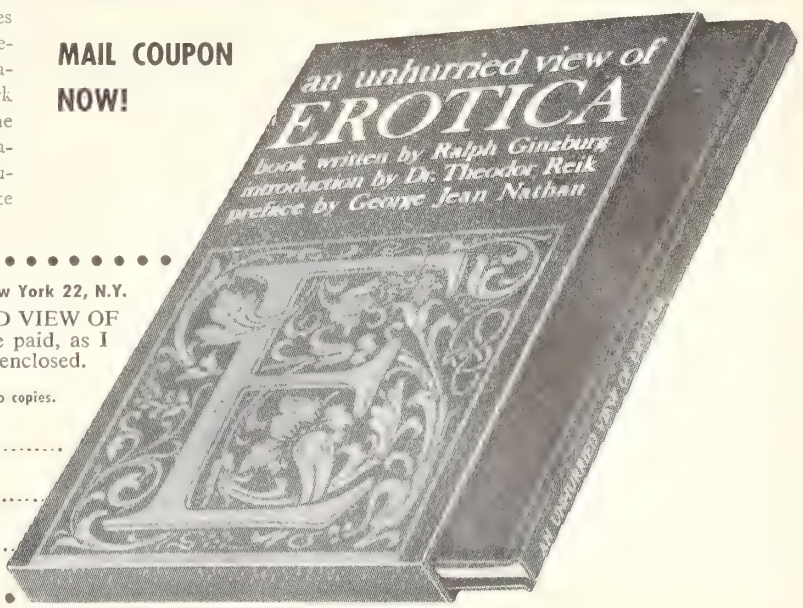
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dustrial shows. It's a big business, and it employs more people than Broadway and the road combined. "There's no biz without show-biz," *Variety*, the dope sheet of the entertainment world, recently exulted. In a curious marriage of convenience, staid captains of industry and mercurial show folk get together "to smash them with an opening." (Most industrials are for dealers and salesmen; Motorama, geared to the consumer, is really a deviant.)

There is a good buck in it for theater people, and during off-season doldrums they can keep their talents from rusting. For industry, this is a new phase of sales promotion, an end to the monotonous drone of sales conventions. (Businessmen like to call industrial shows by the more austere "product presentation.") Sales boosterism—"Let's get in there and pitch"—has given way to pretty little things in abbreviated costume, singers belting out commercials, and comics in sketches showing how *not* to treat customers. At some point, somebody has to get out there and do a catechism on the product, and he is usually a show-biz alumnus who has retooled for selling. Industrials rarely use big stars. The product is the star and must never be upstaged by a mere performer.

How do show people feel about this huckstering for industry? Some sound as if they were brain-washed by PR men. The welkin rings with reverberant phrases like "new frontier of show business" and "creative challenge." I wonder what will happen to the traditional impudence of theater people as they snuggle up in broad corporate laps. One die-hard, however, not fully acclimated to these greenback pastures, said: "Listen, I can be rented—not bought. We take our money and run like a thief!"

—David Boroff

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE GOOD TASTE



THERE is a station to which the dial of my car radio seems to turn of its own will. It burbles amiably. It talks very little, and it is as unobtrusive as it is unfrantic. With a minimum of demand on the listener, a carefully considered reticence, and a nice eye to the public tolerance, it has turned what its president likes to call "good taste" into a gimmick for making quite a lot of hard cash.

The station is WPAT whose official home is Paterson, New Jersey, but whose oyster is the New York metropolitan area . . . 17,500,000 potential listeners or, perhaps I should say, potential succumbers. WPAT doesn't ask one to listen; it merely asks that you allow it to fill your ears with sound, quiet sound that won't interrupt your train of thought. In this day of the hard sell, it seemed to me interesting that a radio station should grow in value so spectacularly by being undemanding, and I have had a talk with Mr. Dickens J. Wright, its president, who didn't seem in the least reticent to tell what his formula for success has been.

Mr. Wright is a trim, white-haired man in his mid-to-late forties who drinks coffee at lunch while his guests drink cocktails. He has been in the network business for twenty-two years, mostly in New York, but he was running a station in Bridgeport, Connecticut, when he was asked to take over the management of WPAT. The station was losing seventy or eighty thousand dollars a year. That was in 1951. "As it happens," he said, "I put it in the black at once."

The station had been primarily a local operation with "county" appeal, but Mr. Wright had a theory that pleasant music and few interruptions would make friends. On WPAT nobody tells you what you are about to hear or what you have just heard. During the day there are rather low-geared commercials every fifteen minutes and in the evening they are every half-hour. Once an hour there is a brief summary of the news and the weather. The rest of the time the station stays within its limits—nothing more classical than a Brahms waltz, nothing further "out" than show tunes. Within this range there is a mass of music full of nostalgia, glissandos, moonlight, roses, old lace, old loves, and the Boston Pops Orchestra. Teen-agers probably find it offensive because it behaves as though they didn't exist. The same, of course, can be said of serious jazz fans and serious music lovers.

"The calculated risk," Mr. Wright said, "was whether you could get them to listen."

Before he got his hands on WPAT it had, he said, been "classical and hillbilly back to back with about nine million commercials interspersed. Now we have more public-service time than commercial time. We have no disc jockeys. We don't believe in those fellows running off at the mouth. On Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, and Easter, we have no commercials at all."

The range of WPAT is small but its influence is broad. It can be heard on AM for a radius of about fifty miles and on FM for about a hundred. But its formula is being imitated. There is a station in Miami, WSKP, that by arrangement solves its program problems by using not only the formula but the same material as WPAT. (This, Mr. Wright explained, works well because there are two million people who go back and forth from New York and Miami and like to have something beside rock 'n' roll to listen to.) Other stations merely imitate, without, Mr. Wright feels, really getting the point.

Mr. Wright and some friends bought WPAT from its former owners in 1954 for $300,000 and in recent months they have turned down offers of $3,000,000.

With a minimum of commercials and a strict adherence to this formula, it seemed to me that there must be a limit to the amount of money the station could make. I couldn't have been more wrong. For one thing as the popularity of the station has grown, its rates have, of course, gone up. (As in all advertising media the rates are based on cost per thousand of audience.) Furthermore there are still minutes available that haven't been sold to sponsors and which can be used without changing the formula.

"Less than a hundred stations

AFTER HOURS

[there are now 3,500 radio stations in the U. S.] will show our profit," Mr. Wright said. "We hold to our rates in spite of pressures and we turn down commercials that are in bad taste. We turn down pills and feminine products, of course, and sponsors call in advance to ask us if their commercials are okay."

I asked Mr. Wright how he arrived at his formula for programing, and he took off on a disquisition about his musical director, David Gordon, whom he considers a most remarkable fellow. Mr. Gordon is a graduate of Juilliard with a prodigious knowledge of what music is available on recordings, a man of "taste" who "lives and breathes" his work.

"We started," Mr. Wright said, "by down-grading the classics and upgrading the hillbilly to sweet western. You'll let Dave's music go on for hours on end. How he does it I'd be ashamed to ask him. He has the art of knowing how to establish good feeling.

"We have more people in our programing department," he went on, "than on our sales staff. Our problem is to sound different from twenty-seven other stations in the area. Most of my people—all the key people—had not been in radio stations before they came to me. If you get too many opportunists together, they all begin to think they're geniuses. We have no intention of telling the industry what to do."

Mr. Wright believes that his principal contribution to radio is proving that "good taste" can be made to pay and he considers himself to be as one with Robert Saudek, the producer of "Omnibus," and with Ed Murrow, as stanch supporters of the public interest.

This, I'm afraid, causes me to quibble. "Good taste," as Mr. Wright uses the phrase, and as he demonstrates it on WPAT, is a triumph of the inoffensive, the polite, and the charming over the necessity to think. This is not Mr. Murrow's idea of public communication or Mr. Saudek's of culture. But whatever it may do to the perceptions and to the senses, the triumph of the mannerliness of WPAT over the hoodlumism of a good many of its competitors has virtues which, while they are easy to exaggerate, should not be overlooked. —**Russell Lynes**

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Since the beginning of time, men have searched incessantly for the secrets of God's vast unknown.

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Even deeply religious people are often troubled by this instinctive urge to know "the unknowable," and in their quest they sometimes draw unwarranted conclusions even from sacred writings. This is notably true of the Book of Revelation, or the Apocalypse of St. John the Divine.

The purpose of Revelation is not, as some seem to think, to reveal a detailed panorama of the future. It is not a magic key to unlock a door that God has seen fit to leave closed. It is, indeed, a book of prophecy... and God's Own promise ... but it relates to the past and the present as well as the future. Like the other Scriptures, it is a book which must be understood in its fullness, and with a knowledge of its precise purpose and the circumstances under which it was written.

The precise purpose of Revelation is to manifest the triumph of Christ. With reference to the past, it points to Our Lord's triumph over sin and death by His life, crucifixion and resurrection. As to the present, Revelation makes clear that this triumph is complete only to the extent that men accept Christ's salvation and live by it. For the future, Revelation, and other Scriptures too, leave no doubt that there will be a final triumph, well described in the words of St. Paul: "Then comes the end, when he delivers the Kingdom to God the Father after destroying every rule and every authority and power."

St. John addressed his Apocalypse to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, which were, of course, the Catholic Church. Making frequent use of symbolisms, he warned the Church against enemies whom he likened to a beast, a dragon and an anti-Christ. The meaning of these symbols is often misunderstood.

Revelation is, indeed, a powerful message to all who look wonderingly and hopefully into the great unknown. But to gain the true spiritual comfort which this God-given book offers, its precise meaning should be clearly understood. If you would like to read a highly interesting and helpful pamphlet on the subject, write today and we will send it free and without obligation. It will be mailed in a plain wrapper and nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. D-51.

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the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

Men Making Money

A FEW years ago the popular press broke out with a minor but irritating rash of editorials scolding American novelists for the way they were portraying their native country. The argument went something like this: most Americans are decent, hard-working people, generous and well-meaning, enjoying the highest standard of living in the world. Yet leading American novelists have depicted their fellow countrymen as restless, dissatisfied, violent, perverse; they have written novels populated by idiots and prostitutes and bums and drug addicts and madmen. Such books, the editorial writers sternly reminded the authors, were giving a false impression to readers abroad; they were no way to win the Cold War. What these authors had better do, if they did not wish to annoy the editorial writers further or do additional damage to American prestige in foreign parts, was to pitch in and provide the export trade with some good wholesome stories about how normal Americans really live and make a living.

Now, of course, styles in editorials have changed. Suddenly the molders of public opinion have discovered the virtues of eccentricity; they have gone on record in favor of letting the lonely genius have his way and his say. And the demand for a more optimistic, wholesome, positive picture of American life in fiction should be silenced for some time by the ridiculous spectacle the Soviet Union has made of itself in dealing with Boris Pasternak and his novel *Doctor Zhivago*. Apparently official Philistinism can be more damaging to a great nation than any novel can be, however severe its criticism of society.

Yet, as if in response to the earlier editorial demand, in the last few years there has been a tremendous increase in the number of American novels about how people make a living, especially in business, and the "business novel" is now almost as recognizable a type as the murder mystery or the domestic drama or the western. During the fall publishing season just past, these Martini operas have poured out in unprecedented profusion, and I have read about a dozen of them (and read parts of several others) in an effort to locate some of the characteristics of the breed.

The most obvious characteristic is that the modern business novel is an inside job. Almost every author is identified on the dust jacket as having had extensive experience in business, usually at a fairly high level. Several of the authors have been successful enough to withdraw from active participation and now "devote their full time to writing," as the blurb writers like to say. Not very surprisingly, most of the writers come from the more verbal branches of the business world, chiefly public relations and advertising, with the result that a reader is likely to draw the conclusion that American business is largely a linguistic activity, more concerned with turning out words than products.

Although the novelists write from inside the business world, they are not uniformly approving of it. To be sure, only one of the books I have read is an old-fashioned exposé, raising fundamental questions about business morality, and it turns out to be pretty moderate in its muckraking. But most of the writers feel considerable ambivalence about the world they are describing. They tend to think that the particular kind of activity they are concerned with—advertising, public relations, management consultation—is valuable and justifiable if properly practiced, but that it takes a mighty struggle to keep its practice proper.

A LONELY CROWD

THE main character in the business novel is usually a man in his middle or late thirties. He is old enough to have served in the second world war and young enough to have some romantic interest. But more important, he is at the point where his time as a bright young man is running out; he must either make a flying leap into the ranks of those who have arrived or settle down to spend the rest of his life as an overage office boy. Both his elders and his juniors are his natural enemies—his elders because they hold his fate in their hands, his juniors because they represent the next wave of bright young men eager for their chance to arrive.

Consequently, the main character is terribly

WHEN YOU TALK...DO PEOPLE LISTEN?

A MESSAGE FROM **Dr. J. Chapman Bradley**

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alone. He has no time for anything but the most elemental relations with women, though in fairness it must be acknowledged that in those relations he is usually described as the most sensational thing that has come along since the Swan visited Leda. There are usually two women in his life, one of whom stands for sex and the other for values, something like the dance-hall girl and the schoolteacher in western movies. But women (except for secretaries) are little more than annoying if necessary distractions.

And the man stands in more than sexual isolation. He has no assured place in society except the one his talent can win for him. He does not have the "right" background in social class or family connections; he has not gone to the socially accepted schools. He has a big income and spends freely, but he has virtually no financial resources to face a season of adversity. The rug can be pulled out from under him at almost any minute; the fall can be hard; and nobody will be much interested in catching him as he goes down.

The main character thinks of his worth as residing in his "creativity" and "integrity," and to preserve those qualities is a task as precarious as carrying a lighted candle through a cave of winds. The central moral problem in most of the books is the same: can the main character hang on to his essential gift or quality and still succeed? The enemies are numerous: entrenched management grown timid and afraid of taking a chance; unprincipled opportunists; the stifling atmosphere that results from trying to do everything in groups; the man's own ambition or the pressure to hang on to a good job at any price.

HOW TRUE?

THE picture of American business that emerges from these books is not pretty. The amount of irresponsibility, egotism, and outright dishonesty displayed by men in crucial economic positions in the stories is, in fact, appalling.

How accurate the picture is I cannot say, but I suspect that there are certain distortions. For one thing, the heavy concentration of the books in what are called the communications fields must distort the picture a good deal. Since these are the branches of business that employ writers, they are naturally the branches that get written about, but they must also be the most whimsical, in that the ability they require is most difficult to assess.

For another thing, I suspect that a good deal of distortion comes about simply because the authors force their material into the conventional novel form. Again and again as I have read one or another of these books I have wished that the author had not felt called upon to tell a story complete with good guys and bad guys, seductive temptresses and patient Griseldas. The novel form is capable of great moral complexity in the hands of a master, but it can also be an invitation to simplification.

Perhaps we need another kind of book, more frankly reportorial in technique, to deal with business. At least I observe that the one writer I can think of who has both done business reporting and written business novels—John Brooks—has seemed to me a good deal more convincing in his reporting than in his novels, but I believe that the book-buying public has not agreed with me.

THE BOXTOP BOYS

THE first of the postwar outpouring of business novels were the novels about advertising, but apparently the field is inexhaustible, and advertising novels continue to appear with alarming frequency. It takes a gift of discrimination more powerful than mine to tell one from another, but here are three that I am still able to tell apart a few days after reading them:

The Hot Half Hour by Robert L. Foreman (Criterion, $3.95).

Most of this book concerns the rise and fall of a television quiz program sponsored by a pair of New York manufacturers of women's dresses. The story is told in the first person by the advertising man who has charge of the account, a brash rascal with a gift for extra-legal manipulation. After he has finally manipulated himself out of the account, the wise and kindly old president of his agency (an unusual character) gives him a sermon on how advertising is really a profession and strict adherence to the highest principles pays off in the long run. This terminal high-mindedness is not put to the test of action, and the book's appeal rests entirely in the pleasure of watching a rogue at work. Moderately entertaining.

The Detroiters by Harold Livingston (Houghton Mifflin, $3.95).

Another story of a rascal, but a much less charming one. Livingston's hero, David Manning, is a man of talent who is determined to get to the top in automobile advertising at whatever cost. He is mixed up with a call girl (sex) and the wife of his rival (values—well, and sex too), and originally he has "creative integrity." Presumably the story is a study in the corrosive effect of ambition on his character, but he is too despicable at the beginning for it to matter very much. In the end, realizing how much he has deteriorated, he does the noble thing by resigning from the advertising agency that has just made him executive vice-president—and then he starts his own agency.

The Admen by Shepherd Mead (Simon and Schuster, $4).

This is the most skillfully written, the best constructed, and the most mature of the three

advertising novels here mentioned. t manages to work in most of the hemes, character types, and situaions that are now available to the genre, but it has a personal tone and arries rather more conviction than good many examples.

Mead is chiefly interested in hampioning individual "creativity" gainst the oppression of group acion. The best part of the book leals with the relations between an dvertising agency and a large corporation about to launch a new product. The corporation officially vants to get something new and tartling in its advertising, but in act its representatives are so intent on playing it safe that they can hardly do anything different from what they have always done. This s, of course, another attack on the 'corporation man," not an entirely new subject by this time, but Mead gives it some bite.

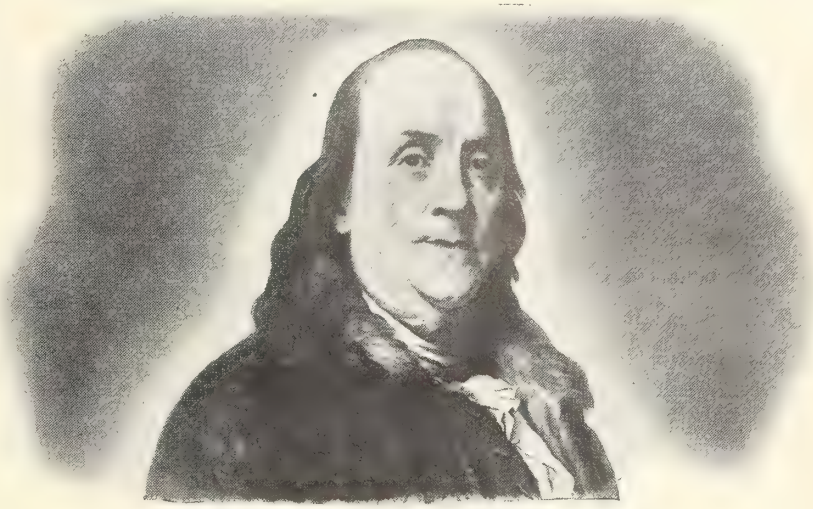
Yet Mead hardly pursues his subject far enough for it to have much moral significance. His idea of an admirable show of "creativity" is to write an ad making claims for a product in such a way that competitors cannot sue, although the claims are in fact lies. If that is creativity, perhaps it is just as well if the corporation men take over. They may be too afraid of getting caught to tell anything but the truth.

THE MOUTHPIECES

PERHAPS because they got into the act later, the public-relations men seem to write fresher novels than the advertising men. **A Really Sincere Guy** by Robert Van Riper (McKay, $4) is not a very impressive novel, but it has a kind of honesty about it and a kind of pathos (perhaps more than the author realizes) that are appealing.

Here the main character is called Bill McCrary, a man in almost every respect the typical hero of a business novel—a Middle Westerner, product of a small unfashionable college, with a big income and not enough money, and so on. He is a public-relations man who at work is caught between an ego-drenched boss and a young and wily pseudo-Ivy League conniver, and who at home is enmeshed in a style of life too expensive for him.

WHAT SECRET POWER DID THIS MAN POSSESS?



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (A Rosicrucian)

WHY was this man great? How does anyone—man or woman—achieve greatness? Is it not by mastery of the powers within ourselves?

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40 Fascinating Quizzes About You . . .

WHAT MAKES YOU TICK?

A "This Week Magazine" Book

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Introduction by W. J. E. Crissy, Ph.D.

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How's Your Sense of Humor?
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You also find amusing brain teasers and mysteries whose sole purpose is to entertain you. Among them are "Seven Sure Ways to Win a Dollar," "How Good a Guesser Are You?" "Can You Read What You See?" "The Broken-Word Mystery." These are sure-fire. Try them on your family and friends.

Entertain your family and friends . . .

Scattered throughout WHAT MAKES YOU TICK? are 38 provocative, amusing illustrations drawn especially for this book by Charles D. Saxon. Here is a happy blend of sound psychological principles, sheer reading pleasure, and uproarious party fun for young and old alike.

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The only way for him to improve his lot is to bring some new business into the firm. This he does, but after making a successful start on the account, he discovers that what is really wanted of him is to conduct a discreet campaign in favor of high tariffs, whereas he has long been a believer in free trade and has even written some obscure articles on the subject. The question, of course, is whether, as a public-relations man, he is simply a technician hired to do a job or a man of principle.

Unlike most writers of novels of business, Van Riper does not take a high moral tone. He develops the situation at about the same moral level where most of us probably live our lives. Bill McCrary does not emerge unscathed from his experience. He leaves the firm but not until he has no choice. He continues to believe in public relations as an honorable calling—he has to, because the rent is high and he doesn't know any other way of making a living. He is able to set up his own company, but only by stealing a client from his old boss. In the end you cannot say much more for him than that he survived.

Rather surprisingly, Van Riper seems to think that things have worked out pretty well for his character Bill McCrary. That is not an opinion I can share, though I grant that things have worked out about the way they often do. Bill McCrary is a pitiable, unheroic man, trying to get along in a situation where there are no easy or pleasant ways out. He may deserve our fellow-feeling, but hardly our congratulations.

Pax (Random House, $3.95) is a story about public relations in the drug industry, and the name of the author—Middleton Kiefer—is actually a joining of the surnames of two collaborators, both of whom have done public-relations work for a big drug company.

The principal character in *Pax* is Joe Logan. (I forgot to say earlier that the leading characters in business novels always have impeccable Anglo-Saxon names, usually of the kind that you cannot remember five minutes after you close the book.) Joe Logan is public-relations director for the Raven Pharmaceutical Company, a reputable and prosperous manufacturer of vermifuges that is about to launch out in the tranquilizer market with a drug to be called Pax. Launching the drug presents difficulties because its value has not been determined unambiguously in the laboratory, because the company is going to try to sell it without a prescription, and because a Senate investigation committee is currently looking into the profits and some other aspects of the drug business.

But Joe Logan has a gimmick. Sometime before the novel begins an Army Reserve captain named Buddy Montrose wrote to Raven from Southeast Asia, where he was head of a rescue mission, asking for free drugs to combat a plague there. Joe Logan sent the drugs, since they could be written off as a loss at several times their actual value and were too old to be sold in the United States anyway. Then Captain Montrose suddenly turns up in Logan's office to express his thanks for the gift, and does the job magnificently. He is young, handsome, a gifted speaker, obviously sincere, with a wonderful story to tell of how Raven's generosity worked a miracle in Asia.

Joe Logan sees possibilities in the boy: he convinces the Raven officials to send Captain Montrose around the country giving speeches on his work and incidentally mentioning that great do-gooder, the Raven Pharmaceutical Company. It will help to prepare the way for Pax and to quiet criticism of the drug industry; and if Raven ever has to show up at the Senate investigation, the presence among its witnesses of manly, handsome, sincere, grateful Captain Montrose will do no harm whatever.

Montrose undertakes the mission and succeeds beyond anyone's expectation. Soon he begins to enjoy the sound of his own voice and the response of the audiences; little by little his speeches move away from straightforward accounts of his own experience to emotional tirades against "the Communist menace." Back home in Indiana the political king-makers hear about Captain Montrose and help him to discover his unfolding ambition. He realizes that Raven has used him for its purposes, and when his day at the Senate investigation finally arrives, he is

THE NEW BOOKS

uite ready to use Raven for his. *Pax* seems to me to be the best of ıe business novels here being dis-ıssed. It tells the best story, and ives the story a more searching oral scrutiny than any of the others. there is such a thing as journal-tic fiction, this is an excellent ex-mple: frankly addressed to issues f the moment, it presents them vig-rously and with enough subtlety nd dramatic complexity so that not verything is black and white. There re certainly some artificial elements ı the narration, but the authors ave been able to dramatize their leas in such a way as to make the ovel form a workable vehicle for hat they have to say.

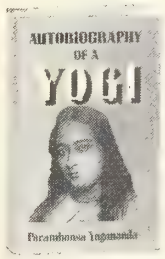
howcase by Martin Dibner (Double-ay, $3.95) is a novel about a depart-ıent store which would be quite ood if the characters didn't keep etting in the way of the store. I get ıe impression that Dibner knows a reat deal about what goes on in a ig department store and that almost ll of it is fascinating, but that he nows a good deal less about what oes on in people.

His main character is Casey Landis, a young man from Maine who is a merchandising genius. Lan-is takes over and rebuilds a fine old tore that inept family management as nearly bankrupted, and in the rocess he changes from being a wholesome youth to being an irasci-le, slave-driving, inhuman Scrooge.

It is not entirely clear whether his transformation results from the nfortunate conditions prevalent in he merchandising field or Landis' wn ambition, but it is perfectly lear that a young man of his rest-essness and drive will be miserable rowing apples in Maine, though hat is what he is headed for at the nd of the book.

N **The Ruling Passion** (Putnam, 3.95) George de Mare tries to do too nany things in too little space. He ıas combined three different novels n one book. First there is a story bout a firm of management consult-nts, the point of which is that the creative" men are being driven out y the group-think conformists; and ıext is a story about a bold younger nan's efforts to wrest control of a reat business from the hands of a

"Fascinating"— says **NEWSWEEK**

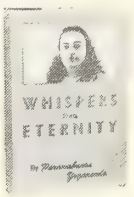


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timid old man. Neither of these stories is very new or sufficiently developed to bring out what is new in them. But de Mare has still a third story, about the double vision a man in business develops when he knows that he is very sick and realizes that he is gambling for big stakes with his very life. It is too bad that he didn't write this story alone and let the others go, for here he shows a quiet insight that gets lost in the clutter of most of his book.

A Piece of the Action by Herb Gardner (Simon and Schuster, $3.95) carries the use of Anglo-Saxon names about as far as it can be carried. This is a story about the toy and novelty businesses; all the characters are obviously Jewish, and yet they have names like Gracie, Vernon, and Shay, or else names that seem to have been invented for the occasion like Trosper and Lowshak.

Gardner's main character is decidedly underage as heroes of business novels go; he is only twenty. But he has a gift for modeling woebegone little figures that appeal to people, and the story essentially concerns how a manufacturer who thinks of himself as original and daring but who is actually afraid of anything that is different, robs these little figures of their individuality in producing them for the mass market. In other words, crass hands are once more laid upon "creativity."

Gardner himself is a very young man, already well on his way in a successful career as a designer of gifts and novelties, and he has considerable talent as a writer. Some of his book is brash and vulgar, some of it is funny in a wisecracking sort of way, and in a couple of scenes between the young designer and his uncle, Gardner shows the talent of a serious novelist. In *A Piece of the Action* too many of his comic devices grow tiresome, like the grandmotherly toy manufacturer who cannot open her mouth without swearing; too often he is simply exploiting himself; but he might turn into a good writer.

AN OLD HAND

JOHN O'HARA'S new book, **From the Terrace** (Random House, $6.95), is not really a "business novel," though it is the story of a man who spends most of his adult life in business. It is a much longer book than any of those previously mentioned (it runs to 900 large pages), and is the work of a much more gifted writer.

Alfred Eaton, O'Hara's hero, has the kind of background that most of O'Hara's heroes have—he comes from one of the most prosperous and socially acceptable families in a small Pennsylvania town. But his career has a broader scope than any O'Hara has previously narrated: Alfred Eaton leaves Princeton to go abroad as a naval officer in the first world war; afterwards he tries to start an airplane factory; then, through a series of incidents that might be a parody of Horatio Alger, he becomes a partner in a New York private banking house; during the second world war he leaves the bank to serve as Assistant Secretary of the Navy; at the end he is a man of fifty with broken health and nothing in particular to live for.

Alongside Alfred Eaton's public career, O'Hara relates his search for emotional fulfillment in a long series of relationships with women and one abiding friendship with a man. The sexual side of Eaton's life is presented with unusual fullness and frankness.

In *From the Terrace* O'Hara seems to have practically abandoned any attempt to find a shape or pattern or meaning in the events he narrates. If there is any principle of selectivity operating in this mass of material it is difficult indeed to discover. O'Hara seems to be saying:

"Here is one man's life as he lived it. I am simply telling you how it was. If you want to find some meaning in it, you are free to go ahead and try."

AT bottom, I suppose, O'Hara is a stoic. There seem to be two things he believes in—love, and the code of a gentleman. Yet in his novel neither prevails; each is an attempt by man to realize the best in his nature in a world that destroys the best and the worst indifferently. Love alters, fades, turns to pity or to worse; the gentleman who always tries to do the decent thing is destroyed by the unscrupulous or time or his own foolishness or honor. A man must make

the effort to live well because it is his only nobility, but he will always be defeated in the long run.

At the end of *From the Terrace,* as at the end of most of O'Hara's books, one has a sense of how much energy and effort have been poured out to no effect, for nothing has really been accomplished or changed. To many readers this simply means that O'Hara doesn't know how to write a novel; to others it is the very essence of his work. In a way that is often fumbling and snobbish, O'Hara seems to be trying to assert an aristocratic ideal of behavior in a democratic society, trying to say that life is not to be used or profited from, that its object is grandeur, though grandeur always fails.

It is difficult to judge O'Hara's work because it reveals a mind utterly conventional and a sensibility very often acute. His dialogue, where his sensitivity to nuances of character and background predominates, is always excellent and often brilliant; his narrative prose, which is subject to more intellectual control, is certainly passable but hardly more. *From the Terrace* is a major example of O'Hara's work, closest in quality and accomplishment to *A Rage to Live* among his earlier novels—which means that I would not place it with his very best books, but near them. As a picture of how one American lived and how he made his living it is disturbingly convincing.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

NON-FICTION

The Lost World of the Kalahari, by Laurens van der Post.

The author of *Journey into the Interior* now writes in the same personal and inspired vein of his trip to find and live for a while with the vanishing African Bushmen. It is an evocative, fascinating, and heartbreaking book as he describes the customs of these gentle people and —as with the primitive peoples in Algeria and elsewhere—sees no way either to protect them from the twentieth century or to assimilate them into it. But here, at least, is a record, told with passionate kindness and involvement. . . . Col. van der Post's expedition at last, after a long and nearly abandoned search, found the camp of the Bushmen in the Kalahari Desert. He called his group of companions together and spoke to them:

> I begged them to remember in the days to come that we were there not to teach the Bushman but solely to learn all we could from him: his ways, his spirit, and the terms he had made with his own life in a world so harsh that even the greediest among us had shunned it. We could do that only if we set aside our own bias and preferences and prepared ourselves to listen and observe. Also we would have to tread delicately so as to inflict no vital injury on the Bushman's natural values.

Their efforts were remarkably successful and the author makes poetry and delight of the amazing facts which they discover in this lost world of a beautiful and gracious people. Morrow, $4

KITCHEN BOUQUET

In the late fall, nearly winter season, when most of the publishers' lists have passed their peak, it seems an appropriate time to stop and look at some of the excellent cook books which have recently been published and which during the rest of the year usually get little space in these columns.

Alexandre Dumas' Dictionary of Cuisine, edited, abridged, and translated by Louis Colman.

This book, written by the King of Paris in his later years and published in its unabridged form in 1873 has been unobtainable for a long time. Now Mr. Colman has translated it and cut it to dimensions more fitting to the American library and kitchen, yet has kept it full of the most exquisite recipes and of gusty comment and anecdote about eating and drinking. It is, as the title indicates, written in the form of a dictionary and the chapter headings alone are suggestive:

> A from Absinthe to Asparagus
> D from Dinner to Ducks
> J from Julienne to Juniper
> P from Panther to Potatoes
> Q from Quail to Quail
> T from Tarragon to Turtledove
> Z from Zest to Zest

(And Zest, by the way, is the yellow skin of lemons, oranges, and citrons.) It is all carefully indexed. The end papers and decorations by John H. Jacoby, and the large, well-spaced type make the book as pleasurable to the sight as the rest of the contents are to the other senses.

Simon & Schuster, $4.95

Aromas and Flavors (of Past and Present), by Alice B. Toklas. With introduction and comments by Poppy Cannon.

The villain of this book is "home economics." Though Miss Cannon did convert Miss Toklas to certain American mixes and to the blender, the American-born mistress of French cooking remained adamant about many rules (some simple, some complicated) that made meals at the Gertrude Stein–Alice B. Toklas Paris apartment memorable. Miss Cannon has performed a real service in introducing these recipes with sound advice on how to adapt them to American ingredients. But don't look here for those pots that will obligingly sit in the oven during that last drink. Most of the recipes need tender, hovering care and are worth it. The writing is lively and the directions easy to follow. And don't ask either: "How many does this serve?" Miss Toklas answers: "How should I know how many it serves? It depends—on their appetites—what else they have for dinner —whether they like it or not."

Harper, $3.50

Gourmet Kitchen, by Evelyn Patterson.

Very special recipes designed to be used in very ordinary kitchens. The section on desserts is particularly daring and tempting. Mrs. Patterson teaches a course in advanced cooking at the Adult School in Princeton, New Jersey.

Abelard-Schuman, $3.50

The June Platt Cook Book.

Anyone who has ever used a June Platt cook book needs no further recommendation from me. She is tops, and her books include *June Platt's Party Cook Book, June Platt's Plain and Fancy Cook Book, June Platt's Dessert Cook Book, Serve It and Sing.* This new volume includes her favorites from all of these—brought up to date—plus a collection of new ones. Here, too, the dessert section is both large and superlatively inviting though other sections (soups substantial and good enough to make a party) are wonderful too. A short introduction contains quick and surprisingly helpful hints for good buying and a well ordered kitchen. Do *you* keep a vanilla bean in your sugar supply?

Knopf, $5

The Kate Smith "Company's Coming" Cookbook.

The recipes here are substantial and filling with less leaning toward fine wines and herbs. Cooking sherry, yes, and an occasional spoonful or two of wine (optional), but seafood or chicken is more apt to be cooked with cornflakes (pp. 109 and 115) than with a delicate wine sauce. Miss Smith specializes in breakfast parties and "brunches" and devotes a sizable section to special and original recipes for these occasions. Wholesome, hearty, unpretentious, and American.

Prentice-Hall, $3.95

Encore: The Favorite Dishes of the World's Most Famous Musicians. Compiled by the Women's Association of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Edited and Tested by the Minnesota Home Economics Association.

Here we have a real potpourri. Not only the recipes selected and tested (for American kitchens) as described above, but with them pictures and biographical sketches of the more than 150 artists who have contributed to the volume. A piquant addition to the cook book shelf.

Random House, $3.95

Picture Cook Book, by the editors of *Life.*

This book is such a show piece, so all-inclusive, so all in glorious technicolor, that the thought of settling down to try to cook—say a mere farm-style beef stew—is almost frightening. There is its picture (all 600 recipes are pictured in color) bright with carrots and onions and green peas, in a burnished copper pot on top of an old-fashioned wood-burning black stove. In the background is the same kind of stove in a brilliant blue; to the right is an American eagle on a stand, and to the left a cigar-store Indian watches the pot, spoon in hand. But the recipe sounds easy and good, except that I, being from the city, tend to put wine in my beef stew. But this is a book that must be seen to be believed. It has taken seven years to get these pictures with their colors and textures, and to test the 600 recipes. There are pictures, too, of people eating food in the most glamorous places—from New York to San Francisco, and all over Europe from the Stallmastaregarden in Stockholm to the Royal Danieli in Venice.

Prentice-Hall, $13.50

Then there are the specialty cook books whose titles speak to those interested in their area, geographic or culinary.

Rain, Hail, and Baked Beans: A New England Seasonal Cook Book, with Favorite Recipes from New England Inns, by Duncan MacDonald and Robb Sagendorph.

Baked Beans or Indian Pudding, anyone? Ives, Washburn, $3.95

Calvin Lee's Chinese Cooking for American Kitchens.

The story of Chinese food in China and America with 150 easy recipes. Milton, Balch, $3.50

The Far Eastern Epicure, by Maria Kozslik Donovan.

Not only the three major schools of Chinese cooking are represented here but recipes collected by Mrs. Donovan on journeys to Indonesia, Malaya, and Japan, adapted for American use.

Doubleday, $3.95

Elena's Secrets of Mexican Cooking, by Elena Zelayeta.

The author and her husband used to run a Mexican restaurant in San Francisco. Then within eighteen months she lost her eyesight and her husband died. She taught herself to cook all over again, by touch and ear, to support her two pre-school children, and this book is testimony to how well she has succeeded.

Prentice-Hall, $3.95

Thoughts for Buffets.

130 buffet menus planned for a variety of occasions, presented with recipes collected and tested by prominent Chicago hostesses whose *Thoughts for Food* has already sold over 100,000 copies.

Houghton Mifflin, $5

FORECAST

Two American History Series

The Belknap Press of the Harvard University Press has appointed Howard Mumford Jones as editor-in-chief of a new venture to be called "The John Harvard Library." The Library will consist of books or documents by or about Americans which "have shaped or reflected the national development in every important area of human activity." The editors hope to make available in permanent form and at a reasonable price basic books and documents now comparatively inaccessible. . . . Another new series, "The Regions of America," is to be published by Harper and edited by Carl Carmer. Mr. Carmer says that the purposes of the series are (1) to present "re-appraisals of the country's regions from a definite point of view"—that of evaluating the region as it is today and the influences that have shaped it; and (2) to do this through authors who have "both the scholar's concern with accuracy and the poet's gift for significant interpretation." The first volume, to be published on February 18, will be *Virginia: A New Look at the Old Dominion* by Marshall Fishwick, professor of history at Washington and Lee University.

the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

BIG FELLOWS

Brahms: Piano Concerto #1. Leon Fleisher; Cleveland Orch., Szell. Epic BC 1003 *(stereo).*

This strikes me as one of the finest Brahms performances I've heard in years, and in a superbly intelligent stereo recording, too.

The combination here is one of those kindling ones that lift a theoretically "second line" record into top position. Fleisher is a relatively young pianist and not the sort one would expect to do a big job on a big Romantic concerto; Szell is a dynamic and not always great-minded conductor who hasn't yet quite achieved a Bruno Walter status. Even Epic is technically a junior member of the Columbia Records family, though in this country its recording is done by Columbia.

I can think of good reasons, even so, for this recording's success. Fleisher, first of all, is a splendid musician as well as a prize-winning pianist, by no means a mere one-style artist; obviously he is a thinking musician who looks for what Brahms has to say, universally and for us today, in terms of musical expression. There isn't a note of misplaced, meaningless, or rhetorical playing here though the piano style, in keeping with Fleisher's age and generation, is not exactly dripping with softness.

As for Szell, he seems to be able to extend himself suddenly to greatness when the moment and the material are right. His Central European background has always made his German Romantic music a good bet, especially when it has a more Northern touch to it, as in Brahms. Here, that background pays off in a certain "rightness" that eludes many another more passionate conductor in this concerto.

The stereo effect is modern, fairly close-up (and not like any imaginable concert-hall sound); but, mercifully, the piano is balanced against the orchestra in its natural size. The new clarity of orchestral texture, the unprecedented look-see into the inner musical mechanisms of a great score are added reasons for the musical impact. I'd call this the Record of the Month—probably last month by the time you read this.

Mozart: Don Giovanni. Siepi, Corena, Dermota; Danco, Della Casa, Gueden, etc. Vienna State Opera Chorus, Vienna Philharmonic, Krips. London OSA 1401 *(4 stereo).*

In its usual prodigal way, London has sent me more than a half-dozen huge operas, all in stereo and all at once. They did not know, of course, that I could lose myself in just one of them, "Don Giovanni," for days and weeks without coming to the end of its persuasiveness! (There's also "Le Nozze"—but I haven't even tried that yet.)

Some will say, undoubtedly, that you can't beat the old Glyndebourne 78 rpm

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Hovhaness: Mysterious Mountain. Stravinsky: Divertimento ("Fairy's Kiss"). Chicago Symphony, Reiner. RCA Victor LM 2351.

Mendelssohn: Organ Sonata #4 in B Flat, Op. 65. Widor: Organ Symphony #6 in G Minor, Op. 42, #2. Albert Schweitzer, organ. Columbia ML 5290.

Prokofieff: Symphony #1 ("Classical"). Shostakovich: Symphony #1. Philharmonia Orch., Kurtz. Capitol-EMI G 7118.

Victoria: Requiem Mass. Portland Symphonic Choir, Choir of Abbey of Mount Angel (Ore.), RCA Victor LM 2254.

Handel: Four Organ Concertos (Op. 4, #1–#4). Edward Müller; Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, Wenzinger. Archive ARC 3100.

Songs and Dances of Spain. Ed. Alan Lomax. Westminster WF 12001/4.

The Don Cossacks. Serge Jaroff cond. ("Song of Prince Oleg," "Snow-covered Russia," "Selections from Tchaikowsky," etc.). Columbia MS 6013 *(stereo).*

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RCA VICTOR

"Don Giovanni" recording. I agree, but find the thought irrelevant. You can't beat Mozart for opera that can find meaning in dozens of shades of personality and performance. This one, I'd say, is in the crackerjack category.

It is tops mainly in that the musicianship is matched by the spirited understanding of the opera's high comedy and deep satire that some performances mishandle dismally. There is agreement of purpose here to a high degree, there is musical acting of the imaginative sort, and a fine awareness of the traditions of this opera—the unctuous tones of Don G. on the make with a new lady and his belligerent masculinity when plotting his next conquest; the high sarcasm of that wretch, Leporello; the outraged indignation of Donna Elvira; and the nobler distress of Donna Anna. . . . You see, this opera I know and love and in this recording I found it wonderfully alive.

Part of the success is due to expert casting, for each of the principals has a real-life character suited to the role involved—Danco, for example, as the brilliant Donna Anna, Gueden as the sweet Austrian Zerlina, the peasant girl.

In stereo this opera is lively but sometimes a bit difficult; stereo technique isn't yet adjusted—or *we* aren't adjusted -to its operatic role. There is a nice sense of placement here, particularly in the vocal ensembles (which gain in clarity) and some sense of movement, fairly restricted but good. What is confusing, though, is to hear the singers *in front* of the orchestra, as though on a stage-platform projecting almost to your seat, with the orchestra behind the singers.

Now, to be sure, this reversed placement has become entirely familiar in ordinary opera recording. There, we are accustomed to its advantages. But in stereo all is startlingly different. When a positive and rounded sense of actual space is created—complete with motion of the singers within it—the effect is extremely odd, at least at present.

In the long run we will adjust to it and, I am sure, find this the best way to hear opera in the home which, after all, is not even remotely like hearing it in an opera house.

Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra. Bamberg Symphony, Hollreiser. Stereovox ST-PL 10,480.

Vox's stereo debut last summer was not very auspicious, but the label is back in stride with current production. (The trouble, I suspect, was in a newly developed American stereo cutter.) This is a wise, mellow, thoroughly musical performance of this paragon of popular contemporary music, neither as intense as Fritz Reiner's nor as Brahmsian as Ernest Ansermet's but somewhere happily in between. I found myself enjoying it almost phrase by phrase as, I am sure, did the musicians who played it. The music is surely written for playing!



"That's his third flub!"

Even the now celebrated "interruption" in the fourth movement, supposedly a parody of a tune in Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony (it *is*—I heard the original only recently), is played with the proper fierce, wild humor, suddenly gentle. I'd call this, all in all, a lovable performance which I trust is the compliment I mean it to be.

The stereo is excellent for the music. The solo-instrument *concertante* character of the sound is beautifully exploited.

Note: The standard (non-stereo) version of this recording, same cover, same catalogue number, includes the Bartok "Cantata Profana"—fifteen extra minutes of music. And yet the price is a dollar less. That's typical of the zany artificiality in stereo pricing at present.

As I've suggested before, the two types of record in the end are bound to merge and even now the stereo disc is not inherently more expensive than the standard. In England the two types sell at the same price (though higher than ours); it won't be too long before we equalize the prices, I expect.

Bartok: Violin Concerto (1938). (1) Isaac Stern; N. Y. Philharmonic, Bernstein. Columbia MS 6002 (*stereo*). (2) Menuhin; Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. Mercury SR 9003 (*stereo*).

This is one of the group of final Bartok works, headed in the public mind by the Concerto for Orchestra, in which Bartok combined outwardly Romantic (and hence familiar) expressive devices with a mature, semi-dissonant modernism that now delights a very wide range of musical listeners. (One gloomy prewar critic opined, senselessly, that [illegible] work would never "supplant" the [illegible] classic concertos—a statement th[illegible]ity." furiated Bartok as it does *this* c[illegible]lable no more supplants, say, Brahms[illegible]eason, Brahms supplanted Beethoven o[illegible]nents thoven Mozart.)

The Columbia version with Ste[illegible]s of far and away the most successful of [illegible]far- two performances though Mercury [illegible] not by any means out of the running. Columbia's is a sensuous, close-up performance, both brilliant and telling in every phrase. Mercury sets Menuhin's more subdued, less colorful playing in a more subdued type of stereo sound—almost veiled by comparison.

The complexities of modern record reviewing are nicely illustrated here; before I could write this I had to look up my own review of the stereo tape version of Mercury's recording, from a year ago. I have not got around to the "mono" (standard) discs of either performance, nor am I likely to, since musically the material is the same. My feeling that there was an unbalance between Menuhin's soft and Dorati's

HE NEW RECORDINGS

utally hard approach still holds good. either one, I'd say, feels the deeper usical expression in the Concerto, es-ecially Dorati.

chaikowsky: Symphony #6 ("Pathé-que"). Boston Symphony, Monteux. CA Victor LSC 1901 *(stereo).*

nother complexity: this recording ap-eared in standard form in 1955 but it as taken down in stereo as well, for a ter appearance—when and if. The time as arrived, and it makes a fine stereo isc if in some respects technically out-ated by newer ways of doing things. he feel of a big orchestra in a big all is superb, and the clarity, the separa-on of timbres and of rhythms, adds ew sense to an old Tchaikowsky score n a fashion not previously possible at ome.

Only a certain vagueness of orienta-on in the middle of the sound marks his as an older stereo original. (The ewer three-track method fills in the enter as you hear the recording from vo speakers.)

The Boston Symphony Orchestra ever sounded better, not only for its ean playing (especially the strings) but or the businesslike clarity of the French pproach as carried out by Papa Mon-eux, the finest of his race. This is 'chaikowsky for those who can't stand 'chaikowsky and, in stereo, you'll find ut what a past master of tough-minded owmanship that outwardly supersensi-ve composer actually was. His or-hestral technique is as sure-fire in its wn way as John Philip Sousa. And I on't mean anything uncomplimentary. Fle exact: **Symphony #2.** Phila. Orchestra, As ly. Columbia MS 6024 *(stereo).*

extend

once the white hope of the
——— of his day—the British particu-
ved him—is now reduced to a
not-so-bleak composer of pleas-
old-fashioned Impressionism. It

W a master of war-horse production e Ormandy to make the music as com-rtably convincing as it is here.

Stereo, by the way, does for Sibelius hat it does for Tchaikowsky. The very xpert inner workings of the Sibelius rchestration are brought forward and, ndeed, suggest a surprising amount f Tchaikowsky influence in the tech-ique. Both men loved to work on an dea, string it out, and play it up with ll the instrumental skill at their com-nand; but Tchaikowsky's series of such pisodes are cleverly integrated—the oints do not show. Sibelius strings them ut fascinatingly yet seems, sometimes, lmost to forget he has symphonic busi-ess to complete. It is episodic music nd grows more so with time.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

MONK

AS I write this, Monk is in the hospital, and he will emerge to face charges of possessing *Cannabis sativa,* otherwise known as "pot," the common weed with which mankind has sought for millennia to alleviate its sorrow. *"Good* for you," as the guide said to the American couple in Morocco. "Please. Make you dream Cadillacs."

Thelonious Monk was one of the group in the early 1940s that scored the original breakthrough into modern jazz style thereafter known as be-bop. For some time there was a tendency to disparage his own contribution to this climacteric, and to put him down as lacking piano "technique"; but recently there has been a change, and in the first issue of the formidable new *Jazz Review* (Village Station, P. O. Box 128, New York 14, N. Y.) Gunther Schuller gives him thoughtful endorsement.

Monk's style as a pianist is in one sense a repudiation of technique. His solos and compositions tend to sound at first like banal phrases, tirelessly repeated; he pounces on a note as if he wanted to wring out of it all possible meaning, isolating it from the others by shifting its accent and harmonies to one side or the other. Monk plays what is there to be played if you eliminate all the other possibilities, all the ways it might sound if someone else were playing; and doing it his way he has made it stick.

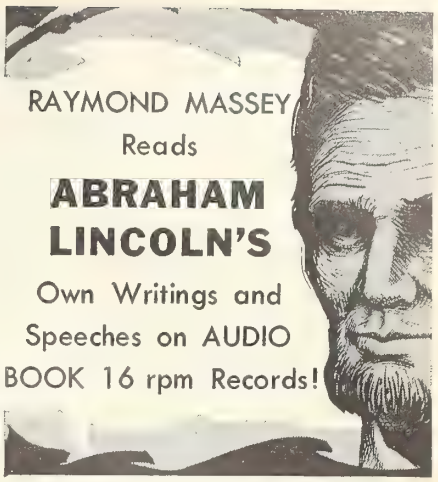
Harlem Jazz 1941. Monroe's and Minton's, with Charley Christian and Dizzy Gillespie. Esoteric ES-548.

Thelonious Monk, Genius of Modern Music, Vols. 1 and 2, Blue Note 1510-11. **Milt Jackson,** with the Thelonious Monk Quintet, Blue Note 1509. **Sonny Rollins,** Vol. 2. Blue Note 1558.

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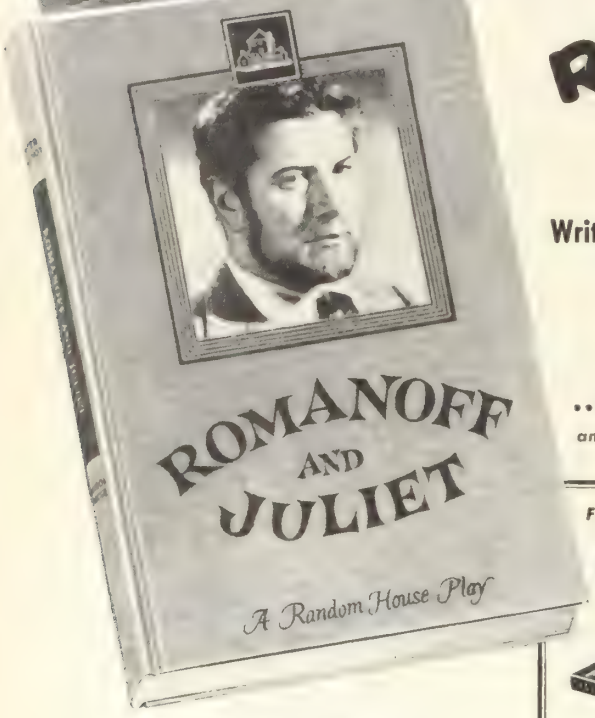


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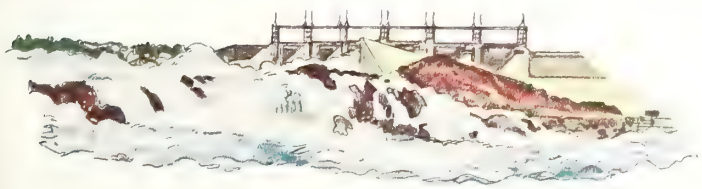
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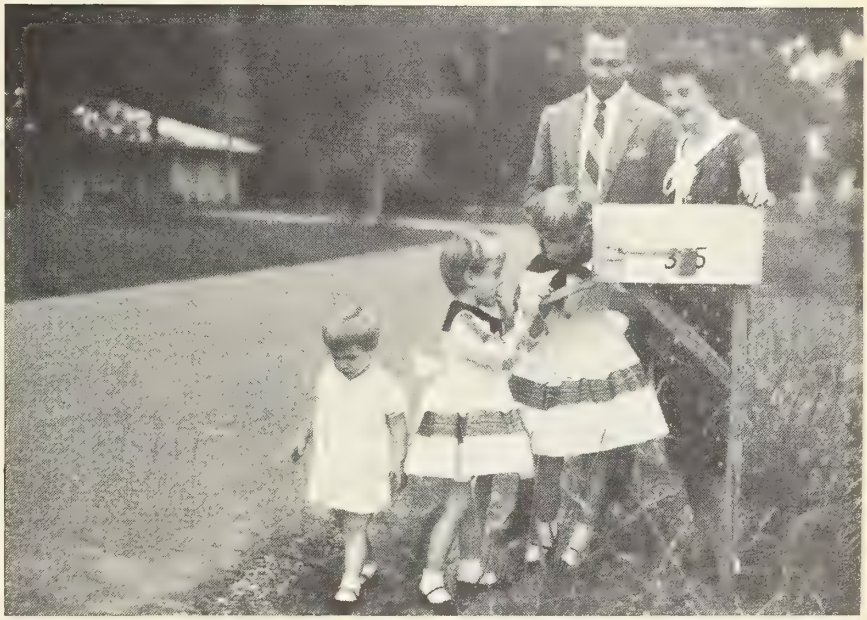
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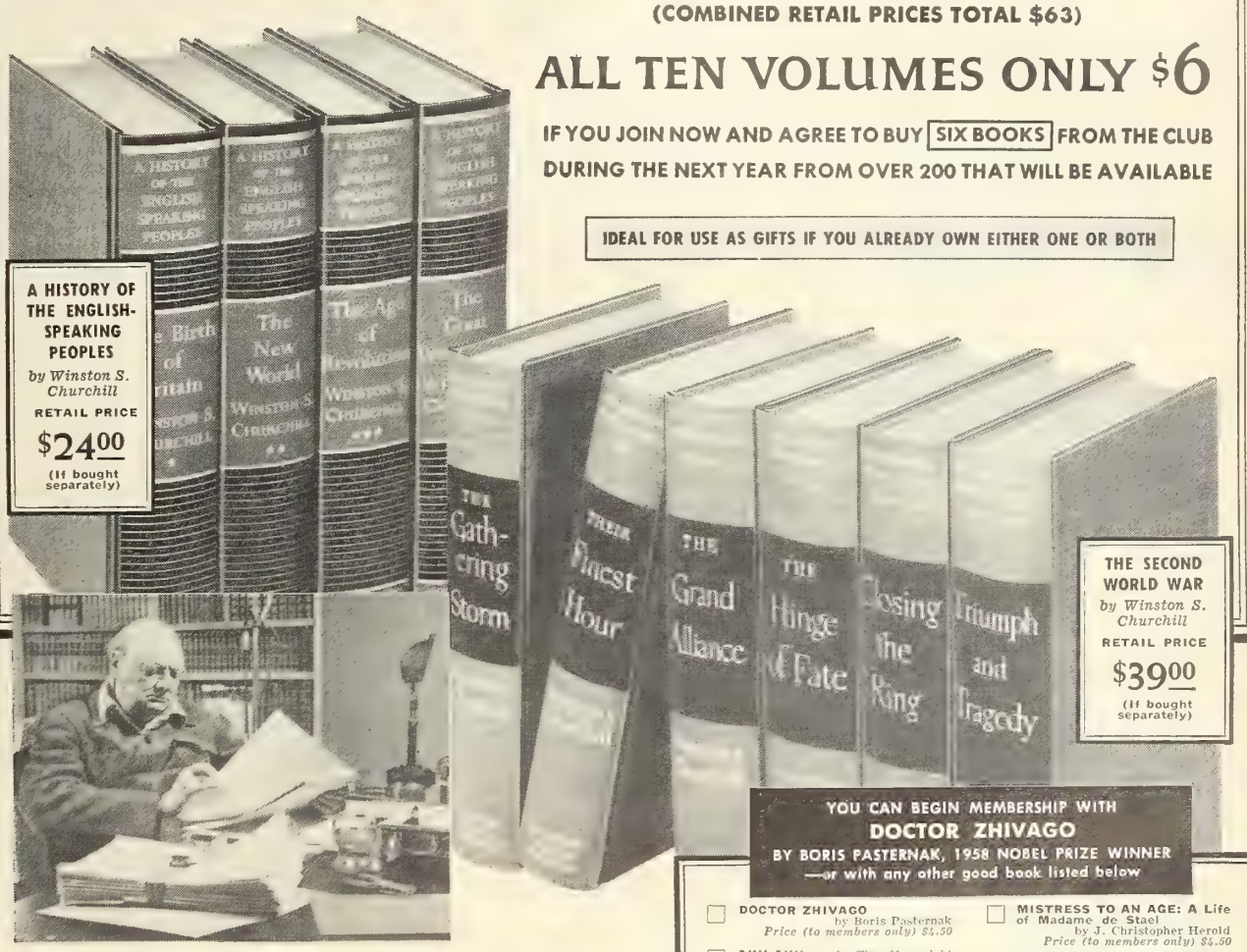
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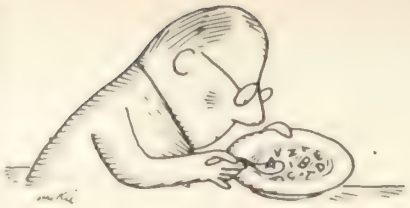
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LETTERS



Happy Guinea Pigs

To the Editors:

As forty Sarah Lawrence students, we are writing to protest David Boroff's article [November]. . . . Some of it is true, lots of it is superficial. . . . To choose small incidents, two-minute impressions and snatches of conversation, and then to set them into his own generalized profile is unfair. . . .

The Students of Gilbert House
Bronxville, N. Y.

. . . We are cornered by Boroff's crack that we are "somewhat humorless." . . . We cling to a high commitment as an experimental college which is constantly subject to severe criticism. Such an attitude, to the cynical and "knowing" eye, may give a "humorless impression." . . . The cultivation of "homely virtues" . . . does not necessarily mean "Home Ec." . . . The comment that "Some students use the college as a cultural smorgasbord" is one that applies to students everywhere. . . .

Karen Rosenwald
Class of 1961
Bronxville, N. Y.

Curse of Canarsie

To the Editors:

Mr. Boroff's article about Brooklyn College [December] . . . tells us that the counseling monolith is fairly recent. . . . There was a special reason. During the 'thirties and early 'forties the children (of Brooklyn) had no need of counseling. There was only one problem a child faced—"Brooklynese." If the schools and colleges could rid him of this filthy affliction, he was made. He could actually pass part II of his teacher's examination and get himself placed on the substitute list. If, however, he persisted in his dentalization, his nasality, his whines, his heavy-sounding g's at the end of a word like "song" he was doomed . . . For five years of my life I tried hard to learn Standard American, a kind of speech spoken somewhere, somehow, west of the Mississippi. I think, I never mastered (it). . . . They tried though.

My sixth grade teacher, a Mr. H. Lee Lapidus had very nice speech. . . . Only—every afternoon during the history lesson something happened. . . . He grimaced, he opened his mouth, he enunciated, he pronunciated—he drove us wild. . . . He did this (because) he wanted terribly to teach history in the high schools. And he couldn't pass the Speech Examinations . . . he could manage for the Elementary level; but there was something special for the High Schools. He kept trying and trying. . . . We learned very little History in his class; we were too busy counting his teeth.

But my biology teacher had it licked. The sound of "ow" . . . as it issued from her mouth was a monument to the tyranny of wiping out Brooklynese at any cost. She would make us cringe when she asked us to "Sit *down now.*" . . . She wore her good speech like an upper plate.

Did she need counseling? Did Mr. Lapidus? Did I? No! We had everything the children of the first generation could ask. . . . Against some of our soundest democratic instincts, we were being molded and refined. They were removing stigma and taint from our miserable little mouths. They were giving us Standard Speech. Who needed counseling?

Mrs. Florence C. Lewis
Abraham Lincoln High School
San Francisco, Calif.

Presidential Prose

To the Editors:

Mr. White seems to regret ["Eisenhower Opens the Last Act," December] that Mr. Eisenhower is not a GREAT LEADER. Has not the world seen enough of great leaders with Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini and our own F.D.R? All the world needs to make it completely uninhabitable is a few more GREAT LEADERS.

Joel Martin
Mount Carmel, Pa.

"It is amazing," writes William S. White in his tender appraisal of the President's press conference performances, "how clear it all sounds when one hears him talking discursively and how utterly unclear it all is when read later in print." Will Mr. White let the rest of us know the channel? We don't seem to be tuned in!

Jack Orr
Philadelphia, Pa.

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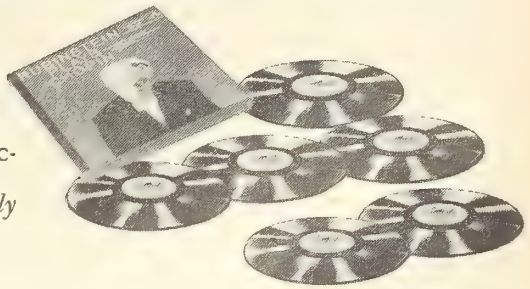
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✶ A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE.** The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole function is to recommend "must-have" works for members. Members of the panel are: **DEEMS TAYLOR,** composer and commentator, Chairman; **SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF,** General Music Director, NBC; **JACQUES BARZUN,** author and music critic; **JOHN M. CONLY,** editor of *High Fidelity;* **AARON COPLAND,** composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN,** music editor of *San Francisco Chronicle;* **DOUGLAS MOORE,** composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WILLIAM SCHUMAN,** composer and president of Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH,** chief of Music Division, N. Y. Public Library; **G. WALLACE WOODWORTH,** Professor of Music, Harvard University.

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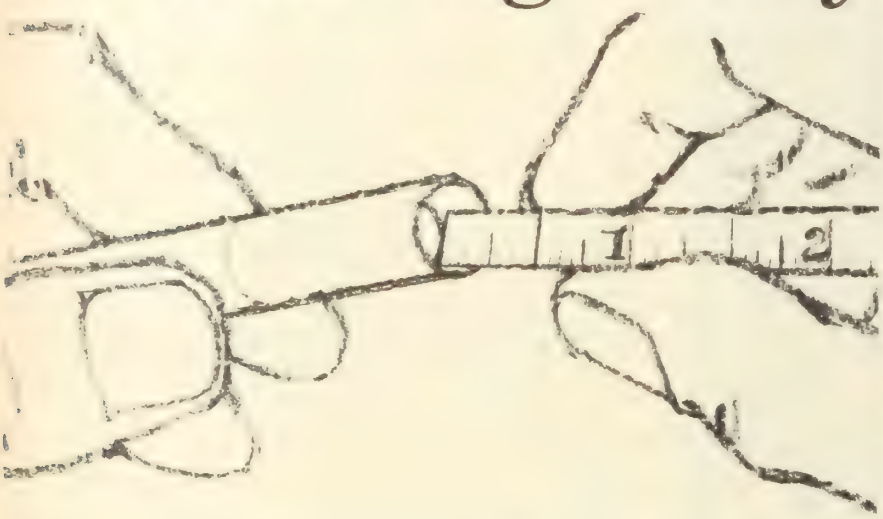
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LETTERS

Canadian Phonies

To the Editors:

Let us have a more scientific breakdown ["Washington Phonies," William S. White, October]: (1) genuine phonies; (2) phony genuines; (3) sinceres—each with its own subspecies. . . . Let correspondent White undertake his basic research in Ottawa, which town although smaller than Washington probably has more phonies per capita per capital.

Patrick Arthur Hill
Carleton University
Ottawa, Canada

Uncle Oedipus

To the Editors:

Dr. Ian Stevenson's "Scientists with Half-closed Minds" [November] refers to an old controversy (in 1932) between Dr. Ernest Jones and Dr. Bronislaw Malinowski. . . . At the time I pointed out something they had both overlooked: . . (among the Trobriand Islanders) the son has two adult males in his family, neither of whom is believed to be his father. One, his real father, is acknowledged to be his mother's sexual partner, but he has little or no authority over the boy. The other, his mother's brother, is prevented from any sexual contact with the mother by powerful taboos, but he has authority over the boy. From all outward signs the boy seems to feel affection for his mother's sexual partner, and hostility for the relative who has authority over him. I do not know that I influenced the controversy but it ended at about this time.

Elizabeth G. Lancaster
New York, N. Y.

Dr. Ian Stevenson is himself an excellent example of the scientists he discusses. In his obvious antagonism to psychoanalysis he appears only too willing to perpetuate any myth which would discredit psychoanalytic theory. . . . Contrary to current academic mythology, Malinowski never denied the universality of the Oedipus complex . . . (his) argument with Jones was over the question as to whether the origin of culture was to be found in the Oedipus complex. Malinowski takes the negative view.

Allan D. Coult
Dept. of Anthropology
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

Navy Nifties

To the Editors:

About the British Naval Lieutenant [Editor's Easy Chair, December] who

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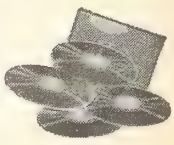
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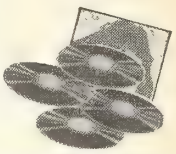
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LETTERS

"during recent NATO maneuvers" sent the message "now on its way to becoming a naval legend." . . . That delightful legend appeared in Captain Broome's book *Make a Signal* soon after World War II. . . . The best story in Broome is of the nervous lieutenant commanding a destroyer who cut across the stern of the Admiral's flagship a little too smartly, so that on the roll of a wave his ship scraped the stern of the battleship. The Admiral growled to his signal officer, "Make the blighter a signal." And the message was: "If you touch me there again, I'll scream."

CHARLES S. ASCHER
New York, N. Y.

Snarled Rails

TO THE EDITORS:

Mr. Snyder's article ["Unsnarling Traffic on the Roads, Rails and Airways," November] . . . demonstrates a full appreciation of some of the problems involved in transportation today. I am heartily in accord with the suggestion that a National Transportation Committee be formed. . . .

GEORGE ALPERT, President
N.Y., New Haven & Hartford R.R. Co.
Boston, Mass.

. . . The biggest single drawback to breaking even on rail commuter service is the fact that since business is concentrated in the early morning and late evening, the train crews must be kept under pay and sometimes paid overtime even though they have most of the day off. . . . It is a perplexing problem since the service is absolutely necessary. . . .

WILLIAM T. FARICY, President
Association of American Railroads
Washington, D. C.

Thruwaywardness

TO THE EDITORS:

Mrs. Praeger should be commended ["Extinction by Thruway," December]. . . . Even in the economic field (highway engineers) sometimes delude themselves. . . . The Planning Manual of the California Division of Highways (assumes) that time is *always* convertible into money. . . . Leaving home five minutes later or arriving at the plant five minutes earlier seldom adds anything to the paycheck.

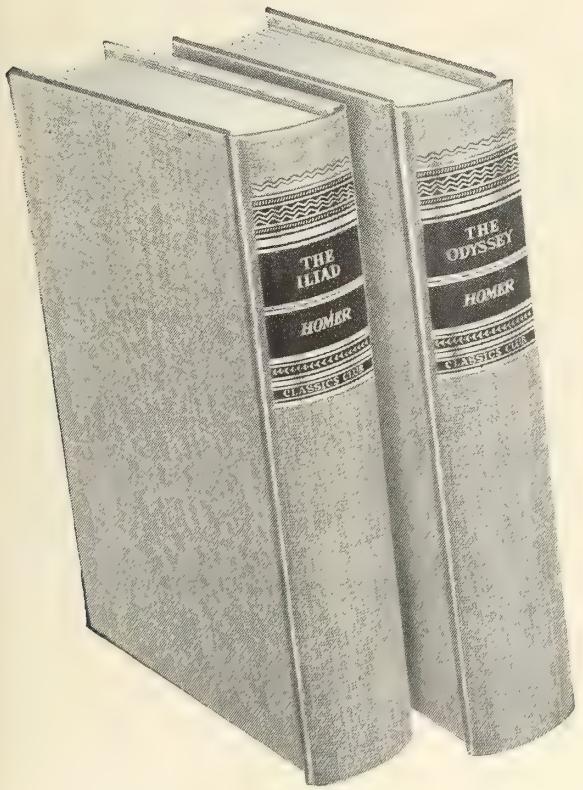
COL. ROLAND W. PINGER, USA (ret.)
Registered Professional Mechanical
Engineer No. 4327
Berkeley, Calif.

At the risk of being un-American, I'll take issue with Polly Praeger. . . . My sympathies are with the Department of

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Public Works which is required by law to build highways, has to build them over somebody's land, and runs the risk of meeting Mrs. Praeger and her Congressman behind every bush. . . .

WARREN L. BASSETT
West Sacramento, Calif.

One Man's Martyr

TO THE EDITORS:

The action of the South Dakota legislature toward the Hutterites ["South Dakota's Christian Martyrs," December] is reminiscent of Ohio's courts' intransigence toward the Amish, another group descending from the Swiss Brethren. . . . In Pennsylvania similar disagreements . . . have been impressively resolved. . . . Attempts to impose the way of the majority on the minority can only smack of totalitarianism. . . .

VINCENT R. TORTORA
Lancaster, Pa.

The Hutterites are not martyrs—they are parasites.

LEE ROSTAD
Lennep, Montana

Health and Fund-raising

TO THE EDITORS:

It is with dismay and disappointment that we of the American Heart Association have read the article, "Mutiny of the Bountiful." In this attack on the fund-raising methods of all national agencies, the American Heart Association has, we feel, been singled out for special criticism. We dispute statements in the article as misrepresentations or half-truths, and we vigorously resent the unfair cartoon which accompanied the article.

We believe that the author gives the impression that the American Heart Association has compromised its principles in order to secure financial support from the public. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Association's policies favoring independent voluntary giving were established through majority vote of its delegates, representing all affiliates and chapters in the nation. It was their mandate that the Association finance its research, education, and community service programs through an independent Heart Fund. Our early experience, growing out of participation in more than 450 federated campaigns, clearly indicated that within the confines of United Funds the heart program could never succeed in meeting the expanding needs of heart research.

At no point does the author refer to the great scientific achievements of the American Heart Association resulting from the 36 million Heart Fund dollars devoted to cardiovascular research. Nor does she refer to the Association's education and community programs and the resultant benefits that have accrued to all people. In view of this it is entirely inaccurate to imply that the American Heart Association is primarily a "money raising outfit," and that its annual drive is the main reason for its existence. This reflects on the 35 million Americans who, last February, voluntarily contributed to the Heart Fund. It also reflects on the sincerity of the 1,500,000 men and women who have willingly given their time and efforts to serve the Heart Fund as volunteers.

We take sharp exception to the statement that the American Heart Association ". . . shed its inhibitions around 1946, hired some new talent," and went on a money-raising spree in a "carnival spirit." Anyone familiar with the facts would never make such a statement. The operational policies of the Association are established and administered by the nation's leading scientists and physicians in the cardiovascular field, and by outstanding and responsible laymen. They would never permit undue and extravagant use of publicly solicited funds for any purpose.

Further, to state that "experts in public health and philanthropy . . . have long held that splintering up the human body into competing sovereignties is a poor way to fight disease . . ." is to challenge the considered judgment of the foremost scientists and physicians in this nation and indeed throughout the world. The whole history of medicine clearly demonstrates the fact that medical progress has resulted largely from basic and clinical research directed at the solution of problems posed by specialized disease entities. Diseases of the heart and circulation affect a minimum of 10 million people in the United States and cause more than 54 per cent of all deaths.

We believe that *Harper's Magazine* should correct what in our opinion is a grave injustice to us and should present the other side of this controversy which is of crucial importance to the health and welfare of millions of people.

BRUCE BARTON, Chairman
Board of Directors
American Heart Association

We are glad to publish the above letter because there was not at any time in the minds of the editors (or of the author of "Mutiny of the Bountiful," who has recently joined our editorial board) the slightest intention to impugn the good will, good motives, sincerity, or the medical objectives and activities of The American Heart Association or anyone connected professionally or vol-

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untarily with it. We sincerely regret that the Association has construed the article and the cartoon as an attack on the integrity of its organization, its personnel, or its friends. We regard the article as an examination and criticism of a widespread method of fund-raising by health agencies.

THE EDITORS

A few years ago I was employed by the Heart Association in a small Midwestern state. This chapter was quite young, but, even at that, I was amazed to see that the amount of money raised did not adequately cover the amount of money spent in raising it and . . . left little for research and education. . . . I also noted the preoccupation with the institution . . . as well as great rivalry between agencies, especially in fund-raising. Every advance in the field of research was looked upon as good for fund-raising . . . whether or not the research had been supported by Heart Association funds.

M. M. MASLER, R.N.
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

The Association for the Aid of Crippled Children is grouped (in the chart) . . . in such a way as to make it very clear to the reader that the Association is a fund-raising organization devoted exclusively to orthopedic problems. . . . The Association does not raise funds; it functions as a foundation with an endowment. Our interests are extremely broad. . . . We have worked for a number of years in attempting to emphasize the many things national health agencies have in common . . . to encourage cooperation and collaboration. . . .

LEONARD W. MAYO, Executive Director
Association for the Aid of
Crippled Children and Adults
New York, N. Y.

The chart mentioned listed some health agencies engaged in nation-wide fund-raising. In error we included the Association named above as well as the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, which solicits funds on a nation-wide basis through its Easter Seal Sales.

THE EDITORS

The article "Mutiny of the Bountiful" has impressed me greatly. As a member of a small city Community Chest Board I have been more than aware of these problems and it is fine to see them so well put and so many answers provided.

MRS. CHARLES HOROWITZ
Gloversville, N. Y.

I have a high regard for Marion Sanders but I disagree with her article. From 1945 to 1951 I worked for the National Foundation. . . . During this period the Community Chest continually scolded the Foundation for its success . . . (yet) each year increased thousands of volunteers turn out for the Foundation drive and increased millions give bounteously. . . . People achieve a healthy sense of well-being in supporting a specific cause with which they can identify themselves. They do not experience the feeling when they give through a middleman. It's just as simple as that.

JOE SAVAGI
Piermont, N. Y.

Since its inception (the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund has paid out) $12,280,928 . . . without any drive or solicitation and *without a penny deducted for costs.* Mr. Winchell and a few friends pay all costs of operation. We welcome the United Fund. . . .

JOHN H. TEFFER
Executive Director
Damon Runyon Memorial Fund
New York, N. Y.

"Mutiny of the Bountiful" . . . should be read by every thoughtful citizen who has been participating in the work of raising funds for charitable purposes.

ALBERT M. MARSHALL, Editor-Publisher
Daily Republican Eagle
Red Wing, Minn.

. . . The article is an excellent one, reflecting a good deal of study, research, and consultation combined with some fine writing. . . . Of course there are some points . . . with which I would not agree. Furthermore, I am sure you understand my natural desire to have articles such as this reflect a more complete agreement with our conviction regarding the merits of federation. . . .

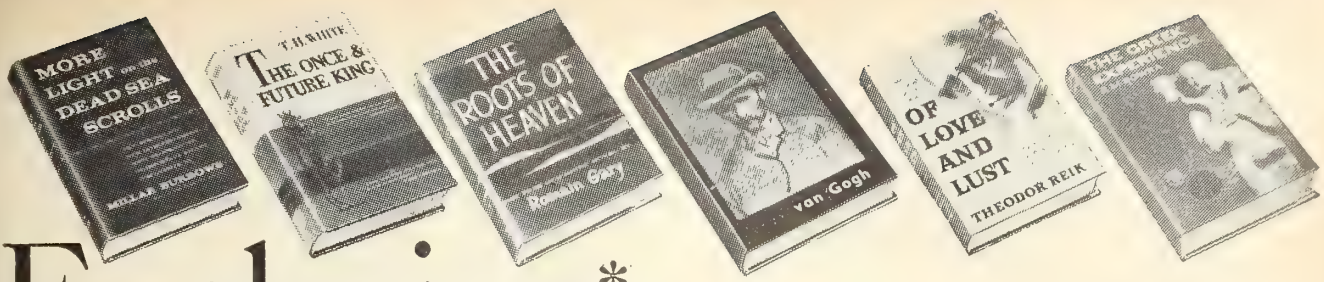
RALPH H. BLANCHARD,
Executive Director
United Community Funds
and Councils of America
New York, N. Y.

Brash Theologian

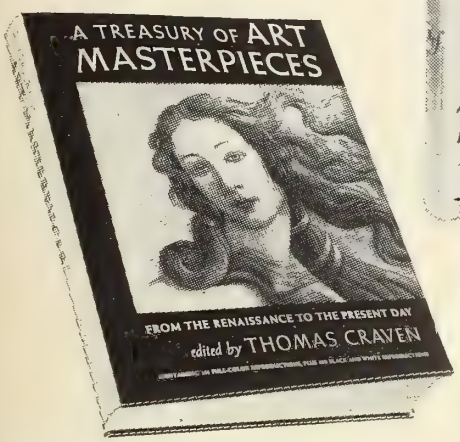
TO THE EDITORS:

Mark Twain winces ["Mark Twain Speaks Out," December] under the presumption of amateur authors who assume the literary profession requires "no apprenticeship. . . ." But he speaks with great personal assurance on matters of human destiny which seasoned theologians handle only with carefully considered caution. How Mark Twain must be chuckling somewhere at this little joke which he inadvertently played on himself! . . .

ROBERT J. TROBAUGH, Minister
Trinity Methodist Church
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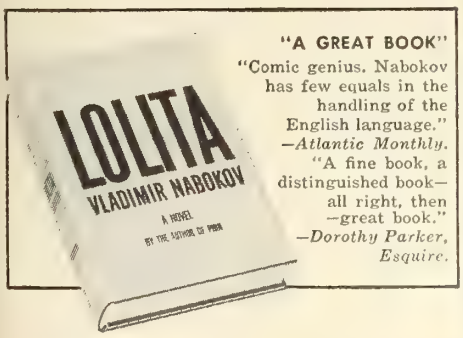




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Three Valentines

I. LOVE IN CINCINNATI

A FEW nights ago some friends asked me to dinner to meet a visitor from Ohio—a doctor, in New York briefly for a meeting of a psychiatric association. He turned out to be a plump, comfortable man of about sixty, who talked with easy good humor; the half-dozen other guests at the table seemed to enjoy his company as much as I did.

Afterwards, while we were having coffee, he said he would like to tell us a rather curious love story. It ought to put all of us in the right mood for Valentine's Day, and besides he would like to know what we thought of it.

"It happened a long time ago," he said, "when there was only one bridge across the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Covington, Kentucky. Not far from the Cincinnati end of this bridge lived a lovely woman, who was married to an eminent but elderly manufacturer of machine tools. She discovered after a few years that he was more interested in turret lathes than in her, and—deplorably but not surprisingly—she began to look about for solace.

"Eventually she found it, in the person of a handsome young sportsman who bred and trained race horses on a farm near Covington. There she paid him frequent afternoon visits—always taking care to get back home before her husband returned from the office.

"One spring day she started her drive back to Cincinnati about 4:00 P.M. When she reached the bridge, she found that a flood was sweeping down the Ohio River—as so often happens at that time of year. Foamy brown water was swirling across the floor planking, and the pilings shook as if they might give way at any moment.

"The only other way across was a ferry about a mile downstream. She hurried there and found, to her immense relief, that the boat was still running. Then, when she looked in her purse for a dollar to pay the fare, she saw that she had forgotten to bring any money. That didn't worry her much at first; surely the ferryman would trust her till tomorrow.

"But he wouldn't. He explained that he just worked there; he would be glad to let her ride free, if the decision were his own—but the man who owned the boat had given him strict instructions not to grant credit to anybody. If he broke this rule, he certainly would be fired. Sorry . . .

"The woman then drove as fast as she could back to her lover's house, and asked him for a dollar. To her astonishment, he too refused.

" 'Don't you see,' he said, 'that if the question of money ever enters into our relationship—even a single dollar—everything would be changed. I love you far too much for that. You may think me ridiculously idealistic, but if you insist on demanding money from me I can never see you again.'

"Once more she drove away from the farm, this time trembling with rage—a rage of fury at her lover, and of fear for the wrath of her husband. She headed for the bridge, determined to force her way across in spite of hell and high water. The car was washed off, of course. Her body was never found."

THE doctor paused for a sip of coffee. Then he asked:

"Who do you think was responsible for the girl's death?"

The first to answer was a woman I had never seen before that evening—a starchy New England type with her hair combed in a tight bun.

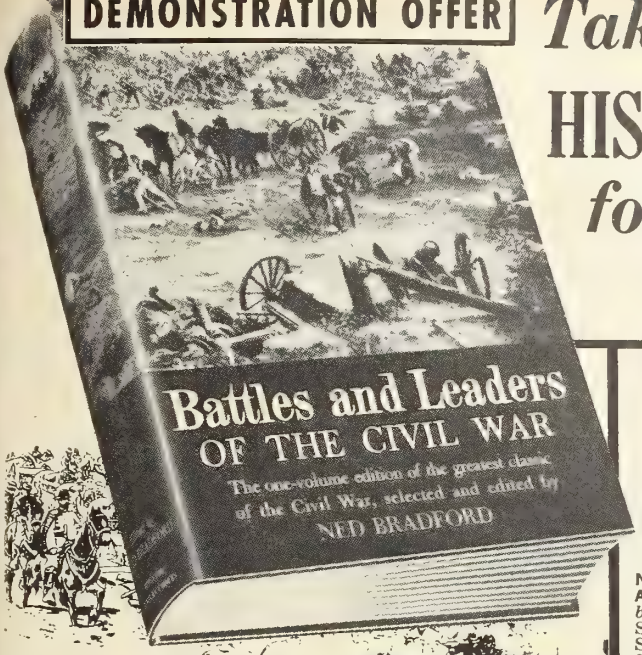
"What a silly question!" she said. "Obviously the girl had no one to blame but herself. She was morally responsible for her own acts, and she had to expect to take the consequences."

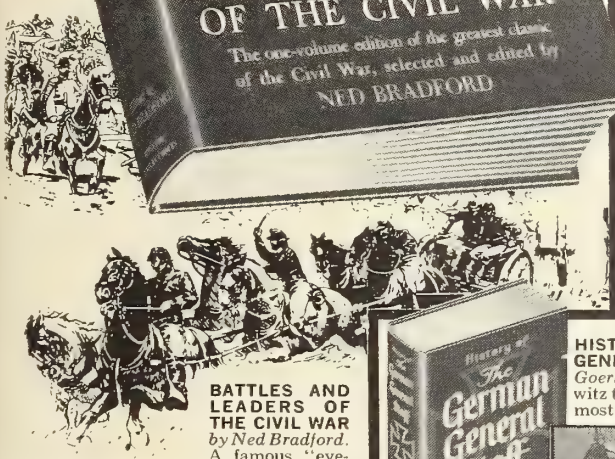
With some diffidence, our host disagreed. Naturally he wasn't referring to any of the ladies present—but we all recognized, didn't we, that some women are not fully responsible creatures? Some of them get emotional, even hysterical, on occasion. At such times their sense of right and wrong is far from stable; they don't even know themselves what they might do next. The ferry-

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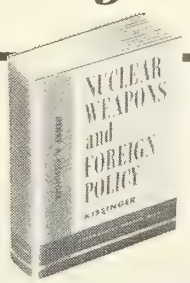
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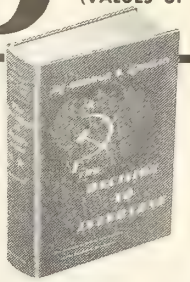




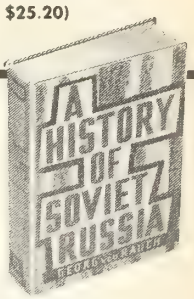
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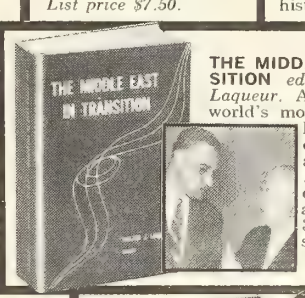


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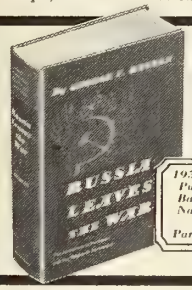


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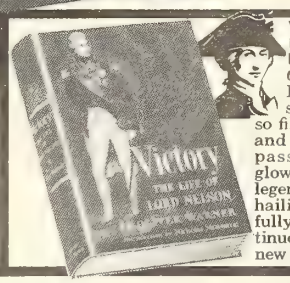
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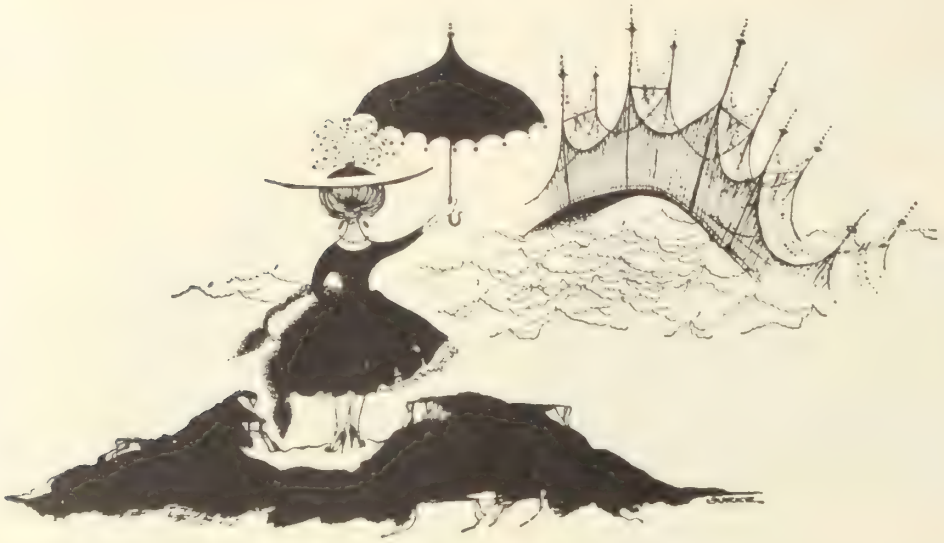
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man, on the other hand, was presumably a level-headed male, and there could be no excuse for his behavior. Instead of facing up to a decision in a moment of crisis, he had dodged behind a routine business rule. Worse yet, he had tried to shove the responsibility onto his absent employer. A clear case of moral cowardice. . . .

Another guest interrupted to argue that the ferryman had merely done his duty. He had made a promise to the boat owner, and had stuck by it as any honest man should. But the girl's lover had behaved like a prig. In effect, he had sentenced her to death for the sake of his selfish, romantic notion about their affair. He seemed to be one of those doctrinaires who cause most of the world's troubles—including martyrdoms, wars, and persecutions—because they will sacrifice anything to their own fanatic concept of what is right.

At this point our hostess broke into the conversation.

"You're talking just like a man," she said. "Any woman can see that it was all the husband's fault. If he hadn't been so awful, the poor girl never would have fallen in love with anybody else. And if he hadn't made her so scared of him, she wouldn't have tried to drive across that bridge. Authoritarian, that's what he was—a dreadful, hypocritical, authoritarian beast!"

A pretty blonde, who was curled up in a corner of the sofa, granted that husbands were often pretty beastly, all right, but why did the story have to turn out that way? Couldn't the girl have phoned her husband that she would be staying overnight with an aunt in Covington? Maybe she could have borrowed a dollar somewhere else. Or coaxed her lover out of his silly notions. Or the ferryman—how old was that ferryman, anyhow? A girl can always find some way to wiggle out of almost any fix, so she really didn't see why everybody kept talking about those tiresome moral decisions. So unnecessary. . . .

The argument went on for another half hour before someone asked the doctor: "Well, what is the answer to your riddle?"

"I'm not sure," the doctor said. "Maybe everybody was partly to blame. That point actually doesn't interest me very much, however. You see, I often tell this story to my patients at the beginning of a diagnosis. Their answers nearly always tell me something significant about their characters—as you have perhaps observed."

II. LOVE IN CHINA

THE most important event of the past year may turn out to be a decision by Mao Tse-tung about love and its consequences.

So far as I can determine from the reports of British and Australian newspapermen, he made it in late August or early September. At the time it got little notice in this country, since we have no reporters of our own in Communist China. It was first called to my attention by Dr. Robert S. Morison of the Rockefeller Foundation, and later by a military man whose job is to keep an eye on what is happening in that part of the world. Both of them suspected that it might be the most far-reaching decision the Chinese dictator has yet made.

For apparently he completely reversed his policy on birth control. Until last summer, the Chinese Communists were trying hard to slow down their country's enormous growth in population. A national campaign of birth-control education was being carried on with all the propaganda devices at their command, and low-cost contraceptives were widely distributed.

This obviously made sense, since none of



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WIFE: "And the same for each of the children."

HUSBAND: "Sounds good, but what about..."

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HUSBAND: "Mmmmm..."

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THE EASY CHAIR

China's other overwhelmingly difficult problems can be solved so long as its population keeps doubling every fifty years. There are now about 650 million Chinese—roughly one out of every four people on earth. It takes about two acres of land to feed a human being adequately; yet China has less than half an acre of farm land for each of its people. All its efforts to reclaim and irrigate new land have failed to push back the eternal threat of famine, simply because the country acquires an additional 41,000 hungry mouths every day, year after year.*

Yet sometime last summer, Mao abandoned his birth-control campaign.

Why?

Some Far Eastern experts, in the government and out, have told me that they believe he dropped it simply because it didn't work. They find no evidence that it had any effect on the Chinese birth rate.

One of them suggested that perhaps Mao has merely switched to another, more brutal method: the Commune Program. At bottom, this is a plan for breaking up families, herding men and women into separate barracks, and working everybody to the point of exhaustion. Conceivably it might prove more effective than any kind of voluntary contraception.

Still another explanation may lie in the repeated statements by Chinese officials that they have no fear of an atomic war. They point

* Dr. Harrison Brown of the California Institute of Technology recently pointed out that such efforts—even under conditions much more favorable than China's—can never provide more than very temporary relief. He noted that if the world's population continues to increase at its present rate, it will be only about 730 years before all the land there is—including the peak of Mount Everest and the Sahara Desert—will be so tightly packed with human beings that each of us will have an allotment of only one square foot. No matter how rapidly we improve our food-producing methods, they won't be much use when no land is left to farm. Dr. Brown obviously does not expect the world to come to this pass; long before seven hundred years, some limit will be imposed on population growth—either by rational methods, or by the classic methods of famine, pestilence, and war.

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out that even if 200 million Chinese were killed, 400 million would still be left.

It is easy to dismiss this kind of talk as routine Communist propaganda. But there may be more to it than that. Look at the world for a moment as it may appear to the eyes of Mao Tse-tung—a notably cold-blooded man.

He may well have made up his mind that he will have to find more room for his fast-multiplying millions—and fairly soon. After all, he will have a billion subjects in about twenty years: far more than he can hope to feed on the land he now holds. Some uncrowded land, however, lies not far beyond his borders—in Australia, Southeast Asia, and Eastern Russia. He can get it only by conquest.

Well, why not? Once the Chinese develop atomic weapons—as they almost certainly will before long—Mao might think that war offers the best course open to him. He may actually believe what his generals have been hinting: that the nuclear deterrent (whether ours or Russia's) does not deter China. On the contrary, it may be the *only* nation which stands to gain from an atomic war.

Its industry would be crippled, of course—but probably not so badly, in relative terms, as the industry of any other country. China has less to begin with, and it is better dispersed. Its steel industry, for example, is being built up by hundreds of thousands of tiny, backyard blast furnaces, scattered all over the landscape—not in a few big, vulnerable concentrations such as Pittsburgh and the Donets Basin.

So at the end of a worldwide atomic war, China might no longer be the most backward of the industrial powers. Nobody would have much industry left, but China quite possibly would have more than the United States, England, or Russia. Moreover, China would be virtually certain to end up stronger than anybody else in raw manpower. Since most of its people live in innumerable small villages and communes, they would have a better chance to survive than the city dwellers of more developed countries. I have seen estimates that a third of America's population, living in some 150

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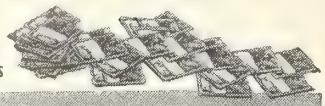
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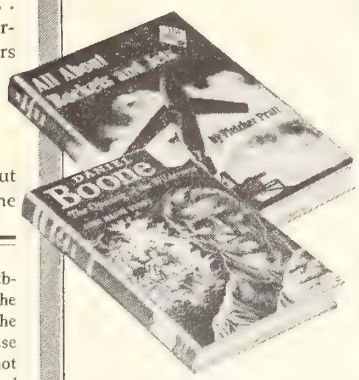
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cities, might be wiped out in a single bombing raid. Scores of raids probably would do less proportionate damage in China.

And of course China has a lot more people to spare. Its 400 million survivors would, in cold fact, be a lot better off than they are today. At last they would have enough rice to go around—and with the rest of the world shattered and largely depopulated, they could spread out wherever they pleased.

Hair-raising as it may sound, it is entirely conceivable that Mao is thinking along some such lines. We find it hard to imagine how any ruler can make his calculations in terms of wholesale extermination. Yet Genghis Khan once did, in a headquarters not far from Peking; and with the crude weapons available, he carried out his calculations pretty thoroughly. Among the peoples he exterminated were several million Slavs, and his Mongol horde held much of Russia for the next three centuries.

So the Russians, too, may be watching the changes in China's population policy with a certain nervous interest.

III. LOVE ON MADISON AVENUE

GEORGE ESMOND ASBURY III has had more disappointments than Job since he left Yale three years ago, but it now looks as if he is on the brink of a real Horatio Alger success story.

In spite of a splendid preparation, he had a hard time getting a foothold in the advertising business. He had studied English, statistics, psychology, the mating habits of primitive tribes, and forensic medicine. He had read all the speeches by leaders of the profession about how it needed fresh, honest talent; and he believed every word. George was the earnest type.

Oddly enough, however, the sample campaigns he had prepared while still an undergraduate didn't seem to make the right impression at any of the agencies where he applied for work. He had been convinced, for example, that his tobacco slogans were original, candid, and memorable: "Why worry about

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lung cancer . . . do you want to live forever?" followed by a tasteful reminder that "Aristocrats Won't Kill You Any Quicker Than Any Other Cigarette." But the Aristocrat people didn't have any vacancies just then.

It was the same with his liquor copy. "Gets you twice as drunk in half the time," it read. "Because it is blended with pure fusel oil, Old Dog Hair Bourbon goes into your bloodstream twice as fast as Brand B." This was demonstrated by a cute drawing of a gentleman slumped over a bar; his body was transparent, so you could see the alcohol seeping right through the stomach walls. No takers.

Something akin to genius, he felt, had gone into his singing commercial, set to the tune of the Doxology: "Chevrolet Has Bigger Fins Than Anybody Else's Fins." General Motors couldn't see it.

His luck began to turn, however, when he started working with sexier products. He almost persuaded a brassiere company to buy his TV program, designed to go on the air during the next political convention. The commercials were to be closely integrated with the action on the convention floor. Just as the Presidential nominee was chosen, for instance, a well-stacked model would appear on the screen with these words: "My girdle is constructed just like your candidate's principles—firm, uplifting, but wonderfully flexible." It was a pity the company couldn't afford to sponsor such an expensive program.

But with his latest effort George doesn't see how he can miss. This time he has gone all the way; he has thought up a new perfume which he hopes he can arrange to have brought out by Lanvin, the firm that already has done so well with Arpege and My Sin. It will be a super-scent, presented in a gold bottle shaped like a hypodermic syringe, and it will have flecks of genuine gold dust floating in it, like Danziger Goldenwasser.

The angle will be to advertise it as "The Dual Purpose Perfume—Attracts Men, Repels Germs." The name, of course, will be Aureo My Sin.

a New Idea for a New Era

EDUCATION FOR ONE



Mankind's headlong sprint toward the mass society poses this special question: what kind of education do our youngsters need to lead productive lives in a world of mass automation, "groupism", the big organization, atomic power and conformity? The question obviously goes beyond the immediate need for higher teaching salaries, smaller classes and better schools. Nor is it limited to the issue of how much "science" the curriculum should include. As we see it, our democratic system of education for all will meet the needs of this new era, only to the extent that it can provide "Education for One"—education that helps our junior citizens perceive the world for what it is. While on this side of the planet we face special problems of the dawning technological era, countries on the other side are just emerging from the agricultural age. Modern education, encompassing this diversity, must rediscover and nourish the individuality of our student millions. In this way, we may insure a society with enough pioneers, enough individuals to reassert a humanity that is already on the defensive. A long range hope? Admitted—but one that needs immediate discussion. That's why, this month, Nationwide Insurance is sponsoring a special radio documentary on this subject, with Edward R. Murrow, as part of our 6-part series, "The Hidden Revolution". (Next program, February 18 on CBS radio.) To get us started on the road to "Education for One", we need, first, discussion by many. *For once the problems are known, the ideas to solve them are sure to follow.*





If you would like a free copy of a specially prepared discussion guide on this subject, simply drop a post card to Department H, Community Relations, Nationwide Insurance, Columbus 16, Ohio.

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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Among Our Contributors

A CURE FOR IVY LEAGUE MYOPIA

IN MARCH hundreds of high-school juniors will be buckling down to College Board examinations. The grades a boy or girl makes on these early exams have important practical results. If a student does well, he may be freed from having to cram all through senior year; one who does badly may be advised to recast his college plans.

March also is the deadline for high-school seniors to apply for admission to many of the smaller colleges, and the time when publicity for the April National Merit Scholarship exams breaks loose. Needless to say, in the next sixty days an uncomfortable tension is going to build up in thousands of American homes. As one high-school principal put it (commenting on an audience of students and parents listening to a discussion of educational tests), "If you could plug this crowd, you'd have enough current to light New York City."

Martin Mayer's "Good Colleges That Are *Not* Crowded" (p. 44) produces evidence that this natural anxiety can be put to better use than firing family explosions. For one thing, as he shows, this country offers far greater college educational opportunity to the young than they are now using.

Two other suggestions have recently been made to relieve high-school students suffering from the disease called Ivy League myopia.

(1) For all the attacks that have been made on our public schools, the college freshman's "success" does not depend on whether he went to public or to private school. Indeed, in the highly selective Ivy League colleges, where traditionally the graduates of prep schools have set the standard, public high-school graduates are not only entering nowadays in equal or greater numbers; they are also making better records. For example, the Class of '62 at Princeton (says the editor of the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*) is, for the first time in history, 50 per cent high-school graduates. In a few years, they will be 60 per cent. "They seem to dominate . . . undergraduate life," the editor comments, "in athletics . . . , in extra-curricular activities (except for a few Prospect Street citadels), and especially in studies. Even in dress they seem to have captured the campus, since all Princeton has gone over to the khakis and sweater, no tie–no coat ensemble. . . .

"Even though a few of his best football players came from prep schools, the late Charlie Caldwell, blunt as always, was frankly skeptical about prep-school athletes—he said they weren't 'hungry' and 'hard-nosed' like the high-school boys. The same criterion could be used, in an academic sense—that prospective students must be not only capable of drinking at the well of learning, but very, very thirsty."

(2) Inevitably June will come along and thousands of qualified boys and girls will still have no place to go. For them, here is a tip:

The College Admission Center, set up last summer in the Midwest, will open again this year on May 1, to help steer graduating seniors to colleges with vacancies. Registration costs $10, and the applicant will be able to designate the kind of college he hopes to enter next September.

Though the Center makes no guarantees, its experience last summer was promising; 95 per cent of the 525 students who registered were offered opportunities for college entrance, and 168 colleges and universities now have students who were referred by the Center. If you are interested, write to:

> Dr. Gary Mills, Director
> College Admissions Center
> Glenbrook High School
> Northbrook, Illinois

. . . **Martin Mayer,** a Harvard graduate, wrote his article on good colleges between longer jobs of writing books. His most recent book, *Madison Avenue, U. S. A.*, has been on or near the best-seller list since last spring. He will have a novel, his second, called *A Voice That Fills the House*, out this spring; and he is working on a study of primary- and secondary-school education for a book scheduled for 1961. Preparation will mean for him probably a thousand interviews and a trip to Europe, as far away as a university town in Finland.

. . . Religion is one important interest of young Americans today. How deep and how important is unknown. Evidence—such as an all-time high church membership, or a 150 per cent rise in the number of Protestant theological students over twenty years ago—is mainly quantitative, though not entirely so. This "interest" has been described by President Henry P. Van Dusen of Union Theological Seminary as a "religious search" undertaken by "the ablest, finest, most deeply earnest and most consecrated generation of candidates for the Christian ministry any of us has known."

Able, earnest, consecrated, yes. But also doubting, and, among youth outside the seminary, ignorant. According to Nathan M. Pusey, writing in *Harper's* shortly after his appointment as President of Harvard, "We have not been well taught about religion, and there is as a consequence a very widespread religious illiteracy and correspondingly little religious practice. . . . But I do not want . . . to imply that all that is lacking is knowledge. It is rather, I think, faith."

Or take the evidence from England of C. S. Lewis, who denied (in a recent article in *Punch*) that having "an interest in religion" means being religious:

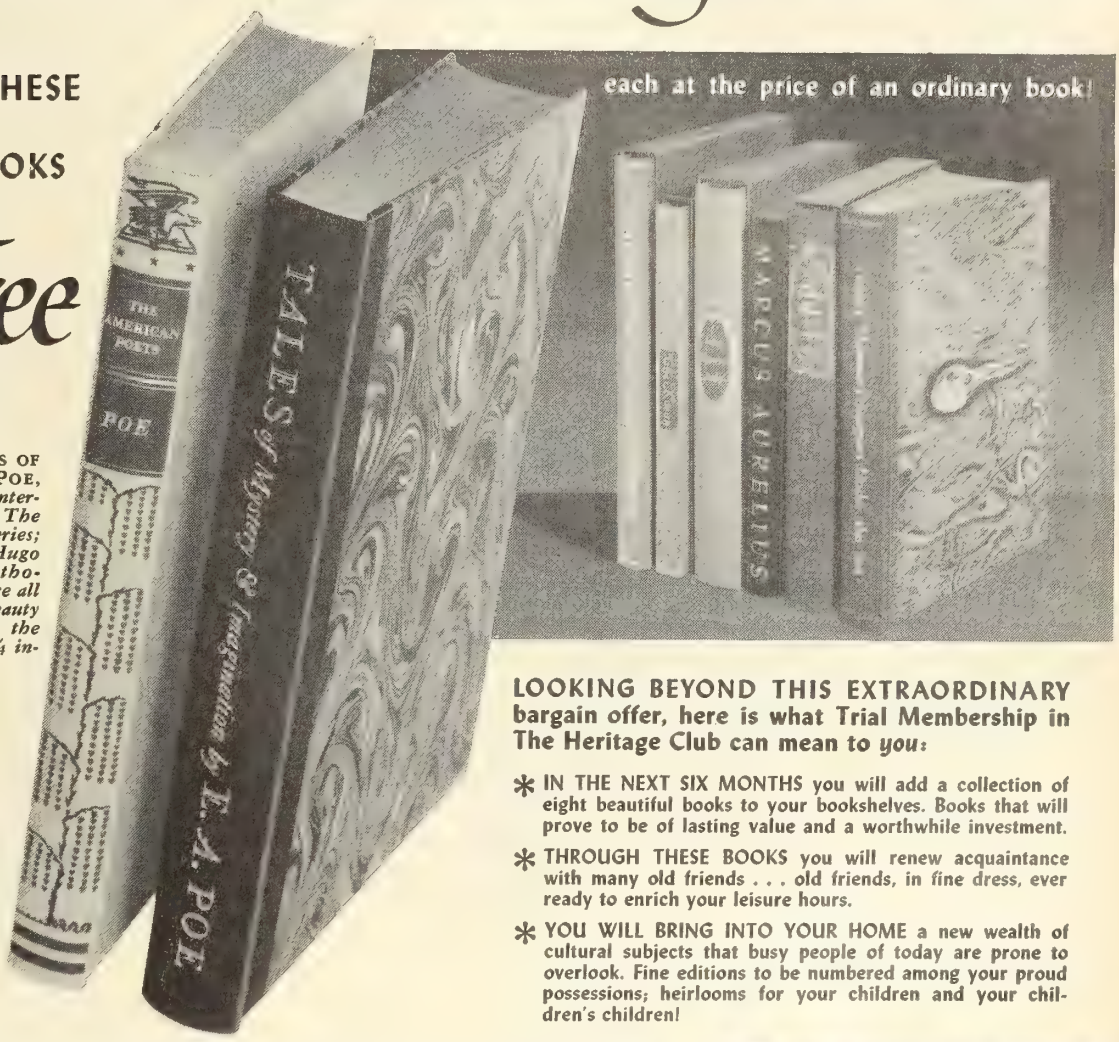
"For of course religious people . . . are not 'interested in religion.' Men who have gods worship those gods; it is the spectators who describe this as 'religion.' . . . The moment a man seriously accepts a deity his interest in 'religion' is at an end. He's got something else to think about."

While the evidence as to faith is hazy, the "interest" in religion is a fact of our society. Because of this paradoxical situation, *Harper's* is presenting a series of articles on modern religious beliefs in America by four outstanding young writers—

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not professional clergymen who are deeply concerned with religious problems.

Walter Kaufmann leads off this month with "The Faith of a Heretic" (p. 33), a personal history of his own yeas and nays on religion.

Dr. Kaufmann is associate professor of philosophy at Princeton and the author of a book on Nietzsche (1950), one on existentialism (1956), and *Critique of Religion and Philosophy*, which came out last year. Dr. Kaufmann's *Critique* (like his *Nietzsche*) has had a delighted reception both from readers outside the field of philosophy and from the insiders like Bertrand Russell. Donald C. Williams of the philosophy department at Harvard called it "gripping and stirring, worthy of its bold title. I know of nothing else which treats so extensively and capably so many aspects and varieties . . . of religion in general and of the present strange revival of religiosity in particular. . . . No one writing or thinking on any of the book's prodigious topics, now or for a long while hereafter, is likely to deserve our attention except as he comes to terms with Kaufmann."

Walter Kaufmann came to the United States from Germany, took his A. B. at Williams in 1941 and his A. M. and Ph. D. at Harvard. He has been teaching at Princeton since 1947.

. . . "Ellen" (whose foreign policy is presented on p. 40) is the daughter of **Paul Roberts**, professor of English at San Jose College, California. He has published an entertaining book about his family's Fulbright year abroad, *Cornflakes and Beaujolais*, and a number of college texts, including *Understanding English*.

. . . "Berlin's Willy Brandt" appears in full political depth in the portrait by **Charles W. Thayer** (p. 50). Mr. Thayer is former U. S. Political Liaison Officer to the Bonn Government and author of *Bears in the Caviar* and *The Unquiet Germans*. He graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1933 and later, resigning his commission, worked in the Foreign Service in Moscow, Germany, Yugoslavia, and London. He launched our Voice of America broadcasts to Russia in 1947. He

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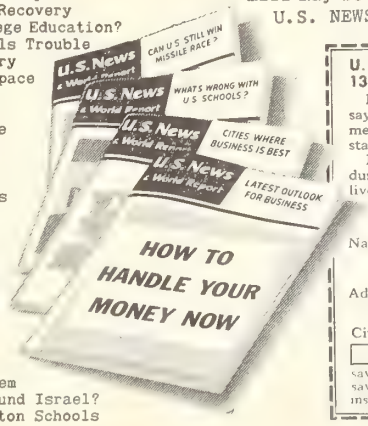
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has lived in, and reported from, Germany for more than twelve years, and is now writing a book on diplomacy.

. . . In "A Better Break for the Mentally Ill" (p. 58), **John Bartlow Martin** distills the findings of his forthcoming book, *The Pane of Glass.* The book, which will come out this month, is a reporter's investigation of what is being done for victims of the various mental troubles which cost this nation untold suffering and something like three billion dollars a year. Mr. Martin began working on the subject in 1955 when he published a series of pieces in the *Saturday Evening Post* on Columbus State Hospital.

As a magazine reporter, Mr. Martin has the distinction of having won Benjamin Franklin Awards in four of the five years they have been offered and, in addition, two Sigma Delta Chi awards. He was a staff writer in the two Stevenson Presidential campaigns. He is a Chicagoan who grew up in Indianapolis, graduated from DePauw University, began reporting in newspaper jobs, and spent two years in the Army in the Criminal Investigation Division. Among his books are *Butcher's Dozen and Other Murders, Adlai Stevenson, Why Did They Kill?,* and *The Deep South Says "Never."* Many of his superb crime reports and social and political articles have appeared in *Harper's,* including "The Blast in Centralia No. 5" (March 1948), which later made a fascinating TV documentary.

. . . **Robin White,** whose Harper Prize Novel, *Elephant Hill,* has just been published, contributes his third story about India to *Harper's:* "Shower of Ashes" (p. 69). "First Voice" (January 1957) was republished in the O. Henry *Prize Stories,* and "House of Many Rooms" (December 1957) in *The Best American Short Stories,* edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett.

Born and brought up in South India, in an American missionary family, he graduated from Yale in 1950 and has been writing ever since. His first novel came out last summer.

. . . "The Florida Swamp That Swallows Your Money" is getting its first major national exposure in **L. Boyd Finch's** article (p. 77). In Florida, however, the Corps of Engineers' mammoth project is well known to reporters, conservationists, and readers of the local newspapers—as well as to those fortunate residents who may enjoy the rise in land values which the Corps' digging has brought them.

Local conservationists in particular are worried that the project is threatening the wildlife in Everglades National Park, spoiling coastal resort areas, increasing the virulence of the fish-killing Red Tide at the Gulf beaches, and causing floods which drown cattle north of Lake Okeechobee (as recorded in Jim Martenhoff's report in the Miami *News,* November 30, 1958).

Mr. Finch is a reporter for the *Ventura County Star–Free Press* of Ventura, California. He has long been fascinated by problems of conservation, and got onto the Florida story from talking with a member of the Hoover Commission task group on water resources and power; he followed it up in Washington in 1955-56 when he was a Congressional Fellow of the American Political Science Association. His study has been rounded out by legwork in Florida by William Rivers, another former Congressional Fellow.

Mr. Finch graduated in journalism from the University of Arizona in 1947 and has an M. A. degree in political science from Stanford.

. . . What Hemingway or Fitzgerald was as a literary star to restive young Americans of the between-wars decades, J. D. Salinger seems to be to the present generation. But this special passion is not limited to the young, as **Arthur Mizener,** a critic belonging to the middle generation, shows in "The Love Song of J. D. Salinger" (p. 83). Mr. Mizener, who has been teaching literature for a quarter-century at Yale, Wells, Carleton, and Cornell, is obviously a Salinger fan himself.

Mr. Mizener grew up in Erie, Pennsylvania, attended Princeton and Harvard, and took his Ph. D. at Princeton. He has written the biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Far Side of Paradise,* edited a collection of Fitzgerald stories and essays, and published some fifty articles in magazines and professional journals. He is assistant to the chief reader in English for the College Entrance Examination Board, spent a Fulbright year in the United Kingdom in 1955-56, and is now taking a sabbatical leave from his professorship at Cornell to do research in England on contemporary poetry.

. . . Massachusetts contributes three poets this month:

Marion Lineaweaver (p. 60) of Edgartown is editor of the poetry column in the *Writer* and the author of five books.

William Gibson (p. 73) of Stockbridge wrote *The Cobweb,* a novel; *Winter Crook,* a book of poems; and *Two for the Seesaw,* a play now in its second year on Broadway.

George Starbuck (p. 89) of Boston is an editor at Houghton Mifflin and teaches evening poetry courses.

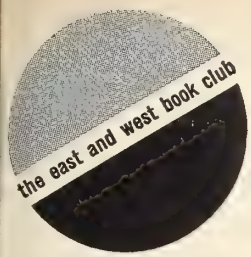
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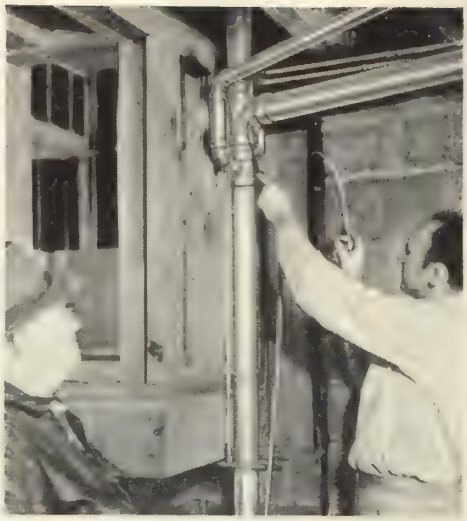
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Harper's MAGAZINE

THE FAITH OF A HERETIC

Beginning a Series on Modern Religious Beliefs in America

One of America's most brilliant young philosophers tells why—after trying two of them—he cannot believe in any of the world's great religions. He argues that acute, rational criticism of religious beliefs can, and should, exist along with deep feeling for man's religious quest. But for him traditional religious teachings are only one among many sources which can inspire men "to live and, if possible, die with some measure of nobility."

In the following articles in this series, outstanding young Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant thinkers—none of them professional clergymen—will describe their personal faiths and tell how they arrived at them.

WALTER KAUFMANN

WHEN I was eleven, I asked my father: "What really is the Holy Ghost?" The articles of faith taught us in school—in Berlin, Germany—affirmed belief in God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost, and I explained to my father: "I don't believe that Jesus was God, and if I can't believe in the Holy Ghost either, then I am really not a Christian."

At twelve, I formally left the Protestant church to become a Jew. Having never heard of Unitarianism, I assumed that the religion for people who believed in God, but not in Christ or the Holy Ghost, was Judaism.

A few months after my conversation with my father, but before I left the church, Hitler came to power. Warned of the persecution that my decision might entail, I replied that one certainly could not change one's mind for a reason like that. I did not realize until a little later that all four of my grandparents had been Jewish; and none of us knew that this, and not one's own religion, would be decisive from the Nazis' point of view. My decision had been made independently of my descent and of Nazism, on religious grounds.

I took my new religion very seriously, explored it with enormous curiosity and growing love, and gradually became more and more orthodox. When I arrived in the United States in January 1939, I was planning to become a rabbi. A lot of things happened to me that winter, spring, and summer; and when the war broke out I had what, but for its contents, few would hesitate to call a mystical experience. In the most intense despair I suddenly saw that I had deceived myself for years: I had believed. At last the God of tradition joined the Holy Ghost and Christ.

Of course, I could maintain my old beliefs by

merely giving them a new interpretation; but that struck me as dishonest. Ikhnaton, the monotheistic Pharaoh—as I explained in a letter to my family who were by now in England—could also have reinterpreted the traditional polytheism of Egypt, but was a fanatic for the truth. He taught his court sculptor to make life masks of people to see how they really looked, and in one of the heads which the sculptor had then done of Ikhnaton, his hunger for the truth had become stone. I had loved that head for years. Should I now do what I admired him for not doing?

You may say that Ikhnaton was wrong and that it is the essence of religion to pour new wine into old skins, reading one's current insights into ancient beliefs. But if you do this, disregarding Jesus' counsel not to do it, you should realize that you could do it with almost any religion. And it is less than honest to give one's own religion the benefit of every possible doubt while imposing unsympathetic readings on other religions. Yet this is what practically all religious people do. Witness the attitude of Protestants and Catholics toward each other.

In my remaining two years in college I took all the religion courses offered, while majoring in philosophy; and I continued to study and think about both subjects as a graduate student and in the army. Eventually I got my Ph. D. and a job teaching philosophy. For over ten years now I have taught, among other things, philosophy of religion.* In the process, my ideas developed—into a book: *Critique of Religion and Philosophy*.**

The ideas were not all there as a result of the few experiences alluded to here: there were hundreds of others. Profound experiences stimulate thoughts; but such thoughts do not look very adequate on paper. Writing can be a way of rethinking again and again.

In the process of teaching and writing one must constantly consider the thoughts of men with different ideas. And prolonged and ever-new exposure to a wide variety of outlooks—together with the criticism many professors seek from both their students and their colleagues—is a more profound experience than most people realize. It is a long-drawn-out trial by fire, marked by frequent disillusionment, discoveries, and despair, and by a growing regard for honesty, which is surely one of the most difficult of all the virtues to attain. What one comes up with in the end owes quite as much to this continual encounter as it does to any other experience.

A liberal education, and quite especially a training in philosophy, represents an attempt to introduce young people to this adventure. We have no wish to indoctrinate; we want to teach our students to resist indoctrination and not accept as authoritative the beliefs of other men or even the ideas that come to us as in a flash of illumination. Even if one has experiences that some men would call mystical—and I have no doubt that I have had many—it is a matter of integrity to question such experiences and any thoughts that were associated with them as closely and as honestly as we should question the "revelations" of others. To be sure, it is easier to grant others their "revelations" as "true for them" while insisting on one's own as "true for oneself." Such intellectual sluggishness parades as sophistication. But true tolerance does not consist in saying, "You may be right, but let us not make hard demands on ourselves: if you will put your critical intelligence to sleep, I'll put mine to bed, too." True tolerance remains mindful of the humanity of those who make things easy for themselves and welcomes and even loves honest and thoughtful opposition above less thoughtful agreement.

The autobiographical sketch with which I have begun may do more harm than good. Some amateur psychologists may try to explain "everything" in terms of one or two experiences; some Protestants may say, "If only he had come to *me* about the Holy Ghost!" while some Catholics may feel that it all shows once again how Protestantism is merely a way-station on the road to Hell.

This is the kind of gambit that the shut-ins

*Lest this should create a misleading picture of Princeton, it should be added that in our popular Department of Religion Protestantism is championed vigorously by five full professors and a large staff, and ordained ministers are encountered in other departments, too. Until his recent retirement, Jacques Maritain was a member of the Philosophy Department. Great universities, like this magazine, assume that there is a virtue in confronting students and readers with a variety of responsible approaches.

**Harper & Brothers, 1958. Many ideas in this article are more fully developed and backed up in this book which also deals with the positive aspects of various religions and with many topics not even touched on in this article; *e.g.*, existentialism, Freud, mysticism, Bible criticism, the relation of religion to poetry, and Zen. Among the questions that are barely touched in this essay and treated more fully in my book is the inadequacy of such labels as theism and atheism. The contents of the present article, incidentally—which is in no sense a summary of my *Critique*—may greatly surprise many of my students, past and present.

pull on travelers. As if I had buried the Holy Ghost beyond recall when I was eleven, and God when I was eighteen! I merely started relatively early to concern myself with such questions—and have never stopped since. Let the shut-in explore Judaism and Protestantism, Catholicism and Buddhism, atheism and agnosticism, mysticism, existentialism, and psychology, Thomas and Tillich. Let him consult the lot and not just his own present prejudice; let him subject his thoughts about religion to the candid scrutiny of those who differ with him and to his own ever-new re-examination; let him have a host of deep experiences, religious and otherwise, and think about them. That is the ground on which a genuine conversation can take place: it need not make a show of erudition, if only it has grown out of a series of open-hearted encounters. But as long as one is content to gloat over the silver lining of one's own religion, one bars any serious conversation and merely makes the first move in a game of skill.

To an even moderately sophisticated and well-read person it should come as no surprise that any religion at all has its hidden as well as its obvious beauties and is capable of profound and impressive interpretations. What is deeply objectionable about most of these interpretations is that they allow the believer to say Yes while evading any No. The Hebrew prophets represent a notable exception. When interpreting their own religious heritage, they were emphatically not conformists who discovered subtle ways in which they could agree with the religion of their day. Nor was it their point that the cult was justifiable with just a little ingenuity. On the contrary.

Let those who like inspiring interpretations be no less forthright in telling us precisely where they stand on ritual and immortality, on the sacraments and Hell, on the Virgin Birth and Resurrection, on the Incarnation and the miracles, and on: "Resist not evil." And: "Let him who would sue you in court for your coat have your cloak, too." And: "No one comes to the Father but through Me."

If you must pour new wine into old skins, you should at least follow one of Jesus' other counsels and let your Yes be Yes, and your No, No.

When considering Christianity, it is easy to get lost in the changing fashions of thought that have been read into it or reconciled with it—from Neoplatonism (Augustine) and Aristotelianism (Aquinas) to romanticism (Schleiermacher), liberalism (Harnack), and existentialism (Tillich, Bultmann, and others). There is no room here to cross swords with a dozen apologists; in any case, dozens more would remain.

The central question about Christianity concerns Jesus Christ. If he was God in a sense in which no other man has been God, then Christianity is right in some important sense, however Christendom may have failed. To decide whether Jesus was God in some such unique sense, a philosopher cannot forbear to ask just what this claim might mean. If, for example, it does not mean that Jesus of Nazareth knew everything and was all-powerful, it is perplexing what is meant. But a large part of what most Christians mean is surely that Jesus was the best and wisest man of all time; and many Protestants mean no more than that.

Millions of Christians agree on this claim and



"Understand now? Throughout my entire sermon you keep repeating, in a subliminal whisper, 'Love thy neighbor, love thy neighbor' . . ."

back it up by citing Gospel passages they like; but different people pick different passages. To some, Jesus looks like St. Francis, to others like John Calvin, and to many more the way a man named Hofmann painted him. Pierre van Paassen's Jesus is a Socialist and Fosdick's a liberal, while according to Reinhold Niebuhr Jesus' ethic coincides, not surprisingly, with Niebuhr's. To use a political term: almost everybody gerrymanders, carving an idealized self-portrait from the Gospels and much less attractive straw men from the literatures of other faiths. A great deal of theology is like a jigsaw puzzle: the verses of Scripture are the pieces, and the finished picture is prescribed by each denomination, with a certain latitude allowed. What makes the game so pointless is that not all pieces have to be used, and any piece that does not fit may be reshaped, provided one says first, "this means." That is called exegesis.

In *The Literature of the Christian Movement,* Morton Scott Enslin, one of the outstanding New Testament scholars of our time, remarks that the Jesus of the Fourth Gospel is really not very attractive, and that if it were not for the other three Gospels and the fact that most readers create for themselves "a conflate," the Jesus of St. John would lose most of his charm. Surely, the same consideration applies to all four Gospels.

EVASIVE ANSWERS TO PLAIN QUESTIONS

THOSE who consider Jesus the best and wisest of men should reread the Gospels and ponder at the very least these five points.

First: Are they prepared to maintain their claim regarding the Jesus of any one of the four Gospels—and, if so, which? Or is it their point that the evidence warrants the assumption that the historical Jesus, however inadequately understood by the Evangelists, was a wiser and better man than Socrates and Jeremiah, Isaiah and the Buddha, Lao-tze and Hillel?

Secondly: Although Jesus is widely considered mankind's greatest moral teacher, the greatest Christians, not to speak of scholars, have never been able to agree what his moral teachings were. Matthew, and he alone, reports that Jesus said: "Let your Yes be Yes, and your No, No." But the four Evangelists agree in ascribing to Jesus evasive and equivocal answers to plain questions, not only those of the high priest and Pilate; and quite generally the Jesus of the New Testament avoids straightforward statements, preferring parables and hyperboles. Some of the parables are so ambiguous that different Evangelists, not to speak of later theologians, offer different interpretations. Nor have Christians ever been able to agree on the import of the hyperboles of the Sermon on the Mount. Luther, for example, taught that Christ's commandments were intended to teach man his utter incapacity for doing good: man must throw himself on the mercy of God, believing that Christ died for our sins. On concrete moral issues, Jesus can be, and has been, cited on almost all sides. The Buddha and the Hebrew prophets were not so equivocal.

Third: One of the few things about Jesus' moral teachings that seems fairly clear is that he was not greatly concerned about social justice. This makes his ethic much less impressive than the prophets'.

Fourth: Albert Schweitzer has argued in considerable detail that this lack of concern was due to the fact that Jesus predicated his entire message on a false belief: namely, that the world was about to come to an end. If Schweitzer is right, as I think he is, Jesus was surely not the wisest of men. And can we call him the greatest moralist unless we accept his radical depreciation of *this* life and his belief in Heaven and Hell?

Finally, the Jesus of the New Testament believed, and was not greatly bothered by his belief, that God would damn and torment the mass of mankind in all eternity. According to all three Synoptic Gospels, he actually reassured his disciples:

"If any one will not receive you or listen to your words, shake off the dust from your feet as you leave that house or town. Truly, I say to you, it shall be more tolerable on the day of judgment for the land of Sodom and Gomorrha than for that town."

This is no isolated dictum; the Sermon on the Mount, for example, is also punctuated by threats of Hell.

Augustine, Aquinas, and Calvin stressed Hell, but many Christian apologists today simply ignore all such passages. A few insist that in a couple of inter-testamentary apocalypses we find far more detailed visions of Hell. They do not mention that these apocalypses would not be known today if it had not been for the esteem in which the early Christians held them. For the Jews rejected them while accepting the humane teachings of men like Hillel and Akiba. Rabbi Akiba, a contemporary of Paul and the Evangelists, taught that "only those who possess no good deeds at all will descend into the netherworld";

also that "the punishment of the wicked in Gehinnom lasts twelve months."

Of course, Jesus also stressed love, citing—or agreeing with a Pharisee who cited—Moses. But this as well as the fact that he said some lovely things and told some fine parables is hardly sufficient to establish the Christian claims about him: that much he has in common with Moses, Micah, and Hosea, with the Buddha, Confucius, and Lao-tze, to name a mere half-dozen teachers who preceded him by a few centuries.

It might be countered that the story of Jesus is the best possible symbol of love. But is it? Consider the story the way it looks to people not committed to, and prejudiced in favor of, Christianity: God caused a virgin, betrothed to Joseph, to conceive His Own Son, and this Son had to be betrayed, crucified, and resurrected in order that all those—and only those—might be saved who should both believe this story and be baptized and eat and drink on regular occasions what they themselves believe to be the flesh and blood of this Son (or, in some denominations, merely the symbols of His flesh and blood); meanwhile, the rest of mankind suffer eternal torment, and according to many Christian creeds and teachers, they were predestined for damnation by God Himself from the beginning.

One might choose to be a Christian in spite of all this if one could intensely admire the great Christians who came after Jesus. But Peter and Paul, Athanasius and Augustine, Luther and Calvin, seem far less admirable to me, for all their admitted virtues, than Hosea and Micah, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Hillel and Akiba; or the Buddha, Socrates, and Spinoza. Maimonides, unlike Aquinas whom he influenced, did not believe in eternal damnation or that heretics should be executed. Some recent Protestant writers have been wonderfully forthright about Luther's and Calvin's shortcomings; but for candid portraits of the saints one must on the whole turn to non-Catholic writers—with at least one notable exception. In 1950, Malcolm Hay, a Catholic, published one of the most moving books of our time, *The Foot of Pride,* which is admirably frank about some of the most celebrated saints.

In an essay published in Germany in 1939—or rather in a book seized barely before publication by the Gestapo and destroyed except for about half-a-dozen copies—Leo Baeck, probably the greatest rabbi of our time, said something profoundly relevant:

> A good deal of church history is the history of all the things which neither hurt nor encroached upon this piety, all the outrages and all the baseness which this piety was able to tolerate with an assured and undisturbed soul and an untroubled faith. And a spirit is characterized not only by what it does but, no less, by what it permits. . . . The Christian religion, very much including Protestantism, has been able to maintain silence about so much that it is difficult to say what has been more pernicious in the course of time: the intolerance which committed the wrongs or the indifference which beheld them unperturbed.*

This thought may diminish even one's affection for St. Francis, but not one's admiration for the prophets.

LIMITS OF THE HAPPY ENDING

THE world's other religions remain. If we apply the same criteria, only two issue a real challenge to us, or at least to me: Judaism and Buddhism. I admire Genesis and Job, the Book of Jonah and the Dhammapada far above any book in the New Testament. But popular Buddhism with its profuse idolatry, its relics, and its superstitions repels me, and I have reservations even about the teachings of the Buddha. I admire much of his profound analysis of man's condition: the world has no purpose; it is up to us to give our lives a purpose; and we cannot rely on any supernatural assistance. Life is full of suffering, suffering is rooted in desire and attachment, and much desire and attachment are rooted in ignorance. By knowledge, especially of the Buddha's teachings, it is possible to develop a pervasive detachment, not incompatible with a mild, comprehensive compassion—and to cease to suffer. But consider the Old Testament and Sophocles, Michelangelo and Rembrandt, Shakespeare and Goethe: the price for the avoidance of all suffering is too high. Suffering and sacrifice can be experienced as worthwhile: one may find beauty in them and greatness through them.

Much of the appeal of Christianity is due to the fact that it contains at least intimations—but really no more than that—of this tragic ethos. But the story of Christ remains uncomfortably similar to the saga of the boss's son who works very briefly in the shop, where he makes a great point of his home and is cruelly beaten by some of his fellow workers, before he joins his

*The essay, "Romantic Religion," is included in Baeck's *Judaism and Christianity,* translated with an introductory essay, by Walter Kaufmann, Jewish Publication Society, 1958.

father as co-chairman of the board and wreaks horrible revenge. This "happy" end makes most of the Christian martyrs, too, untragic figures. These observations may strike believers as blasphemous, but they might do well to reflect on the manner in which they pass judgment on other religions, and there may be some point in considering how one's own religion must strike those who don't accept it.

Probably the only great religion in which genuine self-sacrifice and tragedy have occupied a central place is Judaism, especially prior to the introduction of belief in any after life. Moses is the very incarnation of humane devotion, wearing himself out in the service of God and men, expecting, and receiving, no reward whatever, but finding his reward in his work. He asks God to destroy him rather than his people and intercedes for them again and again. In the prophets, from Hosea to the songs of the suffering servant, we find the same outlook.

Why, then, do I not accept Judaism? In view of all the things I do not believe, I have no wish to observe the six-hundred-odd commandments and prohibitions that define the traditional Jewish way of life, or to participate in religious services. With most so-called orthodox Jews I have much less in common than with all kinds of other people, Jews and Gentiles. Reform Judaism seems to me to involve compromise, conformism, and the wish to be innocuous. To that extent, it, too, stands opposed to the ethos of the prophets. And if a succession of great Jews should equal the boldness of the prophets, who repudiated the ritual of their day, and go a step further by also renouncing, and denouncing, all kinds of belief—would not this amount to giving up religion?

THE UNEXAMINED LIFE

WHAT remains if you give up the great religions? Many people think: only Communism, Nazism, and immorality. But the morality of Socrates, Spinoza, and Hume compares favorably with Augustine's, Luther's, and Calvin's. And the evil deeds of Communism and Nazism are not due to their lack of belief but to their false beliefs, even as the evil deeds of the Crusaders, Inquisitors, and witch hunters, and Luther's exhortation to burn synagogues and Calvin's decision to burn Servetus, were due to *their* false beliefs. Christianity, like Islam, has caused more wars than it has prevented; and the Middle Ages, when Europe was Christian, were not a period of peace and good will among men. Does it make sense that those who refuse to let their Yes be Yes and their No, No—those who refuse to reject false beliefs, those who would rather stretch them and equivocate—should have a monopoly on being moral?

Renouncing false beliefs will not usher in the millennium. Few things about the strategy of contemporary apologists are more repellent than their frequent recourse to spurious alternatives. The lesser lights inform us that the alternative to Christianity is materialism, thus showing how little they have read, while the greater lights talk as if the alternative were bound to be a shallow and inane optimism. I don't believe that man will turn this earth into a bed of roses either with the aid of God or without it. Nor does life among the roses strike me as a dream from which one would not care to wake up after a very short time.

Some evils and some kinds of suffering can be abolished, but not all suffering can be eliminated; and the beauty, goodness, and greatness that redeem life on earth are inseparable from suffering. Nietzsche once said: "If you have an enemy, do not requite him evil with good, for that would put him to shame. Rather prove that he did you some good." If life hurts you, the manly thing is neither to whine nor to feel martyred, but to prove that it did you some good.

No one way is the best way of life for all. To me the *Apology* of Socrates, as immortalized by Plato in less than thirty pages, presents a challenge from which I cannot, and have no wish to, get away. Here is part of Socrates' answer to the charges of impiety and corruption of the Athenian youth, on which he was convicted and put to death:

> I am better off than he is—for he knows nothing but thinks he knows, while I neither know nor think I know. . . . If you say to me, . . . you shall be let off, but upon one condition, that you are not to inquire . . . in this way any more, and that if you are caught doing so again you shall die—if this was the condition on which you let me go, I should reply: . . . while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting anyone whom I meet. . . . Are you not ashamed of heaping up the greatest amount of money and honor and reputation, and caring so little about wisdom and truth? . . . The unexamined life is not worth living. . . . If you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him that is undisturbed even by dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. . . . Eternity is then only a single night.

It would be folly to wish to foist this outlook on everybody. Professors of philosophy discourage and fail a large percentage even of their graduate students and are assuredly not eager to turn all men into philosophers. In philosophy, as in religion, teaching usually involves a loss of dimension; and the Socratic fusion of philosophy and life, critical acumen and passion, laughter and tragic stature is almost unique.

One need not believe in Pallas Athena, the virgin goddess, to be overwhelmed by the Parthenon. Similarly, a man who rejects all dogmas, all theologies, and all religious formulations of beliefs may still find Genesis the sublime book *par excellence*. Experiences and aspirations of which intimations may be found in Plato, Nietzsche, and Spinoza have found their most evocative expression in some sacred books. Since the Renaissance, Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Mozart, and a host of others have shown that this religious dimension can be experienced and communicated apart from any religious context. But that is no reason for closing my heart to Job's cry, or to Jeremiah's, or to the Second Isaiah. I do not read them as mere literature; rather, I read Sophocles and Shakespeare with all my being, too.

Moreover, I am so far quite unable to justify one of my central convictions: that, even if it were possible to make all men happy by an operation or a drug that would stultify their development, this would somehow be an impious crime. This conviction is ultimately rooted in the Mosaic challenge: "You shall be holy; for I the Lord your God am holy."

To communicate to others some feeling for man's religious quest, to arouse an aspiration in them which nothing but death can quell, and to develop their critical powers—that is infinitely more important to me than persuading anybody that Shakespeare was right when he wrote these lines:

> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve:
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

Dictionary for Modern Geographers

Backward area: an area more backward than other backward areas.

Under-developed area: a country too proud to admit that it is backward, but not too proud to beg.

Vital sector of the free world perimeter: a country too proud to beg, but not too humble to blackmail.

—*The Economist*, London.

I do not believe in any after life any more than the prophets did, but I don't mind living in a world in which people have different beliefs. Diversity helps to prevent stagnation and smugness; and a teacher should acquaint his students with diversity and prize careful criticism far above agreement. His noblest duty is to lead others to think for themselves.

Oddly, millions believe that lack of belief in God, Christ, and Hell leads to inhumanity and cruelty while those who have these beliefs have a monopoly on charity—and that people like myself will pay for their lack of belief by suffering in all eternity. I do not believe that anybody will suffer after death nor do I wish it.

Some scientists tell us that in our own galaxy alone there are probably hundreds of thousands of planets with living beings on them, more or less like those on the earth, and that there are about 100 million galaxies within the range of our telescopes. Man seems to play a very insignificant part in the universe, and my part is surely negligible. The question confronting me is not, except perhaps in idle moments, what part might be more amusing, but what I wish to make of my part. And what I want to do and would advise others to do is to make the most of it: put into it all you have got, and live and, if possible, die with some measure of nobility.

Coming Articles

The other contributors to this series include Philip Scharper, Arthur Cohen, and William W. Bartley III, who will write, respectively, on Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant belief.



the Foreign Policy of my daughter Ellen

By PAUL ROBERTS

Drawings by Anne Cleveland

NO ONE would have predicted, when we were living in Italy, that my daughter Ellen would become one of the principal links between that country and the United States. For one thing, a person bent on becoming a principal link with Italy really ought to know Italian, and when we were in Rome both Ellen, who was thirteen, and her younger brothers resisted the charms of Italian pretty well.

This resistance didn't so much distress my wife and me as surprise us. We had heard so much about how quickly and easily children pick up foreign languages that we would no more have disputed the dictum than we would have argued with Euclid about the behavior of isosceles triangles. The child, we had been told, had only to walk down the foreign street to start soaking up the foreign tongue.

Well, our children walked down God knows how many Italian streets without soaking up so much as a *buon giorno.* They seemed to have a built-in lead shield which they interposed between themselves and the Italian language. They would have absolutely nothing to do with anyone, young or old, who addressed them in Italian. Italian, they explained, sounded funny, and they were unable to imagine any circumstance in which English would not suit their needs perfectly well.

There was, however, one crack in their defenses: Rome had no comic books written in English and finally they broke down and begged us to buy them comic books, even if, God forbid, they had to be Italian comic books.

So we did. We bought them *Topolino,* who turns out to be Mickey Mouse in Italian. At first they thought they could carry on well enough just looking at the pictures, but they kept missing points, so they started pestering us for translations. Emily and I, solicitous parents that we are, put up with this for quite a long while, but anyone who has spent a week or ten days in Rome being pursued by children wishing to be informed of the nuances of Mickey Mouse's remarks to the policeman or to know exactly what Donald Duck (Paperino) could have said to make his uncle tumble into the soup pot will understand how we felt. Eventually we pressed Italian-English dictionaries into their feverish little hands and told them to go away and not bother us.

When they again came to our attention, we found that they had pretty well mastered comic-book Italian. They were innocent of the subjunctive and the *passato assoluto,* they would have been at a loss if confronted with the pen

of their aunt, and they were unable to pronounce two syllables of the language so that it could be understood by any except the most intuitive Italian. But they knew comic-book Italian cold.

Pleased with this unexpected success in child-raising, Emily and I decided to give the thing another push. We had read in Cele Wohl's column in the Rome *Daily American* of a weekly magazine called *Il Corriere dei Piccoli*. This is published by the big Milan daily *Corriere della Sera*, and the title might be translated "The *Corriere* for the Little Ones." In the view of the editors, Italian Little Ones are about as unsophisticated as Marcel Proust. The outside pages are composed of breezy colored comics in the manner of American Sunday newspapers, but when we get inside, the climate changes. A typical issue will contain, in addition to a little experimental fiction, a critical article on educational methods, an inquiry into the reasons for the improvement of British soccer, a commentary on the style of Gustave Flaubert, and a thoughtful discussion of the position of West Berlin. There are also a stamp department, a joke page, crossword puzzles in English, French, and Italian, and a letters-to-the-editor column in which eleven-year-olds seek advice on how to get along with women or whether or not to give up their religion.

This seemed just the ticket for raising the children's intellectual horizon and improving their Italian at one blow, so I took to picking up the magazine every week and bringing it home. I can't say it went over terribly big. Misled by the outside pages, the children would occasionally venture into the interior; but West Berlin and British soccer seemed not to engage their interest, and even the comic portions they criticized for being long in wit and short in blood.

Nevertheless they got used to seeing the *Corriere dei Piccoli* around, and when we returned to the United States, they did not object to my securing a year's subscription. At home they continued to read the comics and to turn the other pages in a desultory way.

WE HAD been home seven or eight months when Ellen decided to improve herself. She began combing her hair, washing her face, doing her homework, and wishing she could play the piano. Most girls in their early teens go through this, and the wise parent tries to ignore it, confident that the mood will pass. Among other things, she decided to learn Italian, and my self-control was such that I refrained from pointing out that Rome would have been a better place for that sort of thing than Campbell, California. She listened to Italian records every evening before dinner, and she procured a book and explored the behavior of the *passato assoluto*. Then she got another notion.

"Papa," she said one night at dinner, "I think I'd like to have an Italian pen pal. How would I go about getting one?"

"I don't know," I said. "Maybe there are Italian pen pal agencies or something like that."

"I was thinking of writing to Signor Mosca."

"Who?"

"He's the editor of *Corriere dei Piccoli*. Would that be all right?"

My domestic critics have since pointed out, with rather too much vigor, that I should have stopped the business right there. They accuse me of failing to weigh the proposal carefully. This is nonsense. The successful parent learns to weigh carefully all proposals emanating from fourteen-year-old daughters. I simply failed to see the possibilities.

"Okay," I said. "Why not?"

"I could say that I am a fourteen-year-old American girl and would like to correspond in Italian with an Italian girl of the same age. Or possibly," she went on, gazing thoughtfully at her mashed potatoes, "an Italian boy."

So she went off and composed a letter to Signor



Mosca, saying that she was a *ragazza americana* who had fourteen years and wished to correspond with a *ragazza italiana* or a *ragazzo italiano* of similar age. She mailed the letter, and for a month we thought no more about it.

The *Corriere dei Piccoli* published Ellen's letter on August 16. On August 20 we found four airmail letters in the mailbox, one from a

girl and three from boys. Pleased with both the quantity and the sex of the correspondents, Ellen withdrew to her room and by dinnertime had answered two of them and, affixing fifteen-cent stamps to the envelopes, had sent them off. The next day there were six more letters in the mailbox.

We still didn't know what was happening, but when, on the following day, the mailman weighed in with thirteen more, we began to get an inkling. The mailman has been very good-natured about the whole thing, but he did ask Ellen, on the 23rd, as he handed her twenty-one letters, what the devil she was up to. She explained that she had some pen pals in Italy.

The mail ran pretty heavy through the following week. We topped a hundred by the end of August with the rate falling. When school started in the middle of September, Ellen had a hundred and twenty-five letters with no more coming in. Until then she had been getting off three or four answers a day. (Naturally she considered a form reply but rejected it as impractical as well as unethical.) With school under way she couldn't write as much as formerly; still her facility in Italian was increasing, and she figured that if she averaged two a day, she would get around the lot in two months. Perhaps by that time a number of the correspondents would drop out.



IT WAS about this time that the ship mail began to come in. By the end of September Ellen had over two hundred pen pals.

Ellen has not yet found time to conduct a statistical survey of the correspondence, but she has some rough notions. The correspondents range in age from nine to twenty-three, most of them, however, falling between thirteen and eighteen. The first day's three-to-one ratio of boys over girls has continued pretty steady. Geographically, all Italy is represented, Trieste to Palermo, and there have been two letters from Italians living abroad, one in France and one in Belgium.

Ellen has been able to venture certain generalizations about Italian youth in different parts of Italy. Those in the North—Milan, Turin, Verona—have a passion for facts and figures. "My city has 135,000 inhabitants. How many does yours have?" These Italians are also more likely than the others to collect stamps and picture postcards, and Ellen has to explain repeatedly that Campbell, California, which does not depend to any great extent on *il turismo*, does not find it profitable to depict its monuments on picture postcards.

From Bologna south to Rome we encounter a more intellectual turn of mind. One twelve-year-old from Florence expressed an earnest hope that he and Ellen might exchange views not only on linguistic problems but also cultural ones. In Sicily and most of the South the interest seems to be divided about equally between climate and archaeology.

The Neapolitans, however, have an entirely different interest. If the letter begins "Most exquisite Ellen" and the writer goes on to speculate about the color of her hair and eyes, the odds are close to ten to three that the letter comes from Naples or thirty miles around. The Neapolitans pursue *l'Amore* with a fine single-mindedness. They may toss in a perfunctory remark or two about the beauties of the Bay of Naples, but they quickly return to an exploration of the heart. Cultivating a natural gift, they have developed a style, at once passionate and courtly, that compels admiration.

With the total over two hundred, Ellen was rather at a loss how to proceed. She had by that time answered about sixty, but unless she was willing to withdraw from Girl Scouts, give up dancing lessons, and flunk out of Campbell High School, it didn't seem likely that she could make the circuit by Christmas. Some twenty of the correspondents claimed or demonstrated a knowledge of English, and these Ellen was able to hand over to friends at school, but she doesn't have any friends who know Italian. At Ellen's request, I got in touch with the Italian teacher at the college where I am employed and asked if her charges could take up some of the burden. But it turned out that this year only elementary Italian is being taught, and none of the students will be able to fill the breach before April.

To make matters worse, by the end of September Ellen was getting second letters. Most of these were in answer to her answers, but many were letters from people who had not yet received answers and wanted to know why. These correspondents were naturally a little hurt, and one could read into their letters the beginning

of a disillusionment with the United States. I had the shuddering thought that a large part of the subscription list of the *Corriere dei Piccoli* was taking its first step toward Communism because my daughter Ellen had failed her country in a moment of crisis.

As October arrived and she continued to fall behind, Ellen took on a wan and peaked look. Up to that time she had been writing to every pen pal as if he or she were her one and only pen pal. This seemed only courteous. Now, however, she began giving the true picture, since this was the only way to explain her delay in answering.

Then she had the idea of setting everyone's mind at rest at once by writing again to the *Corriere dei Piccoli,* explaining that she had got over two hundred letters, that she intended to answer all of them, but that it would obviously take a little time, and would everyone be patient with her.

She got the letter off, and Signor Mosca, who can recognize a crisis when he sees one, hurried it into print.

That was a week ago. The day before yesterday Ellen got home from school, picked up her mail, and went off to her room to read it. Presently she appeared at the door of my study looking disturbed.

"Papa."

"Yes, dear," I answered brightly. I always answer Ellen brightly these days, wishing to keep her spirits up. "Nice lot of mail today?"

"Well, yes. I guess so."

"How many proposals of marriage?"

"Just one," she said absently, her mind on something else. "Papa, there was a new one."

I sobered instantly. "You mean—"

"Yes. Someone from Torino. He said he's always wanted to have a British or American pen pal, but he couldn't because he doesn't know any English, just Italian and French. He didn't see my first letter in *Corriere dei Piccoli,* but he saw the second one, so he decided to write. Papa, he saw the *second* letter."

I patted her hand. "We can only wait and see, my dear girl," I said. "Perhaps there won't be any more."

WE BOTH knew better, however, and neither of us was surprised yesterday when the mail included nine letters from new correspondents. Some of them had not seen Ellen's original letter. Others had seen it but somehow had put off writing. Now that they had learned that the rest of Italy was corresponding with Ellen, they didn't want to be left out.



Today there were twenty-four new ones, mostly from Sicily. Our experience is that the Sicily mail, for some reason, comes just before the peak, so we can suppose that the numbers will rise for a day or two and then taper off slowly. Then about three weeks later we'll get the first batch of the new ship mail. I judge that by Christmas Ellen will be about three hundred letters behind, not counting second-round letters.

Ellen and I do not see any practical solution without assistance from the federal government. I have in mind something like an office for Ellen and a brace of secretaries. After all, if Ellen is to be our country's principal spokesman in Italy, she ought to get some support from the State Department. There is also a little matter of postage expense which I should like to discuss with Secretary Dulles whenever he has a moment.

MARTIN MAYER

Good Colleges That Are NOT Crowded

This month thousands of high-school seniors (and their parents) will start on a nerve-racking ordeal—trying to get into a top-rank college. Many will be disappointed, since the prestige schools are hopelessly overcrowded. Lots of less famous colleges, however, offer just as good an education . . . and are eager for first-rate students, even though they are reluctant to admit it.

MOST colleges in the United States were founded for one purpose—to help educate future clergymen—but the aging process has given each its own goals and approaches, qualities and defects. One strong force for individuality has been differences in the nature of the student body, which later became the alumni—first support and living recommendation for the school.

What any college will be in the future depends in large part on the students it attracts today. Within reasonably broad limits, the ambitions and capabilities of the students must match the aims and requirements of the college, or something painful will happen to both the institution and the kids.

Unfortunately, this matching of students and colleges does not happen automatically. Though patterns of student migration from home to college do not spring up at random, the forces influencing these mass movements are not necessarily rational. Pairing off the students and the colleges is an annual problem which takes virtually all the time of thousands of men and women in our system of secondary and higher education. It is not solved.

Frank Bowles, president of the College Entrance Examination Board, has pointed out that a student's choice of a college is usually dictated by his "self-image" and by his image of the colleges from which he chooses. "If he wants to enter a prestige profession," Bowles says, "he will seek a college which can assure him of entry. If he seeks a position in big business, he will seek a college which can assure him of such position." Colleges pick up their prestige in various ways—antiquity, wealth, prominence of alumni, location in New England, or, simply, difficulty of entrance. There are perhaps twenty such longed-after colleges in America, and they have a near-stranglehold on the best potential talent in the nation. Most of them receive three and four applications from qualified candidates for every vacancy in the freshman class. And the fact that these twenty colleges must reject more good students than they accept has created the myth of an "admissions problem" in American higher education.

THE DESERT WEST OF THE HUDSON

ROUGHLY one-fifth of all places in entering college classes go vacant every year. A number of these empty places are at the many Podunk U's where an able student would find himself several cuts above the faculty in intelligence and general information—but a surprising portion are in first-class schools. An admissions officer of Johns Hopkins has said (in print) that "in the humanities and the social sciences, we enroll our freshman classes with vacancies, owing to the lack of qualified applicants." Many excellent colleges which have not acquired the reputation of the New England schools are literally crying for good students—though they cry softly,

for fear that any audible complaining will tarnish what "image" they have. From their point of view, the great question in college admissions is the "recruitment problem."

It would seem easy to balance these two problems and solve them both, rescuing the prestige colleges from flood and the good but less famous colleges from thirst. And the failure of balance is, in part, merely a failure of information. "So far as our kids are concerned," says a guidance officer in the New York City school system, "if it's south of Staten Island or west of the Hudson, they never heard of it and they don't want to go." Though representatives of smaller as well as larger colleges call annually at the nation's better high schools to deliver sales pitches, no half-hour visit can rearrange the mental furniture emplaced by years of contemplation of the Ivy League. Advisers in the high schools often know only a limited list of colleges themselves—especially if college counseling is only part of their duties.

Thus the list of colleges which appears in the box on page 47. The names are selected at random from suggestions made by men who travel to colleges all over the country, lecturing, counseling the faculty, or merely observing from the vantage point of a foundation expense account. These private colleges and universities are not all of one quality—but they are all good schools. Every one of them has had its share of Rhodes Scholars, Fulbrights, and Woodrow Wilson fellows among recent graduates, and none of them need be a "second choice" for any student. "I would like to emphasize," writes an officer of Reed College, "that as far as Reed is concerned there are no institutions with higher academic standards and very few that could be considered comparable." *The list could be ten—well, five—times as long with no diminution in quality, especially if it included certain state universities which the experts feel are not rated highly enough by the public: Kansas, Iowa, North Carolina, and others.*

Some of the names in the box are not wholly unfamiliar—like Hamilton, beneficiary of a lifelong love affair and propaganda campaign by an alumnus, the late Alexander Woollcott; or Wooster, highly praised in the public prints by a trustee, nuclear physicist Arthur H. Compton (himself, incidentally, a professor at Washington in St. Louis); or Lawrence, which had the misfortune to be located in Senator McCarthy's home town, and then received further attention when its president, Nathan Pusey, became president of Harvard. Some—like Reed, Carleton, and Agnes Scott—have become famous with people who run graduate schools, because they turn out so many first-class Ph. D. candidates. Kenyon publishes a well-regarded little magazine. Rochester contains the Eastman School of Music. Washington, at its foundation in 1854, was called Eliot Seminary, after a prominent family of St. Louis which later contributed a poet to England. . . .

None of these private colleges and universities is actually hungry for applications; except for one or two, they all have high-caliber student bodies right now. But at any one of them, with the possible exceptions of Reed, Hamilton, and Haverford, a good student will receive the kind of rousing welcome that nobody not a potential Einstein can get from the top-prestige colleges. Throughout the South and the Middle West today—and, to a lesser extent, in the Mountain States and on the West Coast—the much-publicized shortage of college places has become a whispered-about shortage of highly qualified students.

IVY LEAGUE SALESMEN

THREE forces have combined to jolt the admissions picture out of focus—the rapacity of the prestige colleges, the relative poverty of the less famous private colleges, and the uneven geographic distribution of scholastic talent.

(1) Despite the overwhelming number of applications they receive every year, the prestige colleges constantly recruit candidates at high schools all over the country, offering inducements ranging from subtleties of status to all-expense scholarships. A college officer writes bitterly that "No football player was ever wooed more persuasively and vigorously than the best scholar of this area. If you can obtain a copy of Harvard's confidential admissions book for alumni who are engaged in recruiting students, I know you would find it interesting reading." The recently retired president of a Midwestern college says, "They come here with their checkbooks and their *glee clubs,* and they take the cream off this area every year." The head of a Jesuit college which runs a high-quality preparatory school reports that 70 per cent of its graduates go on to his college—and the 30 per cent he loses are the top of the class, called to the Ivies by society and Mammon.

It is hard to blame the big-name colleges for their desire to perfect their entering classes. Tuition does not begin to pay the cost of an

education at these institutions, and every student represents an investment of the college's own funds. Each time a student drops out, this investment must be regarded as lost. The aim of the admissions department is, properly, to guarantee that as many entrants as possible will be able to run the full course. This aim is remarkably well achieved today at the most prominent colleges. Nationwide, the drop-out rate is close to 60 per cent; at Harvard, it has not been as high as 10 per cent at any time in the last decade. A man who has taught economics at Harvard for twenty years recalls that when he started there were always a few boys in his classes whose troubles seemed to trace to a simple lack of stuff; if they have troubles today, he says, the case is one for the psychologists.

Of the 2,500 boys who received certificates or stipends in the first National Merit Scholarship competition in 1956, more than 600 went to five colleges—Harvard, MIT, Yale, Princeton, and Cornell. Of the 611 boys who eventually won this nationwide competition for scholarships in 1957, the five colleges took 192. It must be observed, however, that the prestige colleges also compete with each other, often under cover of night, and that nobody is big enough to win them all. In 1958, Harvard "accepted" 46 students from the Boston Latin School (15 per cent of the graduating class; a remarkable tribute to the school), but sixteen of the 46 decided to go elsewhere.

If even Harvard has "ghosts" (admitted applicants who do not show up on registration day), the smaller colleges must expect to be roundly haunted, and they are. Admissions officers at less prestigious institutions annually play a kind of guessing game, attempting to estimate what proportion of this year's accepted candidates will actually join the freshman class. The College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Rochester accepted 1,130 applicants in 1958 to get 572 actually enrolled freshmen. Rochester's position is such that it can attract more than a thousand highly able applicants, and 82 per cent of those who finally enrolled were from the top fifth of their high-school classes. Other colleges which lose half their admitted candidates, however, wind up with a student body unable to take full advantage of the opportunities offered by the school.

(2) In the recruitment battle, the smaller, less well known colleges are hopelessly outgunned. Their outstanding graduates are a rivulet beside the torrent in which the Yale recruitment agent so modestly washes his hands. At best, there are fewer graduates around to make an impression—or simply to make an appearance. With a few exceptions (Carleton in Minnesota and Reed in Oregon are the most striking) they cannot offer scholarship aid in anything like the amounts available from the Ivy League schools. Usually, they cannot even produce such glamorous "view books," the glossy-paper brochures, containing pictures of the students dancing, playing football, boating, dining, relaxing, peering through a telescope or casually examining a book, which are most applicants' first contact with a college. Again, there are exceptions—the "view book" issued by Agnes Scott in Georgia would do great credit to the advertising department of a movie studio—but the competition in glamor is essentially one-sided.

If the best students were evenly distributed geographically, cream-skimming by the twenty high-prestige colleges would not present too serious a problem. Radcliffe College is intellectually the second most selective school in America (Caltech outranks it), but in 1958 there were 25,000 high-school seniors who received higher scores than the average Radcliffe entrant on the Scholastic Aptitude Test of the College Entrance Examination Board. In all, the Top Twenty colleges can take fewer than 10,000 of the 50,000 most talented high-school graduates. For every student swiped from the Midwest by the Ivy League schools, there should be four of equal quality for the local colleges.

(3) Unfortunately, however, academic talent is highly concentrated in the big cities, and thus, especially, in the East. With less than 30 per cent of the population, the New England and Middle Atlantic states provide 60 per cent of the 50,000 top scorers on the Scholastic Aptitude Test. National Merit Scholarships are awarded so many to a state rather than by nationwide competition ("If Faubus closed *all* the schools," a big-city school official says bitterly, "they'd still have to give half-a-dozen Merit Scholarships in Arkansas"). To win a scholarship in New York, a student must rank in the top one-quarter of one per cent nationally; to win one in certain Midwestern and Southwestern states, he can be anywhere in the top 10 per cent.

Various reasons are alleged for this uneven distribution of talent, but three of them are most convincing. All "intelligence" and "aptitude" tests measure acculturation as well as ability, and the culture which scores best is that of the urban and suburban upper-middle class. Obviously,

the quality of high-school preparation will show up on any test, and outside the urban areas many high schools are simply too small to afford specialized instruction and such luxuries as laboratory equipment for the science courses. Finally, it seems likely that over the last century a process of selection has led many of the most enterprising and intelligent small-town and rural residents to the cities, leaving a relatively depressed fraction in the countryside. Though this process has been far from uniform, and the rural areas have received some reinforcement from highbrows who cannot stand the cities, the net result has almost certainly been toward intellectual impoverishment of the farms.

Once minimum standards of ability have been met, prestige colleges like to work with a "diversified" student body, and follow the theory that students drawn from many sections of the country will form a diversified group. ("Which always hands me a laugh," says a New York City high-school man. "They take kids from Scarsdale, Shaker Heights, Evanston, Pasadena, and Newton, all from families where the father earns $20,000 to $30,000 a year, and then they say they've got a diversified entering class.") So the

College	Location	Sex	Enrollment	Description
EAST:				
Bates College	Lewiston, Me.	co-ed.	800	Baptist-nondenom.
Bowdoin College	Brunswick, Me.	men	800	Nondenominational
Hamilton College	Clinton, N. Y.	men	700	Nondenominational
Haverford College	Haverford, Pa.	men	450	Quaker
University of Rochester	Rochester, N. Y.	co-ed.	2,000 (undergrad.)	Nondenominational
SOUTH:				
Agnes Scott College	Decatur, Ga.	women	600	Presbyterian-nondenom.
Birmingham-Southern College	Birmingham, Ala.	co-ed.	1,100	Methodist
Vanderbilt University	Nashville, Tenn.	co-ed.	1,800 (undergrad.)	Nondenominational
Davidson College	Davidson, N. C.	men	900	Presbyterian-nondenom.
MIDWEST & WEST:				
Earlham College	Richmond, Ind.	co-ed.	800	Quaker (no drinking, smoking discouraged)
Washington University	St. Louis, Mo.	co-ed.	1,800 (undergrad. lib. arts)	Nondenominational
Carleton College	Northfield, Minn.	co-ed.	1,000	Congregational-nondenom.
Lawrence College	Appleton, Wis.	co-ed.	800	Methodist-nondenom.
College of Wooster	Wooster, Ohio	co-ed.	1,200	Presbyterian
Kenyon College	Gambier, Ohio	men	500	Episcopal-nondenom.
Grinnell College	Grinnell, Iowa	co-ed.	1,000	Congregational-nondenom.
FAR WEST:				
Claremont Men's College	Claremont, Cal.	men	350	Nondenominational (member of Assoc. Colleges of Claremont, sharing facilities with Pomona and Scripps)
Pomona College	Claremont, Cal.	co-ed.	1,000	Nondenominational
Scripps College	Claremont, Cal.	women	225	Nondenominational
Reed College	Portland, Ore.	co-ed.	750	Nondenominational
Mills College	Oakland, Cal.	women	650	Nondenominational

Twenty-one Good Private Colleges That Are Looking for More Good Students

Top Twenty go into areas where the cream is thin—and take virtually all of it.

The presidents of some small colleges react to this situation with annoyance ("I am not vastly impressed with either [Harvard College] or its student body").

Others would like to deny that the problem bothers them ("Since we are interested in that group of students which is eligible to attend the best institutions in the country, there is naturally an area of competition. We have never made too much of a point of this, nor do we take any specific steps to combat it"). Yet another writes that his school suffers no serious loss of qualified students to the East—a contention bolstered but at the same time somewhat weakened by a later boast that enrollment this year is "very nearly capacity."

From those colleges which are actively working toward solutions of the recruitment problem there comes a somewhat different story: "We do experience a severe loss of the best students to the high-prestige institutions of the East. For this very reason we have set as a goal for this liberal arts college the upgrading of our total academic program, the vigorous recruitment of competent and dedicated faculty members, and continuous improvement in our salary schedules. We are also . . . constructing new dormitories for out-of-city and out-of-state students."

Chancellor Ethan A. H. Shepley of Washington at St. Louis writes that "we feel worse about a strong student selecting a weak institution than about the good students going to the high-prestige institutions. The competition for freshmen of top quality and ability is of the same nature as the competition for varsity athletes. When you have limited funds for scholarships, as we do, not too much can be done about attracting large numbers of top-quality high-school students who have reason to expect scholarship assistance of one sort or another. We are, however, doing everything that we can to show the counselors in the secondary schools, as well as the college-bound students and their parents, that Washington is a good place for the good student. We are particularly anxious to attract to our campus good students from outside the St. Louis area. In September of 1959, we will open four new dormitories, which will provide housing for approximately 580 out-of-town students. . . . One of our first steps in our present program designed to make ourselves better known to a larger number of secondary schools outside our area was the holding of a Guidance Conference this past October, to which we invited the representatives from forty-two secondary schools, representative of a wide range of geographical areas. . . ."

KIDNAPING THE TOP THIRD

IT IS possible to exaggerate the seriousness of the recruitment problem faced by the small liberal-arts colleges and the less well known private universities. Every school and every profession always feels itself entitled to better human material than it gets. Moreover, no college or university is equally strong in all areas of instruction, and there is some reason to believe that in all schools the average of the students is pulled up by those in the better departments and down by those in the poorer departments. Finally, the thundering herd of students born during and shortly after the war is now approaching college age. The total number of applicants to all colleges will be greatly increased during the next decade, which may allow even the less privileged colleges to be reasonably selective among candidates.

Most of the worry about the college problem has been statistical, following the tenor of the report of the President's Commission on Higher Education (which "seemed to think of college," Dael Wolfle once wrote, "as a kind of super high school in which everyone in the top third of the intelligence distribution should learn to be better citizens"). Today, problems of moral and intellectual quality seem more pressing. Over the long run, a college must be damaged by the activities of an admissions department which grabs students at the start of their high-school senior year by offering them early acceptance—on provision that they will not apply anywhere else. The resemblance of this procedure to kidnaping has been noted in academic circles, where it is described as a "warm bodies" policy. And a college must be damaged immediately if it accepts students who cannot handle the work involved in higher education. Only a few schools are so strong financially that, like Johns Hopkins, they can suffer the loss of tuition income which results from vacancies in the freshman class. The others must lower their standards.

In a very real sense, it is the quality of the student body which attracts professors to colleges and holds them there. Harvard and Yale and Chicago pay no better—and in some positions worse—than the big state universities, but they can attract a superior faculty because the quality of their students makes the work more rewarding. Salary increases will not keep the good

teachers at today's good small colleges if the quality of the student body goes down.

A few years ago, in a speech justly famous among educators, Cornelius W. de Kieweit, President of Rochester University, argued that the glory of the American university system was its willingness to train "the student of good but not first-class ability. . . . It is difficult to estimate the support, co-operation, and sympathy which our first-rate scientists, engineers, and other professional men get from the high percentage of college men amongst their subordinates and assistants."

Like many other socially admirable endeavors, however, that of educating "the student of good but not first-class ability" may be a rather unrewarding job for those who must perform it. One of the great psychological satisfactions of teaching is the reproduction of one's kind. Elementary-school teachers are most rewarded by nice middle-class children; high-school teachers remember most fondly the youngsters who seemed likely to enter the professions; college teachers feel happiest about their potential Ph. D. candidates. Without a reasonable leavening of such scholars in the classroom loaf, professors become discontented. At big universities, a relatively decent salary scale and laboratory or library facilities for individual research can compensate for considerable frustration in teaching —but the professor in a small private college cannot escape his students. The danger at present is that many of our liberal-arts colleges and private universities may be depressed to the point where they are good for no higher task than servicing the less able student. To avoid this danger, we must be prepared to mix the student pot more thoroughly, to encourage a greater migration of first-class Eastern students to the South and Midwest, as replacements for those whom the prestige schools have siphoned off.

THE TEN-FOOT CHOICE

INEVITABLY, most of the worrying is done about the smaller colleges, but the future of the good if not famous private university is even more seriously compromised by the current recruitment situation. Small colleges tend to stand out in the minds of educators, but only the few who have seen the good universities at work can tell which big-city schools are carrying forward a high-quality program of instruction in the liberal arts, and which are mere "service institutions."

Most universities (and many colleges) are to some extent infected with the "service" virus. As the president of a liberal-arts college puts it, "The students are either in professional programs already—engineering, teaching, business—or they've got their eye on a profession, they're pre-med or pre-law or pre-dent. Nobody's concerned about getting an education for its own sake." But the big-city universities which fight off the worst effects of this epidemic can offer the student from another city the kind of variety —in friends, surroundings, and cultural experience—which he needs if he is to stay happy and efficient through a four-year program.

Smaller colleges can be entirely too homogeneous for the big-city boy, especially one who has been brought up to take advantage of those cultural fixtures in the metropolitan landscape which are no more than shooting stars in the small-college community. What the small college can offer as a counterbalance, however, is a degree of individual attention unmatched at any other educational institution—including elementary schools and high schools. At a time when standardized tests are the dominant measuring device throughout our educational machinery, such individual attention is uniquely valuable.

In his inaugural address as president of Birmingham-Southern College, Henry King Stanford said that he had recently asked a student the classic question, "Would you rather sit in the classroom a hundred feet away from a world-renowned professor or ten feet away from a mediocre one?" The student answered, "Is that the only choice I have? I'd rather sit ten feet away from a good one."

The maintenance of this vital third choice is endangered by today's patterns of student migration—and the danger will be greater still when inexpensive jet transportation makes colleges two thousand miles from home more convenient than colleges two hundred miles from home. With the peril of so great a loss upon us now, it seems rather foolish for so many college educators and their publicists to be concentrating on the dubious numbers game of the later 1960s.

A KNEE-LENGTH TRAPEZE

When lovely woman stoops—
Oops!

—Felicia Lamport

By CHARLES W. THAYER

Drawings by M. T. Mindell



calm man in a nervous place

BERLIN'S WILLY BRANDT

"THERE goes the future Chancellor of Germany," a prominent politician said to me at a recent political convention. "In six years he'll be running our country."

He pointed to an amiable-looking young man, with the build of a Notre Dame tackle, lumbering across the convention hall. His big head erect, his brown hair swept back from a prominent peak, he greeted friends with a smile stretching from ear to ear and creasing his cheeks into two deep dimples.

Willy Brandt, Berlin's newly elected forty-four-year-old Mayor, was a minor local politician a year ago. Even today he is not regarded as one of his party's great brains. I asked my companion what made him so confident of Brandt's future.

"Willy," he said, "is one of those very rare politicians with genuine charism like Roosevelt or Eisenhower who absorb the best qualities of everyone they meet and re-radiate them like a sun glass twice as powerfully."

Within the last few months, Brandt's character has suddenly become a matter of acute interest to Americans. For the main pressure of the current Russian campaign to force the Allied troops out of Berlin and to absorb that city into Communist East Germany focuses largely on him. If he should waver, Berlin might be lost. If he should panic, a single rash move might touch off a shooting war.

Fortunately for us—and for all Europe—Brandt is not a man likely either to waver or to panic. Indeed, his record is notable for his ability to think coolly and act firmly in moments of crisis. And no political leader anywhere can show a better record for steadiness, shrewdness, and determination in the face of Soviet pressures.

This may surprise some Americans, since he is a member of Germany's Social Democratic party —regarded by many in the U. S. and even by some Germans as a first cousin of Communism. The fact is, however, that as the Communists' only active rival among the working classes, the Social Democratic party probably has more fundamental differences with the Communists than many a more conservative party in both Europe and America. Brandt himself is about as "Socialistic" (in the Soviet sense) as Harry S. Truman —and is just as grossly vilified by the East German Communist press.

As he ambles in big, easy strides across his ornate office in Berlin's City Hall and slouches comfortably into an overstuffed armchair, it is apparent also that he was never drilled in a Prussian barracks square as were so many of his colleagues. Nor is there any of the pompous dignity of an old-time German official, as he starts the conversation with: "What about a glass of sherry?"

In private Willy talks easily and quietly. He interrupts himself frequently to seek your assent. But when he climbs to the speaker's rostrum at a mass meeting, his easygoing manner disappears. A deep, rough, almost raucous voice rolls out like a succession of cannon balls. He speaks slowly, chooses his words carefully, and then hurls them vehemently at his audience.

In addition to his charm, his grin, and his

The young Mayor of Berlin is used to standing up under Soviet pressure, without either panicking or caving in. . . . He is trying to shift Germany's second biggest party from old-fashioned Socialism to a modern outlook . . . and he is fast becoming a good bet to head up his country's next government. An intimate portrait by a former American diplomat and authoritative writer on German affairs.

oratory, Willy has another asset which surpasses all three: his Norwegian-born wife, Ruth. In the land of *Kinder, Küche,* and *Kirche,* politicians' wives seem doomed to a dowdiness which Social Democrats' wives have elevated almost to a cult. But not Ruth. Blue-eyed, blonde with a shoulder-length bob that frames a thin, pretty face and the fine sharp nose typical of many Scandinavians, she is probably the only German politician's wife who looks as well in tight toreador pants as in an ankle-length ball dress.

Ruth frequently joins in Willy's political battles. In fact, Brandt's sudden rise to fame can be traced to a critical moment when his oratorical skill and Ruth's presence of mind prevented an angry mob from turning Berlin into another—and probably far bloodier—Budapest.

Before that day, Willy was a struggling young Berlin politician at odds with his own party's local leadership. Three times he had been defeated for a position in the party's ruling councils. Even Ruth had begun to suspect he would never win. His last effort had been at the Social Democratic convention in Munich in 1956 when his archenemy in Berlin, Franz Neumann, had defeated him for membership in the party's executive committee.

THE MASSACRE THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN

A FEW months later came the demonstration of November 5, the day after Soviet tanks had stormed into Budapest. Berlin's city fathers, including Franz Neumann, had rashly summoned an indignation meeting at Berlin's City Hall. Not invited to the speakers' platform, Willy and Ruth watched from the steps below as an angry crowd, made up largely of students, assembled in the square before the hall.

In a series of dreary, uninspired speeches, the city fathers harangued the impatient crowd. Neumann drew shouts of derision when he boasted that, thanks to his leadership, Berlin had escaped Budapest's fate after the war. As the last speaker finished, the students' tempers flared. Noisily they called for action, not just petty party propaganda. An alarmed official on the platform appealed to a city senator to call the crowd to order; the Senator shrugged helplessly.

Someone in the crowd shouted: "To Brandenburg Gate!" and others took up the cry. Willy instantly recognized the danger of a march to this inflammable spot at the edge of the Russian sector. He hurried to the platform and seized the microphone. Facing the angry mob, he took the dangerous but only possible tack to subdue them: he shouted not at them but with them. His big frame shaking with indignation, he denounced the Russian barbarism while the crowd roared approval. When he saw he had his audience with him, he too called for action. He proposed that they march not to the Brandenburg Gate but to the Steinplatz—far from the boundary—where they should stage a demonstration in front of the Memorial for the Victims of Stalinism.

With Ruth he led the shouting crowd to the Steinplatz and then made another speech, promising to send an urgent appeal to the United Nations to stop the Russian action in Budapest. It was hardly the kind of action the students had hoped for, but it was enough. Finally he persuaded them to disperse.

But even before Willy's harangue at City Hall, another column of marchers had already started for Brandenburg Gate. There, Soviet troops—forewarned by spies—were drawn up, their tommy guns at the hip. A Russian officer swaggered under the archway and made it clear that he would deal with demonstrators just as ruthlessly as his colleagues had in Budapest. The stage was set for the catastrophe every statesman in Europe feared: if Soviet troops started shooting at Berliners, what could dissuade their West German fellow countrymen from intervening and alighting a powder train that might blow up all Europe?

Frantically, West Berlin police threw cordon after cordon in front of the advancing students, but each time the mob dodged through the shrubbery of the Tiergarten and outflanked them. The police sent word to Willy at Steinplatz. Leaping into a car with Ruth, he hurried toward the Gate. Three times en route he stopped and, seizing a microphone from a riot car, he appealed to the mob to turn back.

A few yards from the Gate he stopped for the last time. Ruth disappeared among the crowd. Willy, after searching in vain for a loud-speaker, turned on the mob once more. Now he changed his tactics. Taunting them for fools, he told them angrily that they were playing into the Russians' hands. "We came to honor our Hungarian friends," he shouted, "not to start a war!"

The sullen students paused to listen. Then he persuaded them to sing the German Soldier's funeral song, "The Good Comrade." As the song came to an end, some of the more reasonable students whom Ruth had hastily mobilized in the front of the mob turned about, locked arms, and slowly pushed back the subdued crowd. The crisis was over and the Brandts were heroes.

EDGING AWAY FROM SOCIALISM

NOT until a year later did Willy have a chance to challenge the leadership of his old enemy Neumann. The showdown came when Mayor Otto Suhr died in the autumn of 1957 and Parliament met to elect a successor. Discredited by his many blunders—including the fiasco that had led to the Brandenburg Gate episode—and abandoned by his party's national committee, Neumann was passed over and Brandt was elected by a large majority. In January 1958, the party rank and file followed suit by ousting Neumann as their chief and electing Willy in his place. The thumping victory of the Social Democratic party in the city election during the Berlin crisis this past December was a personal triumph for Brandt, as well as a rejection of Communist pressure to drive the Western Allies from the city.

It is in his capacity as a party leader that Brandt's future lies. As Mayor of our beleaguered fortress in the East, he can no doubt gain prestige throughout Germany and the Western World. But as the leading Social Democrat in Germany's leading Social Democratic city, he will have a weighty say in the ailing party's councils—and Willy has plenty to say.



Germany's oldest party, the SPD was founded in 1869. Outlawed by Bismarck, it was finally legalized in 1891. Though it claimed Karl Marx as its spiritual father and advocated the socialization of industry, the eight-hour day, and the obligatory arbitration of labor disputes, it rejected from the start Marx's basic doctrine of violent revolution. Moreover, it worked with the bourgeois parties in the Reichstag, even to the extent of voting military appropriations during World War I.

In the debacle that followed the war, the SPD took over from the Kaiser's last chancellor and sided with the conservative military men in putting down the Communist revolutionaries. Although it was the largest party during the Weimar regime and in the early 'twenties provided several chancellors, it was eventually forced into opposition by various coalitions of the smaller liberal and conservative parties with which the Weimar era abounded. In 1933 it was again outlawed by Hitler.

Shortly after World War II, the brilliant and fiery Kurt Schumacher, emerging from twelve years in concentration camps, re-established the party much as it was when he was jailed in 1933. While Schumacher was thus reviving the past, another politician, Konrad Adenauer, was making sure that at least one aspect of the past would *not* be revived—namely, the plethora of small liberal and conservative parties which had hamstrung Parliament between the wars. He consolidated all the conservative, democratic elements in a single Christian Democratic Union, as an avowed opponent of the anti-clerical, well-disciplined SPD. Though a number of smaller parties did not join the Union, they steadily dwindled in significance, until today Germany's politics are dominated by Adenauer's CDU and the SPD. The Socialists control a number of provincial parliaments, but they have never managed to win a majority in the federal legislature; they regularly poll between 30 and 40 per cent of the national vote.

Judging from experience in England and America, whenever the political race is confined to two parties their differences tend to decrease, as they both compete for the middle-of-the-road vote. But in this respect the German Social Democrats are working under several handicaps. The biggest is their allegedly Marxian coloration—which never really existed, but which their opponents (for campaign purposes) won't forget and they (largely for sentimental reasons) can't forget.

Most of the social reforms they advocated have long since been achieved—with the exception of nationalization which, for all practical purposes, they have now abandoned. But many of the party's older members still cling nostalgically to its ancient slogans, call each other "Comrade," wave red flags, and idolize the glorious past when the blue-denim proletariat marched together in heroic demonstrations.

Fearful of alienating this hard core of old Socialist "comrades," the party's senior functionaries—isolated in their Bonn headquarters, known as "The Barracks"—have long resisted every effort to rejuvenate the party.

For a number of years, however, a strong opposition has been growing against the Old Comrades and the functionaries in The Barracks. These reformers argue that no self-respecting worker in Germany today considers himself a "proletarian" and that the party's Marxian camouflage—so reminiscent of the Soviet system—terrifies the middle-class voter. Therefore they demand that the party discard its "useless ballast," as Professor Carlo Schmid expressed it, and avowedly proclaim itself a progressive liberal party to which any respectable worker, civil servant, intellectual, or small businessman can belong.

Another handicap is a legacy from the late Kurt Schumacher, whose bitter personal enmity with Adenauer drove him into a stultifying opposition for opposition's sake. This led the party into a box, especially in the field of foreign affairs. Determined to damn every policy of Adenauer, Schumacher opposed his Western alliances, although they are heartily supported by the majority of German voters. The Socialists have been able to find no alternative except vaguely neutralist proposals which many observers—I think mistakenly—equate with a pro-Russian attitude.

UNDERGROUND IN NORWAY

THE progressive opponents of The Barracks staged an open revolt at the Stuttgart convention last May and managed to throw most of the old left-wingers out of the party's executive committee, replacing them with such modern right-wingers as Willy Brandt. On foreign policy, however, there was little change at Stuttgart. In their appeals for talks with the Kremlin, their denunciation of NATO defense plans, and their opposition to Adenauer's pro-Western policies, the speakers only succeeded in pushing the party further down the dead end street of fuzzy-minded neutralism.

It was clear in Stuttgart that the reformers themselves had not dared to challenge the legacy of Schumacher in front of the minor party officials, the ward leaders who dominated the party convention. What the reformers needed was not an intellectual Socialist—they had plenty of them—but a courageous, dynamic man with the popular appeal to lead a genuine rejuvenation movement. That man, his friends say, is the newly elected national committeeman, Willy Brandt.

Willy's career, like his charm, is unique in several respects. Born in Lübeck on the North Sea, the son of a grocery store saleswoman, Brandt (whose name at birth was Herbert Frahm) became interested in the Social Democratic party as a schoolboy. Still in his teens when Hitler came to power, he saw his older friends being arrested by the Gestapo and decided to flee before he himself was caught. He escaped by fishing boat to Norway. There he immediately began a successful career as a journalist under the pen name of Willy Brandt.

Unlike other Social Democrats who emigrated first to Prague and eventually to London, where they spent their exile huddled in a frustrated little group, some not even learning to speak English, Brandt quickly became active in Norwegian politics. He learned both Norwegian, in which he wrote a number of books and pamphlets, and English, which he still speaks well.

During his exile he acquired a forged Norwegian passport.

"It was a damned good forgery," Willy records. "It fooled all the police in Europe—including the Gestapo."

With it he covered the Spanish Civil War for some Scandinavian newspapers and even visited Berlin to gather material in the Nazi party archives for use in his anti-Hitler pamphlets.

When the Germans invaded Norway, Brandt was working with the Norwegian Red Cross. Fearful that the Gestapo would discover his real identity, his friends got him a Norwegian soldier's uniform in which he was taken prisoner by the Wehrmacht instead of the Gestapo. After a few weeks as a prisoner-of-war, he managed to escape and fled to Sweden.

These circumstances have caused him some political embarrassment, since opponents have charged that while still a German citizen he bore arms against his country. Willy emphatically denies the accusation explaining that he had been deprived of German citizenship by the Nazi government and that in any case he was a Red Cross worker and not an active soldier. Perhaps oversensitive to these charges of treason, Brandt has brought suit against the politician who first published them. The case is still pending.

In Sweden Brandt finally acquired Norwegian citizenship and worked with the Norwegian Government-in-Exile until the war ended. It was in Stockholm that he first met Ruth, the

widow of a fellow journalist. But it was not until he moved to Berlin that he married her.

When the war ended Brandt returned to Germany, first as a journalist to report the Nürnberg trial and then as a political attaché of the Norwegian Military Mission in Berlin. He re-established his contacts with the Social Democratic party, then being revived by Kurt Schumacher, and after two years decided to give up his privileged position as a victorious Norwegian and to resume the citizenship and status of a defeated German.

"It is better," he said at the time, "to be a lone democrat in Germany than to be one in Norway where everyone is a democrat."

In Berlin, Brandt at once allied himself with another ex-emigré, Ernst Reuter—later to become a famous Mayor of Berlin—who was also a Social Democrat with progressive leanings. At that time the local party leader was Franz Neumann. He had spent the Hitler years in "internal emigration" as a locksmith and had sprung to prominence when he successfully resisted Soviet efforts to merge the entire Berlin Social Democratic party with the Communists to form the Soviet-dominated Socialist Unity party which now rules East Germany and the Eastern Sector of Berlin.

Jealous of Reuter's immense prestige, Neumann provoked a quarrel which lasted until Reuter's death. The feud was carried on by Brandt and only ended, for practical purposes, when Brandt ousted Neumann from the local party chairmanship.

Elected to the first Bundestag in Bonn in 1949, Willy (under Reuter's tutelage) slowly built himself a reputation as a practical politician, a highly effective public speaker, an arch-enemy of the Communists, and a stanch ally of the West—and particularly of the United States, which had contributed so much to saving his adopted city during the Blockade. Finally his break came with the crisis at the Brandenburg Gate in 1956 and his election as Mayor a year later.

As soon as he had installed himself in the Mayor's office, Brandt set out on two pilgrimages which since the war have become almost obligatory to aspiring German politicians—to Washington and London. According to the Berlin press both trips were triumphal tours—in brilliant contrast with the tepid reception his national party chief, Erich Ollenhauer, received a year earlier. Berliners of all parties—excepting the Communists—are proud of their new Mayor and consider him the legitimate heir of their beloved Ernst Reuter. British, French, and American officials are no less warm in their praise.

But it is the Social Democratic reformers who hold the highest hopes for Brandt. Not that they expect him suddenly to take over the national party leadership or even to storm The Barracks at Bonn. Willy is still too junior among the rank-conscious Social Democrats, despite his recent leap to fame. Moreover, he is a cautious political strategist, who can wait ten years to gain his ends.

OPPORTUNIST OR PRACTICAL POLITICIAN?

NOW that he has risen to the top level of his party, what does Willy hope to achieve for it? In the first place, he believes strongly that an exclusively workers' party is an anachronism. The Social Democrats must spread out in all directions—among white-collar workers and small businessmen, intellectuals and civil servants. At its fringes it should not demand formal party membership but should merge with non-party sympathizers. "People have a perfect right to be politically active without paying dues to a political party," he argues.

Secondly, Brandt believes, that though a party machine to organize elections is necessary, it should not be the tail wagging the dog. Even in the selection of candidates, party functionaries have a tendency to put forward old "comrades," and as a sounding board of public opinion, Brandt believes, polls are more accurate than the views of prejudiced ward leaders.

Willy is not an extremist, however, about the old symbols that worry Carlo Schmid and other reformers. If the old boys want to drape an old party banner or two behind the speaker's platform, Willy doesn't mind. "But," he adds with a grin, "let's not start making any new red banners. It's not the fashion nowadays."

And if they want to call each other "comrade" and sing a few Socialist songs at the end of a political rally, why not? (Brandt himself regularly addresses his audiences as "Ladies and Gentlemen" and when he took the oath as Mayor of Berlin, he almost shouted the words "So help me God!" thereby shattering an ancient Social Democratic taboo on religious oaths.)

Brandt is not a believer in dogmas and party doctrines. "In this age when politics like everything else is jet-propelled, who can draft a program that will stand up five years hence?" The best one can do, he thinks, is to formulate a few basic principles and stick to them. At the

Stuttgart convention, where an elaborate new party program was one of the chief subjects of discussion, Willy was conspicuously silent.

Among the principles Willy would like to see adopted are these four:

(1) "The magic word 'nationalization' is no longer justified in modern politics. The problem is how the various forms of economic activity and how private and public capital are to be harmonized. To the extent that public capital is necessary, for example in the fuel industry, you have to be cautious and not just demand complete socialization."

(2) Recalling the bitter days of 1933, when Hitler was hailed into power by an ignorant electorate, Willy believes that enlightened popular political activity must be vigorously expanded. "It's not enough," he says, "just to give people the vote." In Germany many feudal hangovers from the past curtail the political activity of the citizen. The most burdensome of these—not only of Hitler, but of Bismarck and Wilhelm II—is perhaps the bureaucracy. "Imagine an American civil servant telling a Congressman to go to hell," he says. "Yet that's precisely what many high civil servants do in Germany!" Brandt concedes that you can go too far with this as with any other theory. Lenin, for example, suggested that in the ideal state, street cleaners and mayors should alternate at their jobs. "That's nonsense," he says; "besides I've no great hankering to sweep streets."



(3) Willy believes that the existing monopoly on higher education in Germany must be broken. This, he explains, is a two-pronged problem. The ordinary well-paid German worker—suffering from an old inferiority complex—seldom saves money, as a poor civil servant does, to send his children through college; he feels they don't belong there. On the other hand, many people in Germany, including Adenauer and his adherents, still think that scholastic aptitude is best determined by birth. Rich industrialists perpetuate the educational monopoly by granting scholarships only to sons of white-collar employees. The big university fraternities, with their powerful old grads, do the same by giving preference in jobs to sons of fraternity brethren.

(4) While Willy does not hold much store by the old romantic ideals of an international brotherhood of the working class, he does believe that the more prosperous industrial nations should practice a new brotherhood by helping to develop backward countries.

On the more specific issues of international affairs, Mayor Brandt is careful not to antagonize the policy-makers of his party. Often he takes refuge in the formula that, as Mayor of Berlin, foreign affairs are outside his province. Since his city suffers most acutely from the division of Germany, however, he attaches far more importance to reunification than do Adenauer and his adherents. To achieve reunification he is also prepared to take greater risks than the present government.

Perhaps because he is daily confronted with problems arising from the East-West struggle, Brandt believes that eventually Moscow and Washington will be forced to come to a settlement by world public opinion. He also believes that the pressures within the Soviet Union—unrest among intellectuals, the unsolved problems of modern industrialism, and the problem of the peasantry—will eventually force the Kremlin to modify its methods.

Furthermore, the pressures in the satellites, such as those in Poland and Hungary, will work toward the same end.

For all these reasons, Willy believes that Germany must push for an eventual settlement and see to it that it is made with Germany's consent and not at its expense. At the same time, he thinks that to be prepared for every contingency the West must keep all lines to the East open. Unlike Adenauer—who once refused a West German visa to a Soviet clown—Willy is ready to talk to all visitors who come through Berlin from the East. Shortly after becoming Mayor of Berlin he paid a courtesy call on the Soviet Commander in the East Zone, and when I last saw him he was about to receive some Soviet students returning from England.

In the current debate on "disengagement" Brandt pleads ignorance but, he adds, everyone else appears to be just as ignorant, including Chancellor Adenauer. An American general, for example, told him that the American bases in Germany were useless.

"If that's the case," Willy asked, "why not swap them for some political advantage?"

Until the Western authorities and particularly NATO itself are agreed upon minimum military defense requirements, no one, including Adenauer, knows what we are bargaining with—or for.

Compared to the involved ideologies of some of his fellow politicians, Brandt's principles appear basic to the point of superficiality. In fact, some of his critics accuse him of down-

right opportunism. His friends reply that the fundamental difference between him and the doctrinaire theoreticians is that while he was working at practical politics in Scandinavia the theoreticians were debating nineteenth-century dogmas in London. An American diplomat in Berlin who knows and admires Brandt, says: "It is precisely his pragmatic approach to problems that appeals so strongly to outsiders who do business with him."

Willy is the first to recognize that his political philosophy must appear rather commonplace to an American. But, he emphasizes, Germany has never had a chance to adapt its political institutions to what he calls "living democracy." Only during the Weimar Republic would such a development have been possible—and during that hectic period the goal of every politician was not reform but survival. During the occupation the Western Allies—particularly the Americans—did their best to put some of Willy's principles into practice but (though Willy is too polite to say so) they failed. Anyway, Willy believes, such principles cannot be imposed from without but must be developed from within.

THE BROKEN PROMISE

FROM Mayor of Socialist Berlin to Chancellor of essentially conservative Western Germany is a long jump. Before the Social Democrats can dream of putting anyone into the Federal Chancellery they must undergo a thorough face-lifting. This the reformers think they can accomplish. The party rank and file are also becoming increasingly aware that they must either modernize their ideas, their structure, and their program, or remain a nineteenth-century political party with a rigidly limited following.

Ever since the establishment of the Federal Republic Adenauer's CDU has governed Germany. But the longer it remains in power, the shorter its expectancy becomes in the political actuarial tables. Perhaps when eighty-three-year-old Adenauer departs, perhaps when the economic boom slows down, or perhaps when the voter simply decides it's time for a change—as Elihu Root once put it, as a sleeping man decides to roll over in bed without any apparent reason—the CDU will be turned out. Provided that the Socialists do not commit suicide by rejecting reform, the voters will then have little alternative but to choose the SPD.

Political prophecy is a dangerous sport, and it would be rash to predict that Willy Brandt will be the Social Democratic candidate when the shift comes. He has his enemies within the party—though their animosity is largely personal, inspired not so much by principles as by jealousy of Willy's charm and Ruth's chic.

And even Brandt's friends admit that he is often oversensitive to criticism, that he is overconscientious and sometimes slow to make decisions. Some say that he is afraid of his own power to sway the crowds, and hence reluctant to act until he is doubly sure he is right.

Others point out that he is still young and inexperienced in administration, which is nine-tenths of a Berlin Mayor's job. Furthermore, he has had no experience in delegating authority. Two of his predecessors were killed by that job and many fear that he will become so ensnared in the bureaucratic jungle that he will consume all his energies in the struggle merely to survive.

"Being Mayor of Berlin," one of his friends put it, "is a little like operating a meat grinder from the inside."

But despite the obstacles ahead, no one has yet appeared at the top level of the SPD who combines Willy's qualifications, his magnetism, and his driving ambition. The day Brandt was elected Mayor a reporter asked him if he had any plans for organizing his routine. He replied that he had only one firm resolution: that he was going to reserve an hour for his family every evening.

The Brandts' family consists of two boys who live with them in a small semi-detached villa in Berlin's suburbs. Peter, aged ten, wants to be an explorer and a writer like his father. He is also a woman-hater. Currently he is writing a school play about Robin Hood which originally had no woman in the cast. But the plot suffered so severely that he has reluctantly agreed to include two girls. Lars, aged six, is less literarily inclined and as of now plans to be a movie photographer so that he can film the movies his older brother writes.

When I last dined with the Brandts, I arrived late and the boys had both gone to bed. But Willy had not yet got home from City Hall. When he finally showed up I asked him about that resolution he had made on his first day in office.

He smiled a little wearily:

"I guess struggling young politicians shouldn't make so many resolutions if they hope to get anywhere."

Though it may cost Peter and Lars their children's hour, Willy is determined to go very far indeed.

THIS drawing and caption appeared in the October 1958 issue of *Harper's Magazine* as the final picture in Osbert Lancaster's "American Homes: Solemn to Gaudy to Drab."

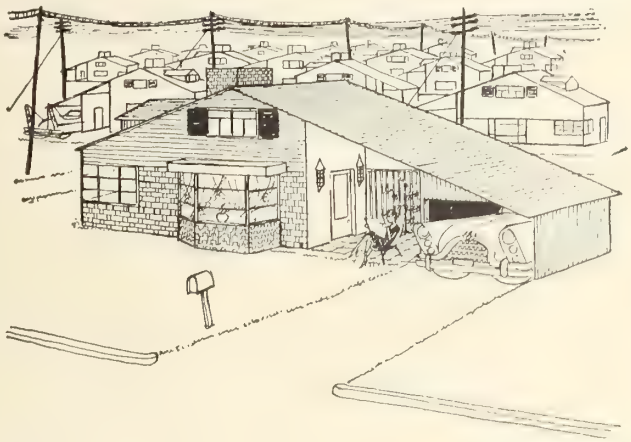
We have been inundated with letters from readers for whose warmth and wit we are deeply grateful. However, most of them did not entirely understand the rules of the "contest" (a state of mind the editors shared). As a result the majority did not send full-blown captions, which was what we meant to solicit, but merely brief titles, in numbers far exceeding our modest hopes.

Since we thus received both more and less than we thought we had asked for, we are both increasing and diminishing the awards, which seems a logical solution.

To the authors of the titles that seemed to us most appropriate, we are sending one-year subscriptions. To the authors of the captions we liked best, we are sending three-year subscriptions. The "contest" is now closed.

—The Editors

HOME ON THE RANGE



The editors will gladly give a three-year subscription to anyone who can write a caption for this drawing that doesn't remind them of *The Organization Man*, on the one hand, or the *Ladies' Home Journal* on the other.

Prize-winning Titles:

Made and Built in Passaic by Passaicans - *E. Milne, Chevy Chase, Maryland.*

Elizabethan Taylored—*Mrs. Glenn S. Allen, Jr., Kalamazoo, Michigan.*

Modern American Schizoid—*Mrs. James B. Rosenwald, Jr., New York, New York.*

Productio ad Absurdum—*Mrs. Abram S. Ginnes, Brooklyn, New York.*

The Disenchanted Cottage—*Mrs. Barbara Simpson, Waterford, Connecticut.*

Help Stamp Out Togetherness—*Stephen W. Winship, Concord, New Hampshire.*

Wide Open Spaceless—*Henriet Bederman, Highland Park, Illinois.*

Contemporary American Depressive—*B. Fabrikant, Buffalo, New York.*

Lean-Too—*H. K. Van Guilder, Jr., Pontiac, Michigan.*

Box Without Salt—*Maldon Horton, Portland, Oregon.*

Prize-winning Captions:

Patterned after a Cape Cod Dwelling accidentally squashed by a steam-roller. Beds, for example, fold into walls that have been eliminated. The present form, in which a built-in garage makes the automobile part of the house, is regarded as transitional. Next year, if minor plumbing difficulties can be overcome, Detroit will offer such houses as optional equipment on its automobiles.

—Raymond Price, New York, New York.

The American Anthology or Colonial Contemporary is a composite, sure-to-sell house designed by cement salesmen, carpenters' apprentices, and appliance promoters. Outstanding features are the modern slant roof, Victorian window seat, Georgian brick wainscot, and real-type Colonial shutters.

—James W. Brett, New York, New York.

This style satisfies the homeowner who likes grass. There is a place for everything except the thing you have in your hand. It is very cool, comfortable, and convenient—until inhabited.

—Barbara Cass, Roslyn Heights, New York.

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

a better break for the Mentally Ill

Until quite recently, most states locked up their mental patients in the most horrifying kind of madhouses, and forgot about them. . . . But today these hospitals are changing dramatically and fast—while new methods of treatment offer fresh hope for coping with our No. 1 health problem.

TODAY more Americans are in hospitals for mental illness than for polio, cancer, heart disease, tuberculosis, and all other diseases combined. Half the space in *all* American hospitals is taken up with mental patients—some 850,000 of them. It has been estimated that, as things stand now, one out of every twelve American children born today will spend part of his life in a mental hospital. Mental illness is unquestionably America's number one health problem.

Private psychiatric care is expensive. Only 10 per cent of the U. S. population can afford it. So most of our mentally incapacitated are in state hospitals. For years the patients piled up there until state hospitals became enormous, overcrowded, understaffed pesthouses. They were usually prison-like, walled-off from the community. People viewed them as places to be shunned and, if possible, forgotten.

But today for the first time there is real hope that all this may change. So far it is only a hope; but it has solid foundations—new discoveries, new ideas, and an awakened public concern.

Why do we have state hospitals at all? How are they changing? Why? What is likely to happen to them?

Dr. Benjamin Kovitz, clinical director of Columbus State Hospital, in Ohio—one of the thousands of devoted unsung doctors who have treated the mentally ill during the years when hope was slender indeed—recently said:

"The first reason mental hospitals came into existence was that we had to have a place for people that just couldn't fit in. They had to go somewhere. The state hospital started a hundred years ago, when it was realized that local county homes and jails could seldom do an adequate job. So one thing the mental hospital does is to give the community some place to send a person who is disturbing, incomprehensible, fighting, and so on.

"Then, from the start, it was observed that patients get better simply by being sent into this kind of place. In the last part of this last century the emphasis changed. Freud came along, and dynamic psychiatry, and we began to make an effort to really understand what was before considered meaningless. And we began to try to apply this understanding in therapy. In this century the somatic therapies came along—hydrotherapy, insulin and metrazol shock, electroshock, and now the new drugs—and the hospital came to be viewed as a place to help people get well.

"In addition, we now want to make a hospital serve as a place where people can do research. And at the same time we can train new doctors in psychiatry. And so the third hospital function has developed—research and training.

"The state hospital has worked, it's served some social need, as has the penal system, but it needs a lot of overhauling and a lot of its time-honored conceptions challenged."

THE STATES ATTACK THE SNAKEPITS

PRIMARY responsibility for the care of the mentally ill has traditionally rested with the states. Until a few years ago the states discharged their responsibility poorly. Almost any state hospital presented a picture of falling plaster, leaky plumbing, hopelessly overworked doctors, and utter neglect of the patients. The states were trying to "care for" mental patients for an average of $1.74 per patient per day (88 cents in Tennessee). But a few years ago major reform began in the states. Its impetus came from the federal government.

During World War II the rejection and discharge of soldiers for psychiatric reasons made the nation realize its stake in mental health, and in 1946 Congress passed the National Mental Health Act. This Act established the National Institute of Mental Health at Bethesda, Maryland, one of seven Institutes concerned with various diseases. The Institute conducts research of its own at Bethesda. It also grants money to researchers elsewhere, to medical schools for training more psychiatrists, and to states for community mental health services.

After the passage of the Act of 1946 the states bestirred themselves. They started to build buildings. They hired more doctors, nurses, and attendants and raised their salaries. They matched federal grants. They reorganized their mental-health departments. They established preventive programs—community clinics, child-guidance clinics, out-patient clinics. By 1953 the states were spending three times what they had spent on their state hospitals nine years before—half a billion dollars a year. Some states had multiplied their expenditures fantastically during that same period—Kansas by 610 per cent. Capital outlays became enormous—New York alone spent $350 million building hospitals. New research and training centers were set up. Salaries were increased until in some states mental health officials were earning more than governors. State spending far outran federal.

Why all the sudden interest? Citizens' groups, such as the National Association for Mental Health and the National Committee Against Mental Illness, helped arouse it. So did journalists. As the stigma of insanity began to diminish, it became possible to discuss insanity publicly. Governors discovered that mental health had become the third biggest item in their budgets, exceeded only by schools and roads. About the same time the new psychiatric drugs came along, encouraging citizens to believe that psychotics can be cured—that pouring money into state hospitals isn't pouring money down a rathole. Finally, during the prosperous postwar years, the country could afford to attend to the sick.

Not only is public interest higher; public understanding is more sophisticated. Not many years ago public interest could be stirred only by exposés of firetrap buildings or brutal beatings in state hospitals. Today people tend to take it for granted that buildings must be satisfactory and care humane; they want to know what is being done to treat the patients, for they have come to realize that if nothing is done for patients they are not much more likely to get well in a gleaming new building than in a rotting old one—that brains are needed as well as bricks. Two alternative ways of dealing with an overcrowded hospital present themselves: Get more of the patients out, or prevent new ones from going in.

Getting more out means curing more. This means primarily more doctors, nurses, and attendants. They do not exist. So the states have turned to spending money on training them. It also means finding new treatments, for if a pill should be found that was specific for schizophrenia—a possibility so remote that most psychiatrists consider it an idle dream—the hospitals could be half emptied overnight. So the states have turned to spending money on research.

Preventing patients from entering the hospital means better community out-patient clinics, which would find and treat mentally ill persons early, and it means keeping patients who don't need mental hospitals out of them, such as some aged persons. The state hospital becomes more and more a link in a chain that includes school, clinic, court, after-care homes, and rehabilitation services.

DOES GETTING OUT MEAN GETTING WELL?

AT PRESENT, state spending on hospitals has reached a high plateau. Some governors feel that the mental health program has been running away with the state budget and the time has come to stabilize.

Traveling around the country, one gets the impression that the state hospital programs of Kansas and Massachusetts are among the nation's best. These programs owe their superiority in no small part to being integrated with the programs of the Menninger Clinic in Kansas, and Harvard University and other colleges in Massachusetts. The same kind of thing has been done in several other states. But all too often state hospitals have remained isolated backward snakepits scorned and shunned by psychiatrists in the ivory towers of universities and private clinics.

At the end of 1956 there was startling news: For the first time ever—except for a slight decline in 1943—the number of patients in our state hospitals declined. Since 1945 the number of patients had been increasing by about 10,000 a year. But by the end of 1956, thirty-four states had discharged as many patients as they took in that year—or even more—and the U. S. total declined by 7,000. This was true even though in

MARION LINEAWEAVER

A CHARM OF GOLDFINCHES, A WRITHE OF WORMS

A pride of lions, a pod of whales,
A fall of woodcock, wisp of snipe;
Listen! A watch of nightingales—
Neatly the noun describes the type.

But where are words for the humbler creatures,
Ones who have less attractive features?
I think it a risk and a crying shame
To neglect a fitting collective name:

Worry of toads, whimper of mice,
Plod of moles and scuttle of cats:
Let's be impartial, or pay the price
To a gripe of snakes or haggle of bats.

1956 first admissions rose to their highest point in history.

In 1957 the state hospital population dropped another 3,000, and the 1958 drop has been estimated at nearly that of 1956. Why?

Nobody was sure. Several factors seemed to be involved.

By 1956 the new psychiatric drugs were controlling patients and enabling many to leave the hospital who could not have left without them. The new atmosphere of hope among patients, doctors, attendants, and relatives helped some patients recover. The number of hospital employees—doctors, nurses, attendants, others—had doubled in ten years. Nursing homes, "halfway houses," after-care clinics, vocational rehabilitation, and other devices helped bridge the gap between the hospital and the community.

Doctors in private practice kept some patients out of state hospitals by treating them with the new drugs. New psychiatric wings in general hospitals were having the same effect. Early diagnosis in community clinics sometimes prevented hospitalization. But these factors apparently had not yet stemmed the tide of new admissions. The new state programs to train their own psychiatrists—mostly five-year plans—had not yet been felt much in state hospitals. Therefore, further reductions in state hospital populations may still be expected.

Now, statistics and predictions in this field must be viewed with much caution. Criteria for discharge vary widely from place to place and from time to time. Moreover, the increase in readmissions suggests the possibility that more patients were being discharged on the new drugs only to relapse and return. Improved social services arranged homes and jobs for patients, thereby getting them out of the hospital but not necessarily in any better health. Finally, the states have spent so much money that their officials feel obliged to show results, and so they devised all sorts of means to get patients out of the hospital—several states, for example, have begun moving aged patients out of the hospital into nursing homes, which cuts down the hospital's residents but may or may not be good for the patients: cleaning up one snakepit by creating a hundred new smaller ones doesn't help.

Nevertheless, even a skeptic must admit that the care of the mentally ill in America has improved considerably in the last ten years and that—barring a serious economic collapse or other national emergency—the prospects for further improvement have never been better.

MONEY AND PSYCHIATRISTS

WHAT do we need for further improvement? More psychiatrists and more knowledge. Only about 2 per cent of American doctors are certified psychiatrists. There are in the United States only 11,000 psychiatrists (approximately half of whom are fully-trained and certified by the American Board of Neurology and Psychiatry). Only about 3,500 doctors are in mental hospitals, and not all of them are psychiatrists. It has been estimated that the country needs between 10,000 and 20,000 psychiatrists. But our training institutions are turning out not more than 500 new ones a year.

To produce more psychiatrists, Dr. Daniel Blain, medical director of the American Psychiatric Association, has suggested that it may prove necessary to help medical education more. Dr. Bernard H. Hall of the Menninger Foundation wrote a few years back: "The training in psychiatry in many medical schools is inferior to the training in all other specialties." Even though the states are expanding their training programs, nearly a third of the residencies in the country are unfilled today. For young doctors do not seem to want to become psychiatrists. Many consider that psychiatry is "anti-religious," accomplishes little, and confines its practitioners in gloomy state institutions. Such attitudes begin as early as high school.

But even if all the psychiatrists in the United

States were put to work in a single hospital, they would not cure everybody there because they simply don't know enough, any more than all the cancer specialists in the country could save the lives of all the patients in a single cancer ward. The causes of the major psychoses remain to this day unknown, and so does the cure. The great need is for research. Yet the amount spent on research has been pitifully small. Until a few years ago the sum was usually figured at about $6 million a year, nearly all provided by the federal government (which, incidentally, spent vastly more for research on hoof-and-mouth disease). Today the states alone are probably spending in the neighborhood of $15 million and important private money has become available. The total national expenditure on research is probably close to $30 million a year.

Nevertheless, it is not a large sum compared to what is spent for research into other diseases. It is far less than the $53 million spent on cancer research. It is only one tenth of what Americans spend for chewing gum. Some experts believe that so much money is now available that it is embarrassing—it can't be spent because of the shortage of laboratories and trained research personnel.

HOW REAL ARE "CURES" BY DRUGS?

MUCH of the research being done today revolves around the new drugs. Since ancient times men have known that certain drugs influenced the human mind: alcohol, hashish, opium, peyotl, others. But drugs played little part in modern psychiatric practice until 1953, when Thorazine and Serpasil came along. Since then, the drug houses have marketed a large number of drugs, and more keep coming. Doctors used them eagerly, and they wrought an almost miraculous change in state hospitals—screaming died out on disturbed wards, patients kept their clothes on, restraint virtually ended, the use of electroshock declined dramatically.

Studies are also being made of another class of drugs, the psychotogens, which seem to produce symptoms of insanity. Many of these are very ancient—peyotl, derived by the Aztecs from a cactus; teonanacatl, the sacred mushroom of the Aztecs; caapi, a drug prepared from a jungle vine in the rain forests of the Amazon; and others. Some are modern synthetics—mescaline, the active substance in peyotl, which produced the visions and hallucinations of the peyotl eater, and a new synthetic, a d-lysergic acid diethylamide tartrate, called LSD-25, perhaps the most powerful of all the psychotogens. Investigators have thought that could we but learn how LSD-25 and mescaline produce "psychosis," we might know what causes schizophrenia.*

State hospital doctors are inclined to be a trifle indifferent to research on causes—and no wonder, confronted as they are with vast assemblages of psychotic patients. Nobody knows why aspirin works, but it does; nobody knows how anesthesia works, but it does. The new drugs work; enough.

No definitive evaluation of the drugs has yet been made. Dr. Nathan Kline's original study at Rockland State Hospital in New York showed that 22 per cent of the patients who received Reserpine were able to leave the hospital. But how many relapse and return? Nobody is sure.

Dr. Kline has said: "Cures? We don't even talk about cures. We can't. If you'll tell me what schizophrenia is, then I'll tell you when we've cured it. I've seen patients on drugs who were symptom free. Is that a cure? I don't know. In many fields of medicine, we're satisfied if we patch up a patient so he has only a limited disability. In surgery, for instance—an amputee isn't cured, but he can function to a limited extent. Only in psychiatry do people insist on total cures."

The new drugs are not accepted universally. Some doctors deny they are any good. According to one doctor, "All we really know is that they keep the patient quiet without putting him to sleep." A canvass of leading investigators for the New York *Annals* showed that, while most considered the drugs efficacious, a minority did not and said so vehemently. For a time nearly everybody agreed that if the drugs did nothing else they at least facilitated psychotherapy; but recently even that has been questioned.

Dr. L. G. Abood, a biochemist who heads the research work at Illinois University's Neuropsychiatric Institute, has said: "The new drug therapy is not as good as was thought at first. Of course, the drugs have done a lot of good. You don't see the disturbed patients now that you used to. Instead of being in a locked seclusion room they're staring at the TV set in a stupor. It's easier on the attendants and the psychiatrists. Whether it's really easier on the patients is a doubtful question. Every new therapy produces a sudden improvement in the hospital. EST did, metrazol, insulin, everything. But then it levels

*See "Toads, Mushrooms, and Schizophrenia" by Dr. Howard D. Fabing, *Harper's*, May 1957.

off. We feel this is happening with the drugs."

Dr. Abood went on: "Today in the rush to find new drugs we've lost sight of the fact that the real value of Thorazine and Reserpine lies in their experimental value. How are they active? Where? . . . You can't get around the fact that the real answer lies in understanding the chemistry of the brain. If you make an application for a grant today and say you're trying out drugs on patients, fine, you'll get the grant. But all the time, what you should be doing is trying to understand the chemistry of the brain and the chemistry of these drugs."

Dr. Abood said, "All around the country we have good laboratories, but there isn't enough basic work being done. For example, when you stimulate a nerve, what happens to the energy mechanism? We're studying the link between function and chemistry. I think this is where the ultimate secret of life itself lies."

For many years there was a great shortage of doctors, nurses, and attendants to care for tuberculars and epileptics. But suddenly major discoveries were made in how to treat both. And immediately the tuberculosis sanitoriums and epileptic hospitals began to close, and there was a surplus of personnel. Today we have a great shortage of doctors and nurses in mental hospitals. It can only be relieved, in the long run, by some major scientific breakthrough. And increasingly it appears that in this field such a breakthrough depends upon basic research.

UNLOCKED WARDS

WHAT is the future of the state mental hospital? "The big state hospitals are bankrupt without exception," Dr. Harry Solomon of Boston Psychopathic said a while back. "What will come to take its place I don't know."

Dr. Solomon mentioned certain currents you can see now: (1) large numbers of private psychiatrists treating patients in their offices and keeping them out of hospitals; (2) more psychiatric pavilions in general hospitals; (3) more university hospitals; (4) the trend toward day hospitals—patients sleep at home at night but spend their days in the hospital. Hospitals appear to be moving toward greater freedom and closer ties with the community through outpatient and after-care clinics, home-care plans even for acute patients, vocational guidance, halfway houses, day hospitals, night hospitals, unlocked wards, and so on. The community, not the hospital, ought to be the place for prevention, pre-hospital treatment, short-term care. The state hospital is the place for patients needing longer treatment.

Dr. Henry Brill, of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene, told me on a visit to Rockland State Hospital: "Because of the drugs and other things, these hospitals will change their nature. Their tremendous rate of growth will cease. We'll come to a stabilized population or a gradual decrease. The tremendous accretion of chronic schizophrenics will gradually dissolve. But because of the growing total population, they will be replaced by other elements of the population, other unsolved psychiatric problems." He did not say so but may have had in mind alcoholics, the aged, and narcotics addicts, among others. "None of this is going to happen tomorrow," he went on. "In New York we're still overcrowded, and our admission rates are still going up. But patients stay a shorter period of time.

"The drugs had an effect on our building program. In some buildings we built wards for disturbed patients, then the drugs came along, and now we have to take out the inside security screens—we don't need 'em any more. There's been a tremendous and a rapid change."

At the same time that the new drugs, the open hospital, and other innovations have generated a great ferment in the care of the mentally ill, American medicine has undertaken a nation-wide survey of every aspect of mental illness—a survey which may become a landmark in medical history. Such a study was recommended in 1953 by Dr. Kenneth E. Appel, then president of the American Psychiatric Association. In January of 1955 under the leadership of Dr. Appel and Dr. Leo Bartemeier, Chairman of the Council on Mental Health of the American Medical Association, the AMA and the American Psychiatric Association established a Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health. Other national organizations joined.

Congress appropriated $1,250,000 for a three-year study; states and private sources supplied more. The Joint Commission opened an office in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and set to work under the direction of Jack Ewalt, Massachusetts Commissioner of Mental Health.

It began major studies of various aspects of the care of mental patients and of the manpower available in the mental-health field. It undertook a nation-wide sampling to find out what kind of troubles people have and how they handle them. It began smaller studies of non-psychiatric mental-health resources, such as schools and churches; of the epidemiology and etiology of

mental disease, and the economics of mental illness.

Dr. Ewalt has said: "We're not trying to paint a picture of the average hospital. We're trying to pick out the best things and see what makes them the best, so that we can tell a superintendent how to improve his hospital. In general, we're trying to figure out what should be the future of these mausoleums, the big state hospitals—trying to figure out where we are now and what we ought to do next."

The Commission will make recommendations to Congress and to the states in the summer or fall of 1959. Its report may at last provide a rational basis for a national mental-health policy.

THE "IDEAL" HOSPITAL

ALREADY, in a report for the World Health Organization, more experts on psychiatric care have envisioned an ideal hospital. They decided that most Western countries probably needed at least one bed per thousand population, but in rural tropical Africa a tenth as many was enough. (Most Western countries now have about three beds per thousand.)

The next step, however, should not be to build more beds, as has been done in the past. Rather, as soon as the hospital can provide essential custodial care, its staff members should reach out into the community and devote a third of their time to a community mental-health program. They should inform the public about the hospital and the nature of mental illness. They should encourage private physicians and general hospitals to deal with simple psychiatric conditions and promptly recognize those beyond their scope. They should set up an out-patient service and a day hospital. They should set up special clinics for special problems, such as alcoholics, epileptics, and children. And they should form clubs of patients who have been discharged from the hospital and direct their activities.

The experts argued that the amount of money spent does not alone test a hospital's quality. Quality is better measured by the average length of stay, the ratio between the number of patients admitted and discharged, the capacity the hospital has to absorb patients from society and take care of them, the percentage of discharged patients who relapse and return, and, above all, "the atmosphere" of the hospital. On this last intangible point the experts wrote, "Too many psychiatric hospitals give the impression of being an uneasy compromise between a general hospital and a prison. Whereas, in fact, the role they have to play is that of a therapeutic community."

The "atmosphere" of a hospital can be evaluated in numerous ways. How good are the relations between the medical director and the doctors under him, between the doctors and the attendants, between the attendants and the patients, among the patients themselves?

Does the hospital preserve the patient's individuality? ("In too many psychiatric hospitals still the patient is robbed of her personal possessions, her clothes, her name, and—should her head be lousy—even her hair. Every step, therefore, that can encourage the patient's self-respect and sense of identity should be taken.")

Does the hospital assume that the patients are trustworthy? ("The locking of wards creates the urge to escape; the removal of knives and other elaborate and insulting precautions have provoked many suicidal attempts. High walls, bars, armor-plated windows, bunches of keys, uniform clothing, and all the other paraphernalia of prison make modern psychiatric treatment impossible.")

Does the hospital reward patients' good behavior rather than punish bad? Is it, for that matter, punitive at all? Does the hospital encourage patients' initiative and responsibility? Does it encourage visitors? Does life inside the hospital resemble as closely as possible life in the outside community? ("In a Western country where men and women mix freely at work and in recreation, it is obviously desirable that they should do so when in the mental hospital.") Are the patients active—not merely busy, but busy at planned and purposeful activity?

Once the proper atmosphere of the therapeutic community has been established, the WHO experts wrote, the staff can build upon it specific types of treatment. They merely mentioned electroshock; they emphasized much more occupational and recreational therapy. They stressed group activities of all kinds, ranging from habit-training for grossly deteriorated patients to art and music for others.

"In their gradual return to social effectiveness, patients often seem to need to recapitulate, not only the development of the interests and ac-

Coming Next Month

PEERING INTO THE SMALLEST WORLD—*a report on the Electronic Microscope, by Jack Long*

tivities of the human being from childhood to adult life, but also the development of the human race itself. The group activities must therefore cover the scale from the archaic and primitive to the cultural and technical," and they pointed out that for some patients "sand and water play . . . provides a more therapeutic occupation than any technical or craft activity." Patients must be given responsibility. During the greater part of the day the patients will be away from their own sleeping quarters. However, patients should not be locked out of their wards any more than into them, for if they need solitude and rest they should have it.

There should be one doctor for every 150 patients; one nurse for each five or six patients. More use should be made of group psychotherapy. Not many patients can be helped with individual psychotherapy. As for full-scale classical psychoanalysis, it is probably never justified except for research purposes, the experts thought. Each patient, however, should "feel that there is one doctor who is his—one doctor who knows him well and whom he knows."

When a new patient is admitted "everything" should be done to make him feel at home—he should be given a guide book and a map and should as a right, meet the medical director personally. Leaving the hospital, he should be prepared by gradual trial visits and numerous interviews and be helped by social workers to find a job and home. The hospital building should not dwarf the individual by its size and by herding patients together in thousands in giant monoblock buildings.

No hospital should contain more than a thousand patients. (The experts doubted that large hospitals are cheap to operate.) No hospital should be built to last too long: "Many countries will be burdened for a long time to come with large obsolete mental hospitals built years ago to fit a conception of the role of the mental hospital which is now completely rejected." New hospitals should be designed to become obsolete in twenty or thirty years, and their interior walls should be movable. The hospital should be composed of several small buildings, not of a single large building. Enormous existing hospitals could be improved by breaking them up administratively into units of 400 to 700 patients, each complete in itself with its own medical director and staff.

Finally, the experts warned, the psychiatric wards of general hospitals are not necessarily the best places for psychiatric care. Too often they keep patients in bed and emphasize neurological diagnosis. Sometimes they are also "very detrimental" to the community mental hospital, because they treat and return to society all patients capable of early recovery and send to the community hospital only grossly disturbed or chronic patients. "There is no more certain way of turning the community mental hospital into a 'madhouse' and depriving it of its role of a therapeutic community."

A PANE OF GLASS

UNHAPPILY only a few of our very best private hospitals as yet approach this ideal. Yet these few may point the way to the future. Dr. Brill of New York State believes that in not many years the state hospital as we know it today will be remembered as a curiosity in medicine's history. And he puts it:

"A hundred years ago or more the movement to get the mentally ill into hospitals began. We organized hell out of mental illness—developed enormous collections of mental patients before we had any effective methods of treatment. That's how the problem developed that we call the state hospital problem—not for a lack of finances and personnel, but because we collected all these people—for the best motives—before we knew what to do for them. Now at last we do know. I feel that we're at a new threshold in psychiatry."

Psychiatry can work no miracles. Serious men in the field fear that the hopeful public may vote them all the money they ask but then, if they fail to empty the hospitals quickly, turn on them indignantly, with the result that psychiatry will be set back many years.

Hope should not blind us. Despite all advances, so recently as the end of 1957 Dr. William Menninger of Topeka called government-run hospitals a disgrace, "human warehouses." "Sixty per cent of their population never comes out alive." Money, personnel, research, and public understanding—these, he said, are what we need today to make them what they ought to be.

A schizophrenic patient, trying to explain his condition, once said, "There is a pane of glass between me and mankind." All lunatics and their asylums have traditionally been blocked off from the rest of the world by an invisible barrier. The task of psychiatry is to smash the pane of glass. That goal, like man's ancient dream of reaching the moon, seems less wild a dream than ever before.

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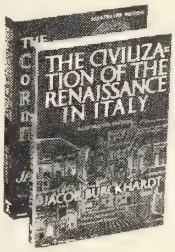
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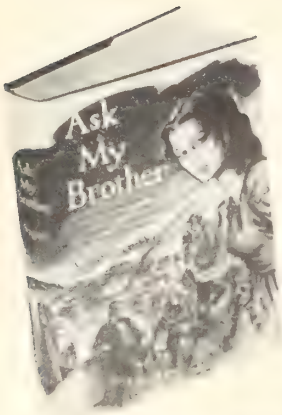
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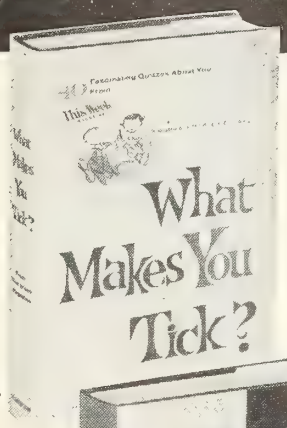
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Illustrated by CHARLES D. SAXON

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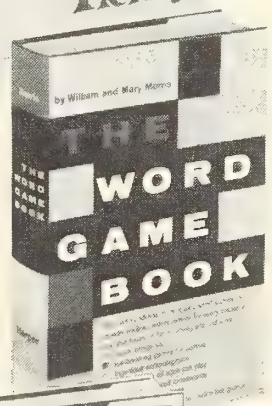


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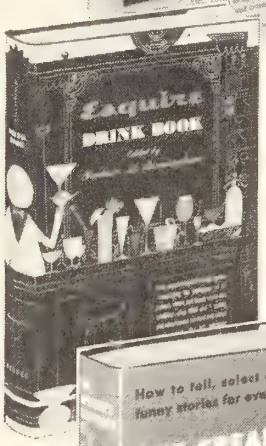


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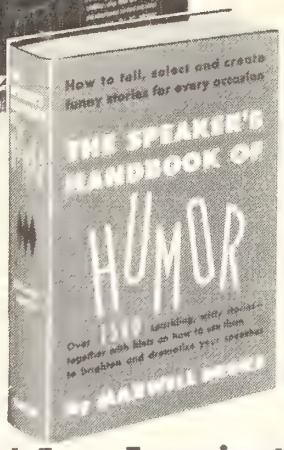


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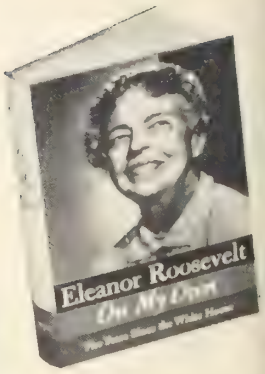
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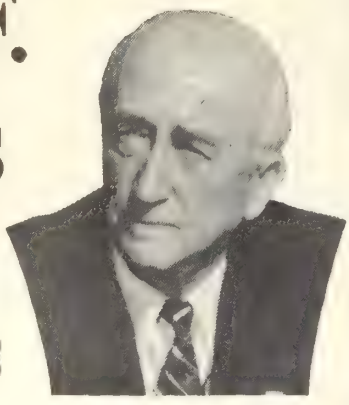
Eleanor Roosevelt

ON MY OWN

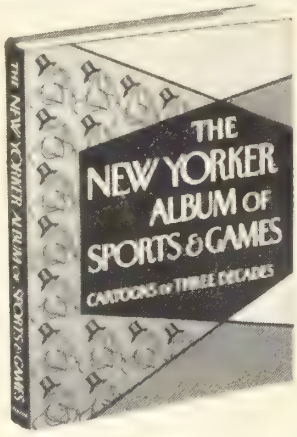
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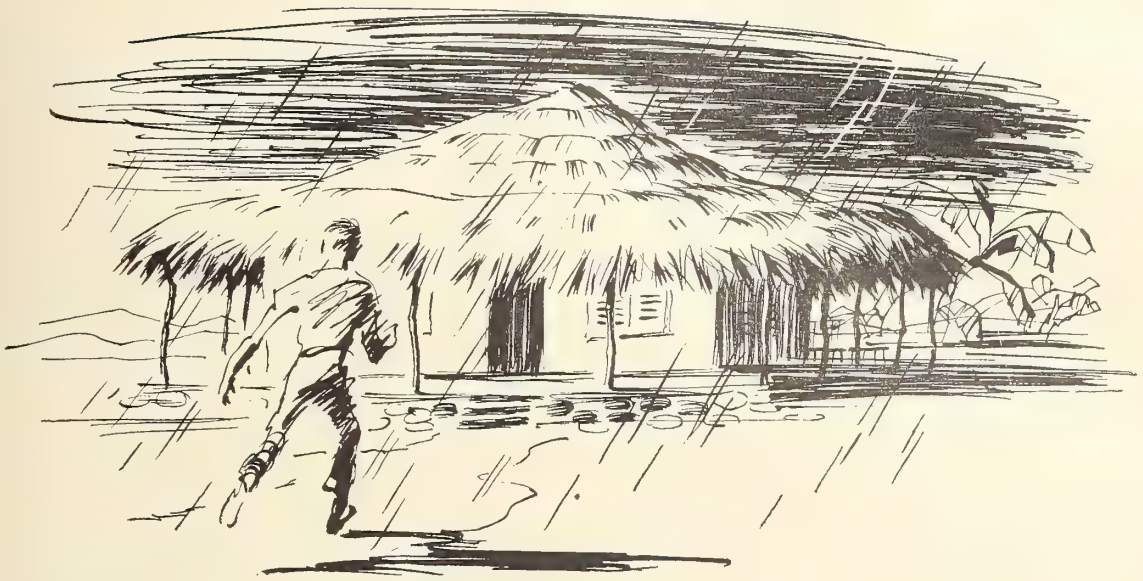


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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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SHOWER OF ASHES

A Story by ROBIN WHITE

Drawings by Frederick E. Banbery

AS CHAIRMAN of the mission council in South India, my father often found it incumbent upon him to visit people with whom he had little or nothing in common. For the most part these visits involved only minor difficulties: Father was easy to get along with. Rotund, balding, energetic, he possessed both ready wit and sense of humor. Papa Butler, people called him affectionately, and I think he enjoyed it. Or, if he did not, at least he never let on. In fact he was usually such a good sport about things that it always came as a surprise and pleasure to me when I saw him up against that rare individual capable of exasperating him. John Travers was such a man.

I suppose none of us really knew Travers well. Something about him discouraged intimacies. But we respected and, in an odd sort of way, liked him. Everyone did. He seemed to personify certain attributes we admired: tall dignified bearing, strong voice, incisive answers to knotty theological problems. He came from good New England stock; he had distinguished himself at Yale. It was said that he had given up brilliant opportunities in order to enter the mission field, a claim he never voiced. Nor was he the first to admit that he had an exalted opinion of himself. He didn't have to. It showed all over his face.

His wife, Mary, struck me as simply a comfortable person to have around. She was gentle, yielding, pretty—one of those sweet things you never can seem to remember distinctly. Her religious beliefs were uncomplicated. They consisted of "surrendering to Christ"—which in a practical sense seemed to me to emerge as surrendering to anything and everything her husband wanted or said was right and good.

But because—perhaps in spite—of her, they made a successful couple. After spending a year in the hills learning to speak Tamil badly, they had insisted upon and were accordingly assigned to outpost work in Siraikottai, a remote town where from time to time in the past Christian soldiers had attempted, with a remarkable lack of success, to storm the ramparts of Hinduism.

It was assumed that the Traverses would persist until they learned the error of their choice—or, more precisely, the wisdom of Father's advice—then give it up for a teaching post in Madurai. Much to Father's amazement, they had not only persisted, they had survived. So, while custom required him to visit all outposts at least once a year, in the Traverses' case he paid his respects every six months, largely, I believe, in hopes of detecting some signs of defeat. His hopes had

not, as yet, been rewarded; but then, Father was always a hopeful man.

Usually our visits to Siraikottai fell in October and April, those being the months when travel over torturous back roads is least painful. But for some reason our April visit that year did not take place, and it was not until August—the second month of the rainiest southwest monsoon I had ever seen—that we at last made the trip.

Of course by then none of us was wildly ecstatic about going to see the Traverses. Mother, who managed the mission press, had a fight on her hands with the budget committee. My older sister, Dianne, had been hibernating in her room for a week because of this fungus that made her face look puffed and raw. And my younger sister, Judy, had accepted an invitation to spend two weeks at the Cape with some Standard Oil people.

As for me, I didn't want to go anywhere, period. For no good reason. I just didn't feel like it.

But Father was adamant. There was no point to these visits, he told us, unless we went as a family. And it was high time we saw the Traverses again. Although he didn't say so, I knew from the way he refused to elaborate on the subject that he was troubled by things not meant for family discussion. His attitude left us all feeling apprehensive.

It was a feeling that somehow the long drive south from the city, riding out of the night into dawn over rutted dirt roads, seemed to intensify rather than dispel. I told myself that no great good could come of this trip; and when, around midday, we arrived at Siraikottai to find the Traverses' bungalow closed and strangely quiet, I was convinced of it.

FATHER drew our ancient Chevy station wagon up by the front veranda and turned the motor off. For a moment we all sat in suspicious silence, looking out at the shuttered doors and windows. Isolated, sprawling, built like a wealthy Hindu village home, the Traverses' bungalow was a single-story structure surrounded by verandas of packed clay that had been washed down with dung solution. The roof was of thick gray thatch supported by rough palmyra poles; the walls of mud, well whitewashed. Dung patties dried for fuel along the sunlit edge of the front veranda. A design, incorporating the Cross, had been drawn with powdered lime on the ground before the steps. Except for the design and the dung patties, which were fresh, the place looked unoccupied.

"You wrote them we were coming, didn't you, Harris?" Mother asked, knitting.

"Certainly I wrote them," Father whispered out of the corner of his mouth. When he drove, he liked to cover his bald head with a red kerchief, knotted at the corners. He removed the kerchief and mopped his face with it.

"Then where is everyone?" I asked.

"Out, probably," Dianne said. She was hunched up next to me on the back seat, sponging her face with cotton soaked in a solution of boric acid and baking soda which she carried in an old Eno's bottle.

"Maybe something's wrong," said Judy, sitting on the other side of me, her bare feet propped on the back of Father's seat.

The clicking of Mother's knitting needles ceased. Calmly she leaned across Father and held the horn down. It sounded anemic, ineffectual. I had the eerie feeling we were being watched.

Father opened the door and placed a foot on the driveway. "Let's go have a look, Matt," he said to me.

Judy goosed me as I climbed out over her legs.

"Watch that stuff," I said, and let my sandal scrape her shin.

"Well, get your filthy feet off me," she said.

"Maybe we'd all better get out, Harris," Mother said. "It's too hot in here." Which was the truth. Heat rose from everything like a vast swarm of flies.

"I'm not restraining you, Emily," Father said.

Together he and I went to the veranda and ducked under the low edge of the thatch roof. The slap-slap of my sandals made a ringing sound along the thick mud walls. Behind us car doors opened and closed in rapid succession.

Father stepped gingerly around the dung patties. "Matt," he said, "would you remove some of these fecal discs, please?"

"Fecal discs?" I said. "Oh, you mean bull sh-sh-shingles."

He did not look amused. Unwillingly I began scuffing a path through Travers' Siegfried Line.

"Travers!" Father called. He knocked on the front door, then rattled the shutters of the window on the right. "John? Mary?"

There was some sort of smell lingering about the veranda—I mean over and above that of cow manure. This was odd, musty—an odor that made me think of rats.

"Pee-u!" Judy said, coming into the shade. "Don't they ever clean anything around here? What's that awful stench?"

"Have a hint," I said, and flipped a moist dung patty in her direction, "of mint."

"Nasty!" Judy said, dodging. "Nasty thing, you!"

"Hoo-hoo!" Mother called as she climbed to the veranda. "Hoo-hoo! Anybody home?" She was followed by Dianne whose face was rapidly acquiring a pasty texture in the heat.

"The door's locked," Father said.

"That's odd," Mother said. "I thought they didn't believe in locks—among other things."

"Well, this front room's locked," Father said.

We moved slowly down the veranda, trying all the windows. Judy pranced ahead of us, full of purpose, and disappeared onto the side veranda. "Hey!" she called suddenly. "Hey! Come here, quick!"

We hurried after her, compelled by a maximum-disaster note of alarm in her voice.

"What's the matter?" Father asked.

"In there," Judy said breathlessly. She had her hands cupped to her eyes and was trying to peer into the front room through a crack in the rough shutter boards. "I think someone's in there."

"You're imagining things," Dianne said, trying to see through the crack with her.

"I am not," Judy said. "I heard a noise."

"Probably just a bat, dear," Mother said.

"I say, Travers!" Father called, "is that you?"

We all began looking for cracks in the shutters. I found one in the next window. But it was so dark inside that for a moment I could see nothing.

Then through the gloom I made out, just faintly, something that looked like a mummy propped in the far corner. The room had the bareness of a cage. I felt my skin pucker. A strong, musty, rat odor emanated from the crack.

"There *is* someone in there," Dianne said excitedly. "It's a woman. I can see her."

"Nuts," I said. "How can you tell? It's so dark it could be a bedroll."

"Or Mrs. Travers," Judy said.

Father jerked away from the shutter and stared at her.

"What's the matter, Pops?" Dianne asked.

HE DID not reply but turned and hurried down the veranda to the side door. He tried the latch. With a creak of rusty hinges, the door swung open. I left the window and followed him into what I remembered was Travers' study. A bat detached itself from the ceiling and swooped about. I ducked and waved my arms. The bat fluttered out the door.

I heard Father fumble in his pocket. He brought his hand out and struck a match. In the sudden yellow flare I saw the mat on the floor with the cushion on it, the low board desk, the shelf of books, the simple wooden Cross on the wall. The door that led to the front room on the left was closed. A sturdy padlock glinted from the hasp.

The match trembled in Father's hand and went out.

Mother appeared in the door with the girls. "Anyone here?" she asked.

"Just us ghosts," I said.

"Well, fellow ghost," Father said, stumbling around in the dark, "would you mind giving me a hand letting in some light?"

We moved in a group through the bungalow, banging open shutters and doors. Except for the front room, all approaches to which had been sealed off, the place was unlocked. Even so the house, its smell and bareness, oppressed me. It always had—partly, I guess, because of the way the Traverses lived. They not only *tried* to be like Indians in every respect, at times they even seemed to *think* like them. And in a way I sensed an implied threat to it all, as if the Traverses had succeeded in drawing a line between East and West and had rejected us for the other side. I felt obliged to take a deep breath every time I opened a window.

"How do they stand living like this?" Judy asked.

"Search me," Dianne said.

"But with nothing!" Judy said. "Not even a decent bathroom!"

"Sh!" Mother said. "They may be about."

As we opened the back door and entered the rear courtyard, I heard a chicken squawk. Across the way the cook, a shriveled, evil-looking man, was squatting on the kitchen veranda leisurely sawing the head off a chicken with a short knife. There was a spurt of blood. The chicken stopped flapping and jerking about. The cook folded its head back and directed the fountain of blood away from him. He let the chicken go after a moment. It hopped violently around the yard, showering earth and shrubbery in a wide circle before it finally flopped over, kicked, and lay in a quivering heap on its side.

The cook stood up and wiped his knife on a dirty cloth over his shoulder. He salaamed.

"Where is Travers?" Father asked in Tamil. His voice trembled.

With a motion of his hands, as if he were lifting us up and putting us down in the right place, the cook indicated that we should go look in the garden. He watched us—faintly amused, I thought—as we crossed the courtyard in self-conscious, almost awkward silence to the gate

that opened through the rear wall. A little Indian boy, dressed only in a shirt, emerged from the kitchen and followed us.

It was a large, square garden, crowded with papaya and banana trees, an abundant variety of vegetables, and gourd vines growing on a bamboo trellis. The servants' quarters lay beyond the garden, separated from it by a well. A young Indian woman stood by the well. Although she was partially screened by banana leaves, I could see she was washing her sari.

A delightful, languid atmosphere pervaded the garden. The air smelled of moist, turned earth. Sunlight was filtered into green haze by dense foliage. The sound of water dripping in the well and the rhythmic thwack-thwack of wet cloth striking a wash stone made me feel drowsy.

THEN I saw Travers. Dressed only in his dhoti, he squatted off to the left, picking vegetables and placing them in a wicker basket. His massive, bony chest was deeply bronzed. He looked up as the gate swung shut behind us.

On past occasions, the sight of Travers in his dhoti always amused me. His large, angular, stiff-jointed frame did not look right in Indian clothes. But now there was one simple difference that seemed to change the whole thing, give it the threatening quality of rightness: as Travers looked up, I saw a small white Cross glisten in the center of his broad forehead like a caste mark.

He got to his feet. Father took a step toward him. For a moment they stared at each other. Travers salaamed. He looked confused.

"Reverend Butler," he said, bowing slightly.

Father nodded grimly. "Good to see you, John," he said.

"Is it really?" Travers said.

"Of course," Father said. "What are you doing out here?"

"Picking lunch," Travers said.

I was standing back by the gate with Judy and Dianne. I saw Father's hands open and close.

"I wonder who that woman is?" Judy whispered to Dianne.

"What woman?" Dianne said.

"The one by the well, of course," Judy said.

"Probably the cook's wife," I said.

"Want to bet?" Judy said.

I heard Mother ask, "Who's the young woman over there, John?"

"That is Rani," Travers replied, "one of our unmarried mothers."

"Unmarried mothers?" Father said.

"What did I tell you?" Judy whispered.

"Since you were last here," Travers explained, "we've turned the servants' quarters into a home for wayward women. Mary thought it a shame to let the building remain unused simply because we don't believe in employing an army of servants."

Father remarked that he thought it would have been wiser, since it involved mission property, had Travers consulted him before embarking upon such a plan. Travers said nothing.

"We haven't heard from Mary in some time," Mother said. "How is she?"

Travers seemed to hesitate as if he did not hear Mother, or as if his mind was on other things. He looked around. "Oh, she's well, she's well," he said after a moment, nodding.

"Where is she?" Mother asked.

"In the villages," he said, "with her Bible Women. I don't expect her back for a few weeks." He picked up his basket and, balancing it on his head, started up the path toward the bungalow. He appeared indifferent as to whether we followed or stayed behind.

"Well," Father said, "let's get out of the sun now." He herded us ahead of him through the gate.

"When are you going to ask him about the front room?" Judy asked.

"Presently, presently," he said. "Don't be so nosey."

The little Indian boy trailed us as we returned to the courtyard. Mother tried to take his hand, but he drew back solemnly and squatted beside the cook who had begun to pluck the chicken. Travers left the basket of vegetables by the kitchen door and went into the dining room. He was sitting cross-legged on the floor when we entered. He put on a pair of reading glasses and opened a dilapidated leatherbound book.

"Please make yourselves comfortable," he said, looking at us over his glasses. "The cook has poured water if you care to wash. I've asked him to prepare chicken for you."

"That's very thoughtful, John," Mother said, arranging herself on a mat.

FATHER was temporarily restored to good spirits. The Traverses were vegetarians, and if there was one thing he disliked about these visits it was having to munch raw vegetables. They got under his uppers.

"Yes, indeed, John," he said. "Most thoughtful."

"It's impossible," Travers said, concentrating on his book, "to convince everyone of the wisdom of a diet like ours."

Father pursed his lips.

"Why don't you children go out on the back veranda for a while," Mother said. "Your father and I would like to visit with Mr. Travers."

When none of us seemed inclined to budge, Travers looked up. "Are you hard of hearing, or simply disobedient?" he said.

Cowed, we slunk out onto the back veranda.

"Jaysus," I said. "Can you beat that? Of all the . . ."

"I wonder who that little Indian boy is?" Judy said.

"The cook's son," Dianne said. "Who else?"

"Who the hell cares," I said.

"Sh!" Judy said. "Listen!"

"I might as well tell you, John," I heard Father say, "that we were disturbed to find the bungalow closed."

"It keeps out the heat," Travers said.

"What Harris means," Mother said, "is that we were puzzled about the locks on the front room. The children seemed to think there's someone in it."

"There is," Travers said.

"You see!" Dianne said to me.

Judy held her hand up for Dianne to be quiet.

"What on earth are you doing with a woman locked in the front room?" Mother asked.

"I do not see that it is any concern of yours," Traver said.

"Well, I'm asking you," Father said, his voice rising, "and I'm making it my concern."

"As you wish," Travers said. I heard his book shut with a snap. "She's one of our crisis cases."

"Crisis cases?" Father said.

"Yes," Travers said, and in a tired, thoughtful voice added that the woman was young, that she had been there for months. Her husband, he said, had beaten her, sent her away and taken in a flock of concubines. The experience had driven the woman out of her mind. She believed her husband to be dead; she wished to commit suttee.

His voice took on a peculiar breathless intensity. "I was able to foil her initial attempt," he said, "and bring her to the bungalow. She's already tried once to ignite herself with kerosene from a lamp we left with her. I do what I can, but she's lost all hope and refuses to talk to anyone."

"Hmph," Father said. "Unfortunate situation."

"Wouldn't it be better in the long run," Mother said, "to put her up some place else? I mean, she's taken up your front room, and she does smell terribly. I should think you'd want to send a deranged person like that to an institution where she could receive qualified help."

"You doubt my ability to handle her?" Travers said.

"No, it's not that, John," Mother said. "I just think it might be easier on you and Mary. It's a terrible drain to have your home taken over like this."

"Convenience cannot be a condition of virtue," Travers said.

"Listen, man," Father said, "we're not questioning your virtue. We're trying to think what's the best way to help that woman in there. I can't think it's doing her or you any good keeping her in the bungalow. It must be a disruptive influence."

"Perhaps it is," Travers said. "But I won't force her to leave when she clearly wishes to stay."

Father puffed with annoyance. Try as he would, he could not prevail upon Travers to have the maniac moved to the city hospital. Nor was he prepared to force the issue by insisting that we take her with us. The woman, Travers pointed out, was determined to stay there until she died. She would not be an easy passenger.

"Well, at least I'd like to see her," Father said.

"I'm afraid," Travers said, "that's impossible."

"What do you mean impossible?" Father said. "All you have to do is unlock the door."

"It has nothing to do with unlocking doors,"

WILLIAM GIBSON

LULLABY

Four are the corners of earth
  Whose nightly turn
Is under my wife in her sleep: but where
  Grows a weed her body of pain
    To rid?
  Beneath our floor
There is wailing in hell, and devils burn.
  (Be hid, my love, be hid.)

Four are the horsemen of winds
  Whose nightly brawl
Is upon us in chattering tooth and hoof:
  But whom can I pray her soul
    To keep?
  Beyond our roof
There is war in heaven, and angels fall.
  (Sleep, my mortal, sleep.)



Travers said. "I won't have people gawking at her."

Father's voice lost all trace of its customary geniality. "Who wants to gawk at her? I'm asking to see for myself what's going on around here."

"This is not a circus," Travers said.

"I'm telling you to open that door," Father said.

"It's quite out of the question," Travers replied. "The woman does not wish to be seen, and I shall not humiliate her by permitting you to enter against her wishes."

AFTER lunch I was too happy to oblige when Mother asked me to get the camp cots from the car and help Judy and Dianne set them up on the side veranda. Travers retired to the front room for a session with the mad woman; and Mother and Father went into the study to review mission accounts. I unloaded the bedrolls, cots, and mosquito netting from the car top and brought them onto the side veranda. Judy and Dianne helped me set them up. Then while they made the beds and tied mosquito nets, I carried in our suitcases. I could hear the crazy woman moan and pad about the front room as Travers talked to her. Sometimes I sensed that she was pressed up against the shutters watching us. At other times it sounded as if she had thrown herself on the floor and writhed. I wondered what Travers was saying and doing. I did not like the thought of sleeping on the veranda next to her room. But she quieted down when the cook went in with food. Then for a while all I could hear was the sound of gulping.

The little Indian boy came out to watch us set up the cots. Judy stopped working and went over to him. In Tamil she asked him his name, where he came from, who his parents were. He smiled shyly and would not answer.

"Why ask him all that stuff?" I said.

"Oh, no reason," Judy said. "But he is awfully cute, don't you think?—sort of like a little Mr. Travers."

"Judy!" Dianne said.

"Well, isn't he?" Judy said.

"Not in the least," I said. But I could not help looking at the child with renewed curiosity.

"I wonder why Mr. Travers won't let Mother and Dad go in the front room?" Judy said.

"You heard what he said," I told her. "The woman doesn't want to be looked at."

"I know that's what *he* said," Judy replied. "Maybe he's got someone in there he doesn't want us to see."

"Like who?" Dianne said.

"How should I know?" Judy said. "But it is odd that Mrs. Travers is away."

Dianne stopped in the middle of tucking a sheet and looked at me with a startled expression. "That's ridiculous," she said. "Why would anyone want to . . ." All three of us moved swiftly over to the shutters and peered through cracks. "Well, it could be her," Dianne said.

I stared hard at the shapeless object in the corner of the living-room. "It could be anything," I said, "and you know it."

"Matt's right," Dianne said. "I really can't see a thing."

"All I said," Judy replied quietly, "was that it's odd Mrs. Travers is away."

We went back to work, none of us talking. Despite my denial of it, the idea obsessed me. Perhaps I wanted to find some secret evil in Travers. Perhaps I hoped that his Indian ways were all sham, all external trappings to disguise some monstrous sin. It's hard to say. But as I worked, I felt a growing conviction that it was

indeed Mrs. Travers in that front room. And from there it was easy enough to build supporting evidence: Travers had cracked from the isolation, from trying to be Indian; he had taken in concubines, beaten Mrs. Travers, driven her mad, shut her up in the front room. The women in the servants' quarters, Mrs. Travers' strange absence in the face of our announced visit, Travers' refusal to open the front room for Father—all seemed to point the finger of guilt at John Travers. As I thought it over, it gained a curious momentum of rightness, of plausibility, which frightened me.

When we had finished with the cots, Mother and Father came out and lay down for a nap. They both looked drawn and upset, as if they had overheard our discussion and had reached a conclusion about the woman in the front room—a conclusion too horrible to face. Judy went out to a patch of grass by the side veranda to sunbathe; Dianne sat in the shade with a pocketbook mystery and her Eno's bottle of boric acid. I tried to rest for a while, then gave it up and wandered out front to the car. The generator had been making some noise on our trip out, and so, to pass the time, I dismantled it, spread all the parts on a cloth and cleaned the brushes. The little Indian boy squatted beside me and watched. I tried not to look at him.

By mid-afternoon I could feel the rains coming on. The clouds had been drifting and collecting and forming thunderheads over the ghats that lay blue on the horizon, darkening with storm. Suddenly a chill breeze rustled the thatch. The dark piles of clouds began to drift and roll. The air became charged with a skin-tingling electric quality, and I could taste rain in it—a sharp taste, like the tang of old brass. There was a crash and roar of thunder, followed by a rushing sound, as of many goats trotting over dry leaves. The little Indian boy thrust a thumb into his mouth and left me. Then it hit, the large drops falling with great fury and spatting on the dusty driveway.

I tossed everything into the car and charged onto the veranda. The rain made a curious muffled sound on the thatch overhead. I sat on my cot and watched it pound the trees and earth for a while. Then, as suddenly as it had come, the rain was gone. The clouds moved. Sunlight blazed through. The earth, the veranda floor, the walls began to steam. There was a pleasing sweetness to the smell of it. I dug into my suitcase for a towel and began drying my head. Then I went over and sat down on the edge of the veranda with Judy and Dianne.

"Where is he?" I whispered.

"Who?" Dianne said.

"Travers," I said.

"Still in there," Judy said, nodding toward the front room.

"Please," Dianne said, "let's not talk about it."

We didn't.

Travers did not come out till suppertime.

WE HAD what is known as missionary-cook's stew for supper: improperly cooked, poorly spiced rice and vegetable curry. Travers had nothing to say to us. When we finished eating, it was dusk. With only kerosene lamps for light, we were more or less obliged to retire with the sun. Darkness brought a horde of voracious mosquitoes with it, and the only escape from them was under the netting of our cots. I climbed into bed in my underpants and lay on my back. In the dark I could hear Mother and Father whispering indistinctly. I felt alone and sleepless. I listened to the whispers until they finally drifted off into heavy breathing; and then for a while everything was still. A cricket began trilling in some corner of the bungalow, and under the persistent loudness and monotony of its song, I fell asleep.

I slept fitfully. At times I awoke, thinking I had heard a cry, someone groan, harsh voices arguing. And once I thought I heard a strange screaming laugh. It seemed to me, as I listened to the dark for some repetition of the sound, that the bungalow was full of noises: water dripping, bare feet padding from room to room, doors opening and closing. The mad woman coughed once. Suddenly the cricket stopped chirping. I sensed that someone was standing beside my bed. The mosquito net rustled. There was a dank, fetid odor of rats. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead. But nothing happened. And after a while the cricket started up again. Against the eastern horizon I saw with relief the dim grayness of dawn through the trees. The light reassured me. I rolled over and went back to sleep.

I awoke with a start. The bright glare of dawn shone in my face. There was a strong smell of smoke in the air. I felt weary, as if I had been struggling with things all night. I stared up at the low khaki camp netting over my bed, tasting smoke in my mouth and trying to think what it meant.

"Dad?" I said.

He lay on his side in the cot next to mine. "Hmph?" he said.

"I smell smoke," I said.

"So do I, Pops," Judy said from her cot.

I heard Mother and Dianne stir. Father sat up and massaged his face.

"Smells like thatch burning," Judy said, getting out of bed. "Maybe that crazy woman's trying to commit suttee."

Father sniffed the air. "It *is* thatch," he said. He was on his feet in an instant.

I struggled into my blue jeans and got up. It was hard to tell where the smoke was coming from.

"I think it's coming from in there," Judy said. She pointed to the shutters of the front room.

Mother and Dianne joined us in their bathrobes.

At that moment the study door opened. Travers came out onto the veranda. His hair was mussed, his face haggard. He looked surprised to find us awake.

Father turned on him. "Where's Mary?" he said. "What have you done with her?"

Travers blinked. "I beg pardon?" he said.

"She's in there, now, isn't she?" Father said, leveling a finger at Travers.

He did not reply.

"Get the jack handle, Matt," Father said over his shoulder to me. He took a step toward Travers as if to intercept him should he attempt to interfere.

I rushed out to the car and came back with the jack handle. Father was still facing Travers, ready to jump him if he moved.

"Now break open a window," Father said.

Travers held up a hand. "I forbid you," he said. "I forbid you to enter that room."

"Break it open, Matt," Father said.

"In God's name, don't, boy," Travers cried.

"You keep God's name out of this," Father said.

I WORKED the jack handle between the shutters and pulled with all my strength. There was a sharp crack as the latch broke. I staggered backwards. The shutter banged open against the wall. Travers seemed to wilt suddenly, as if we, having forced the latch of the secret room, had also violated something in him —something that had to do with the core of his resistance. He slumped to the floor and sat with his head in his hands.

"All right, now," Father said, "let's have a look in here." He climbed in through the window. We pushed after him, no longer concerned with Travers but greedily determined to satisfy our morbid curiosity.

In the bright glare of dawn flooding through the window I saw the bare room and the pile of charred thatch on the floor. The thatch appeared to have been recently extinguished. It still steamed. Little bits of ash floated in the air.

The mad woman was lying on the floor, covered with a sheet like a corpse. Father stooped and raised the cloth. The breath caught in my throat. The cleaved, distorted, bulbous face of a leper stared up at us. Except for the fact that her skin was white, I would never have recognized her for Mary Travers.

She looked at us for an instant, tears of shame and humiliation starting in her eyes, and then with a cry snatched the cloth back over her face.

We hurried out of the room. Travers was still sitting on the veranda, his head lowered. "I tried to get her to see doctors," he said. "I tried. But she wouldn't do it. She was so ashamed of what it had done to her face. She made me promise never to send her away, to put you off so we would not be forced to close out here. Only it wasn't any use. She kept trying to burn herself. She thought burning might cure her."

For a moment none of us could move. We stood dumbly watching the broken, hunched-over Travers. Little pieces of ash began sifting out of the window, settling slowly. I felt cheap ridiculous, exposed—as if in imagination we had sacrificed Mary Travers up to the demon of our suspicions, mentally mutilated and destroyed her in the belief that no man can exist without hidden guilt, only to find that we had convicted not Travers but ourselves.

It only seemed to make matters worse when, later that morning, Travers asked to be relieved of Siraikottai outpost.



L. BOYD FINCH

the Florida Swamp that Swallows Your Money

Your taxes are pouring into a vast "flood control" project which most Americans never heard of. . . . It slipped through Congress almost unnoticed . . . and it will make a killing for a few speculators and rich landowners.

OVER the past ten years, the United States government has been sluicing money into the soggy prairies of the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control project of the Army Corps of Engineers. The chief beneficiaries are a few large landowners; their giant farms, resorts, supermarkets, and housing projects are doubling, tripling, and quadrupling in value.

This project has had only cursory Congressional scrutiny. Yet it has so far cost $43 million of federal money, has been authorized $83.3 million (nearly half of it in the last session of Congress), and is expected to reached a total cost of at least $362 million. (In comparison, the authorized U. S. contribution to the highly publicized St. Lawrence Seaway is $140 million.)

If Congress sincerely wants to save the taxpayers' money, here is a great opportunity, right at home.

The Central and Southern Florida Flood Control Project was dreamed up in 1947 by the Army Corps of Engineers and sold to Congress in 1948 by Florida Congressmen under the leadership of Senator Spessard Holland. Operating with the stated purpose of flood control, it is in effect a land reclamation project. Former Flood Control District Chairman, J. Abney Cox, has boasted that the project "involves more land than the total area to be irrigated in all active federal reclamation projects of the seventeen Western states." It assures "water control" for 726,000 acres of new farm and urban land and 1,575,000 acres of existing farm land. In contrast the famous Columbia Basin reclamation project of the Northwest was planned to bring water ultimately to 1,200,000 acres.

Unlike the Bureau of Reclamation's projects, this Florida undertaking places no limit on the amount of land that can be held by a single owner (some have many tens of thousands of acres), sets no curbs on land speculation, and provides no repayment to the federal government. (On Reclamation Bureau projects, water cannot be delivered until a repayment contract has been signed by the local water-users' organization.)

The project stretches 120 miles east and west, at its widest point, from Palm Beach on the Atlantic to Ft. Myers on the Gulf, and 240 miles north and south, from Cape Canaveral to the jump-off point for the Florida Keys highway south of Miami. The area directly influenced is larger than Connecticut, New Jersey, and Delaware combined. The planned levees would encircle New Hampshire and Vermont, Corps publicists claim.

In describing the scope of the project, the Corps of Engineers is chameleon-like. In Florida, a Corps promotion document boasts that the project involves "excavation total second only to the Panama Canal." But in Washington, in August 1958, Major General E. C. Itschner, chief of the Corps, wrote me: "I am not aware of any claim having been made that the Central and Southern Florida Project is the largest earth-moving project since the Panama Canal. It is not the largest project money-wise that the Corps has undertaken since the Panama Canal and it is not believed to be the largest from the standpoint of personnel or quantity of earth movement."

Either way, it's a big project. Yet the over-



The Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District

(Shading shows area involved.)

whelming majority of taxpayers—who are paying for this gift to Florida—probably have never heard of it.

Tourists on U. S. Route 1 or the Tamiami Trail see little to tell them that a tremendous frontier is being pushed back, that the vast swampy Everglades is being mastered by men and machines. In 1947 only 161,000 acres of Everglades lands were in use; now there are at least 330,000. The dense mangrove forests remain undisturbed at the tip of the peninsula, but the damp savannas to the north are being converted from a wilderness open only to dugout canoes and airboats, into fields crisscrossed by huge vegetable harvesting machines. The cry of the limpkin and grunt of the alligator are being replaced by the lowing of cattle and the clatter of the tractor.

Levees, canals, pumping stations, and spillways are being built to handle both drainage and irrigation—and to prevent overdrainage of the organic muck which in its natural state is from 30 to 75 per cent water. Storage of flood water for use in the dry season is being increased by raising the levees around the 700 square miles of Lake Okeechobee and by creating "conservation areas" (1,344 square miles of them) in the Everglades. The capacity of floodways which drain excess waters into the Atlantic and Gulf is being boosted. Giant pumps are being prepared to remove the water more rapidly than gravity alone can do it (average fall of the outlet canals is less than 2.5 inches per mile). Dozens of little dams are being built to maintain a higher water level in rivers and lakes for irrigation use, and to keep the ground water table high. Water from Lake Okeechobee and the conservation areas is to be released through the canals to meet further irrigation needs. Levees also are being constructed around the potential farming, housing, and commercial areas, to keep out flood waters rising in the undeveloped Everglades. Completed by early 1958 were 249 miles of levees, 84 miles of canals, nine spillways, and seven pumping stations.

Unfortunately, one of the completed works is worse than useless. The Miami *Herald* of September 5, 1954, revealed that a ten-mile levee west of Miami, designated as Levee 31, leaked. It was built, the Corps learned too late, on sponge-like rock. Water from the Everglades crawls through the rock into the Miami side. There it stays. And when heavy rainfall hits the western Miami area the runoff cannot drain into the Everglades, as it used to, because the levee is in the way. Engineers estimated that an additional $28 million for canals and pumps would solve this.

SUBSIDY FOR MILLIONAIRES

THE people of Florida—old residents and newcomers who have poured in there since World War II and made Florida one of the fastest growing states in the U. S.—naturally benefit indirectly by the increased agriculture and industry in the reclaimed lands. But some are involved more directly than others: first, the Army Corps of Engineers staff who run the project; second, the civilian employees, for whom it means jobs.

Third, and most spectacularly, a few large landowners benefit indirectly. One of these, J. Abney Cox, was also a project official. He is a prominent vegetable grower, radio station owner, member of the Florida Farm Labor Advisory Committee, and ex-chairman of the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District board—the state organization which uses local tax money to buy rights of way for the federal project. He owns a good deal of land along the Dade County coast south of Miami, where the Corps is planning an additional major expense item. This is a fifteen-mile levee along Biscayne Bay to protect low potato land from a hurricane wave of the type that, according to disinterested Miamians, hasn't flooded it for more than twenty years. In 1955 Cox criticized the Corps' earlier

plan for the south Dade area as "totally inadequate." The new plan should be more pleasing to him.

Cox was a member of the Flood Control District board twice, having been dropped once during a change of state Governors. He last resigned in July 1957. The five-man board is appointed by the Governor, and in the board's first ten years of operation, twenty-three directors were appointed and relieved as state-house regimes changed. Key agency jobs are filled and emptied in the same manner. The Miami *Herald* calls the Flood Control District operation "a cozy kingdom of, by, and for politicians . . . run as a political pork barrel."

One big landowner—the best known nationally and the wealthiest—is Arthur Vining Davis. In southwestern Dade County, land that sold for $350 an acre in 1952 was resold a year later for $850 an acre. By now much of this land isn't on the market. It is held in great tracts while the demand multiplies. Arthur Vining Davis owns one-eighth of the usable land of Dade County.

Davis, chairman of the board of Aluminum Company of America until mid-1957, became interested in Florida eleven years ago. Now he owns more than 100,000 acres in the state. Worth upwards of $400 million, he reportedly continues to put in a full day's work at his Miami office although he was ninety-one in May 1958. Among his varied Florida holdings recently were a $2 million tomato farm, the Boca Raton resort, which he bought in 1955 for $22.5 million, four nurseries, two airlines, a shipping line, hotels, banks, and dairies. In the past year he announced plans for two $15 million shopping centers in the levee-encircled outskirts of Miami. In September 1958 he placed almost all of his Florida real-estate holdings in a new $100 million corporation called Arvida, and planned to sell common stock to obtain $25 to $30 million capital. On completion of the new offering, Davis would control 57.4 per cent of the common stock outstanding.

As a Florida reporter once put it, Davis is "a large body of money surrounded by Dade County." A slightly lesser body of Florida money is that of James Sottile, Jr., who was included by *Fortune* magazine in the $75 to $100 million class. The Miami *Herald* adds up the assets of Sottile, his father James, Sr., and brother William to $300 million. James, Jr., controls seven banks and owns 33,000 acres of cattle ranches, 6,000 acres of citrus groves, and 20,000 acres of crop land, plus a packing plant and several smaller businesses—all in southern and central Florida. The Sottiles, too, are looking for more federal aid. In December 1957, a representative of their Sottile South Dade Farms, Inc. appeared before a hearing to endorse the plan extending the levee along the bay south of Miami, where much Sottile land lies.

THE FERTILE MUCK

MAJOR efforts to develop farms in Florida's interior began a century ago. These private and, later, state efforts at water control succeeded only in part. When the rich muck lands could be drained, the result often was overdrainage. Drought and fire were costly. Then in 1926 and 1928 hurricane and flood disasters killed more than two thousand persons. Floridans turned to the federal government for help—specifically, to the Corps. In 1930 federal approval was given for a flood control project around Lake Okeechobee. The project was expected to cost $9,692,000, of which Florida was to contribute $3,812,000. When completed years later it cost the United States more than $30 million, and Florida paid only $500,000.

After World War II one idea seems to have occurred simultaneously to Florida's large landowners and the empire-building Army Engineers: develop the Everglades. Florida simply was "ready"—or almost so.

One item was lacking: a flood. The Corps isn't permitted to build irrigation works as such. Neither can it be used in outright development of land for residential or business use. Its land development must be done in the name of "flood control." A flood was needed to justify federal spending, and most of Florida's years since 1931 had been ones of drought. (There had been a hurricane in 1935 which took four hundred lives in the Keys, but it was mainland development and not Keys protection that was the postwar goal.)

Nature obliged in September 1947, with a hurricane and sixty consecutive days of rain. Not a human life was lost, but vast acres of farm land were flooded. Southern Florida is a low, almost level plain of grass and muck in the center with ridges along both coasts. The storm water remained ponded for weeks. Florida Congressmen collected photos and press clippings and hastened to Washington.

In less time than it takes to say Okeechobee, the Corps was ready with the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control project. The proposal whistled through Congress. Hearings on its authorization were held on three days in May 1948. Senator Holland was both the first witness for the

project and acting subcommittee chairman during part of the hearings. There was no opposition testimony.

Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert C. Gee, a Corps engineer, presented the bulk of the technical testimony. He not only sold Congress on the project, he sold himself on Florida and found a new career. He became civilian consulting engineer for the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District.

Senator John McClellan of Arkansas opened the hearings with a warning: ". . . on a project of this magnitude, it is most unusual for the Congress to act . . . with any great speed. . . ." Three days later the Senator allowed that, "I do not recall that I have ever attended a committee hearing where such a vast project has been so ably presented in such a short period of time." After all, there were projects in Arkansas awaiting Congressional votes, too.

No hearings at all were held in the House, and on June 30, 1948, Congress made its first partial authorization.

Dirt moving began in January 1950. Mats of 10-foot-long timbers floated 175-ton shovels through the Everglades. With buckets clawing up six cubic yards at a time, the draglines began creating straight lines of canals and levees across the wastes. As the draglines moved on, the farm and urban developers' employees moved in behind, digging subsidiary drainage systems and installing reversible pumps to irrigate or drain as the situation required.

Fabulous crop yields from the virgin soil are reported. Barring disastrous freezes, winter vegetables, sugar cane, and the fiber crop ramie flourish. One farm operator reports paying $808,000 as a year's income tax. A member of a Hoover Commission group studying water projects found a light airplane idling near a roadway. It was explained to him that the pilot's job was to act as an aerial scarecrow, buzzing away any flocks of birds that landed on the fortune-laden field.

Today the federal project is only 10 to 15 per cent complete, a source of concern for landowners. They're pressing for a speedup. For the 1959 fiscal year they asked $19,041,000, and they told Congress they want appropriations of $25 million annually for the following years. They got, for 1959, $6.5 million. Also they won Congressional authorization of $40 million more.

I. Funds Authorized by Congress:

1948	$16,300,000
1950	20,000,000
1954	7,000,000
1958	40,000,000
Total	$83,300,000

II. Appropriations by Congress:

1950	$1,500,000
1951	6,300,000
1952	6,000,000
1953	4,971,000
1954	none
1955	4,250,000
1956	6,300,000
1957	8,750,000
1958	5,500,000
1959	6,500,000
Total	$50,071,000

A BOONDOGGLE?

WHILE Congress has been acquiescent about the Florida project, it has at least raised some questions.

Miami's Congressman Dante Fascell complained to House colleagues when he sought larger 1957 appropriations that "in the short time that I have been here in Congress, I repeatedly run into the feeling among members of Congress who have to deal with this project that this is a boondoggle, a swindle, a reclamation project that is not a true flood-control project, and a whole host of other things. . . ." But, he declared, "this is an honest-to-God federal project for flood-control purposes."

The Congressman was wrong. Basic federal flood-control policy makes it clear that U. S. assistance is to be given only to prevent "catastrophic" damages and suffering. It is not intended to help improve or "reclaim" land for farming or urban development. The Corps itself admits that in the hurricane-spawned floods "there is little hazard to personal safety."

Obviously the Florida undertaking isn't a true flood-control project. It is a land-reclamation project, but with major differences from the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation program. Work of the Bureau is restricted to seventeen Western states. When the Bureau was organized in 1902, problems of water supply seemed peculiar to the West. Today water supply is a problem coast to coast, but the geographic restrictions on the Bureau haven't been removed. Differences between the Bureau and Corps projects include (1) sharing of costs, (2) distribution of benefits, and (3) control of speculation.

(1) In Western projects built by the Bureau,

construction costs are generally split into three shares which are not necessarily equal. Farmers contract to repay their share of the costs up to the carrying ability of their farms. Electric power revenues repay all costs attributable to commercial power generation with interest and also on most projects pick up a good share of the irrigation costs which the farm water users cannot repay. Costs for irrigation are repaid without interest. City water users repay their share with interest. In line with national policy the U. S. pays for benefits to navigation, flood control, and fish and wildlife conservation.

In Florida, though, only 24 per cent of the construction cost is assigned to the state and local agency. In 1948 the original plan was for local interests to meet 18 per cent of the cost—with 3 per cent met by local purchase of rights of way and the remaining 15 per cent in cash payments by the state to the U. S. as each contract was let for a levee, spillway, or pump station. As the works proceeded, rising costs of land took an increasing portion of the share provided by Floridans. Rights of way cost up to 440 per cent more than originally estimated. Result: the Florida cash contribution dwindled and U. S. taxpayers had to pony up the difference. Now a revised plan is taking note of this and is increasing the Florida share of construction cost to 24 per cent.

The Corps puts the division of "total cost" at 55 per cent federal and 45 per cent non-federal. In this the Corps is including an estimate of locally-financed maintenance and operation of the project for fifty years. This local maintenance operation isn't unusual, it should be noted; it also is done in Bureau projects.

(2) Reclamation policy in the West is to encourage owner-operated, family-size farms, rather than to enable riches to be amassed by a few great land holdings worked by tenant or migrant laborers. Thus the so-called "160-acre limitation."

In the Army Engineers' Florida project virtually all the farming is on tracts larger than 320 acres. Rancher J. O. Pearce of Okeechobee told Congress that in 1947 his three pastures were flooded. "Pastures" is a misleading word—these were 2,200 acres, 3,700 acres, and 1,731 acres in size. One of the area's agricultural giants is the United States Sugar Corporation at Clewiston. Eleven years ago it was intensively using 30,000 acres for growing sugar cane, hiring more than 5,000 laborers annually. In 1947 it netted a million dollars, according to Vice-President R. Y. Patterson.

(3) In Western projects land values are set before the project begins, and after the land is improved sale prices of land over the acreage limit per landowner are held to pre-project levels.

In Florida no attempt is made to restrict speculation. Project officials concede that average land prices in the agricultural area alone have trebled since 1947. Other persons estimate the increases at 3,000 per cent, and a Minnesota Congressman figured an increase of 20,000 per cent.

A few Northern Congressmen are skeptical. In a June 25, 1955, newsletter to constituents, Representative Fred Marshall of Minnesota noted: "It is classified as a flood control project by the Corps of Engineers, but it is principally a land development project. Privately-owned lands in the area have jumped in value from $3 to $5 an acre to $1,000 or more an acre."

Observing that "one acre of that land will sell for an enormous amount of money," Representative Mike Kirwan of Ohio told Appropriations Committee colleagues on April 27, 1955, that, "I think it is a problem for the state of Florida." When queried about the project in April 1958, however, Kirwan said he was for it.

Another, Massachusetts Representative Edward P. Boland observed at the same 1955 committee session, "It appears to me that the federal government is subsidizing the development of Florida here. . . ." Then, following what may be the general Congressional pattern, he wound up, "I have no more questions, I am just overwhelmed by this."

WHY CONGRESS KEEPS STILL

THE wonder is that some Congressman hasn't fired a headline-grabbing blast at the project. Our Representatives' silence may be chalked up to several factors.

One is the "you scratch my back and . . ." nature of Congress. In 1956 several Western Congressmen were dumbfounded when they learned some details of the Florida project. Their reaction was not to set up a clamor, but to use their knowledge to bargain for Florida members' votes in favor of the Upper Colorado River and Hells Canyon Dam projects.

A second reason is Southern dominance in Congress. The seniority system puts Southerners from safe districts into control in Democratic Congresses and into effective minority leadership posts when their party is not in control. Florida benefits either way.

A third factor is the absence of any electric

power development on Florida's sluggish streams. Those Western projects which involve both power and irrigation result in lobbyist pressure and counter-pressure, publicity, and Congressional debate.

But Floridans aren't satisfied with the government's largess. A Hoover Commission "task group" took a look at the project in late 1954. Members reported that at hearings some Dade County residents complained of the local tax burden of the project. Among these were former State Senator Ernest R. Graham, a Hialeah dairy operator, and F.D.R. Park, Dade County water-control engineer.

Dade County also objects to spending that goes under the high-sounding name of "emergency co-operative projects." The Miami *Herald* described these on April 25, 1955, as meaning "if certain big farm enterprises, ranchers or others want a drainage ditch or something similar, the Flood Control District [the state's agency] will foot half the bill." The *Herald* cited the example of two just-approved co-operative projects costing $64,000: "The Flood Control District's share of the $64,000 will be $32,000. Since two-thirds of its money comes from Dade County, this county's taxpayers will be investing $20,800 [*sic*] for work 90 to 100 miles from Miami. . . . In these and other ways, the Flood Control District has been on a spending spree for six years—with Dade County's money."

That's a Dade County view of spending in southern and central Florida. What about the view of taxpayers in Pennsylvania, Missouri, or Oregon? The Hoover Commission investigators answered, "To the task group it appeared that the federal taxpayer had even a lesser interest in the project than did the ones in Dade County. If Dade County does not wish to share in the cost, why should the federal government?"

The Hoover group didn't completely condemn the project, however. The members reported that the estimated cost of bringing the Florida land into agricultural production at that time was $180 per acre—of which only $100 was spent on the federal project, with the remainder spent by drainage subdistricts and landowners. In the West, the report said, federal costs would be the equivalent of the combined federal-district-landowner costs in Florida. Thus, "from the standpoint of repayment of reimbursable costs, the project is fully comparable with Western irrigation development."

Florida's development problem, the Hoover group also noted, is one that cannot be done piecemeal but must have an overall plan for the entire area, such as the one provided by the Corps.

The investigators declared the project shows there is no real difference between flood control and land development: "With the initiation of the project, had there been no local development, the entire cost of the project would have been charged to land enhancement. As development takes place, more and more of the project could be charged off to flood protection until with the complete development the cost of the encircling levees and pumps could be charged entirely to flood control. On the basis of benefits, the water-control features could be considered purely incidental."

But the Hoover group urged national scrutiny of the Florida undertaking: "The project is one of the really large land and water developments under way today, and is worthy of considerably greater attention from the general public than it has received in the past. . . . Why should there be a subsidy for such large and profitable farming operations?"

Why, indeed?

AUTOMATION TAKES OVER THE PULPIT

VISITORS to Davis Chapel at First Baptist Church will be able to select from 150 hymns, sermonettes, organ and choir selections, and readings by compressing buttons on a keyboard installed in a wooden, simulated lectern.

A set of speakers . . . will be placed in the organ loft. In this way the air of authenticity is retained, for organ selections will emanate from there . . .

Here's an electronic system that shows how progress in scientific research becomes a means to an end which is unmatched . . . personal worship.

—The Worcester (Mass.) *Evening Gazette,* November 6, 1958.

ARTHUR MIZENER

THE LOVE SONG OF J. D. SALINGER

Why today's undergraduates look to him as their spokesman—and what he is saying about the American experience in his still unfinished chronicle of the Glass family. . . . By the biographer of F. Scott Fitzgerald, who served as a similar voice for the young people of the 'twenties.

A FEW months ago I gave a lecture in the Middle West, on Scott Fitzgerald, before about as intelligent an undergraduate audience as you are likely to find. When I finished, the first question from the floor was about J. D. Salinger. This humbling non-sequitur is too familiar to be any surprise, for Salinger is probably the most avidly read author of any serious pretensions in his generation. There are good reasons why he should be, for though his work has certain limitations—both of subject matter and of technique—it is, within these limitations, the most interesting fiction that has come along for some time.

Salinger has been writing since he was fifteen and is evidently a dedicated—not to say obsessed—writer, but the relatively small amount of work he has produced in a career of nearly twenty years suggests that he has a hard time writing. Moreover, there is in his work a very high incidence of emotional collapse and even violent death. One of the sharpest implications of his work, in short, is that perceptive people have difficulty remaining operative, or even surviving, in our world; a great deal of his most brilliant wit, like so much of James Thurber's, is close to desperation. There are good and even historical reasons in American culture for this state of mind, as I shall try to suggest, but they make the difficulty Salinger himself apparently faces no less disturbing to contemplate.

His immediate appeal is that he speaks our language, or, to be exact, makes a kind of poetry out of the raw materials of our speech. His ear picks up with stunning exactness the speech of many kinds of people: of the brutally conventional—"But my *gosh*. Honestly! I just can't stand to see somebody get away with absolute murder. It makes my blood boil"; of the earnestly ignorant—"They got their *pores* open the whole time. That's their *nature,* for Chrissake. See what I mean?"; of the Army—"This here's officers' quarters, Mac." His people are wholly present, in devastating dramatic immediacy, in everything they say.

What is more, Salinger uses with great skill the very American device of conveying meaning by describing object, gesture, action. He can create this kind of poetry on the simplest occasion, as for instance when an ordinary girl is waiting for a long-distance telephone call:

> She read an article in a woman's pocket-size magazine called "Sex Is Fun—or Hell." She washed her comb and brush. She took the spot out of the skirt of her beige suit. She moved the button on her Saks blouse. She tweezed out two freshly surfaced hairs in her mole. When the operator finally rang her room, she was sitting on the window seat and had almost finished putting lacquer on the nails of her left hand.

But if Salinger is a poet in this sense, he is also a poet in the only sense that he himself would probably take seriously: he's a man with his own special insight into the meaning of experience. "A good horse," as his characters the Glass children learned from Lo Po, "can be

picked out by its general build and appearance. But a superlative horse—one that raises no dust and leaves no tracks—is something evanescent and fleeting, elusive as thin air."

An inescapable, intense awareness of this poetry that flows through things, all things," marks every one of Salinger's significant characters. As Vincent Caulfield in "This Sandwich Has No Mayonnaise" (1945) remarks of his brother Holden, such people cannot "do anything but listen hectically to the maladjusted little apparatus [they wear] for a heart." That is what makes Holden worry all through *The Catcher in the Rye* about what the Central Park ducks do in the winter and constantly recall with delight that, when they played checkers, old Jane would never move her kings out of the back row.

"A DASH MAN NOT A MILER"

OBVIOUSLY Salinger did not burst on the world with these powers of observation and this sense of experience fully developed. He had, in fact, rather more trouble than most writers in discovering his own way of feeling and the best mode of expression for it. His first published stories, which appeared mainly in the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* in the early forties, will quickly destroy any romantic notions one may have had about the value of the unpublished stories he wrote even earlier, by flashlight under the bedclothes after "Lights," when he was a student at Valley Forge Military Academy. The first published stories deal, in a mechanical and over-ingenious way, with the superficial interests of magazine readers of the time. In "The Hang of It" (1941), for example, a father tells us about his comically inept soldier son who keeps insisting that he will get the hang of soldiering. At the end we find out that the speaker is also the boy's commanding officer. This is intended to make what had at first appeared the boy's stupidity seem pathetic anxiety, but the events of the story are almost entirely farce and do not support the intention.

These trivial stories are nevertheless interesting. They show us Salinger's preoccupation with close personal relations, particularly family relations. They make clear his marked preference for first person narration and interior monologue. And they show the related difficulty he has in saying what he wants to and at the same time constructing a "well-made" plot. In 1945 he was saying, "I am a dash man and not a miler, and it is probable that I will never write a novel."

Perhaps that judgment was right, for *The Catcher in the Rye*, despite its brilliance of observation and the virtuosity with which Salinger keeps Holden Caulfield's monologue going for the length of a novel, is primarily concerned neither with the working out of a plot nor the development of a character. It is a lyric monologue in which the complex feelings of an essentially static character are gradually revealed. For all Salinger's skill, *The Catcher in the Rye* has a claustrophobic and, at the same time, random quality.

The second stage of Salinger's career runs from 1943, when he published his first mature story, "The Varioni Brothers," in the *Post*, to about 1948. In this period his powers of observation became much sharper and he began to understand much better what he wanted to say. His plots, if they still cramped him, were not completely irrelevant, though it was still true—as it is today—that he was at his best in meditations like "Boy in France" (1945) and in the monologues of plotted stories like "Last Day of the Last Furlough" (1944). His material was still a little conventional: the vicissitudes of Gershwin-like song-writers, cruise-ship romances, soldiers going overseas. But his characteristic feelings about experience were beginning to come through. They are there in the beautifully revealed devotion of the letter from Babe Gladwaller's sister Mattie, aged ten, that Babe reads in his foxhole in "Boy in France." They are there when Sonny Varioni, the talented, bored, ambitious song-writer, realizes that he hears the music for the first time in his life when he reads his dead brother's book.

The best work of this second period is the group of independent but related stories about the Gladwaller and the Caulfield families, who are closely connected by the friendship of Babe Gladwaller and Vincent Caulfield. These stories appeared in four different magazines over a period of three years. The first four of them are mainly concerned with Babe and Vincent. Then, beginning in late 1945 with "I'm Crazy," Salinger began to focus on Holden Caulfield. Much of the family detail from the first four stories is kept in the two stories about Holden, but there are important changes, and, with only slight revisions, these two stories became chapters in *The Catcher in the Rye*. I think it is a fairly good guess that, after writing *The Catcher in the Rye*, which was published in 1951, Salinger decided that most of the things he had been working out in the Gladwaller

Caulfield stories could be more clearly realized if he started afresh without some of the awkward commitments of these stories.

In any event, in 1948 he began the third period of his career with the publication of "A Perfect Day for Bananafish" in the *New Yorker*. This is, in order of publication anyway, the first of his stories about the Glass family, of which there have so far been seven, all but one of them in the *New Yorker*. It is anybody's guess, of course, whether Salinger had the whole, still unfinished history of the Glass family in mind when he wrote "A Perfect Day for Bananafish" nearly ten years ago, but my guess is that, much as William Faulkner has apparently always had at least the main outlines of the McCaslin family history in mind, Salinger has known about all the Glasses from the beginning. For one thing, the order in which the stories have appeared (and probably were written) has little relation to the chronological order of events in the family history, yet all the minute particulars of the Glass family history are consistent. What we are told about Seymour Glass in 1948 in the first story fits precisely, both in fact and in implication, with what we have learned about him and the rest of the family since. Salinger's conception of the Glass children's situation has become richer during these nine years, but neither the facts nor the essential nature of that situation has changed.



J. D. Salinger in 1945

THE GLASS FAMILY

BECAUSE the details about the Glass family are scattered and because a reasonable knowledge of them is necessary for an understanding of Salinger's best work, it may help to set down in outline what we so far know about them. The parents, Les Glass (Jewish) and Bessie Gallagher Glass (a fat Irish Rose, her youngest son lovingly calls her), were successful Pantages Circuit vaudevillians in the 'twenties. By the 'forties Les Glass was "hustling talent for a motion picture studio in Los Angeles." In the 'fifties they are living with their two youngest children in New York, in "an old but, categorically, not unfashionable apartment house in the East Seventies." They have had seven children.

The oldest, Seymour, was born in February 1917, entered Columbia at the age of fifteen, and took a Ph. D. in English. In 1940 he and his brother Buddy reluctantly gave up the room they had shared in the Glasses' apartment since 1929 and moved into an apartment of their own near 79th and Madison. Seymour taught English for a year or two before entering the service. While he was stationed at Fort Monmouth, he met a girl named Muriel Fedder, whom he married on June 1, 1942. When he returned from the service, he was—as he had promised Muriel and her mother he would be—psychoanalyzed, presumably by what Buddy calls one of those *"summa-cum-laude* Thinker[s] and intellectual men's-room attendant[s]" so greatly admired by people like Muriel's mother. Possibly as a result, Seymour one day deliberately drove the Fedder's car into a tree, and it was decided that he and Muriel should take a vacation in Florida, at the place where they had spent their honeymoon. There, in room 507 of a fashionable beach hotel, on the afternoon of March 18, 1948, Seymour made his second, successful attempt to commit suicide, by putting a bullet from an Ortgies calibre 7.65 through his right temple.

The second child, Buddy (whose given name is, I think, Webb), was born in 1919, as was Jerome David Salinger. Buddy is the writer of the family, and it is sometimes difficult to distinguish his voice from Salinger's. *"The Great Gatsby,"* he says, ". . . was my 'Tom Sawyer'

when I was twelve." Buddy never finished college (nor did Salinger, who tried three). He entered the service early in 1942 and, when he got out, became "a writer in residence." In 1965 he was teaching "at a girls' junior college in upper New York state, where he lived alone, in a small unwinterized, undercertified house about a quarter of a mile away from a rather populous ski run."

The next child and first girl in the family is Boo Boo Glass. "Her poke of a name aside, her general unprettiness aside, she is—in terms of permanently memorable, unmoderately perceptive, small-featured faces—a stunning and final girl." She appears to be—we do not know a great deal about her yet—more successfully reconciled to the world than the rest of the Glass children. Boo Boo was a Wave, stationed in Brooklyn. During the war she met "a very resolute-looking young man" named Tannenbaum, whom she later married. The Tannenbaums live in Tuckahoe and have a summer place in New England. By 1955 they had three children, the oldest of whom is Lionel, the central character in "Down at the Dinghy," which was published in *Harper's* in 1949.

Boo Boo was followed by twins, Waker and Walt. Waker spent the war in a conscientious objectors' camp in Maryland and by 1955 had become a Catholic priest. "If you tell Waker it looks like rain, his eyes fill up." Walt entered the service in the spring of 1941 and by May of 1942 was in the Pacific. In Japan late in the autumn of 1946, a Japanese stove he was packing as a souvenir for his commanding officer exploded and killed him.

The sixth child, Zachary Martin Glass, known in the family as Zooey, was born in 1929. Zooey's face is close to being "a wholly beautiful face" or, as Boo Boo says, he looks like "the blue-eyed Jewish Irish Mohican scout who died in your arms at the roulette table at Monte Carlo." After college he became a television actor, though his mother very much wanted him to take his Ph.D. in Mathematics at Oxford, as he easily could have. By 1955 he was playing leads.

The youngest child is a girl named Frances, born in 1933. Like Zooey she is extraordinarily beautiful. In the summer of 1954, between her junior and senior years in college, she played summer stock. Zooey, an enthusiastically unrelenting critic, says she was very good; and Franny clearly loves the theater. In her junior year she became interested in a boy named Lane Coutell interested enough to sleep with him. But in November of 1955 she was plunged into a spiritual crisis. "I'm sick of ego, ego, ego. My own and everybody else's. I'm sick of everybody that wants to get somewhere, do something distinguished and all, be somebody interesting. It's disgusting—it is, it is. I don't care what anybody says." After three difficult days at home, she is saved from collapse by her brother Zooey, who possibly saves himself at the same time.

Over a period of nearly eighteen years, beginning in 1947, one or more of the Glass children was performing, under the name of Black, on a famous radio quiz show known—"with perhaps typical Coast-to-Coast irony"—as "It's a Wise Child." Their educations were paid for by these performances.

SUSPENDED EXPLANATION

THIS is the barest outline of what we know about the Glass family. Even so, the fullness of these details and their exactness are striking evidence of the imaginative intensity with which they have been conceived. They also make it possible for Salinger, for the first time, to use consistently the technique he is most happy with and to convey directly the feelings he cares most about.

For example, they provide the fullest opportunity for the kind of surprise an author can get from delayed or implied explanation, which writers of monologues like Salinger and Faulkner usually substitute for narrative suspense—an awkward and artificial device in a monologue. In Faulkner one has to reconstruct the genealogy of the McCaslin family from dozens of scattered allusions before one fully understands any particular McCaslin story. In the same way one has to reconstruct the history of the Glass family.

Salinger uses suspended explanation much less extravagantly than Faulkner, but he has nonetheless confused some readers. Some of them, for instance, seem to have thought (until the matter was fully explained in "Zooey" in 1957) that the heroine of "Franny" (1955) was so badly upset during her football weekend with Lane Coutell not because she was in a spiritual crisis but because she was pregnant. There is no real reason for a careful reader to make this mistake about "Franny." In that story, Franny describes at length the idea of prayer in *The Way of a Pilgrim*, the little book she carries with her everywhere, and at the end of the story her lips are moving in the Jesus Prayer the Pilgrim recommends. Nevertheless, a good many readers apparently did misunderstand "Franny." Some even seem to have doubts about who pushed

whom into the empty swimming pool at the end of "Teddy," where, for much the same dramatic reasons that are at work in "Franny," Salinger depends on our understanding of Teddy's attitude to make us understand that it is Teddy who dies.

This kind of surprise is one of the most effective devices available to a writer like Salinger, and he uses it with great skill. He always plays fair; any careful reader knows what is going on. But we are frequently astonished and delighted when we catch our first glimpse of the precise connections between what had before seemed unconnected events. It must be some time, for instance, before a reader discovers that the Walt whom the drunken Eloise is talking about in "Uncle Wiggly in Connecticut" (1948) is Walt Glass, whose family connections did not begin to emerge in any detail until "Raise High the Roofbeam, Carpenters" (1955). But when the reader makes this discovery, a fascinating and important aspect of the Glass family falls into place for him. Walt was Bessie Glass's "only truly lighthearted son"; as such he shows us an important aspect of Salinger's sense of human possibilities.

The fact that the Glass family is large and closely knit is also important to the feelings Salinger cares most about. The essential reality for him subsists in personal relations, when people, however agonizingly, love one another. "I say," remarks Buddy Glass as he begins to tell us the story "Zooey," "that my current offering isn't a mystical story, or a religiously mystifying story, at all. *I* say it is a compound, or multiple, love story, pure and complicated."

This is true of all Salinger's mature stories. Their subject is the power to love, pure and—in children and the childlike—simple, but in aware people, pure and complicated. Salinger's constant allusions to the Bhagavad Gita, Sri Ramakrishna, Chuang-tzu, and the rest are only efforts to find alternate ways of expressing what his stories are about. This power to love can be realized—and represented—most fully in complicated personal relations like those of the Glasses.

Salinger's conception of these relations is an impressive—and certainly unconscious—evidence of the way he fits into a major tradition of American literature, what might be called the effort to define The Good American. For this tradition, American experience creates a dilemma by encouraging the individual man to cultivate his perception to the limit according to his own lights and at the same time committing him to a society on which the majority has firmly imposed a well-meaning but imperceptive and uniform attitude. People in this tradition of our cultural history have a highly developed, personal sense of their experience. At the same time, they have a strong conviction—even if a bitter conviction like Henry Adams'—that no man can survive in isolation and that the only community they have to love is the American community to which they have been committed by a lifetime's involvement. Such people cannot

In 1949 Harper's *published a story by J. D. Salinger called "Down in the Dinghy." We asked him for biographical information and here is what we received:*

J. D. Salinger—Biographical

In the first place, if I owned a magazine I would never publish a column full of contributors' biographical notes. I seldom care to know a writer's birthplace, his children's names, his working schedule, the date of his arrest for smuggling guns (the gallant rogue!) during the Irish Rebellion. The writer who tells you these things is also very likely to have his picture taken wearing an open-collared shirt—and he's sure to be looking three-quarter-profile and tragic. He can also be counted on to refer to his wife as a swell gal or a grand person.

I've written biographical notes for a few magazines, and I doubt if I ever said anything honest in them. This time, though, I think I'm a little too far out of my Emily Brontë period to work myself into a Heathcliff. (All writers—no matter how many lions they shoot, no matter how many rebellions they actively support—go to their graves half-Oliver Twist and half-Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.) This time I'm going to make it short and go straight home.

I've been writing seriously for over ten years. Being modest almost to a fault, I won't say I'm a born writer, but I'm certainly a born professional. I don't think I ever *selected* writing as a career. I just started to write when I was eighteen or so and never stopped. (Maybe that isn't quite true. Maybe I *did* select writing as a profession. I don't really remember—I got into it so quickly—and finally.)

I was with the Fourth Division during the war.

I almost always write about very young people.

escape knowing that The Good American must be a member of a particularly demanding and not very perceptive community and simultaneously a supremely aware man, because they themselves live partly in the world of ordinary American experience and partly in what may perhaps fairly be called the transcendental world of extraordinary American experience.

The Glass children stand in this way at the center of our dilemma as, with less clarity of perception and less intensity of feeling, large numbers of Americans do. Like Thoreau and Henry Adams, Huck Finn and Ike McCaslin, Ishmael and Jay Gatsby, the Glass children are well aware of where they stand—committed, involved, torn.

"I'd enjoy [doing a movie in France], yes," says Zooey. "*God,* yes. But I'd hate like hell to leave New York. If you must know, I hate any kind of so-called creative type who gets on any kind of ship. I don't give a goddam what his reasons are. I was *born* here. I went to *school* here. I've been *run over* here—*twice,* and on the same damned *street.* I have no business acting in Europe, for God's sake."

This sounds like the speaker in Allen Tate's "Ode to the Confederate Dead," except that the voice is wholly Northern and urban and is—for all its desperateness—less despairing.

THE EXTRA DIMENSION

IT IS the effort to convey their full sense of this situation that leads the Glass children to talk the way they do. For this extra dimension of understanding they use the everyday urban speech Salinger has been listening to all his life. The Glass children must speak the language of the place where they were born, went to school, were run over; it is their native language, the only one wholly theirs, just as the place itself is. But they need to express in this language an understanding of their experience which, if possessed to some degree by many Americans, is wholly clear to only a few of them.

An effort to resolve a similar conflict of feelings affects most of the writers of this tradition, with the result that they too develop odd, brilliant styles. Salinger's style most obviously resembles those of Mark Twain, Lardner, and Hemingway, who prided themselves on using homely American speech with great accuracy, but were saying things with it that few homely Americans are wholly conscious of.

Like Twain and Lardner, Salinger depends more than most prose writers on the fine shading of his style to convey his meaning. That is why he is at his best when one of his characters is speaking. When Buddy Glass writes his brother Zooey about Zooey's unprofitable love of Greek, he says, "Of course, you can go to Athens. Sunny *old* Athens." When Zooey wants to get out of the bathtub, he says to his mother, "I'm getting out of here in about three seconds, Bessie! I'm giving you fair warning. Let's not wear out our welcome, buddy." Each of these clichés is made absurd by the special quality of the Glass child's feeling, but it is at the same time what holds him, for all his special insight, in contact with the perception of ordinary people.

This perception is at its purest in children, whose wonderful directness fascinates Salinger. But he respects it wherever he finds it, whether in "the very corny boy" who gave Franny the gold swizzle stick she cannot bear to throw away, or in Zooey's producer LeSage, who delights in scripts that are down-to-earth, simple, and untrue, but believes with beautiful innocence that his "tired, bosomy, Persian-looking blonde [wife is] a dead ringer [for] the late Carole Lombard, in the movies." As Bill Gorton in *The Sun Also Rises* says of Cohn, "The funny thing is, he's nice, too. I like him. But he's just so awful."

The Glass family's most treasured jokes hover close to this reluctant sympathy with people like LeSage. For instance, at the end of Buddy's trip to Florida after Seymour's suicide, when he had wept nearly all the way, he heard a woman back of him in the plane saying, "with all of Back Bay Boston and most of Harvard Square in her voice, '. . . and the next *morning,* mind you, they took a pint of pus out of that lovely young body of hers.' " As a result, when he got off the plane and Muriel "the Bereaved Widow came toward me all in Bergdorf Goodman black, I had the Wrong Expression on my face. I was grinning." It is this delicately balanced perception that gives the Glass children their special quality.

But if it makes them remarkable, it is also a quite terrible burden. "Smart men," as Dick Diver said a long time ago about Abe North in *Tender Is the Night,* "play close to the line because they have to—some of them can't stand it, so they quit." Like Abe North, Seymour, the most gifted of the Glass children, kills himself. He knows that, in spite of—because of—the unusual depth and intensity of his perception of experience, he needs to be a part of the daily life of the ordinary world. He tries, by psycho-

analysis and marriage, to become part of Muriel Fedder's world. This commitment is not merely an intellectual need; it is a desperate emotional necessity for him: "How I love and need her undiscriminating heart," he says of Muriel. But Seymour finds it impossible to live simultaneously the life of his own discriminating heart and Muriel's life, with its "primal urge to play house permanently, . . . to go up to the desk clerk in some very posh hotel and ask if her Husband has picked up the mail yet, . . . to shop for maternity clothes, . . . [to have] her own Christmas-tree ornaments to unbox annually." He is torn apart by two incompatible worlds of feeling.

This, then, is the hard thing—not to find out "what it [is] all about," which the Glass children have known from very early, but "how to live it." Knowing what it is all about, in fact, is the burden.

"Those two bastards," says Zooey of Seymour and Buddy,[1] who had taught Franny and him what wisdom is, "got us nice and early and made us into freaks with freakish standards, that's all. We're the Tattooed Lady, and we're never going to have a minute's peace, the rest of our lives, till everybody else is tattooed, too. . . . The minute I'm in a room with somebody who has the usual number of ears, I either turn into a goddam *seer* or a human hatpin. The Prince of Bores."

This, Zooey knows, is not a failure of love—

GEORGE STARBUCK

COLD-WAR BULLETIN FROM THE CULTURAL FRONT

The proposed new U. S. Consulate at Algiers will be an ultra-modern structure . . . described by the architects as "a feast of great low glass domes."



WE'RE building a building
in functional glass
at Algiers in Algeria:
no gargoyles, no gilding,
none of your crass
classic criteria:
one functional mass
of glass—

glass fibre, glass block,
glass fenestration,
with cut-glass tears
on the chandeliers
and pier-glass piers
clear to bed-rock
(not far at Algiers)
for foundation.

But if domes of glass
of critical area
tend to let pass
units of mass,
heat, or hysteria,
we can gild with gilding
our functional building
in Algeria:

sun will not pierce
a glare so fierce,
and we'll station stations
of heads-of-legation
all round the block
with anti-rock rocks
(and anti-jeer jeers)
at Algiers.

he would not be concerned with his own freakishness if love failed—but a distortion of it. As his mother says to him:

> "If you [take to somebody] then you do all the talking and nobody can even get a word in edgewise. If you *don't* like somebody—which is most of the time—then you just sit around like death it*self* and let the person talk themselves into a hole. I've seen you do it. . . . You do," she said, without accusation in her voice. "Neither you nor Buddy knows how to talk to people you don't like." She thought it over. "Don't love, really," she amended.

"Which is most of the time" because, apart from children and the occasionally simple adult, the world is made up of people who are innocently imperceptive and emotionally dead.

THE POWER TO LOVE

OF THE drastic limitations of such people, Salinger has a terrifyingly lucid perception. His stories are filled with undergraduates "giving the impression of having at least three lighted cigarettes in each hand"; young teachers "who come . . . in, in [their] little button-down-collar shirt[s] and striped tie[s], and start . . . knocking Turgenev for about half an hour . . . [and] if you get into an argument with them, all they do is get this terribly *benign* expression"; parents who say, "I'll exquisite day *you,* buddy, if you don't get down off that bag this minute. And I mean it." Such people, as Teddy in the story which bears his name says of his parents, "love their reasons for loving us almost as much as they love us, and most of the time more."

Nevertheless the power to love can exist in unimaginative people, and when it does, as the Glass children know they ought to know, nothing else really counts. Bessie Glass "often seem[s] to be an impenetrable mass of prejudices, clichés, and bromides"; these are a continual irritation to her children: Franny is driven nearly frantic by Bessie's insistence on nice cups of chicken soup when Franny is suffering something like a crisis of the soul. But Zooey is right when he points out to her that she is "missing out on every single goddam religious action that's going on around this house. You don't even have sense enough to *drink* when somebody brings you a cup of consecrated chicken soup—which is the only kind of chicken soup Bessie ever brings anybody around this madhouse."

Even if the acts of such people are not consecrated by love, they must not be hated. "What I don't like," Zooey says to Franny, ". . . is the way you talk about all these people. I mean you don't just despise what they represent—you despise them. It's too damned personal, Franny."

What Zooey knows he must learn to do in order to survive is to love even what he calls the "fishy" people—because they are all the Fat Lady for whom Seymour told him to shine his shoes before going on the air, even though the audience could not see his feet.

"This terribly clear, clear picture of the Fat Lady formed in my mind," he tells Franny. "I had her sitting on this porch all day, swatting flies, with her radio going full-blast from morning till night. I figured the heat was terrible, and she probably had cancer and—I don't know. Anyway, it seemed goddam clear why Seymour wanted me to shine my shoes when I went on the air. It made *sense.*"

It makes sense because the highest standard of performance a man's own understanding can set for him must ultimately be embodied—however mystically—in the ordinary, suffering members of the community of his fellows. Otherwise there can be no solution to the dilemma the Glass children are caught in. Zooey puts this conviction in the highest possible terms:

> I'll tell you a terrible secret . . . [he says to Franny]. Are you listening to me? *There isn't anyone out there who isn't Seymour's Fat Lady.* . . . Don't you know that? Don't you know that goddam secret yet? And don't you know—*listen* to me, now— *don't you know who that Fat Lady really is?* . . . Ah, buddy. Ah, buddy. It's Christ Himself. Christ Himself, buddy.

What Salinger has seen in American life is the extraordinary tension it sets up between our passion to understand and evaluate our experience for ourselves, and our need to belong to a community that is unusually energetic in imposing its understanding and values on its individual members. Whatever one may think of Salinger's answer to the problem, this view of American life is important; it has a long and distinguished history. But Salinger's achievement is not that he has grasped an abstract idea of American experience, important as that idea may be in itself; it is that he has seen this idea working in the actual life of our times, in our habitual activities, in the very turns of our speech, and has found a way to make us see it there, too.

BY *William S. White*
HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT


Arnold Newman

ARTHUR FLEMMING

a new breed of civil servant

He is the only one of his kind in Eisenhower's Cabinet, where his colleagues look at him with some uneasiness . . . but he may be a forerunner of the tribe of professionals who will manage our public business in the future.

WASHINGTON—Arthur Flemming is a durable do-gooder who is perhaps the clearest exemplar in public office today of a new professionalism. His profession is the bland, fairly nonpolitical, and highly expert management of what are inherently political enterprises.

He is more than this. Even to traditionalists such as this correspondent—whose suspicions of the slightest bookish taint in public affairs are as lively as they may be deplorably philistine—he is a quite endurable do-gooder. He is a man whose instincts for uplift are agreeably balanced by common sense.

He would not pick a smoke-filled hotel room by choice. But if he found himself in one, he would not rush from it in chaste horror nor faint dead away in the stale, tired air that inevitably accompanies the realities of government.

As Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, Flemming is a kind of Vice President in Charge of Upward and Onward, for an Administration that is not notably "socially conscious" and is, perhaps, more attuned to the Country Club than to PTA meetings, hospital drives, and the halls of academe. But he has consistently wrestled Upward down to bearable altitudes, and has prevented Onward from becoming a mere ecstatic, dowager-like rush into reformist nonsense.

He is, in short, a pro in public administration, of a distinctive American type—a type which bears little similarity to the British Civil Servant, whose rolled umbrella is an insignia as recognizable as circles of braid on a blue sleeve.

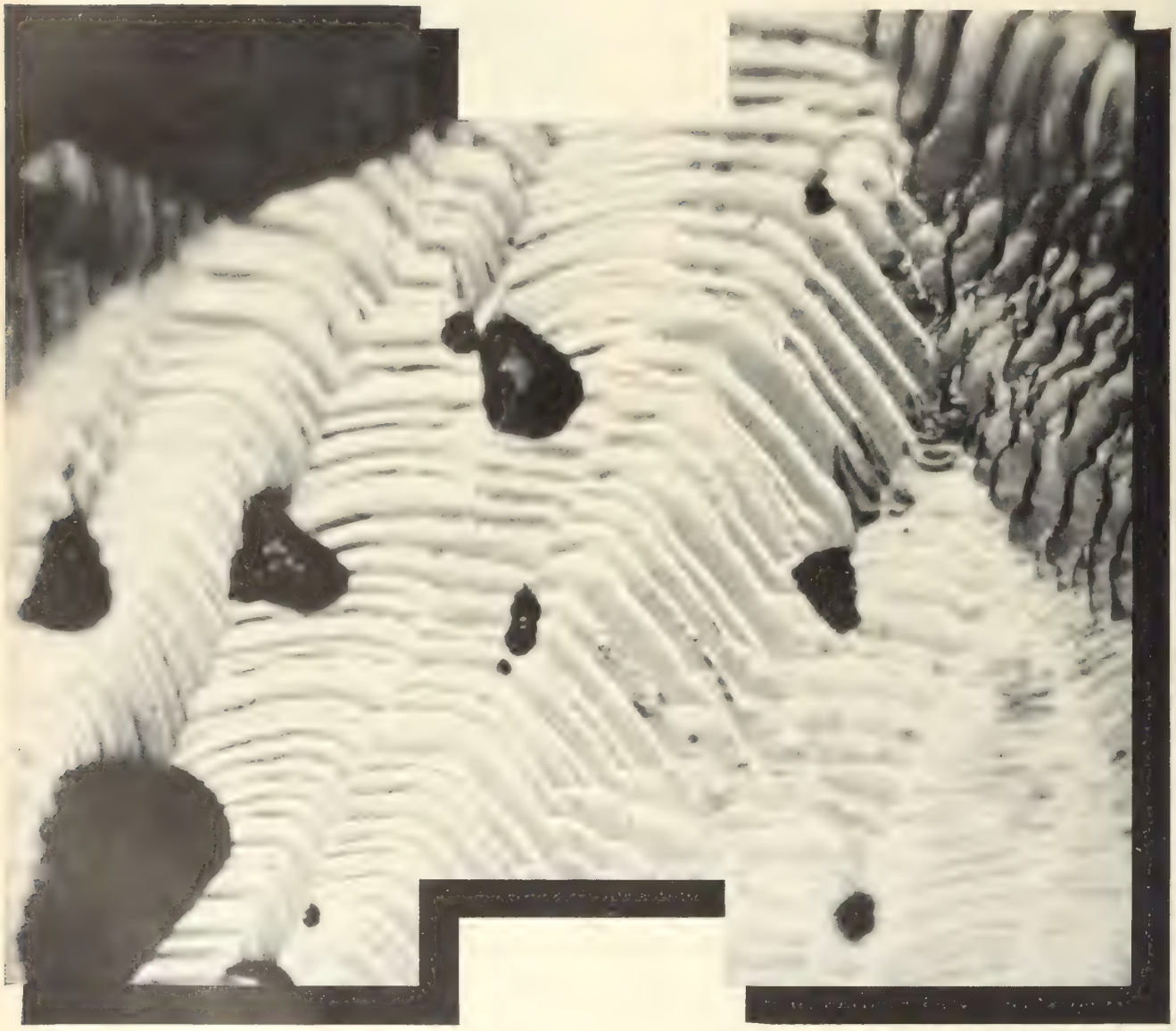
For years Flemming has been associated—in three Administrations—with a great clutch of alphabetical agencies, without losing:

(A) An understanding of the English language, in Washington's general slide into bureaucratese.

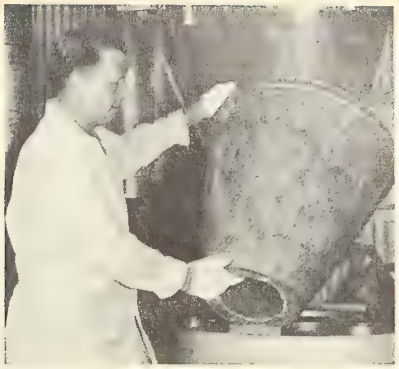
(B) An awareness that the highest-minded of public-service programs cannot exist unless some non-administrative characters get elected—and re-elected—by millions of voters who may not know a status symbol from a salami sandwich or a balanced school curriculum from the ace of clubs.

In two senses Flemming is a kind of alien enclave in the Eisenhower Cabinet. He is the only Cabinet member who is a true veteran in public administration—a complex art he has learned by an apprenticeship of nearly twenty-five years in Washington. And he represents a Department that attained Cabinet status only in this Administration—and is still looked upon as a most dubious business by orthodox and right-wing Republicans. (Some of the functions of "H-E-W" were, in fact, guiltily practiced in previous Republican Administrations—but they were kept separate, out of the Cabinet, somewhat diffuse, and operated at a pitch low enough not to annoy

The industry that



impurity built



***Exit cones** capable of withstanding temperatures of 6000° F, represent one example of advanced engineering being performed by the Hughes Plastics Laboratory.*

This photomicrograph (at left) of an etched silicon crystal is used in the study of semiconductor materials. Impurities introduced into crystals such as this form junctions for semiconductor devices.

In the fast-growing semiconductor industry, Hughes Products, the commercial activity of Hughes, is leading the field. Its programs include basic research on semiconductor surfaces; alloying and diffusion techniques; and materials characterization studies to determine the electrical effects of imperfections and impurities.

In addition, Hughes Products is developing new semiconductor devices such as parametric amplifiers, high frequency performance diodes, and improved types of silicon transistors. New techniques are being devised for casting silicon into various configurations. Also underway is the development of new intermetallic compounds for use in semiconductor devices.

Other activities of Hughes provide similarly stimulating outlets for creative engineering. The Hughes Research & Development Laboratories are conducting studies in Advanced Airborne Electronics Systems, Space Vehicles, Plastics, Nuclear Electronics, Global and Spatial Communications Systems, Ballistic Missiles... and many more. Hughes in Fullerton is developing radar antennas which position beams in space by electronic rather than mechanical means.

The diversity and advanced nature of Hughes projects provides an ideal environment for the engineer or physicist interested in advancing his professional status.

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Microwave & Storage Tubes	Circuit Design
Field Engineering	Systems Analysis
Microwaves	Reliability Engineering
Digital Computer Engr.	Radar

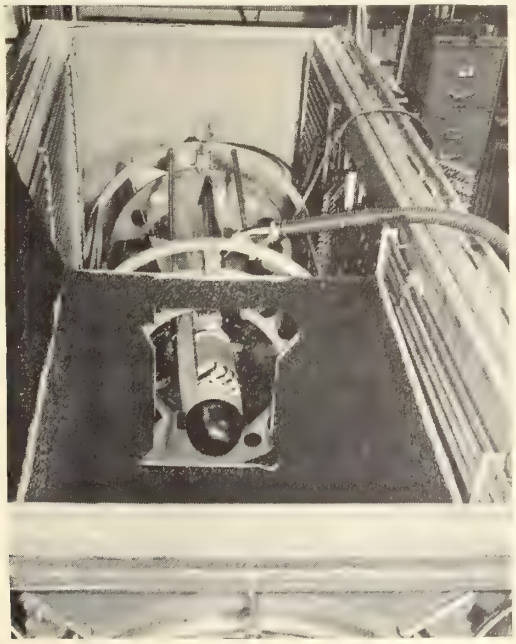
Write in confidence, to Mr. Phil N. Scheid, Hughes General Offices, Bldg 6-F2, Culver City, California.

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The West's leader in advanced ELECTRONICS

HUGHES

HUGHES AIRCRAFT COMPANY
Culver City, El Segundo,
Fullerton and Los Angeles, California
Tucson, Arizona



***Falcon air-to-air guided missiles,** shown in an environmental strato chamber are being developed and manufactured by Hughes engineers in Tucson, Arizona.*

the rugged individualists. These Republicans would grudgingly accept a certain amount of this sort of thing. But they preferred, naturally, to speak of it in the low and apologetic tones one uses about a cousin who has adopted a most unsuitable way of life.)

WELFARE IN A MUTED KEY

FLEMMING is now fifty-three years old—a large, grayish, quiet man. He has honorary degrees of almost every known variety. In his time he has been a "school man" in various capacities, including the presidency of Ohio Wesleyan. One can well imagine him addressing a student convocation with a bit of humor overlaying a much more basic seriousness. He has been a member, or chairman, of too many federal boards and commissions to list in this limited space, and his work in all of them has won general respect in a city which does not grant respect hastily.

Flemming's present shop is a gargantuan bureaucratic complex encompassing 350 district offices, 55,000 employees, and a mandate to assist people from just past the cradle to just short of the grave. (We do not yet give out free false teeth; it was the government issue of china dentures that most of all empurpled the British Tories during the last Labor government.) The fact that H-E-W exists at all at Cabinet level is a triumph of matter over the traditional Republican mind.

One of the first things Mr. Eisenhower did after his inauguration was to advise his then-new Committee on Government Organization that he wanted such a Department. No doubt he was gently assisted toward that conclusion by the members of that committee—one of whom was Arthur Flemming. The others were that tireless advocate of the good if not the beautiful, Brother Milton Eisenhower, and Nelson Rockefeller, a fellow who has got himself a pretty good New York job now.

These three could fairly be called the not-yet-gray eminences to the Eisenhower Administration in the matter of welfarism. All along they have been trying as best they could to keep the President's amiably wavering interest fixed upon what they have believed to be an absolute necessity. They insisted that the Republican party had to present a face of compassion toward man's manifest and boundless ills—ranging from overcrowded schools to cancer.

They never would have succeeded as well as they have if it were not for the unconquerable nonconformist streak in the late Senator Robert A. Taft. "Mr. Republican"—and Mr. Conservative, too, as usually he was—had got it into his head long before his death that something more had to be done by the government about health and education.

Accordingly, once the Eisenhower Administration took office and Taft (rather grandly and absently) assumed his role as its Prime Minister, he saw to it that there *was* a Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. He told two early callers—Flemming and Oveta Culp Hobby, who became the first Secretary of H-E-W—that he would go along with departmentalizing the thing; he also would see to it that the necessary money and Congressional backing were provided. But, he said, he'd be damned if he would permit it to be called "The Department of Welfare."

This, he indicated, would be altogether too much for his fellow orthodox Republicans, and even for himself, to take. They had spent too many years strafing the welfare-state Democrats to endure the naked word "welfare" in the title. It had to come third—only after health and education.

THE CABINET'S STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

TAFT'S massive prestige among the regular Republicans got the thing going; they dared not rebel when "Bob" was smiling glacially upon it. Mrs. Hobby's spectacular charm as a woman certainly did the agency no harm, even if her policy decisions sometimes anguished her critics. Marion Folsom—a good administrator, like Flemming—moved the enterprise well forward. Now Flemming, who came only late into his inheritance of the Department in August 1958, is presiding over it at the tail-end of the Eisenhower Administration.

He is in no sense ostracized within the Cabinet. He is at least a long-time Republican and that fact has helped a bit with the Old Guard. His long residence here, moreover, has taught him how the wheels really go round and what lubricants to apply at which points, and when. Moreover, his acquaintance with all sorts and shadings of politicians has been immensely useful. He is, in fact, a pretty good argument for bureaucratic as well as Congressional seniority; in his or any similar job here there is no substitute for having been around a long time.

Thus, Flemming—unlike many more theoretical liberals—is no man to scorn seniority in the Senate or House; for this and other reasons he



The Oxford English Dictionary

That great English verb: to KNOW

fight, to love, to die, to know—these are, for those
s who can hear, verbs of grand meaning and strength.

nd to those of us who want our children to share our
er values, none is more tremendous than that verb
KNOW, to want to know.

o know what? To know truth, and goodness, and
ory, to know a profession or a trade or the arts, to
w the news of mankind, to know everything men
know.

arly in their lives our children, with their unceasing
? why? what? reveal this inborn instinct to know.
e parents nurture this eagerness, share it and bless
r coming into being.

Which may be why so many of us are glad our youngsters start to read TIME while they're still in school.

For the habit of TIME is the habit of the news, told by people who care about all of it, told with color, with intimacy and with warmth.

Told this way, the news becomes "our news," and TIME becomes a lifelong weekly habit, as our favorite morning paper becomes a lifelong daily habit.

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is markedly successful in dealing with the powerful Southerners there. His relationships with "The Hill" are more truly bipartisan than those of any other Cabinet officer—far more, for example, than those of John Foster Dulles, whose bailiwick is historically the home of the bipartisan concept. Flemming's assistant secretary for Congressional liaison, Elliott Richardson, once worked for Senator Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, and has no trouble whatever in distinguishing between a Congressional hawk and an Executive handsaw.

But if Flemming is not a pariah in the Eisenhower Cabinet, he is certainly looked at with, say, thirty degrees of askance. For undeniably he is one of "the spenders." These have been forever in disrepute with the orthodox wing of the Republican party. Even the President has been occasionally looking at them with a troubled glance since he decided, in the autumn of his Administration, that the fiscal ideas of the Old Guard had more to them than he used to think.

So, as a practical matter Flemming and H-E-W are thrown into an awkward Cabinet companionship with two other "spending" outfits: the Departments of State and Defense. They give each other some tepid comfort—at least during those moments when the hunting cry of the budget cutters resounds through the White House. This may seem upon first look an odd coalition, especially since the Pentagon has no passionate concern for those areas of service to which H-E-W is devoted. But Flemming—a veteran of the murmurous, stiletto infighting that characterizes much of Washington—knows how to take care of H-E-W and (as some of his critics say) of Flemming, too. If he does, it is no crime; it is merely a necessary occupational skill, put into the service of the first law of nature.

THE POLITICS OF THE FUTURE

BESIDES, the regular Republicans have little rational cause to complain about The Empire of Good Works over which he presides. In the first place, it is merely one of the large, easily predictable by-products of their party's habit, in convention after convention, of nominating diluted Republicans for the Presidency. This it does in the sensible hope of picking up enough independent and disaffected Democratic votes to win the office. And if a Republican consents to a policy decision to set up a commotion in the orchard, he can hardly resent the windfall of apples that will surely follow. In the second place, if the more "practical" Republicans had really been so very practical they would have made greater use of Flemming and of H-E-W all along.

He went into only two states in behalf of the Republicans last fall; he would have been quite willing to go into more—except that he was not asked to do so by the party bosses. I feel entirely certain—though I do not quote Flemming on this or any other thing in this column—that he was one of those "modern" Republicans who knew that nothing but disaster would come from pushing under the rug the recent substantial Republican achievements in welfarism and shouting in the wind against "radicalism."

Rockefeller in New York showed that he, for one, well understood this. Because of his long association with Rockefeller, and because of a marked similarity of method in the way each treats a political or administrative problem, Flemming very likely will be one of the public men of the future as well as of the present. This, I should say, could be described as a certainty—assuming, as many do, that Rockefeller eventually will be a Presidential nominee or in some other way a decisive or very nearly decisive figure in the national Republican party.

It is for such reasons that I believe Flemming

The Poor Earnest American

THE poor earnest American spends his day importuned to keep to the right, to curb his dog, move to the rear, watch where he is going, dim his lights, throw trash here, not smoke there, fasten his seat belt, face the front, not stand in this place or park in that; he is asked to remember the blind, the helpless, and Pearl Harbor; he is tempted with fattening foods and warned to watch his weight; he is urged to think this and told not to think that; he is solicitously invited to go into debt to pay for a car, a TV set, or a vacation—and urged to be thrifty; he is asked to consider the Jews, reminded of Arab refugees, and cautioned to be kind to minorities; and he is asked why he also doesn't relax.

—From Thomas Griffith's *The Waist-high Culture,* Harper, 1959.



Every day of the year friendly hands
speed bananas from the Tropics to the fruit bowls
of the world... stimulating a two-way trade
that strengthens the nations of the Americas.

United Fruit Company
General Offices: 80 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.

COLOMBIA · COSTA RICA · CUBA · DOMINICAN REPUBLIC · ECUADOR · GUATEMALA · HONDURAS · NICARAGUA · PANAMA

is a symbolic figure of the coming era in government. This, one suspects, will be largely an era of government by committee, rather than by striking individual leadership. The consultative method of directing affairs—so long in use, I am told, in business—is likely to typify our government for an indefinite number of years ahead—no matter who succeeds in winning the Presidency in 1960.

For illustrations: a Rockefeller Presidency could hardly proceed otherwise, given Mr. Rockefeller's whole background and method in public affairs. Alternatively, a Nixon Presidency would, to a considerable extent, *have* to proceed in the same general direction. For Nixon, in the light of the last election, could hardly be nominated without giving at least procedural and personnel hostages to the Rockefeller Republicans. Furthermore, any forseeable Democratic nominee would, if elected, have to deal in full consultative partnership with Congress, submerging his own personality and views to some degree in deference to the powerful Democratic Congressional regency. Come what may, the Democrats are extremely unlikely to be dislodged from control of both Houses of Congress for many years.

LESS BLACK AND LESS GAIETY, TOO

I FOR ONE do not face this prospect of government by a board-of-consultants with gladness. Whether I face it with outright sadness I do not really know. In watching national affairs I long ago got a bellyful of the notion that there is some mystical duty to God and country which requires politicians to act toward their partisan opponents as though grimly determined to carry the day—whatever "the day" might, in fact, mean—or die on the spot. The idea that politics is a battlefield action is romantic and embarrassing nonsense. On the other hand, there is little inspiration in a political future where our affairs will be arranged with antiseptic calm and fairness—and with our true good absolutely and honestly at heart—by a sort of seminar of political and administrative whizzes.

At any rate, something of this sort *is* the vista of the future. And in this vista the dominant figure is the administrator such as Arthur Flemming. Such a future would be far from intolerable. It may be, indeed, that any other kind of future would be intolerably dangerous to the nation. For nearly all around the world—and certainly in that part of the world that glares myopically at us through its thick, scientific glasses—techniques and technicians are dominant. Competence is the watchword.

Our Flemmings know how to organize work and men: to manage well by seeming to manage little. They have a degree of objectivity and operational skill that we have rarely known before. They possess the odd talent of getting things done collectively. How, I do not quite understand; it seems to have something to do with relaxing in the hard stretches and bending the back in the easy times. They are prudent and thrifty with human material; they know that money in itself is not very significant. If they think in uncomfortably cool terms (and to me they do) they also create no foolish and pointless discords, no mere partisan yowlings like cats on a back fence. They are, I think, fair-minded men. They are trying hard, and with some success, to bring an order into the essential disorder of our government.

It is entirely possible that these calm, able, and fair men could one day make of H-E-W—or some similar enterprise—a late-twentieth-century, uptown, and necktied Tammany Hall. For welfare can produce votes, whether it be coal for the cellar or grants in aid to a state administration. There is little need, however, to fear such a thing. The new public administrators are, in the end, just that; there is no passion of partisanship in them. Not votes but order—and, yes, service, too—in the impersonal sense, are their basic hunger.

They—specifically Flemming—are spreading information and health and (in a rather institutionalized way) hope as well. Education is moving across the country—not the best education in the world and certainly an education taking little account of rare excellence, but education of a sort. Before we have even arrived at what is called "federal aid to education," H-E-W is already spending a quarter-billion dollars a year on the diffusion of mostly physical knowledge.

This money goes principally for federal grants for research, for training, for fellowships and scholarships in the biological sciences. It is "federal aid to education" in perhaps the most fundamental possible sense; it is intended to inform people and to save lives.

The Flemmings *do* fight the darkness. Are they, then, to be blamed because in pushing back all that is black, they may also be diminishing all that is gay and bright? Is a general grayness preferable to a great deal of the black, silvered here and there with a very little of the light? This is a question we ought to ask, even though I, for one, have no answer.



U. S. ARMY PHOT

xercise WHITE CLOUD

ining is rugged, realistic for the U. S. Army's STRAC Strategic Army Corps. The recent Exercise WHITE OUD involved two weeks of intensive maneuvering ich exemplified the mission for which STRAC was ganized:

mmediate response to cope with limited war anywhere in the world.

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WE HAVE RECENTLY been overprinting each issue of AMERICAN HERITAGE, in order to carry out an experiment we have had in mind for some time.

While they last, we are offering these recent copies (worth $2.95 each) to *Harper's* readers as gifts. (There is a string attached, quite small, and we'll come to that in a moment.) A similar offer is being made to readers of *The Atlantic.*

Contrary to the old saying, "You pays your money and you takes your chance," in this instance, *you* pay no money and we take the chance. Granted, this almost sounds too good. For just that reason we'd like to explain exactly why the offer is being made and the chance we're taking.

The invitation is confined to readers of *Harper's* and *The Atlantic* because experience has shown that these two magazines are particularly good places to advertise AMERICAN HERITAGE. That does not surprise us. You can scarcely be a *Harper's* reader without exercising your mental muscles. You read. You own books. You like good history, well written. AMERICAN HERITAGE is good history, well written. Q.E.D.

So this may be quite a canny offer and not as much of a gamble as it seems. We know that nothing sells AMERICAN HERITAGE better than the magazine itself. And once you have seen your gift copy, we think there is an odds-on chance that

What is AMERICAN HERITAGE?

AMERICAN HERITAGE, now beginning its fifth year, is a magazine made to keep, like a fine book. Edited by Bruce Catton, Pulitzer Prize-winning historian and author, it is designed to capture our nation's exciting past through many interesting pictures and authoritative, fast-paced articles by noted historians and authors. Each issue is well-bound with hard covers and contains at least 112 pages, 25-35 rich color plates —and *no* advertising. Published six times a year, it is a rare good buy at its retail price of $2.95 a copy.

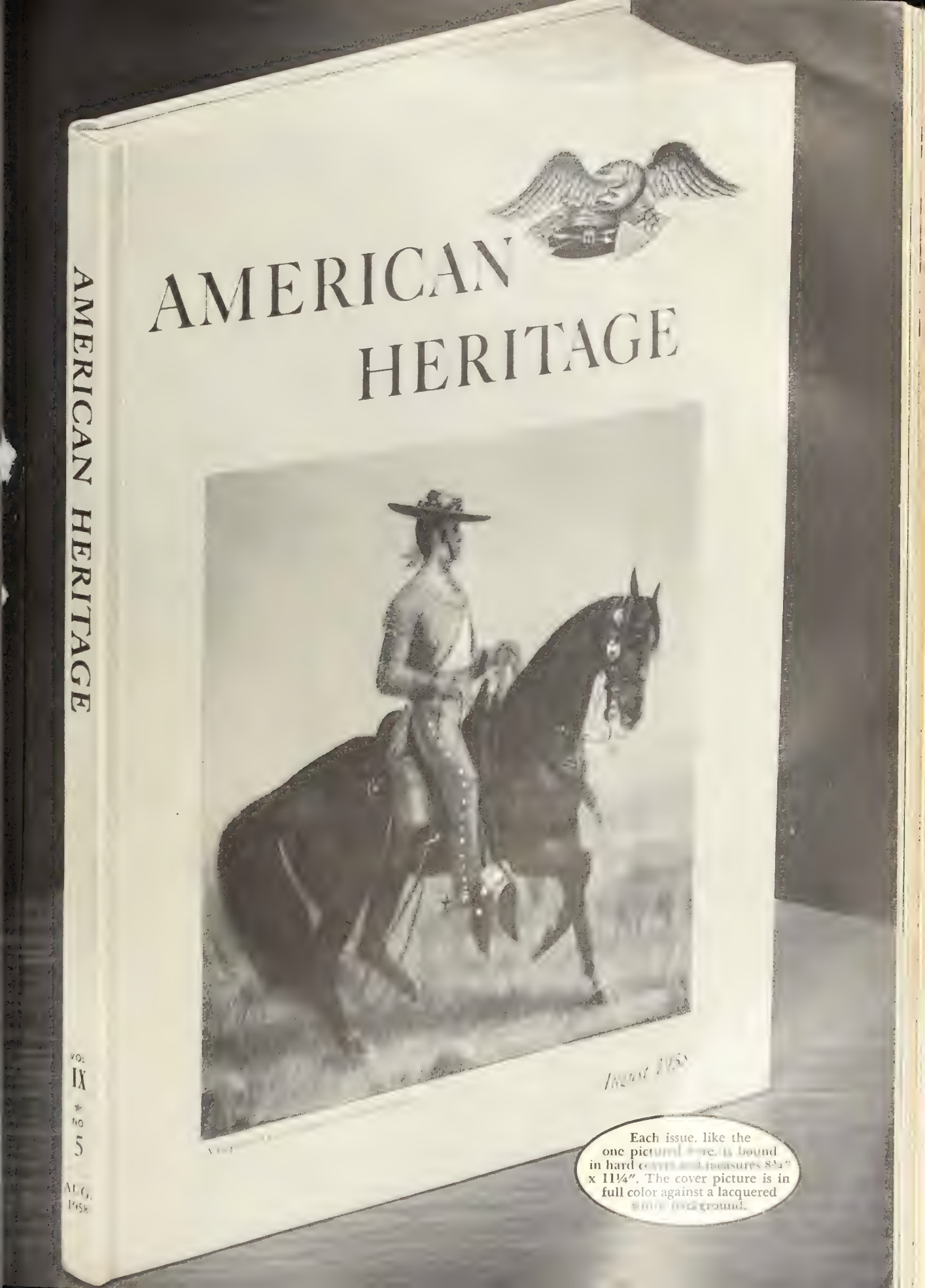
The Invitation and the String

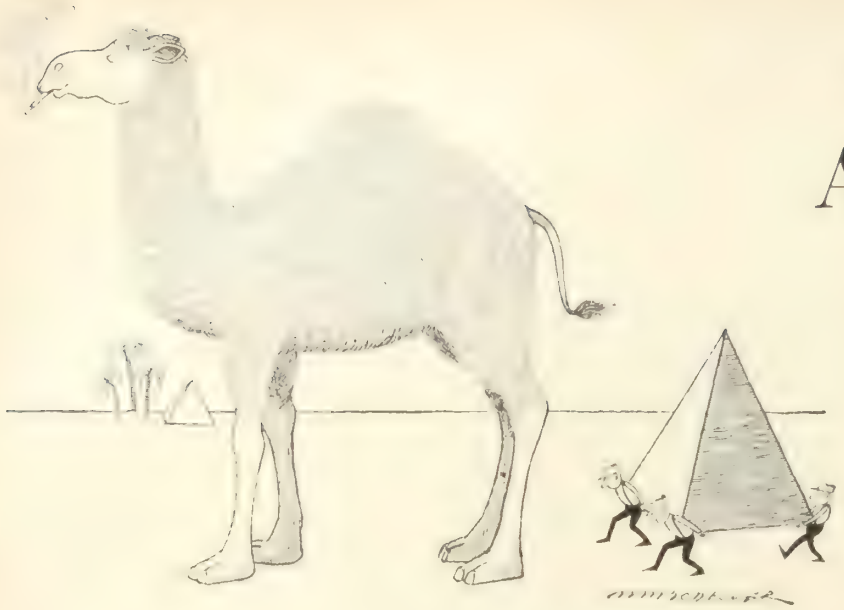
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One last word. This invitation can last only as long as the stockpiled copies do. So it's a good idea to mail the pre-


AMERICAN HERITAGE
AMERICAN HERITAGE
VOL. IX • NO. 5
AUG. 1958
Each issue, like the one pictured here, is bound in hard covers and measures 8¾" x 11¼". The cover picture is in full color against a lacquered white background.



MR. HARPER'S

After Hours

THE COZY CAMEL OF WINSTON-SALEM

NOW that you can sell practically anything that is wrapped in gold foil, it is good to know that there are still a few container-resisters around. You find them in dime stores, boldly buying naked toothbrushes; they pick over the dusty potatoes in the super-market bin, spurning the washed batch in the polyethylene bag.

Until very recently, I felt I was at least a part-time member of this stubborn elite. My claim was based on the fact that I smoke Camels, whose outer dress is not stiff, does not flip open, and is, in fact, just plain homely. When I looked at it at all, the design seemed to me better suited to a package of dates.

People felt differently, of course, before the dawn of modern merchandising aesthetics. Back in 1913, when Camels made their bow, the design—with its oriental aura of palm trees and pyramids—was a bold ten-cent imitation of more expensive varieties, like Fatima. Instead of giving away prizes, like its competitors, the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. spent millions on advertising and warned its customers on each pack: "Don't look for premiums or coupons as the cost of the tobaccos blended in Camel cigarettes prohibits the use of them."

Over the years, as the premium habit moved from tobacco to breakfast food, this legend grew a bit obsolete. Since the type was too small to read anyhow, this bothered no one except the company's executives. One thing led to another and before long someone was fooling around with the design itself, little knowing that he was toying with potentially explosive human emotions.

Brand loyalty is a fragile thing. For instance, I used to smoke Luckies until I met the head of the American Tobacco Company, Mr. George Washington Hill, at a dinner party. He looked a great deal like the caricatures of capitalists that used to appear in the *New Masses* (and were later imported by *Krokadil*, the Soviet *Punch*). He told me that he personally chose the bands to play on the "Hit Parade" as well as their repertoire.

A few days later I found that I really didn't care much for the taste of Luckies and I switched to Camels, which made shopping easier since it was my husband's brand, too. Through this premature defection, I missed the trauma of having my pack change color when Lucky Strike green went to war. I was thus unprepared for the shock that awaited me when the R. J. Reynolds Co. made its decision not to leave well enough alone.

This took place last October. As I opened a new carton, a pack fell out which obviously had something wrong with it. At first glance seemed to have been soaked Clorox overnight. It looked bleach out. Whatever it was, it had clea been done on purpose, for all packs turned out to be the sa I dug up a crumpled old model fr a waste basket and was studying two with a vague sense of mala when my husband walked in. grasped the situation with stunni speed.

"Lousy!" he said, scowling at new Camel.

"Why?" I asked.

"The Camel isn't furry," he's indignantly.

"Look at the pretty new lett ing," I said soothingly. "Nice a modern. Practically sans-serif. they've gotten rid of the pyram that used to hit his tail."

But, like a child bereft of its ted bear, he took no comfort from m words. And I must admit that o the next few days I began to feel though a beloved household pet h died or gone astray. So, it seem did several million other Americ

Early in November an official R. J. Reynolds admitted in a pr interview that a great wave of n talgia seemed to be sweeping o Winston-Salem. The company, said, was astonished at the "t mendous interest" in its quiet eff to make its package "neater, light and brighter."

The surrender statement follow a few days later.

"One of the most remarkab events in merchandising history h occurred," ran the press releas ". . . the few minor changes made

What is the largest "labor group" in your state...?

...In state after state it's the growing group of workers who save trading stamps

THE trading stamp is one of the most widespread forms of saving ever developed. It is mpletely painless because it requires no disciined setting aside of money from pay checks. is impartial because it is open to everyone, are and share alike, regardless of income.

For all these reasons, the trading stamp is rticularly meaningful to the family getting ong on a small wage. For them it is a second avings account."

In some cases, the trading stamp may be the ıe and only form of savings a family can fford." Even though a family may never be a gular depositor in a savings bank, it can make gular deposits in a trading stamp collector's ok whenever it buys food, gasoline, drugs, othing, the things it must have just to live.

With their stamps a family looks forward to tting appliances and home furnishings that ill improve its standard of living. And, perhaps st of all, the family attains an extra measure of happiness without going into debt a single penny.

Nor can we overlook the direct contribution of the trading stamp industry to employment. Each year half a billion dollars' worth of merchandise must be created from the raw materials of ranches, mines, farms and forests. The creation of this merchandise and its distribution to redemption stores requires the full-time employment of about 90,000 workers.

Thus the trading stamp is not only a part of a way of life for America's working families but a livelihood, too, for many. For its encouragement of thrift, for its outright help toward a better standard of living for all, the trading stamp industry is a basic ingredient of America's business structure.

* * *

NOTE: If you would like to receive research material about the trading stamp industry... or answers to specific questions about stamps, simply write to The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

This message is one of a series presented for your information by
THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY *which pioneered 63 years ago in the movement to give trading stamps to consumers as a discount for paying cash.*
S&H GREEN STAMPS *are currently being saved by over 22 million families.*

the familiar package were a modernization of the forty-five-year-old design which the company felt would pass without conscious notice by most smokers and be noted with only casual curiosity by a few. Public reaction proved astonishing. . . ."

This was followed by a full-page ad which bewildered non-Camel smokers. To us, however, it was reassuring indeed, with the headline:

WE'RE PUTTING THE PYRAMIDS RIGHT BACK WHERE THEY WERE

The text went on in the same bland way.

"Thank you," it said, "for helping us decide *not* to change the looks of the package that brings you the best-liked cigarette of them all!"

Though consoled, I was still curious. So I called up William Esty, the company that handles the Camel account, to ask just how we had helped in this piece of decision-making. I was turned over to Mr. Luckenbill, the account executive. Although a man of cordial manner, he clammed up when I shot him my questions: "Had people written? Had they switched brands?"

There were, he conceded, letters, but they were all tucked away in Winston-Salem.

"Clients," he explained, "are sensitive about this sort of thing. They would like to forget the whole business."

—Marion K. Sanders

TEMPERAMENT ON SECOND AVENUE

WHENEVER new catastrophe smites the vanishing Yiddish theater of Manhattan's Lower East Side, the few remaining Yiddish actors try to hold off sorrow with story-telling sessions. They soon become boisterous over tea or pinochle games, recalling robust times earlier in this century when more then twenty Yiddish theaters simultaneously merchandised laughter and tears from frenzied stages in New York City. Furious temperament, in both actors and audience, was as essential to a Jewish show as sour cream to blintzes.

For the Yiddish theater that came to the Lower East Side from Europe in 1882 was as much a part of the



colorful ghetto as the crowded tenements, disordered pushcarts, and aromatic restaurants. This theater was created for the ghetto and could survive nowhere else. Up to the middle 'twenties the Yiddish theater flourished by serving up tearful dramas about ghetto children who broke with parents to seek assimilation; about Jews who abandoned religion; about sweat-shop employers and tenement landlords. Or else it brought to the poor of the ghetto the joy of musicals rich in Jewish nostalgia and folklore. The writing was florid, the acting flamboyant, and the language a vigorous idiomatic Yiddish. The decline of this theater was touched off by the end of immigration, speeded up by the sweep of assimiliation. American-born Jews preferred Broadway. With the advent of talking movies, thousands of foreign-born Jews deserted the Yiddish theater. The depression started the long death rattle.

So, recently, when I learned that the National Theater, last of the great dramatic shrines of Second Avenue, was to be demolished, I went over there to chat with a band of Jewish actors. They were performing what may be one of the last Yiddish shows on the wide avenue that was once the Jewish Broadway. In accordance with an old Jewish injunction to weep before God and to laugh before Man, actors recounted tales of the eccen art form that rotated unpredicta around such handsome egocentr as Jacob Adler, David Kessler, Boris Thomashefsky, the idols ghetto audiences when the Yidd theater was at its peak.

The overlapping of private artistic lives was, I gathered, not common in that heyday and so times led to unique departures fr the script. Thus, on one of those casions when Kessler and Thom shefsky appeared in the same pl Thomashefsky chose a girl to p the heroine because of the cha she had revealed to him outside theater. As the climax of this typ Yiddish melodrama, this lead lady was supposed to stab hers while standing between Kessler Thomashefsky, then shriek collapse. Timorously, she ba touched herself with the stage kn squeaked faintly, and reclined c fully on the stage. Kessler, ac tomed to the exuberant style Yiddish acting, glared down at for a few seconds. Then, turning Thomashefsky, he bellowed:

"This is what you call an actr This is a performance! All my mies should have such actresses. plague take her!"

Thomashefsky listened me and, while the audience howled, livered the script's speech of reavement over the heroine as curtain fell.

TO Jewish audiences of the twenty-five years of this century s diversions were delights. For t spectators brought to the thea along with their children, a zest capacity for audience participat that was almost Elizabethan. "W the Yiddish theater was in prime," I was told, "the audie always had at least three gen tions." This was true even at o ing nights, when a show someti ran from eight in the evening three the next morning. T gnawed their chicken and bit i their fruit heartily during perfo ances. One night, when Aaron L deff, one of the most famous of Yiddish theater's musical com stars, was in the middle of a num he heard an angry cry and behel buxom young lady well up fron

orchestra trying to breast-feed a ıctant, squalling child. Finally, exasperation, she shouted at the ınt, drowning out Mr. Lebedeff's g:

Eat or I'll give it to the actor."

)ne old lady had a different food n for the theater. She turned up ing intermission in the dressing- m of Bertha Gerston, a Yiddish , carrying a covered pot. She ced the pot on Miss Gerston's ssing table and said shyly:

I know you have no mother to k for you so I brought you a le gelfilte fish."

The stormiest segments of these liences were known as "patrioten" atriots. More rabid than any fan b today, the patrioten were vol- eer idolators of a star. There e Adler patrioten, Kessler patri- n, Thomashefsky patrioten, none whom were organized by paid ss agents. These groups registered sy enthusiasm for their stars at theater, derided other stars, and aged in gang fights in the streets lecide the merits of actors.

Most obnoxious to the actors, vever, were the small groups of bbish Jews who occupied boxes asionally and talked incessantly ing a performance of the odd be- ior of actors and audience. One ning Kessler halted in mid-speech, nted to them dramatically and claimed:

'Ah, hah! They're here again, the mmers."

HAT about the writers, I asked? iters, they said, were as uninhib- l as actors and audiences. They l to be—in self-defense. For actors ught little of changing a script ing a performance to fatten their n roles. Probably the wariest and st bellicose of the writers was ob Gordin, one of the most cele- ted of Yiddish playwrights.

)uring one performance, as the or began "improving" the writer's es, he was stunned by a roar from box overlooking the stage. He ked up to see Gordin rise wrath- ly in the box. In full voice, the hor reviled him as an idiot, horse, v, wished him a wide variety of asters, and finally ordered him to ıere to the literature prepared for n.

'We mustn't forget the prompt-

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ers," suggested one of the actors. t the Yiddish theater, at its peak, r ertory, with little rehearsal time, v the rule. So the prompter was necessity. Like the prompter of Metropolitan Opera House tod the Yiddish prompter stood in a h in the stage among the footlights, head a bit above the stage, hidd from the audience by a little m roof. Feeding forgotten lines to tors were among the simplest of chores. When he was not flaili with a stick at rats at his feet, he h to cope with weird emergencies.

Among the classic tales about Y dish prompters is the story of t actor who was to draw the blood revenge by shooting the villain. the time for the shooting arriv the actor seemed to have suffer amnesia.

"Shoot him. Shoot him," call the prompter.

"I can't," whispered the actor. forgot the gun."

"Then stab him."

"I have no knife."

"Strangle him," ordered t prompter, thus proving a new, b satisfactory solution to the play.

Sometimes, however, the actor h to save himself. Thus, in one lo scene, the hero rushed onstage we ing a Chinese wig by mistake. As went down on one knee before beloved the audience began to titt He turned his head and a pigt brushed his cheek. Looking into t heroine's eyes, he moaned:

"I may look like a Chinese, but my heart I am a Jew."

—Murray Schuma

"EFFICIENCIES

IN LOURDES, the site of t great French shrine, there is a boo in transient housing; and the mote or whatever the French call su things, have an affinity for religio names. On one motel, according a traveler just returned, there is sign that reads: "GETHSEMANE—*au tous conforts modernes.*"

FROM HERE TO INFINIT

THE magazine *Infinity Science Fi tion* issued by Royal Publication Inc. of New York bills itself as "T Magazine of Tomorrowness."

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

A Medley, with Some Familiar Themes

The Captive and the Free (Harper, $5), Joyce Cary's new novel, is also his last. He continued to work on the book, under extraordinary physical difficulties, almost up to his death in 1957, and since then his literary executor has edited the manuscript and provided brief summaries of the one or two scenes that were still unwritten when Cary at last had to stop work.

The novel resembles Cary's earlier books in its exuberance, its proliferation of incident, its crowd of characters, its delight in revealing the intricacies of behavior, its free and easy manipulation of narrative and point of view. And it shares with the earlier books Cary's intense interest in sincerity, or perhaps it would be better to put it the other way around and say that it shares his interest in the variety of ways human beings cheat themselves while thinking they are honest.

The "captive" of the title are all the characters who are enmeshed in the tangle of their own misunderstood motives, victimized by the power of their own personalities, intimidated by the force of convention and the claims of respectability, enchained by their passion for seeing the issues of their lives as convenience, prejudice, and self-interest dictate rather than as they are. The "free," on the other hand, are the few who are forced back to the bedrock of their own natures, the undeceived who have looked full into the unblinking eyes of fate and know what they must do. They have faced the truth about themselves and their convictions, and the truth has made them free.

DOUBLE ENTRY

THE story moves back and forth between two groups of characters—one group made up of journalists, the other of clergymen—the purveyors (as they think) of secular and of spiritual truth. Each group is trying to use the other: one of the clergymen needs or at least wants the publicity the journalists can give him, and the journalists want to exploit the sensational aspects of the current religious revival in order to stimulate the appetites of readers jaded by routine news of rape and murder.

Neither group trusts the other, and there are divisions within both groups. The journalists are split over the control and policy of a failing London newspaper; the three main directors are all old, but time has brought them neither wisdom nor acceptance; it has eroded away most of their subterfuges only to expose the nakedness of their ambitions and egoisms, the sheer will to hang on at any cost. They are played upon by a rising newspaperman, a vile little creature and professional angry young man named Hooper, who is a match for them in ambition and quite as much its prisoner as they are, but with a certain youthful maneuverability that they cannot equal.

There are two main clergymen in the other group. One is a rather vulgar but immensely successful evangelist and faith-healer named Preedy; the other is a nice, gentlemanly, thoroughly well-meaning young priest of the Church of England named Syson. Both are capable of behaving irresponsibly. For several years Preedy has been carrying on a disreputable (and in fact partly criminal) liaison with a girl many years younger than he is, and there are times when even he half-suspects that he is a charlatan. He stands in awe of the mysterious powers he seems to have; yet sometimes he stage-manages his effects, and he hankers after publicity and a powerful organization.

Syson challenges Preedy's growing power, partly because he is genuinely alarmed by the medical aspects of Preedy's ministrations (there has been some trouble with the law) but partly too because he is exacerbated by the success Preedy's tabernacle has in luring away worshipers from his own poky parish church. A fearless as well as a foolhardy man, Syson makes some slanderous remarks about Preedy and refuses to retract them. Preedy hauls him into court, and under skilled cross-examination, Syson's religious beliefs collapse into incoherence, with the result that he has to pay ruinous damages, leaves the Church, and finally goes to prison.

Neither of the clergymen is wholly admirable, but they are several cuts above the newspapermen, because for both of them the truth really matters, whereas for the newspapermen the truth is whatever oversimplified arrangement of sordid facts will jolt the slack-jawed out of their apathy long enough to buy a newspaper. Preedy and Syson do not agree about the truth but they do agree that it is worth betting their lives on.

Cary retained his powers to the end. *The Captive and the Free* is almost continuously exciting. Cary portrays people living at the extremity of their capacities, playing for the ultimate stakes, and does it brilliantly. Though he was old and sick when he wrote the book, there is nothing sickly or valetudinarian about it. It is amazingly up-to-the-minute in its interests and even (if an American reader can judge) in its slang. It would be wrong to call Cary's attitude detached, because he obviously still cared deeply about life, yet at times he seems to be looking back as from another planet at his fellow creatures, both amused and saddened by their skill in wasting the gift of life through self-imprisonment.

Apparently *The Captive and the Free* was to have been the first volume in a trilogy about religion, successor to Cary's trilogies about art and politics. But the book is entirely able to stand alone, and probably it expresses Cary's final position on religion, in a passage written by the discredited priest Syson after he has gone to prison—a passage that acknowledges, beyond all the puzzlement of human suffering and doctrinal dispute, "the miracle of God's love in the world."

NO HIDING PLACE

JAMES JONES'S new novel, **The Pistol** (Scribner, $3), comes as a nearly complete surprise after his last, *Some Came Running*. That was an interminable, flabbily self-indulgent, disoriented book; *The Pistol* is spare, without a superfluous scene and with scarcely a superfluous word, keenly disciplined.

Jones has returned to the material of his first book, the highly successful *From Here to Eternity*, but his new story is very much simpler. It begins on the morning of Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. The main character, Pfc. Richard Mast, is wearing a pistol at the time of the attack because he has been on guard duty, and in the general dissolution of routine operations he is not required to turn it in. Soon, along with a small detachment of other soldiers, he is sent to guard a particularly desolate and windswept section of the Hawaiian coast. Nobody knows when or where or whether the Japanese will land; fear and a sense of abandonment mount in the men, but Mast feels that as long as he hangs on to the pistol he has a talisman whose powerful magic will preserve him against the worst that can come.

The other men share his belief. One by one they try to steal or buy or otherwise get hold of the pistol; each feels himself somehow more exposed, more vulnerable than the rest; each justifies his attempt to get the pistol for himself by arguing the extremity and uniqueness of his own predicament. Mast fights with every resource of brain and body to keep his pistol, but in time the records are straightened out, routines reestablished, and the pistol reclaimed.

There is one short interlude in which Mast and three others go on an exploratory trip up into the mountains; there for a few days a code of brotherhood is established and the pistol is safe for a little while, but for the rest of the time Mast's whole life centers on defending a talisman which he must finally surrender and which would probably have been useless even if he could have kept it.

With this book Jones has taken a great step forward as a writer. He has abandoned the long-winded unselective reporting that swelled his earlier books and used instead a symbolic method, with no sacrifice of brilliance of narrative surface. His Pfc. Richard Mast is every man who fights against accepting the fact that there is no armor against fate; there is a universality in his protest against a world that leaves him to face his enemies naked. An impressive performance.

TWO FIRST NOVELS

IN **The Poorhouse Fair** (Knopf, $3.50) a young writer named John Updike has written his first novel. The scene is a poorhouse in New Jersey; the main characters are the indigent aged, the prefect (administrative head), and his assistant; and, as attentive readers of the title may have guessed, the chief event is a fair the old folks put on in order to sell various objects they have made to the neighboring townspeople. A conflict develops between the prefect, whose approach to his job is institutional and vaguely patronizing, and the inmates. They have preferred the former prefect who, though alcoholic and inefficient, had at least shown some living concern for them. The theme of the book seems to be that untidy love is better than efficient social service, a notion I am not inclined to dispute.

The Poorhouse Fair has been very carefully made; each character and situation has been thoroughly thought out; and it has all been elegantly written by a man with a nice sense of language. Many details linger in the mind with the clarity of a lyric. Yet the book has a slightly nervous, "made up" quality, a cautiousness in staying within narrow limits; it is a young man's rather tense effort to imagine what it is like to be old and to turn his im-

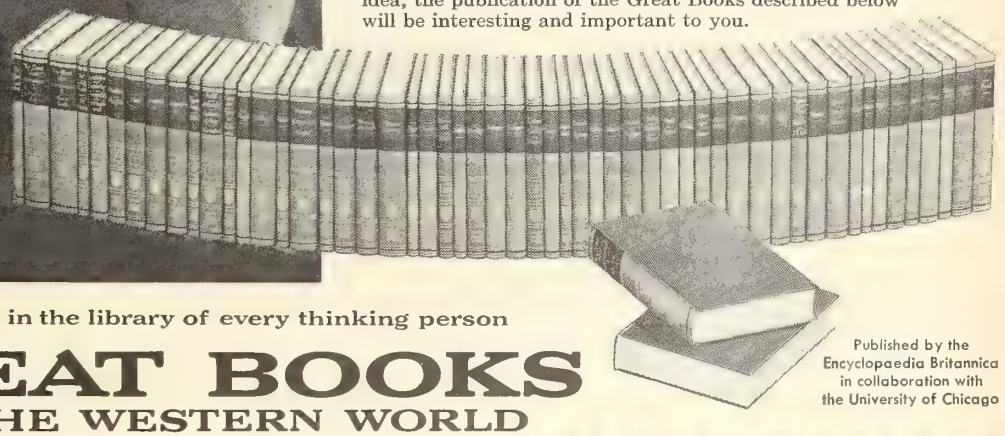


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Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote: "A man's mind stretched by a new idea can never go back to its original dimensions." The truth of this statement cannot, of course, be denied. A child who suddenly realizes that the letters in the alphabet are not just isolated sounds and shapes, but meaningful symbols that form words, has grasped an idea that will lead to a continuing expansion of his mind. There comes a time, though, in the lives of too many of us when our minds become occupied only with knowledge we have already learned. When that happens our minds cease to grow.

Unhappily, the more successful a person is in his daily work, the more likelihood there is that this unfortunate condition will result. As we become more and more absorbed with our specialty —whether it is law, medicine, engineering, science, business or any one of the hundreds of other engrossing occupations—we cease to absorb the new knowledge that leads to new concepts. With the years, the mind narrows rather than broadens because we cease to stretch it by exploring the great subjects of philosophy, government, religion—the great humanities which have produced our great men and great thought.

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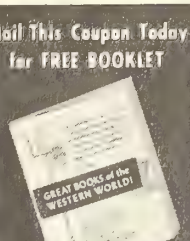
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agining into a novel. The talent and craftsmanship are unmistakable, and it would be too condescending to the book's accomplishment to call it only promising, but it is a little too self-consciously an exercise in novel-writing.

Mrs. Bridge by Evan S. Connell, Jr. (Viking, $3.75) is another first novel, perhaps even more modest in its scope than *The Poorhouse Fair*. It is the story of a wife and mother in a fashionable suburb of Kansas City, from the time of her marriage to her death, unfolded in a series of brief chapters, many of them hardly more than anecdotes. Yet the cumulative effect of these trivial events is peculiarly impressive, and by the end *Mrs. Bridge* has become a character study of very considerable subtlety, often humorous and as the years pass increasingly moving.

Mrs. Bridge is a woman of impenetrable innocence, not very intelligent or gifted in any way, and utterly conventional. She never quite gets the point of any story, never quite understands any issue under discussion. She believes in good manners and good grammar; these, and her love, are the only equipment she can give her children for facing the world. She is capable of sympathy and trust, but she is also capable of a certain brusqueness and failure of imagination.

All in all, such a woman would appear to be about as unlikely a subject for fiction as could be imagined; it would seem that she could only be sentimentalized, or made an object of satire, or pointed to as a horrible example of waste. But Connell's attitude toward the character is complex and the book takes on a resulting complexity. It is impossible to dismiss Mrs. Bridge as simply a foolish woman with too much money and too little to do, as it is impossible to admire her without reservation. She has her own quiet courage, her own dignity. She is a victim of overprotection, and in the end she is as bereft of any talisman against fate as Jones's Pfc. Richard Mast.

THE DANISH "BEAT"

JOHANNES ALLEN'S **Young Love** (Knopf, $3.50; translated by Naomi Walford) is a new novel from Denmark, but it is an example of a kind of book that seems to be appearing all over the Western world—an account of young people in a revolt they do not themselves understand.

The story is written in the first person, as if by an adolescent girl. (In this respect it is slightly reminiscent of Françoise Sagan's books.) The girl's parents are a prosperous middle-class couple whose marriage is headed for the rocks; restless and dissatisfied at home she drifts into running around with a promiscuous group of young people who go in for sex, alcohol, jazz, and the Danish equivalent of hot rods. After two unhappy love affairs she finds herself at nineteen (when the story ends) with a dull job, bored and directionless.

Most of the causes the book adduces to account for middle-class delinquency have already been pretty well canvassed in discussions of the subject in this country—the breakup of the family, insufficient love and understanding on the part of parents for their children, the lack of a stable future to count on because of the atomic bomb and the cold war, and so on. But apart from these sociological matters, *Young Love* has considerable power as a novel, and the love affairs in particular are portrayed with poignancy. The second of the girl's lovers, a young jazz musician with a gift for intensity, a kind of immediacy and spontaneity in his actions and relationships, is not only very well drawn but might easily be a figure out of an American novel of the "beat generation."

THE SCIENTIFIC ENTERPRISE

ELEAZAR LIPSKY'S new novel, **The Scientists** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $4.95), is the highly dramatic account of a fight between two academic scientists over who has actually made an important scientific discovery. The scene is a university near New York, a university that seems to bear some resemblance to Rutgers.

The main character is a young researcher named David Luzzatto, who as a graduate student has discovered a substance which increases the effectiveness of wonder drugs in cer-

Erich Fromm

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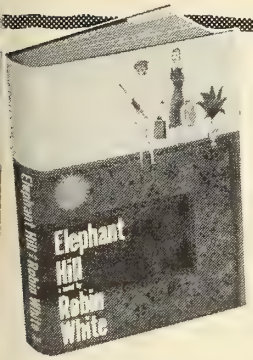
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tain situations. Such a discovery naturally has great commercial value, and soon royalties are rolling into the university in sufficient quantity to finance the building of a big research center which David Luzzatto is to head. Meanwhile, on his more modest share of the take, he has been able to move his wife into a handsomely reconstructed old farmhouse and otherwise improve his scale of living.

Every prospect is pleasing until suddenly a retired professor, the man who nominally directed David's work as a graduate student, announces that the discovery was in fact his and that he is ready to go to court to prove it. The issue is not as clear-cut as David has supposed, and a long unclean fight develops, partly public and partly private, ramifying into the lives of many people and calling up several unwelcome ghosts from the past.

In a way the fact that David Luzzatto is a scientist is not central to the situation or theme; essentially this is the story of an unpolitical man's belated discovery that human society is highly political. David believes that men are measured purely by attainment; since he has discovered something of value to the world he expects the world to think well of him, and for a time it lives up to his expectations. But once his attainment is called in question he discovers that other people have their own axes to grind, that institutions through their administrators will fight for their existence when threatened, and that not everyone will regret to see an uncommonly successful young man cut down to size.

Lipsky's novel is open to several criticisms, but the most important is that the old professor, David's accuser, turns out to be an unworthy opponent. His charges (for reasons it would be unfair to reveal) prove in the end to be genuinely annoying but otherwise simply irrelevant, without moral significance. Consequently Lipsky avoids many of the very real moral problems that arise when an unpolitical man comes in conflict with political society.

Yet *The Scientists* tells a thoroughly engrossing story, much of it in the form of a legal investigation. It is a book certain to entertain and

THE NEW BOOKS

lease a large number of readers. (A ook-of-the-Month Club selection.)

. P. SNOW'S novel **The Search** Scribner, $3.95) first appeared venty-five years ago, but it has ecently been republished with a ew introduction and some revisions y the author. It is the story, in me part autobiographical, of n English boy with considerable ility and a limited background ho wants to make a career of ience. It traces his progress through provincial school, on through ientific training at London and ambridge, and finally to the point here he realizes, perhaps partly beuse he fails to get an important search post he expects, that science ores him and he wants to do someing else.

Although *The Search* has none of ne dramatic force of *The Scientists,* is an interesting account of how scientist was trained in England of irty years ago, and readers who re themselves scientists have praised ne book for its insight into the rewards and disappointments of a ientific career. *The Search* was ritten before Snow embarked on ne series collectively titled *Strangers nd Brothers* that he has been writng in recent years, but it has the me qualities of lucidity and intelct, the same combination of fiction ith social commentary.

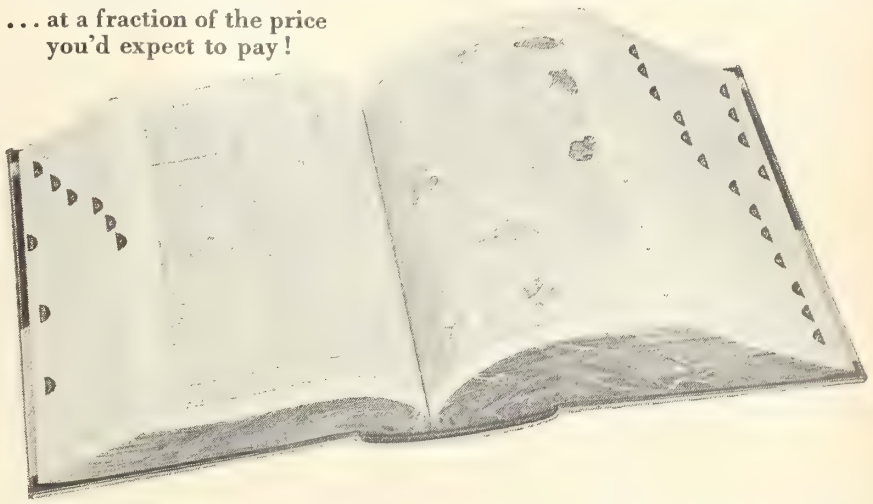
NON-FICTION

W. Somerset Maugham by Karl G. feiffer (Norton, $3.95) bears the btitle "A Candid Portrait," but if is is candor it is not a quality anyne need be very much afraid of. n a very careful first chapter Pfeiffer eveals that he once thought that he ad been chosen to write the official iography of the Master, but that he ad since been disabused of that noon. His book has only unofficial atus, and at times he seems very uch aware of the danger of incurng the trans-Atlantic wrath of his ghty-five-year-old subject.

What Pfeiffer has written is a ief, graceful, unrevealing biogra hy, with a certain amount of rejectful literary criticism and with couple of chapters portraying augham's personality as he has obrved it in the course of a long

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acquaintance. If there are any skeletons in Maugham's closets they are not dislodged; his unsuccessful marriage is disposed of in a few lines that will not reward prying.

The pleasure the book affords is like the pleasure of some of Maugham's novels and plays; the reader moves among the rich and successful in settings of taste and elegance; the anecdotes are adorned by such magnificent names that one could hardly ask them to have much point.

The chief impression that one gets from Pfeiffer's "portrait" is that Maugham's long and well-publicized love affair with worldliness has been less than a complete success. In spite of his undisputed ability to make money as a writer, Maugham is hurt that critics have not taken his work more seriously. He has shown an increasing interest in various forms of spirituality and mysticism, and Pfeiffer thinks that he is now drawn to the Roman Catholic Church.

IN **Suburbia: Its People and Its Politics** (Houghton Mifflin, $4) Robert C. Wood has written a book that should interest a good many readers, since it is about them. The main premise of the book strikes me as unconvincing, but that does not affect the pertinence of much that Wood has to say.

Wood thinks that the proliferation of suburbs in recent years shows that large numbers of Americans are strongly drawn to the small town as an ideal, that they have "a faith in communities of limited size and a belief in the conditions of intimacy." He sees the suburbs as the result of a conscious choice of a way of life, a movement in search of "grassroots," a return to the direct, small-scale democracy of the much-praised New England town meeting.

That may be a little sentimental. Many a family has moved to the suburbs only because no real alternative remained. The decision has often resulted from conditions over which the family had little or no conscious control—the lending policies of banks and the federal government, urban land values and building codes, and so on. Once the family got to the suburbs it made the best of things (it had to), even if that involved trying to get the business of the 1950s done in a seventeenth-century town meeting.

The best part of Wood's book is a conscientious survey of the political economy of suburbs—the various forms of governments they can have, their means of protecting themselves against each other and against the neighboring city, their ways of raising and spending money, etc. Unlike some observers, Wood believes that most suburbs can keep their heads above water through a combination of their own taxing power and grants from larger governmental units. He sees rather more justification for suburban exclusiveness than some writers have, and his attitude toward cities seems to be: let the suburbs look out for themselves and the cities take the hindmost. He is so anxious to show that the flight to the suburbs is a return to an earlier American tradition that (except for one reference to Toronto) he pays no attention to how increasing populations in other countries are being housed, though possibly there is something to be learned there.

Somehow this review has turned out to be much more unfavorable than I meant it to be. Actually, Wood is a vigorous and entertaining writer, with many lively insights into the subject he is discussing, and his book should be a great help to anyone who is trying to understand and participate in the corporate life of a suburb.

The Waist-High Culture by Thomas Griffith (Harper, $4) is really a conjunction of two books. The first is the autobiography of a journalist, the kind of book that used to be popular under such titles as *I Cover the Waterfront* and *I Write as I Please*. The second (to which alone the title applies) is a book of criticism of American society.

The autobiography, like most autobiographies, is most appealing in its description of the author's earlier years—his boyhood in a Seattle boarding house, his years as a left-wing journalism major at a state university during the depression, and his beginnings as a newspaperman. Later he moved east, became an editor of *Time*, and began to meet the famous and powerful people of the day. What he has to say about the policies and personalities

hat control *Time* is lively though ess individual than his early recol- ections, and so are his comments on is extensive travels.

In the latter part of his book Griffith turns to a discussion of American society. In describing it as "waist-high culture" he does not mean, as readers with low minds may have supposed, that it is a society chiefly concerned with what takes place below the waist; rather he means that it is a society chiefly concerned with the middle, the unexceptional; he is afraid (and of course he is not the first) that there is something in democracy inimical to excellence, something that makes for a general leveling down of taste, aspiration, and achievement.

This section seems to me less valuable as diagnosis than as symptom, less revealing as analysis than as confession. Griffith is a discontented middle-brow with an unusual insight into his own dissatisfaction and an unusual frankness in confessing it. He is convinced that "the middle is empty," and he rejoices in the abundance of contemporary criticism of American society. Yet he mistrusts elites; he suspects that people who like things that are new or strange or difficult may be just exclusive and contemptuous of "the people."

I doubt that Griffith has brought us very much closer to a solution of the problem of excellence in relation to numbers, but by speaking out he has done something to illuminate it. He writes almost too well (the individual sentences sometimes have a brilliance that obscures the essential familiarity of the argument), and his discussions of special subjects are often deserving of more careful attention than his more general remarks.

NEW ART BOOKS

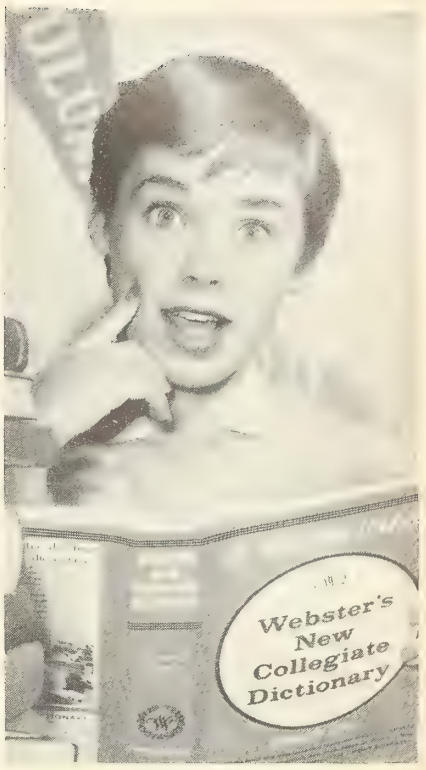
Martin and Mary Price

Professor and Mrs. Price spent last year's sabbatical from Yale in Europe, devoting much of their time to looking at pictures.

The great range and variety, as well as technical excellence, that art books have achieved in recent years are an index of affluence, like platinum ball-point pens or stereophonic doorbells. But they indicate too the ways in which the pleasures of collectors—the "proud possessors"—have become diffused and transformed. The volumes of Henry Moore and Henri Matisse listed below are works the artist has himself designed for large-scale reproduction. The other books, though they give one less of this sense of immediacy, make up for the pleasures of possession with the pleasures of understanding. They enable us to "own" a work through a more intense and informed response, and, if this occasions pride, it also exacts effort and growth.

The Sculpture of Africa, by Eliot Elisofon (Praeger, $15), is an extraordinary book on all scores. The preface is a fine essay on Primitive Art by the late Ralph Linton, distinguished as a collector as well as an anthropologist. The text, by William Fagg of the British Museum, has the bite of a shrewd and dedicated scholar who cares deeply about his subject, defends it passionately from vague rhetoric and careless surmises, and constantly reopens major questions (such as the aesthetic merit of the famous Benin bronzes). If he stints somewhat the full background one might wish, Mr. Fagg provides a real sense of the difficulty and fascination of African art history. But the special appeal of the book lies in *Life*-photographer Elisofon's 400 expert photographs of carefully selected works (in some cases several views of the same object), beautifully mounted in Bernard Quint's book design. These do remarkable justice to texture as well as mass and line; they are all the more handsome in themselves through their respect for the works they represent. They are, in short, closer to art than to *Life*.

Flemish Painting from Bosch to Rubens, by Jacques Lassaigne and Robert L. Delevoy (Skira, $25), takes



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up from its predecessor on *The Century of Van Eyck*. M. Delevoy has a fondness for the slightly hectic banality, especially when he seeks to repaint Bosch in purple prose. M. Lassaigne is more restrained and assured; he rarely descends from a superlative when he discusses Rubens, but it is not at all clear that he should; and he can marshal a more judicious vocabulary for Van Dyck or Jordaens. But there is much to be learned from both writers and perhaps more from the 112 color plates. These are not always closely tied to the text, but they present some of the finest work of Bosch, Pieter Brueghel, Quentyn Massys, and Mabuse, as well as the Rubens circle, Teniers, and Brouwer. There is fine use of details, as we have come to expect of the Skira volumes, and much that is genuinely exciting, rhetoric apart, in both text and plates. (Particularly good to have are the reproductions of Rubens' religious works in Antwerp and the Lisbon St. Anthony triptych of Bosch.)

Art and Architecture in Italy 1600-1750, by Rudolf Wittkower (Penguin Books, $12.50), is a new volume in the Pelican History of Art, the first to deal with Italy. It surveys the great cycle of the Baroque from its beginnings in the creation of St. Peter's and the painting of Caravaggio and the Carracci, through the great sculpture and architecture of Bernini and Borromini, to its transformation into the Rococo and the neo-classicism of the eighteenth century. Professor Wittkower, now of Columbia University, orders a vast amount of material with conciseness, lucidity, and (as he contemplates the decline and fall of Renaissance ideals) a fine historian's irony. Within the large surveys that his scope demands, he concentrates brilliantly upon specific masterpieces, such as Bernini's St. Teresa. But however brief the treatment—a paragraph on Magnasco, a page or two on Piranesi or Salvator Rosa, a few on Tiepolo or Guido Reni—one always finds solidity and acuteness. Professor Wittkower carries formidable learning without apology or ostentation, and he knows how to be vivid without being portentous. (400 pages of text and notes, about 200 illustrative plates.)

The Praeger Picture Encyclopedia of Art (Praeger, $17.50) offers 600 large pages with as many illustrations, almost 200 of them in color and many of them full-page plates. The limitations of such a work are inevitable: it attempts too much (the Western arts from antiquity to the present, with a final section on Oriental, pre-Columbian, and Primitive Art), it does not escape inaccuracies, and it can at times sound like the *1066 and All That* of art history. But, with all that, the book has great value: it collects an extraordinary amount of technical information, its judgments are often surprisingly fresh and persuasive, its plates include many that are not the time-worn stuff of anthologies (this is true especially of the large representation of German work), and the sheer breadth of view forces juxtapositions that break the limits of national "schools" and of single arts. There are eight major sections, six of them based upon period divisions, each with an introductory essay of a general sort, followed by shorter, alphabetically arranged entries for key terms, technical processes, major sites, artists' biographies, historical movements. A good general index brings these subdivisions together, but it is likely that the book will be at least as appealing for browsing as for reference. Certainly, one of the chief pleasures of such a book, handsomely printed and rich in illustration, is the kind of unpremeditated discoveries it permits and encourages. It is a fine book to have around, to come back to often.

In **Mosaics of St. Mark's,** text by Ferdinando Forlati and Pietro Toesca (New York Graphic Society, $22.50), are large colored plates of mosaics dating from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, almost entirely details. This is understandable because the total mosaic decoration of St. Mark's exists in intimate relation with the architectural complex of large, often curved, surfaces. Black and white reproductions give an idea of some whole mosaic sections, while the history of the church itself is given in the text. Pietro Toesca, so far as one can understand the translation, deals with stylistic history. One is struck in some plates by magnificently bold color, in others

y the delicacy of color shading; ere by the influence of Gothic art, ıere by the starkly hieratic Byzan- ne. The mosaics are predominantly yzantine in style, and the details om the narthex are particularly ıscinating for the abstract forms of lants, animals, and birds, all glitter- ıg against their gold background.

Masters of Modern Architecture, / John Peter (George Braziller, $15), ves pride of place to Wright, Le orbusier, and Miës van der Rohe hose buildings occupy almost half ıe space in this collection of photo- aphs of some ninety-five works. ewer works presented in greater pth might have been more im- essive; one wants to circulate ırough and about these buildings ore than three or four photographs low. But they are superb photo- aphs, and they show all kinds of ıildings, from Kenzo Tange's Me- orial Peace Center at Hiroshima the Philip Johnson *bijou* at ew Canaan, from Nervi's military ıngars to Le Corbusier's Ron- amp chapel. There are brief quota- ons from the architects themselves, nong which Louis Sullivan's Emer- nian eloquence still sets a standard.

The Illustrated History of Paris ıd the Parisians, edited by Robert ıffont (Doubleday, $20), with its h illustrations and lavish design, presents the *haute couture* of pub- hing. Its pictures range from anuscript illuminations and Gallo- oman sculpture to a lively color rial photograph of Paris. The ctures, in fact, are the book, and e page layouts are cleverly com- sed to produce surprising juxta- sitions and overlappings. The ıages of Paris are as enchanting one expects or remembers; and t of engravings, tapestries, paint- gs, maps, and photographs the itors have assembled an arresting storical pageant. Perhaps too ar- sting. The book dazzles quickly. asks to be put away and taken again. The text ("Paris accepts th a shrug. If she cannot live ll, she must at least live") calls reading aloud, preferably by atrice Lillie.

The Muro-ji, an Eighth Century panese Temple, Its Art and His-tory, by Ken Domon and Momoo Kitagawa, translated by Roy Andrew Miller (Grove Press, $12.50), through the excellent photographs by Ken Domon, allows one to enter a remote fairy-tale setting, cross a bridge over the little river, and climb the long stone steps under arched branches to this ancient temple, looking up at the mountain and marveling at old trees, and then to enter the low main building and there see wonderful sculptured religious figures in the setting for which they were made. Greatly enlarged details show the wood carving: low relief draperies in a "Swirling Waves" pattern, the grain and finely modulated texture of hands in formalized gestures. Guarding the five large standing figures are twelve divine warriors, of a later period, about half as high, stiff in attitudes of arrested menace. The word that leaps to the mind is Baroque.

The Last Works of Henri Matisse, texts by Pierre Reverdy and Georges Duthuit (Harcourt, Brace, $32.50), and **Heads Figures and Ideas,** by Henry Moore (New York Graphic Society, $30), are handsomely printed volumes, each consisting primarily of the artist's works. They have more in common than their elaborate production, their presentation of new works, and the fact that each artist planned his own book, with superb results. Matisse reserved the collages of his last four years for this book, designed the cover, and supervised the printing of the first color plates. The very scissored edge is reproduced, and the dazzling effect of light in his color. There are also drawings, mostly nudes (from as early as 1936). In the blue cut-out seated nudes, Matisse uses white in the same way that Henry Moore uses holes, to create and control and emphasize space and to make space create, control and emphasize volume. Duthuit's essay, "The Carver of Light," is a fine exposition of Matisse's collage technique, which, in fact, he refers to as sculptural.

Moore's book is a carefully edited sketchbook, in which ideas are articulated both by notes and drawings. A number of preliminary sketches for the Unesco sculpture are here, although the fundamental idea of a monumental family group

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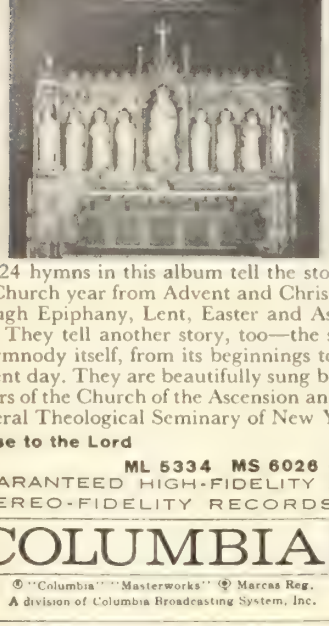
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remains unchanged. There is no question about its being the workbook of a sculptor. Moore can hardly draw a line without making it three-dimensional. Even his most calligraphic drawings cannot remain on the surface of the paper but recede and enclose or exclude space and volume. There are interesting pages showing Etruscan works he admired, out of which emerge new figures—women out of pots, an unmistakable Moore reclining figure out of a tomb effigy. Each book gives us direct experience of the process of a great artist's work.

Claude Monet, by Leon Degand and Denis Rouart (Skira, $5.75), contains numerous color plates well chosen to illustrate a concise biographical review which gives a sense of Monet's place in his time and a strong impression of his personality. The authors show how the analysis of appearance (carried out in a series of paintings of a single subject) leads to a concern with the process of perception itself and with the eye's composing power. Fuller use of details (such as appear on the dust-jacket) might have done more to establish Monet's texture as a display of the painterly process for its own sake, particularly in the late "Water Lilies" series. For, as the authors explain, it is the shift from the world of objects to the action of the painter that makes the late Monet a newly-revived ancestor of non-objective painting.

Jan Vermeer, by Ludwig Goldscheider (Phaidon, $10), is a complete edition of the paintings including numerous details. The plates are exceptionally good, many are in color, and about a third retain the original scale. The text reviews the few records of Vermeer's life, deals cursorily with his times, and traces as well the brief history of a reputation that virtually began in 1866. Mr. Goldscheider makes an heroic effort to establish with firmness and precision what still eludes us: Vermeer's uncanny fusion of light, space, and color harmony to create a self-contained world that keeps its distance and continuously endows the commonplace with extraordinary gravity. The *camera obscura* may account for the peculiar depth of Vermeer's space, and we may con to feel allegorical resonance in mar of his images. But it is to the imag we will want to return, with bo perplexity and pleasure; and th book will be of special help in tha

Carpaccio, by Terisio Pignat (Skira, $5.75), deals with an art particularly difficult to present book form. Carpaccio's enormo canvases (one of the St. Ursula seri measures 9′2″ by 22′4″) can hard be reduced to a few square inches paper without loss, yet his magic space and light are apparent ev here; and the text provides a symp thetic account of the artist and h works. Forty-six color plates inclu the eight paintings of the Leger of St. Ursula and the nine canvas painted for the Scuola degli Sch voni, both great story sequenc The many details allow a sampli of Carpaccio's feeling for odditie not only exotic animals and arc tectural elaboration, but oddities human behavior, like the mor leaping up steps two at a tim abandoned in their flight as childre or the mannered heaviness of the t bored courtesans. Carpaccio crea by perspective, color, and luminos a world separate from ours, but bo lovingly and ironically related to

Italian Renaissance Sculpture, John Pope-Hennessy (Phaidon, c tributed by Doubleday, $20), pro that even with the aid of mo than three hundred photograp covering the fifteenth century fu is not a simple job. But M Pope-Hennessy has written a clea organized, brilliantly readable te His decisive, almost crochety, ju ments come out of an intensity commitment and a constant criti vigilance. He may dispose ruthles of a Mino da Fiesole, but he ne fails to establish firmly the greatn of a Donatello or Verrocchio. Wh ever the judgment, it is based up close study of specific works. N only the statue and relief are cluded, but the tomb, pulpit, portr bust, bronze statuette, equestr monument, and that astonish project, the encasement of a Got church in Rimini in a Renaissa shell, with a sculptural transfor tion of its interior, to create famous Tempio Malatestiano.

he new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

NE-MAN RECORDINGS

hubert: String Quartets. Endres Quar-
t. Three Volumes. Vox VBX #4, #5,
5 (*3 each*).

The fifteen quartets in these three large boxes (also the two quintets as dividend) cover a vast amount of ound, a good deal of it uneven. Schu-rt was not one of those geniuses who uld do no wrong—especially in his ear-r student years, from which the first oup of these works dates. They *are* stu-nt works—though by a fabulously gifted udent. In many spots they will remind ou of the more brilliant high-school nglish themes of our own kids—flash-g with the joy of being alive and of pying every influence that adults may ing to hand, full of naïve crudities ten neatly rescued by sheer originality. heard in this spirit, young Schubert n be lots of fun. And equally interesting is the growth of musical maturity and the well-known Schubert expression, as the quartet writing continues, leading on to that final introspective experimentation that graces the extraordinary last quartets.

The Endres Quartet has the necessary fire to encompass the outwardly Romantic writing of Schubert, and they are also able to avoid a common fault—the over-playing of the more intense later works until, so to speak, they screech with expression.

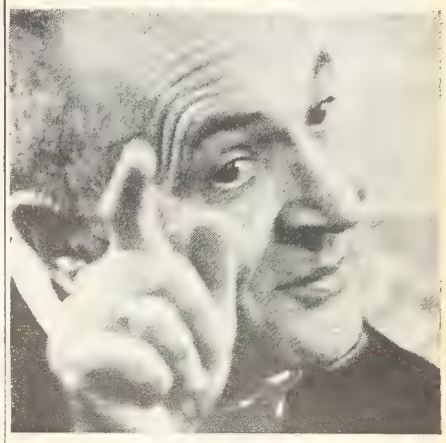
This quartet's bold approach is good for the early student works, too. It is a mistake to try to tone them up into more polished expressions than they actually are; a lusty, robust playing makes them sound the better for its honesty, though it points up the corny passages. They are corny; why not play them that way?

Vox is not very careful of its sound in these monumental releases, which are



"—and afterwards the other one re-plays short excerpts and gives a little lecture of explanation."

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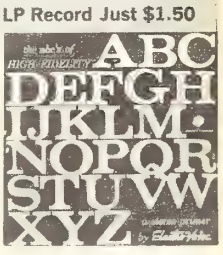
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its specialty. Much of the string tone here is scratchy and on the harsh side, though it varies—probably because the works were recorded at various times. The large echo annoys my ears because it blurs together harmonies that were never meant to be blurred. This is room music, not cathedral music.

Mozart: Six String Quintets. Barchet Quartet, Emil Kessinger, viola. Vox VBX #3 (3).

It is too easy to toss out such earnest recordings as this with something about "Ah, but you should hear the Budapest." That is less and less my own inclination as I listen further into these performances.

Mozart, in particular, as one of the most intense and concentrated writers of the musical language, is subject to a sort of high-power playing—as though to wrest every vestige of the enormous meaning in the music—that sometimes leads merely to over-fussy sound, and a kind of pretentiousness. The best players are those who can get away with it and thereby project an astonishing amount of sheer content; but to think that such intensity is always necessary or always good is dangerous. Chances are that even Mozart himself was relatively easygoing in the actual sound of his playing. His point of view, perhaps, would have been that the music speaks for itself, if well and carefully played; this is the feeling projected by the Barchet group.

My only criticism is that in relaxing, the players do not pay much attention to the beautifully long Mozart phrases, confine themselves to playing "within the measure," for an occasionally disjointed effect. Not bad, even so.

It seems to me that a musical education can be enhanced in meaning by a study of both these approaches to the art of Mozart. It's better to understand both than to stick with the famous interpretations, to the exclusion of other ways of doing things.

Mozart: Quintets in C Minor, K. 406, G Minor, K. 516. Griller String Quartet, Wm. Primrose, viola. Vanguard VRS 1029.

Oddly enough, I came to this record after I had written the above; it out-Budapests the Budapest.

First, there is no doubt that this Griller-Primrose performance of the G Minor, in all its pathos, is one of the most powerful ever recorded. It is definitely in the top bracket in the perfection of its ensemble, the intensity of expression, the beautiful co-ordination of phrasing, rhythm, balance.

But beyond this there are questions. This is a full-fledged Romantic interpretation of a work, the G Minor, which in the Romantic period was hailed as a great forerunner of Romantic expression. This is the way the music used to be played—and is no longer. It probes every nuance of expression, passionately; its moods are almost religiously exalted. If the playing were less than perfectly polished, the interpretation would border on sensationalism; here it does not.

In contrast to today's normal way of intensity via speed and violence, hi-fi toned, this playing is abnormally slow, but unlike the Viennese or South German deliberation, which can so easily fall into stodginess, this British slowness is all in the interests of tension. (There is a certain sense of awe in the presence of the Master himself, that strikes me as peculiarly British. The Germans are more businesslike in such situations; we Americans tend to grind our teeth and play too hard.)

The G Minor is splendid—even the hysterical gaiety of the last movement (we'd call it compulsive) is unforgettably stood and played up. But the mild, less imposing C Minor—alternatively a divertimento for wind instruments—I feel, badly distorted under the ultra-noble, over-powered Griller treatment. Once in a while—fine. But I doubt that most of us could take *all* the Mozart Quintets in this fashion. I still feel that the modest Barchet approach, as above, is safer for bread-and-butter Mozart.

Corelli-Geminiani: 12 Concertos, Op. 6. Gli Accademici di Milano, Dean Eckersen. Vox DL 423-1, 2, 3 (3 vols., 1 *each*).

As musicology has continued its explorations it has become uncomfortably clear that our old conceptions of the noble simplicity of Corelli's music and of others of the period—not excluding Handel and Bach—are simply not in accordance with the facts of performance in the original. Only parts of the notes were customarily written down, to make a skeleton that was invariably decorated in the playing or singing—usually ad lib.

What to do? Write out theoretical decorations? Look for the few authentic written-down elaborations? Ignore the whole problem and stick to the supposedly sacred printed notes?

In the case of these Corelli we have there are fabulous extra complications, thanks to Geminiani, a Corelli pupil of a younger generation when tastes in ornament were rapidly changing. He transcribes, and elaborates, a set of Corelli violin sonatas, converting them into full-fledged concerti grossi in a late, post-Corelli style. Dean Eckerts

e conductor, has gone further in re-
mping the material according to vari-
is musicological sources and even via
s own invention, "in the spirit of the
ne."

The result has one merit, certainly;
does sound like Geminiani and his
minine, rather lush concerto grosso
vle, rather than like Corelli as we
iow him.

A somewhat cryptic paragraph in the
tailed accompanying notes by Vox's
defatigable Joseph Braunstein, musi-
logist, implies there could be differ-
g opinions about all this. My own
eling is that though the highly elabo-
te melodic lines seem generally in
le for the period, give or take a few
tails, the problem of communicative
aying was almost too much for con-
ictor and musicians together. Parts of
e music, notably the more complex
ow movements (where the elabora-
on mostly shows up) are rhythmically
ntative and sonically somewhat tur-
d. The fast movements are too bouncy
r my taste, not well phrased. The
strumental recorded balance seems
nfusing, too.

Don't take my criticisms to heart; the
tality of an interesting musical col-
boration over years and centuries is
ere to be heard and enjoyed. Better
have this than have no performance
all.

The works are set for string orches-
i with two solo violins and continuo
(cello and harpsichord). The sound is mostly good though a trace of the Vox edginess is audible in the string passages.

Telemann: Four Concerti (For Four Violins; Flute, Oboe d'Amore and Viola d'Amore; Three Oboes and Three Violins; Recorder and Flute). Assorted soloists, Kammermusikkreis Emil Seiler. Archive ARC 3109.

What an astonishing recording! Here are four lively and entertaining concerti each of which boasts an unheard-of instrumental combination, exploited to the full by this genial, worldly contemporary of Bach, who writes in "Bach's" style—with a difference.

We are now getting to know two great men who until recently were no more than names, except for a chosen piece or two, Telemann and Vivaldi. They were not unlike in their German and Italian ways and both, of course, were disciples of the great school of Corelli, from which all modern instrumental music sprang. Both of them were avid experimenters with unusual tone colors and bizarre instrumental combinations.

None of these works, though, could get a rehearing until our own present taste for colorful small ensembles—from jazz and Stravinsky straight through to Bach—had crystallized. In the days of lush, multiple instrumentation for huge orchestra (they aren't entirely gone yet), such individually treated colors as these of Telemann were meaningless; the music itself was "antique" and most of the instruments were obsolete. If Telemann were played at all, it had to be in transcription for "modern" orchestra, destroying, as we now realize, the very sense of the music.

The first of these remarkable works is for four violins alone, a brilliant bit of quadruple fiddling that should be fun for any batch of violinists caught without accompaniment. The next one contrasts dark tones of the oboe d'amore and its love-cousin in the viol family, with a flute providing top-color and light; there are strange, quite daring ornamental effects, like twittering birds.

The Concerto for a trio of oboes and another of fiddles is a genial war of triple contrast, tone overlapping tone in layers of brilliance, with a stirring *gigue*, cross between Bach and Corelli, as its finale. And who but Telemann would think to make a whole work of the contrast between recorder and flute? Here he writes for them on exactly equal terms and achieves calculatedly different effects. The recorder (as Bach knew) is the more passionate, vocal instrument; the flute is cooler, its tone relatively grainy. Both recorder players

---

'ORTH HEARING . . .

ethoven: Sonatas #8, Op. 30; #3 Kreutzer"); #9, Op. 47. Nathan Mil-ein, violin, Artur Balsam, piano. ipitol PAO 8430.

endelssohn: String Quartets #6, Op. ; #4, Op. 44; #2. Manoliu Quartet. oic LC 3386.

rauss: Don Quixote. Philadelphia rch., Ormandy. Columbia ML 5292.

erlioz: Symphonie Fantastique. Orch. ational de la Radiodiffusion Fran-ise, Beecham. Capitol-EMI G-7102.

hubert: Symphony in C Major Great"). Bavarian Radio Symphony, igen Jochum. Decca DL 79993 *tereo*).

usic for the Glass Harmonica by Nau-ann, Schnyder zu Wartensee, Toma-hek. Bruno Hoffmann, glass harmonica, id others. Archive ARC 3111.

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A round, overstuffed Baroque composer, this Telemann, but his music is saved from too much upholstery by its driving, authoritative language and its fine showmanship and good humor.

Buxtehude: 5 Sacred Cantatas. Helmut Krebs, tenor, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, bar., instr. ensemble, strings of Bach-Orchestra, Berlin, Gorvin. Archive ARC 3096.

Buxtehude: Sonata in D; Suite in B Flat; Sonata in D (Op. 2, #2). 2 Sacred Cantatas; 2 Christmas Cantatas. Assorted instruments, Norddeutscher Singkreis, Lisa Schwarzweller, soprano. Archive ARC 3103.

I can't begin to list all the varied instruments employed in these highly varied little pieces, ranging from lute and citharrone to viola da gamba, positif organ, solo cello, solo violins, chorus, vocal solos, and, of course, string orchestra—but you may be sure of endless variety in the listening.

Buxtehude is a luminary in the newly popular central Baroque period of the later seventeenth century—a time that climaxed a long development in which Bach, Handel, Vivaldi, and Telemann, a generation later, were the final, wind-up. Somehow, Buxtehude reminds me of the Brueghels, related in place if not in time. Buxtehude's North German plumpness and solidity, his wonderfully fertile imagination, fills his sacred music with a healthy earthiness that is simpler than Bach's spiritual elevation but no less sincere. The instrumental music on its own is lively, but it is the music with words that really shines with expression.

The nine short sacred cantatas will not bore you for an instant. Each is different, a small world of its own; each has those typical, much-repeated Buxtehude "motto" ideas that so quickly stick in the head; each has its own special instrumental color. The first disc has five solo works for the excellent tenor and superb baritone, together and on their own; the second has two superb works for a first-rate soprano plus two Christmas choral works based on familiar Christmas hymns. The second, "In Dulci Jubilo," is a gem of marvelously simple elaboration, on a tune almost everyone still knows today.

Finally, the three short sonatas (one is actually a suite) are built about the thin, sweetly nasal voice of the viola da gamba, paired with other instruments and filled out with a continuo that uses besides the harpsichord a lute and a guitar-like citharrone.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

AND POETR

One of the interesting habits o the young bohemians known a "beatniks," by a curious mixing of Ne York and San Francisco slang, is to liste to jazz and poetry simultaneously. number of cafés in both cities hav sought to satisfy the demand for th diversion, and now a few of the repr sentative efforts have been made acce sible on records. I can only report, aft listening to them, that I am formidabl impressed and formidably unconvince

One thing I am more sure of tha ever is that poetry recited to music is natural and inevitable form, and tha those who have devoted themselves to have not wasted their time. This ca be a most effective way of joining mea ing with sound, even when one of ther seems—as in Dame Edith Sitwell's obbl gato to William Walton's "Façade"—t pull most furiously against the othe In fact, that tension may be part of i success.

Where the technique breaks down where it strains hardest for a sing emotional impact. When the words an music are synchronized in search of th same meanings they tend to accentua one another's absurdity, perhaps becau they then compare unfavorably wit song, which does *that* job better. Th most agreeable jazz-poetry readings, my ear, are the most casual and acc dental, where the contrast betwee them heightens—rather than undercu —their effectiveness.

For example, my preference amor the Kenneth Patchen poems in his bum for Cadence lies with the sequen called "Limericks," in which the sen of the words (such as there is) is var ous, cryptic, and unrelated to the ja background. And the same goes for n choice in the World Pacific Anthology which is Dylan Thomas's "Lament Audio Fidelity's attempt to set "Th Song of Songs" to jazz is an almost em barrassing demonstration of how *not* do it—with massive injections of eloc tionary drama, all the voices jacked u to sustain suspense in a plot which h none, so that the result is like listeni to television with the picture turned o

---

Kenneth Patchen, with the Chamb Jazz Sextet. Cadence CLP-3004.

Jazz Canto, Vol. 1. An Anthology Poetry and Jazz. World Pacific WP-124

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at what look like prewar prices —and where no one ever heard of nerves or worries.

These Are America's Own Bargain Paradises

Norman Ford's new book **Off-the-Beaten Path** names the really low cost Florida retirement and vacationing towns, the best values in Texas, the Southwest, California, the South and East, Canada, and a dozen areas which the crowds have not yet discovered.

Fabulous places like the undiscovered region where winters are as warm and sunny as Miami Beach's yet costs can be two-thirds less. Or that island that looks like Hawaii yet is 2000 miles nearer (no expensive sea or air trip to get there). Or those many other low-cost, exquisitely beautiful spots all over the United States and Canada which visitors in-a-hurry overlook (so costs are low and stay low).

Every page of **Off-the-Beaten Path** opens a different kind of vacationing or retirement paradise which you can afford—places as glamorous as far-off countries yet every one of them located right near at hand. Like these:

- [illegible] rancho outpost in this part of the world completely surrounded by Canadian territory . . . or a village more Scottish than Scotland . . . or age-old Spanish hamlets right in our own U. S., where no one ever heard of nervous tensions or the worries of modern day life.
- Resort villages where visitors come by the score, so you always meet new people . . . (but they never come by the thousands to raise prices or crowd you out).
- That remarkable town where a fee of 3c a day gives you an almost endless round of barbecues, musicals, concerts, picnics, pot luck suppers, smorgasbord dinners and a fine arts program. That southern island first discovered by millionaires who had all the world to roam in . . . and now their hideaways are open to anyone who knows where to find them.

You read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low!), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side. Here are the real U.S.A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore villages, tropics-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since the gone-forever prewar days. They're all in the United States and Canada, and for good measure you also read about the low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

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Go by Freighter—the pleasant way to travel

When the travel editor of the Christian Science Monitor saw a copy of "Travel Ro[illegible] Around the World," he wrote: Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this des[illegible] the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this departm[illegible] that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its conte[illegible] The booklet is entitled "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's direct[illegible] to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. In no time at all you find yourself far ou[illegible] sea cruising along under tropical skies without a care in the world. You find your[illegible] docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read ab[illegible] Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a lim[illegible] number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called [illegible] cruise ships which devote most of their space to passengers.

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The mod[illegible] freighter says the booklet ranks with the de-luxe passenger vessels so far as com[illegible] and accommodations are concerned.

LARGE ROOMS WITH BEDS

It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are consider[illegible] first-class passengers, although the rates charged are generally on a par with either ca[illegible] or tourist-class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have th[illegible] private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are genera[illegible] larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of[illegible] modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of [illegible] older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, [illegible] amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged[illegible] premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astounding how low freighter fares a[illegible] as compared with passenger ship fares; for example, less than one-half of the passe[illegible] ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, [illegible] difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passen[illegible] ship fare.

SERVICE AND MEALS RATED EXCELLENT

Service and meals on a freighter leave little to be desired. You will be treated w[illegible] consideration. Stewards will go out of their way to make your voyage pleasant. On shi[illegible] with East Indian stewards you will be waited on almost hand and foot, in a manne[illegible] that is completely unknown to Americans and most Europeans.

Foreign ships offer their own specialties, says the booklet. Thus vessels in the Ea[illegible] Indian trade serve Rijkstafel, the East Indian dish which can run to as many as 5[illegible] different courses. Scandinavian ships serve Smorgasbord every day, and some of the [illegible] desserts (like strawberries smothered in a huge bowl of whipped cream) are neve[illegible] forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is in its informality. No formal clothes ar[illegible] needed. Sports clothes are enough.

Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities and costs ar[illegible] covered in the booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World." Some of the trips liste[illegible] include a trip to England for $160, a 12-day Caribbean cruise, or a leisurely four[illegible] month round the world voyage.

The booklet is published by Harian Publications, Greenlawn, New York, and may b[illegible] obtained by sending to the publisher. So, when it arrives all you need to do is sit dow[illegible] and take your choice. The booklet lists literally hundreds of ocean trips.

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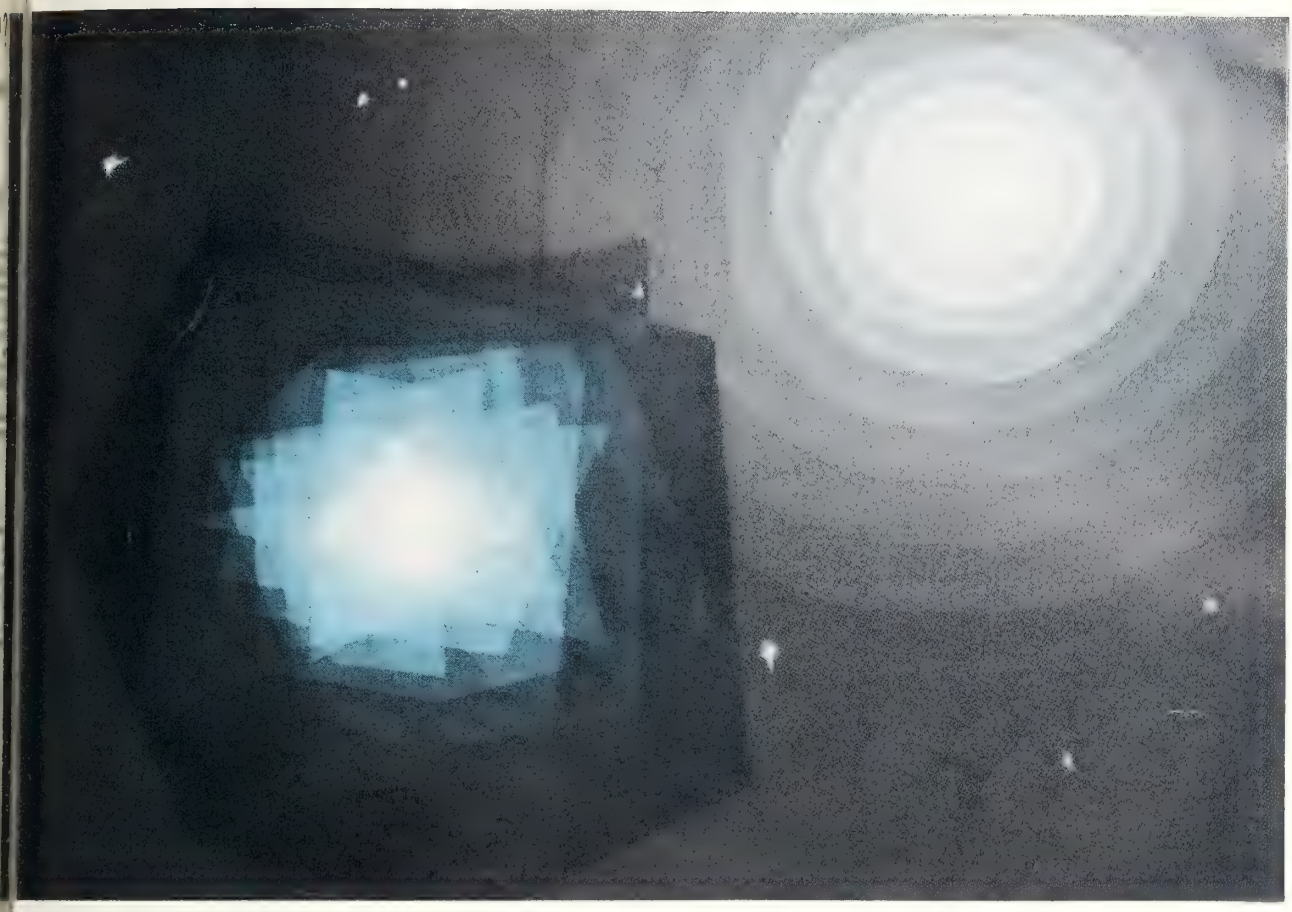
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"EARTH IN SPACE," one of a series of paintings of the planets by Simpson-Middleman, painters who have been finding their subject matter in science. To quote them: "Earth is distinguished among the planets by its oceans of water and its single moon. From these as a starting point, earth in this painting has been imagined as a configuration of intersecting planes—layer on layer of blue—until it becomes a transparent crystal, glowing in space." Painting courtesy John Heller Gallery, Inc.

Space power. Engineers and scientists at Boeing are at work on Minuteman, a new advanced Air Force weapon system built around solid-propellant intercontinental ballistic missiles.

Minuteman is under accelerated development for use by the Strategic Air Command, with the Air Force's Ballistic Missile Division managing the program. Boeing's system integration experience, its outstanding facilities and research capabilities earned for the company an assignment as associate prime contractor for assembly and test of the Minuteman missile system.

Boeing engineers and scientists are also at work on other advanced space-age projects, including Phase I development of Dyna-Soar. These and additional projects offer outstanding space-age opportunities to engineers and scientists of all categories. Drop a note now to Mr. Stanley M. Little, Department H-83, Boeing Airplane Company, Seattle 24, Washington.

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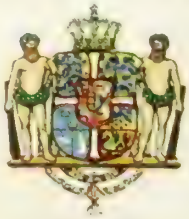


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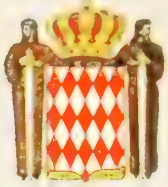

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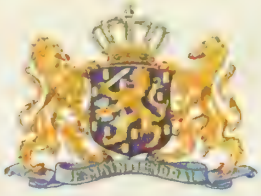

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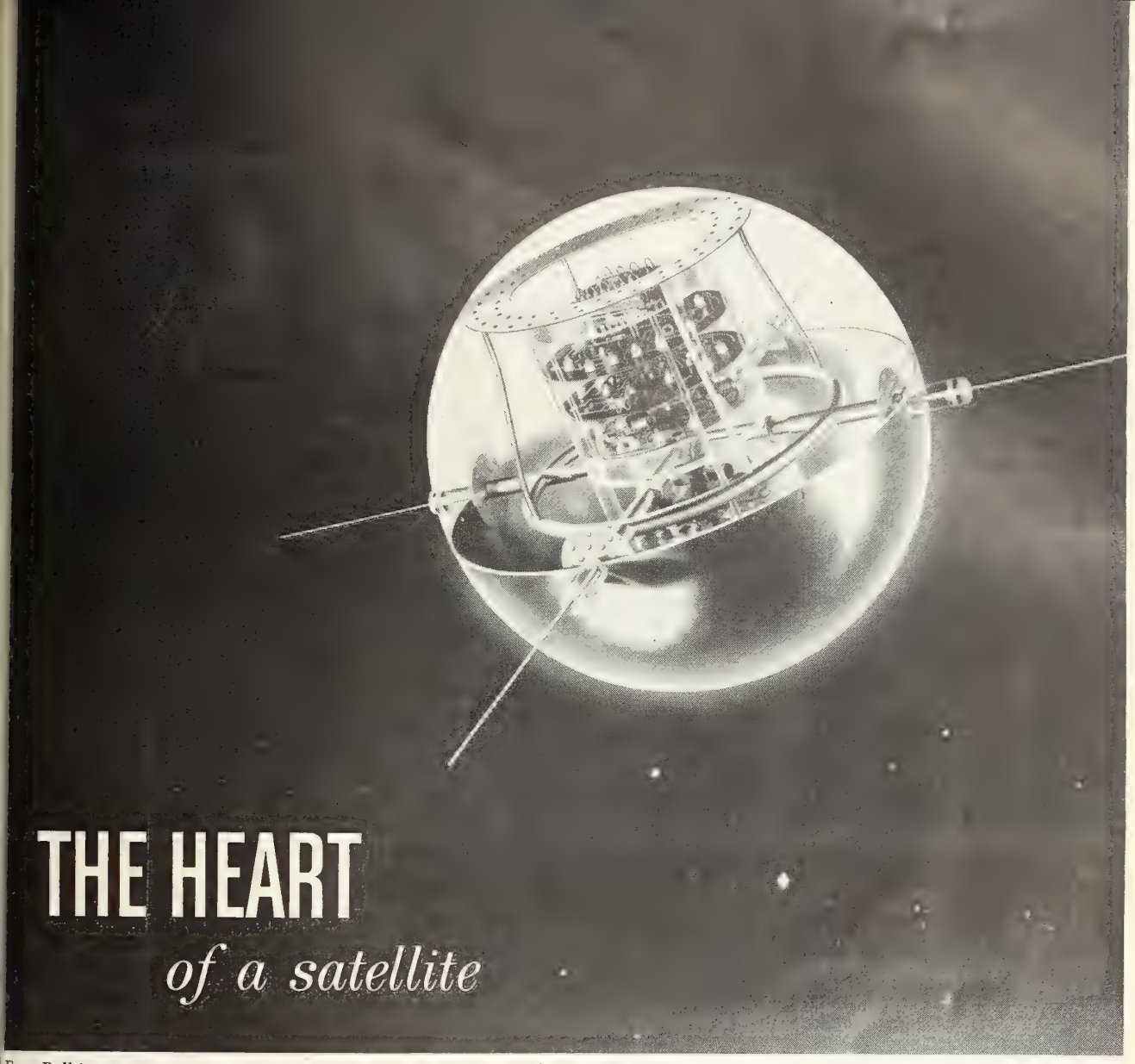

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THE HEART *of a satellite*

Two Bell inventions, the Transistor and the Solar Battery, still work perfectly in the first Vanguard satellite, in orbit since March 17, 1958.

An astonishing amount of equipment can be packed into an artificial earth satellite. There are devices to measure the temperatures of outer space, for example, and determine meteorite density, or cosmic ray activity.

Then there are also two small but powerful radios equipped with transistors—the tiny amplifiers invented at Bell Telephone Laboratories—and batteries to power them.

In the Vanguard satellite, shown in the picture above, all of this equipment is in the cylindrical core.

Miniaturization—still a new word—is the reason why small satellites can do big jobs. Hundreds of pounds of equipment have been reduced in size, or "miniaturized," to weigh only a few pounds, and take up little room.

The transistor is a good example of this. About the size of a lima bean, it can do the job of a vacuum tube fifty times larger. It needs so little power that very small batteries can be used. And it's rugged.

The qualities that make the use of transistors imperative in satellites are also used to advantage in more and more new telephone equipment. For example, transistors now help millions of telephone customers to dial their own long distance calls directly. And those who are hard of hearing can order transistor-equipped telephones with adjustable volume control.

Small as it is, the transistor has already won a big place for itself, and has an even bigger future . . . in the heart of many a satellite yet to orbit and in the heart of tomorrow's better telephone service.

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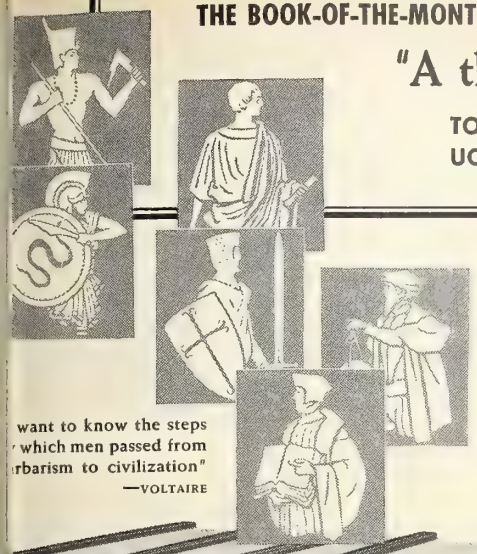
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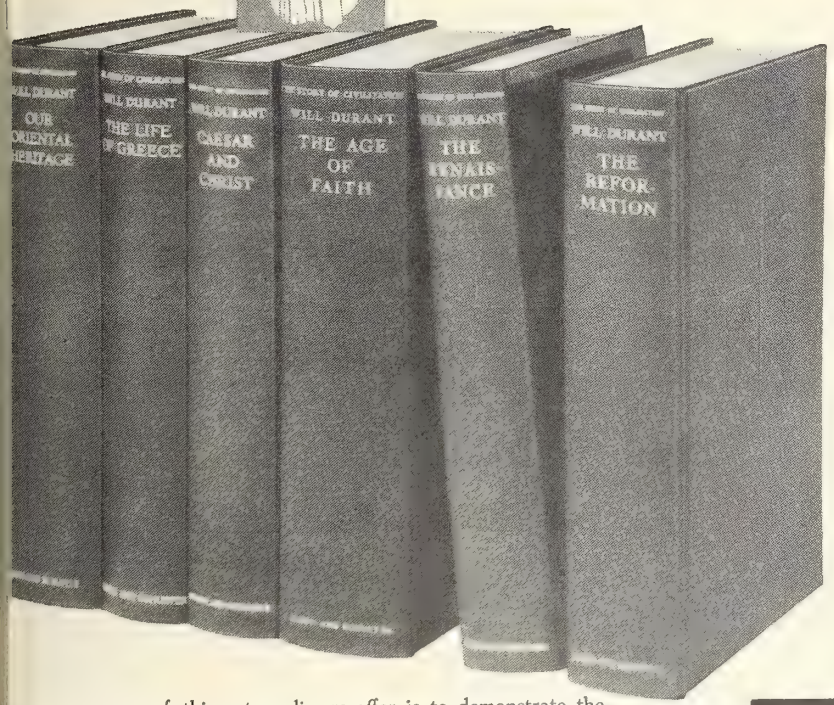
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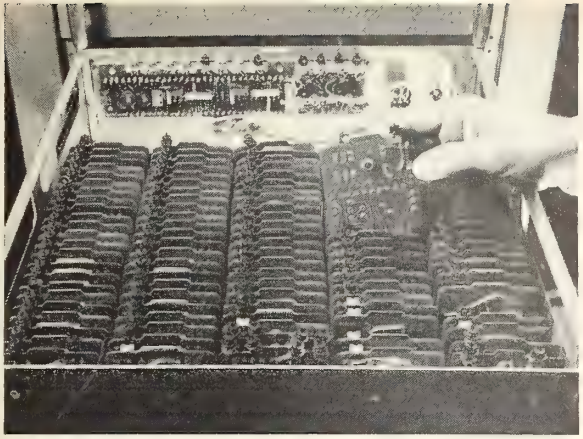
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by AMY VANDERBILT



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LETTERS

The Powerless Powers

TO THE EDITORS:

Peter F. Drucker's article ["The Breakdown of Governments," January] is one of the most disturbing and thought-provoking essays I have read in many years. . . . If our free institutions are to be saved, it must be done by our current agencies of higher education that are still *practically* free from political, military, or religious domination.

WILLIAM B. SMITH, M.D.
Delano, Calif.

Peter Drucker woefully confuses the question. . . . Far from being [taken in by] "folklore," we have learned from bitter experience that power in monster organizations can be unbearable and, in private hands, wicked and evil.

THEODORE K. QUINN
Roxbury, Conn.

It seems to me that Drucker is trying to put something over on your readers. All we need is "political pluralism" . . . and we are saved. He cites the Port of New York Authority and Robert Moses but let him tell me who controls these. . . . What Drucker advocates is a veneer of competition between groups who all have the same power grouping behind them.

PHILIP SIEWEVITZ
Astoria, N. Y.

Mr. Drucker rightly doubts that the public interest is the spontaneous product of the clash of private interests. But . . . we have traditionally employed the power of the state against non-governmental power centers *in behalf of the individual*. What is called for is . . . a new awareness of this traditional principle and a willingness to apply it energetically.

HENRY S. KARIEL
Bennington College
Bennington, Vt.

Franco's Spain

TO THE EDITORS:

"The End of the Road for Franco?" [January] . . . was the greatest Christmas present of my long and hectic life. . . . Twenty-two years ago, as the only American official in Spain who violated orthodox practice and sought eye-witness information, I was damned. . . . But as we say "good riddance" to the modern "Christian" Caligula, let us hope that his going does not mean a sequel of useless vengeance, another blood bath for the long-suffering Spanish masses.

WILLIAM W. CORCORAN
U. S. Consul General (ret.)
La Jolla, Calif.

I am a Spanish exchange student and should like to point out [that] there are still many, many people with Franco. . . . [The fact that] at a bullfighting match in Barcelona part of the "sol" was half-empty is [not] "a sure sign that the starvation level has been reached." . . . Bullfighting has lost popularity in Spain; soccer is much more popular. . . .

Franco has the army, very likely more than 50 per cent of the people, and his strength has grown in the last years with his treaty with the U. S. and entrance in the U.N.

LUIS GAMIR
Barrington, Ill.

Human Conservation

TO THE EDITORS:

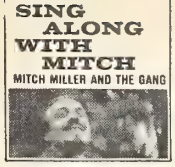
We of the Far West appreciate the value of Senator Humphrey's fine article ["A Plan to Save Trees, Land, and Boys," January]. We saw at close range what splendid results flowed from the work of the CCC. . . . I am writing our Senators and Congressmen urging their support of this legislation. Harper's readers, won't you do likewise, and get your friends to help?

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Wash.

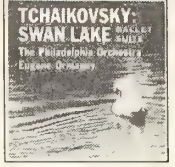
If Senator Humphrey really knows a dozen young men . . . who would give their eyeteeth for a chance to make $78 a month in the forest, he should collect those teeth fast. The forty-nine young men I've talked to here aren't quite as thrilled by Mother Nature as the Senator is. . . . Many of them work every summer for the forest service, planting seedlings, sawing open trails, and fighting fires with the only thing available—plain dirty uninspirational dirt. It's easy to romanticize the outdoor life. Because we do need lots of investment in and work on our soil and



















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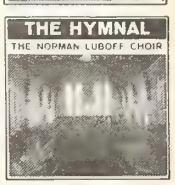






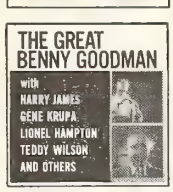


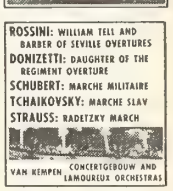






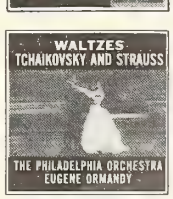


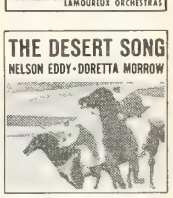


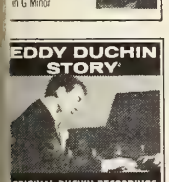


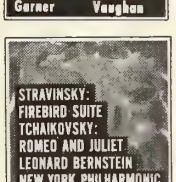


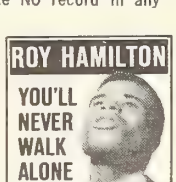


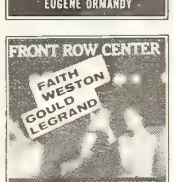














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LETTERS

water resources, let's not hamstring future program with fuzzy thinkin about paying off our workers in glorio sunsets and pride.

DON COOM
Montana State Colleg
Bozeman, Mon

We strongly endorse the idea of an u to-date youth conservation corps with sound educational program for boys wh should not stay at home, have no jo and for whom school is not a solutio

H. DONALD BU
Philadelphia Area Chapt
Natl. Assn. of Social Worke
Philadelphia, P

I am most hopeful that early in th session of Congress such a proposal ca be enacted into law, if all of us wh see the necessity therefor join in pres ing for it.

RAYMOND M. HILLIAR
Director, Cook Co. Dept. of Welfa
Chicago, Il

Penultimate Hurra

TO THE EDITORS:

There is an old axiom, "Figures don lie, but liars figure." Here is how Josep Kraft figured ["Pennsylvania's Ne Breed of Politicians," October]:

"In the big city wards," he wrot "Democratic strength tended to eb The 33rd ward . . . is the stronghold the leader of the Democratic machi organization in Philadelphia, Congres man William Green. In 1940 and 194 the Democrats won . . . by majorities nearly 2 1. In 1948 and 1951 the marg was 3-2. But in 1954 . . . the two parti were almost even. In 1956, the Dem cratic margin was barely 10 per cent

Here are the figures:

	Democratic	*Republican*
1940	66.3%	33.7%
1944	64.7	35.3
1948	60.6	39.4
1951	65.4	34.6
1954	64.1	35.9
1956	56.9	43.1

WILLIAM J. GREEN, J
Member of Congr
Philadelphia, P

We are glad to publish this correctio since Mr. Kraft's figures were inaccurat His interpretation, however, was not Democratic strength appears to be eb ing in the 33rd. —THE EDITO

Unfair to Ornithologist

TO THE EDITORS:

Tut, tut for the professor ["Bir

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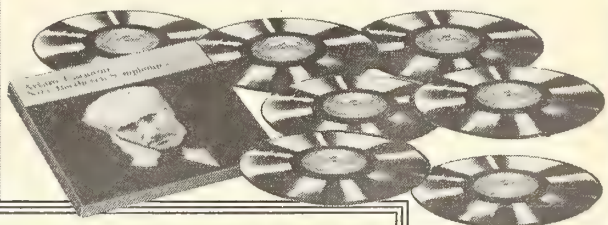
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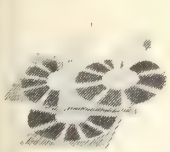


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LETTERS

watcher," John J. Espey, January] What happened? In cold (while we bit our nails), scientific detachment may w inquire as to the present status of th experiment? In the name of the serrie ranks of bird-watchers,

MILDRED D. HIER
Bala-Cynwyd, Pa

Fair Michiga

TO THE EDITORS:

Your interesting article on "Imperia Harvard" [October] was recalled with special interest when I received a re lease from Ann Arbor which . . . identi fied Harvard as "the Michigan of th East."

HAVILAND F. REVI
Detroit, Mich

Marchers and Mutineer

TO THE EDITORS:

An answering article to "Mutiny o the Bountiful" [December] might be en titled "Same Crew—New Journey." I 1953 I started the first Mothers' March in Oak Lawn, Illinois . . . and now am doing the same type of work in th northern part of the state. I enjoy work ing with the National Foundation and hope to continue being one of the volunteers as long as my services are required.

DOROTHY OLSE
Oak Lawn, Ill

I crossed the Veterans off my list long time ago; then the Cancer people whose attempts to frighten me caused an explosion you may have felt in New York; then, last year, all the other appeals from societies devoted to the prevention of specific diseases. But did feel sort of mean and embarrassed Not any more though. From now on my pennies go to hospitals, Community Chest, Civil Liberties, Conservation, and the Democratic party. And thanks to you my conscience is untroubled.

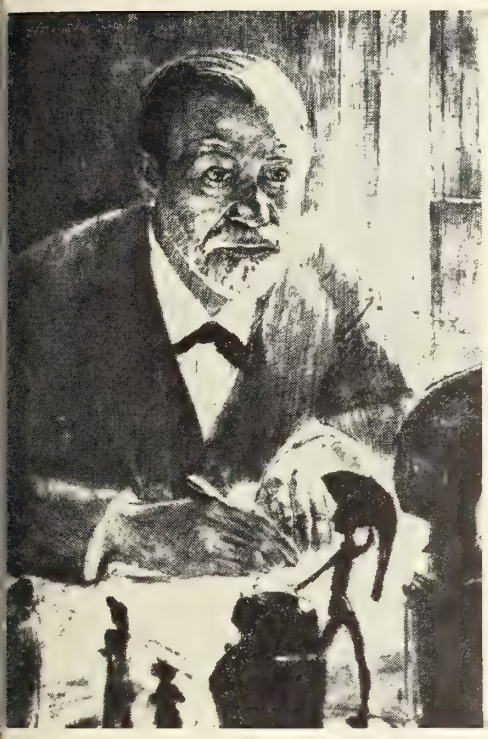
ANNE BARRET
Boston, Mass

Let Mrs. Sanders keep her definition of "charity," but I will continue to muddle along with Marley's Ghost and St. Paul.

MILDRED G. SCHOELLE
Trenton, N. J

The American Diabetes Association does not engage in general fund-raising and door-to-door canvassing and genera mail appeals are not approved. . . . A number of affiliates have decided to participate in local federated funds which are looked upon with favor by our organization. . . . An important part of our effort is directed toward the discovery of unknown diabetics by mak

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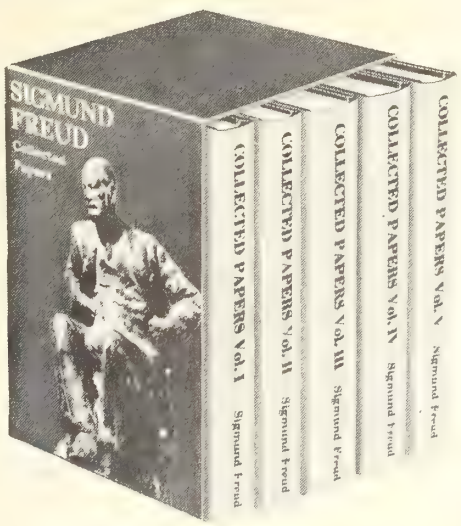
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Freud's Psychoanalytic Method
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Obsessive Acts and Religious Practices
Sexual Enlightenment of Children
Character and Anal Erotism
Hysterical Phantasies and Bisexuality
"Civilized" Sexual Morality
Origin of Sexual Perversions
A Case of Homosexuality in a Woman
Jealousy, Paranoia and Homosexuality
Neurosis and Psychosis
Masochism
Future Prospects of Psychoanalytic Therapy
Dream Interpretation
A Case of Hysteria
Phobia in a Five Year Old Boy
A Case of Obsessional Neurosis
A Case of Paranoia
History of an Infantile Neurosis
The Unconscious in Psychoanalysis
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ing testing materials available to the public without cost through state and county medical societies throughout the country. J. Richard Connelly
Exec. Dir., American Diabetes Assn.
New York, N. Y.

About a year and a half ago I wrote to the American Medical Association:

"I am seized with an uncontrollable desire to start a Foundation of my own. I have an impressive list of sponsors . . . an impressive letterhead designed by a leading commercial artist . . . an exceptionally fine mailing list of persons in the upper income brackets.

"Won't you select a good disease for me? I have thought of beri-beri, pellagra, elephantiasis, trichinosis. . . . I rather fancied leukemia but only recently it was taken by another group. . . . The ailments you suggest must present almost insurmountable obstacles to the research scientists since I do not want to arrive at a successful conclusion in a mere matter of a year or two."

Some time later . . . Dr. Harry L. Arnold, Jr. of the Straub Clinic in Honolulu [wrote, suggesting] "either pityriasis rubra pilaris, which has the advantage of being in dactylic rhythm . . . or idiopathic multiple benign pigmented hemorrhagic sarcoma. . . . The two diseases are rare enough, and mysterious enough to assure an almost endless career for the organization. . . ."
Norman B. Groberi
Morristown, N. J.

I am one of the millions of Bountiful among whom there is no mutiny. . . . There is a growing mutiny against a possible charity dictatorship. . . .
Sue Gerard
Columbia, Mo.

For several years I was chairman of the contributions committee of a large corporation. How could we tell among the multiple health fund appeals which would be of predominant interest to the stockholders? . . . My proposed solution of the problem was the same as Mrs. Sanders', a national united health appeal: but then as now the "glamor" causes—polio, heart, cancer, TB—would have none of it. I am sure that if there were such an appeal the total take from corporations would be greatly increased.
Ralph Starr Butler
Bronxville, N. Y.

Who's a Hypocrite?

To the Editors:

William S. White strains at a gnat and has to swallow Sherman Adams ["The American Genius for Hypocrisy," November]. The hullabaloo was not hypocrisy, but the natural joy people feel on seeing a Pecksniff exposed. . . . Larcenies and sinfulness do not make for success in politics except, possibly, in New Hampshire.
Thomas L. Jeltrup
New York, N. Y.

Mr. White is the best single reason for reading *Harper's* since the late—and venerated—Bernard DeVoto.
Roby Wentz
Los Angeles, Calif.

"The American Genius for Hypocrisy" is a classic example of liberal sophistication swinging full circle and becoming cynical amorality. . . . The intellectual worships abstract truth. He is unacquainted with Quinch's Fourth Natural Law which states that logic carried to an extreme results in absurdity. . . .

Mr. White's "practical politics" are a suggestion that we recognize moral inflation by setting a new base index for morals. Albert Spero
New City, N. Y.

Eleanor's Energy

To the Editors:

With more people now living longer, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's advice ["Where I Get My Energy," January] to older people is very good. F. J. Miller
Cedar Rapids, Ia.

I couldn't have completed Mrs. Roosevelt's day's schedule; but then neither could she without some superb advance work on the alimentary and transportation trivia. Eleanor P. Murphy
Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Roosevelt can travel in comfort and . . . aside from her interest in human welfare she has the added incentive of financial compensation. She does have remarkable energy but let's not get sentimental and ignore the facts.
Edna Mueller
New York, N. Y.

His Soul Goes Marching On

To the Editors:

By giving the dignity and prestige of your "Easy Chair" to this latter day John Brown ["How to Be A Man of Distinction" by P. D. East, January] you have only revealed yourself as emotionally unstable. R. C. Wolf
Buffalo, Tex.

More power to Mr. East and his personal battle for civil liberties in Mississippi. It's a battle that belongs to all of us, and one we had better win. Am sending my three bucks for a subscription to the "Pee Paper." Henry B. Smith I
Bay City, Mic

Pro Bono Wordsworth

To the Editors:

Robert Graves ["How to Pull a Poet Apart," January] calls Wordsworth's four worthies a "bizarre choice" to represent England's great men: in place of Algernon Sidney, Sir James Harrington, Andrew Marvell, and Sir Henry Vane . . . [he] would prefer "King Alfred, Sir Thomas More, John Hampden and men of their caliber." . . . Wordsworth is comparing the post-revolutionary period in France with a similar period in English history. Hence two of Graves' suggested heroes are disqualified on the grounds that they do not belong to the period. . . . Wordsworth is not obliged to remain faithful to the ideas and experiences of Robert Graves . . . Far from justifying his charge that Wordsworth is "false-hearted," his own dealing from the bottom of the pack must raise considerable doubts as to the ultimate sincerity of his purposes.
John C. Hulbenth
New York, N.

Psychic Snowme

To the Editors:

John Masters' "The Abominal Snowman" [January] is fine. I'm of the opinion too that the "snowman" is off the beaten-path human. Some of the naked sannyasins or holy men are often mistaken for the creature. These hollows can live in the cold with few or no clothes because they practice a breathing exercise called "tumo" to awaken psychic energy and generate heat. Roy Eugene Da
New York, N.

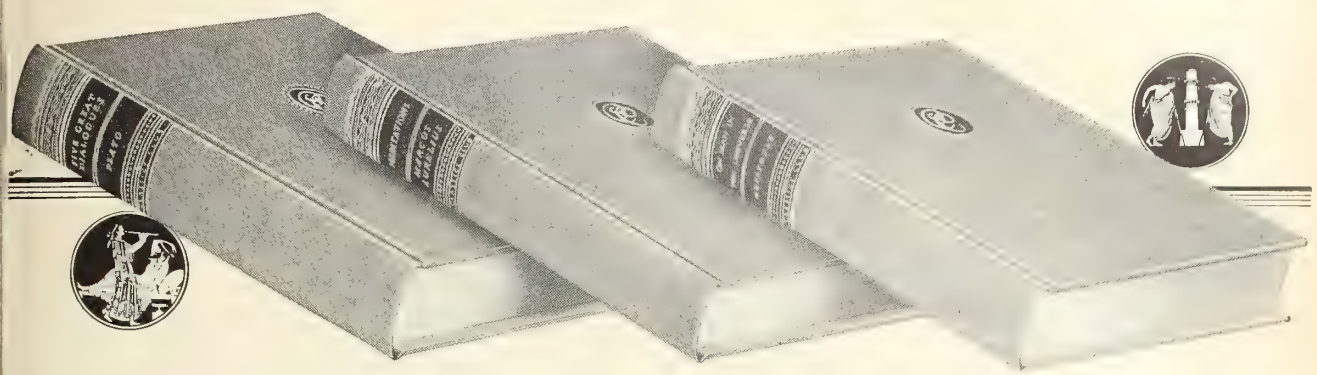
The Indian lady's theory that the Yeti is "Mister John Foster Dulles" is most intriguing. However, an addition to theory is in existence. A British scientist who prowled around the Himalayas a good many years [reported that]:

"The lawst I heard . . . the aborigines of North Burma cooked a Yeti the bleddy bounder." Subsequently when advised that . . . tracks of a Yeti have been quite recently observed in the Canadian Rockies, he remarked, "That goes to show what this blawst animal migration can lead to."
Nelson Tayi
Elkins, W. V

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JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

A Deal with Russia?

What it might cost us
and what we might hope to get.

WITHIN the next few months the United States is going to have to make a big decision—probably our biggest since the Korean war. How we decide will surely affect the pocketbooks and possibly the lives of all of us.

The question is simply this: Shall we try to negotiate seriously with the Russians to loosen the fourteen-year-old deadlock in Europe?

It is not a question which can be left to the diplomats, or the President, or Congress. It will be decided, at bottom, by public opinion. For, as Cordell Hull once pointed out, the government can never get very far ahead of the public in such fundamental matters—and it is never very far behind, either. So during the next few weeks, every Congressman and every responsible official in the executive branch will have all his feelers waving in the breeze—and very sensitive feelers they are—in an effort to guess what the voters want done. Your voice (if you raise it) and your Aunt Beulah's and every country newspaper editor's will be heard in Washington, and measured carefully against the other murmurs coming from every corner of the country.

Nor is it a question which can be avoided, or postponed for long. The Russians won't let us duck it. They decided to push us toward an answer last November, when Khrushchev threatened to squeeze our troops out of Berlin within six months—that is, by May. Meanwhile, with their usual carrot-and-stick tactics, they are trying to coax us into negotiations. The sweet talk we have been hearing since January from Mikoyan, Gromyko & Co. obviously represents a major propaganda effort.

Anybody interested in foreign affairs—and who can afford not to be these days?—could see this coming for quite a while. (In fact I got a first inkling of an eventual showdown on this issue in 1946, when I met Khrushchev in the Ukraine; fear and hatred of the Germans even then was clearly one of his obsessions.) So for a long while I have been asking questions about it whenever I could corner a knowledgeable diplomat, military man, foreign correspondent, or politician—in Berlin, Austria, London, New York, and Washington.

I have not come up with any simple, sure-fire answer. Instead I have come to believe that the decision is going to be a lot more tricky, far-reaching, and dangerous than I had at first suspected. What follows is merely a few notes, distilled from a two-foot sheaf accumulated over many months. If they help to clarify a little the alternatives we are going to face, perhaps they may be of some use to other people who are also trying to make up their minds in a responsible fashion.

THE CASE AGAINST NEGOTIATING

SO FAR as I can judge from the newspapers, public-opinion polls, and private conversations, most Americans are now opposed to any serious negotiation with the Russians. Their reasons vary. These seem to be the main ones:

1. Like George Meany, many people feel that the men in the Kremlin are bloody-handed, atheistic, treacherous murderers, and that no decent person would be caught in the same room with any of them.

This is a very human emotion, thoroughly justified by Communist behavior over the last twenty years. But moral indignation is not always a practical basis for a foreign policy. The world is full of wicked people, and (as most of us have discovered) sometimes we have to deal with them whether we like them or not. We can't order them to go away and quit bothering us, because they are as strong as we are—for the moment, indeed, apparently stronger. Just possibly, then, negotiation might turn out to be the lesser evil. We ought to examine this possibility, not with emotion, but with a cold, hard eye to our national objectives.



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2. Some Americans feel that we are such incompetent bargainers that we are bound to get scalped in any negotiation with foreigners: "We win every war and lose every conference."

This is a deep-rooted national superstition. But any fair reading of the historic record, it seems to me, fails to bear it out. Most of the time we have done about as well in negotiation as anybody else; sometimes better.

3. A more sophisticated version of this argument is that we had better stay out of any summit conference, because our summiteers would be no match for the Russians. Both the President and the Secretary of State are tired old men, of uncertain health. Mr. Eisenhower's grasp of affairs has for some time been visibly slack and wavering. Because Mr. Dulles is constitutionally unable to delegate responsibility, he is too harassed by petty details—and too busy dashing about the world—to concentrate on a long, difficult, and crucial negotiation. If we put them in a conference room with tough operators like Khrushchev and Mikoyan—so the argument runs—they would get slaughtered.

Unhappily there is probably a lot in this. But if we do decide to bargain, nothing compels us to do it in a summit conference. That has usually proved a bad method in any case. The job could best be handled by veteran professionals—such as Ambassadors Thompson, Bohlen, and Bruce working in unhurried privacy.

4. Nearly all of the generals and admirals I have talked to are scared of negotiations. This is not because of "the military mind" or because they are bloodthirsty, trigger-happy types; on the contrary, most of them seem to me at least as thoughtful, responsible, and peace-loving as any civilians. But they have two serious worries. They believe that the Russians hold a stronger bargaining position—at least for the time being—because they are so far ahead of us in missiles, military manpower, and conventional armament. They also fear that any negotiation might result in weakening NATO—the protective shield built up at such cost in sweat and money—and they doubt whether we could gain anything which would make up for such a loss.

These warnings must be listened to with respect. But they are not the only arguments. It is the duty of military men to look primarily at the military factors; it is the duty of their civilian superiors (including you and me) to weigh these factors along with all others, and to make the final judgment on broader grounds. No sound policy can be based on military considerations alone.

5. A few people believe that we don't need to negotiate—that if we can only hold our present rigid position long enough, the Soviet empire will eventually collapse as a result of its own internal feuds and weaknesses. Mr. Dulles seemed to hold this view at one time, when he was talking about "rolling back" the Russian armies in Eastern Europe.

Probably he doesn't hold it today; at any rate he hasn't talked that way for a long while. Anything is possible in a society changing as rapidly as Russia's—as George F. Kennan recently pointed out—but the chance of a total breakdown in Soviet power "is surely far too slight to warrant its entering seriously into the calculations of Western policy."

Besides, it is doubtful whether we can hold our present inflexible line indefinitely. The situation inside the Western Alliance is shifting, for reasons to be noted in a moment. Even those people who are content with the *status quo*—and plenty of Europeans would be glad for Germany to remain divided—can hardly expect it to last forever. The real alternatives may be: (a) shall we try to negotiate a gradual and guided change? or (b) shall we just stand there, in frozen passivity, until the ground heaves under our feet?

6. It is often argued that any bargain with the Communists is worthless, because they never keep their word. Imre Nagy, for example, trusted a Russian promise of safe-conduct—and look what happened to him!

Certainly it is true that the Communists have broken dozens of agreements in the last fifteen years. We would be fools to make any deal that depends on their good faith alone; no bargain would be worth anything unless we can enforce it ourselves, step by step.

7. Finally, some people oppose serious negotiations simply because the Russians are so eager for them: "Whatever Moscow wants must be bad for us."

Again, we have every reason to watch them with deep suspicion. But there is a bare possibility that they might be willing to strike an enforceable bargain—on at least a few points—which might benefit both sides. In any case it would do no harm to find out. And a refusal even to explore this possibility might do us a great deal of harm with our allies and the uncommitted nations.

WHAT DO THEY REALLY HOPE TO GET?

SO A LOT depends on what the Russians really hope to get, and what they would be willing to pay for it. At this stage, of course, nobody can be sure. But we do know that Communists are trained to go into every negotiation—and every military and political maneuver, for that matter—with two objectives: a maximum and a minimum. We can at least make some guesses at what these might be.

The Communists' long-range goal in Europe,



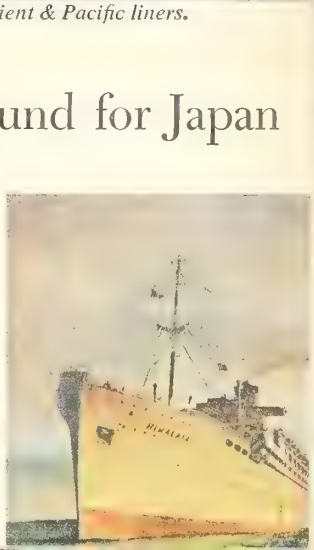
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ever since the war, has been to break up the Western Alliance and push American troops off the Continent, so that the European countries would fall easy victims, one by one, to a combination of Soviet threats and internal subversion. When they turned on the pressure last November, they no doubt expected to set the allies squabbling among themselves. Maybe they hoped to scare some Western Europeans so badly that a common stand at Berlin—or anywhere else—would prove impossible. If that was, in fact, their maximum objective, the Russians must now suspect that they won't get it; so far, anyhow, the Allies have stood together.

The Russians' minimum aim, according to the best opinion I have been able to gather, probably is a double one: (a) to keep West Germany from becoming a military threat; (b) to stop Berlin from being such an intolerable nuisance.

Although we may find it hard to realize, the Russians are genuinely afraid of Germany. They have cause. Germans have been invading their land pretty regularly, ever since the Teutonic Knights started pushing east—and the scars of the last war still throb. Now the Russians see Germany, miraculously recovered from its defeat, as the most vigorous power in Europe. Its economy is sturdier than ever; its army, building fast up to twelve divisions, already overshadows the other NATO forces; its political leverage grows day by day.

Sometime not too far distant Germany might (as the Russians see it) be able to lead a united Europe, with American backing, in another attack against the Soviet empire. And we must remember that Marxist doctrine teaches them, with the unquestionable authority of Holy Writ, that the very nature of capitalism makes such an attack virtually inevitable. Consequently they may well feel that it is urgently necessary for them to do something about West Germany before it gets too strong.

Berlin poses for the Kremlin a smaller but more immediate threat. It provides a base for Allied propaganda and espionage deep inside the Iron Curtain; it holds open an escape hatch through which thousands of East Germans (many of them valu-



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able technicians and professional men) flee every month; and by offering a highly visible showcase of freedom and prosperity, it constantly stirs up discontent among the East Germans and other satellite peoples.

This does not necessarily mean that the Soviet bosses expect to get complete control of Berlin—much less West Germany. More likely their present goal is somehow to "neutralize" both of them. For Berlin, this might mean a deal to close down the Western radio stations and intelligence headquarters, and to shut off the escape route for refugees. (The Communists have hinted that they wouldn't object to Western infantry staying in Berlin, if it did so under the guise of a United Nations protective force, rather than as a part of NATO.) For West Germany, it might mean detachment from NATO and a ban on atomic weapons for the German army.

A NEW MAP OF EUROPE

IF THESE really are the Russians' minimum objectives, then we need to ask two more questions: (1) how hard will they push to get them? (2) what would they be willing to pay in return?

Will they go to war to get what they want? No responsible person that I have talked to thinks this is likely. But the possibility can by no means be ruled out. For one thing, the Russians may be so worried about growing German power that they might prefer to risk a war now rather than later—particularly since they now hold a clear (though possibly temporary) superiority in the decisive weapon, long-range missiles. If they believe a fight is inevitable, they may figure that now is their best time.

Moreover, they might miscalculate how far they can go without starting a war—as they did in Korea. At this moment the men in the Kremlin probably are trying to estimate how we would react if they blocked the supply routes to Berlin. Would we try to push through an armored convoy? Or fly in supplies with fighter escorts? Or would we fold? In dealing with such questions, they might behave like a late lamented banker of Amarillo, Texas: his friends said he wouldn't go to hell for a nickel, but he might fish around the edge until he fell in.

In any case, we can be reasonably certain that the Russians will not want to risk a war until they have tried their best to get their minimum objectives by bargaining. What will they offer?

Again, at this point nobody can tell. But conceivably they might—after dickering like an Armenian rug dealer for exasperating months—come through with a price worth considering. There have been some hints, for example, that they might eventually agree to pull their armies back behind the Russian frontier. If so, the results might be a Europe which would look something like this:

1. Germany united in some sort of loose federation—the Eastern third Communist, the Western two-thirds democratic and capitalist—and pledged to neutrality on the Austrian pattern. This pledge guaranteed and enforced both by NATO and by the Communist bloc. A reunited Berlin as its capital, guarded by a UN force. A substantial army in each part of Germany, equipped with conventional weapons only.

2. Poland and the other East European satellites cleared of Russian troops—and also cleared of atomic weapons.

3. A water-tight inspection system, to make sure that the ban on missiles and atomic weapons in Germany and East Europe is kept.

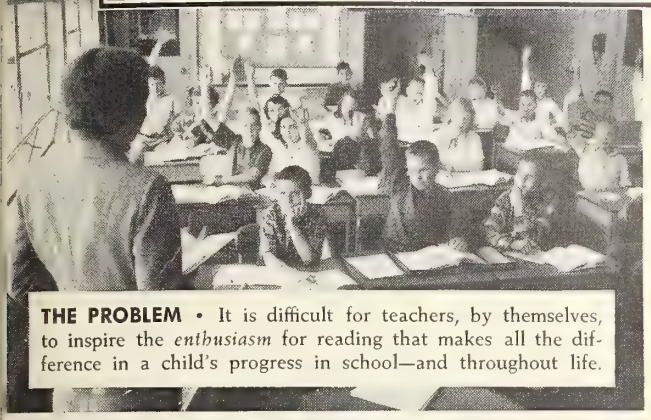
4. NATO forces—minus their present German component—pulled back west of the German border. American units, in reduced strength, distributed throughout Western Europe.

WHAT IT WOULD COST US

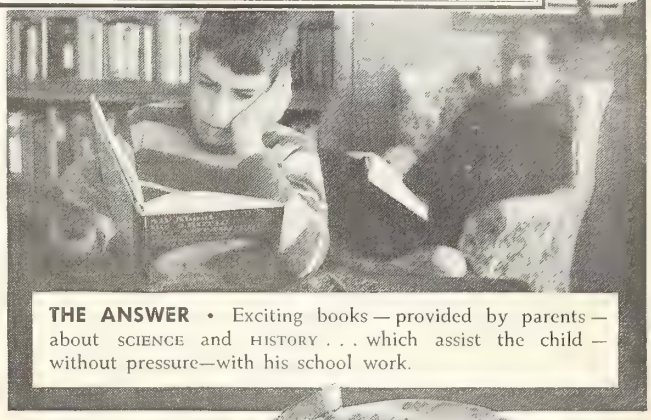
WOULD this kind of rearrangement of Europe—or some variant of it—be to our advantage or not?

Mr. Kennan, who is a former Ambassador to Moscow, one-time head of the State Department's Policy Planning Division, and perhaps our most profound student of Communism, has argued that it would be. Dean Acheson, his former chief and the main architect of NATO, has argued that it would not. Their

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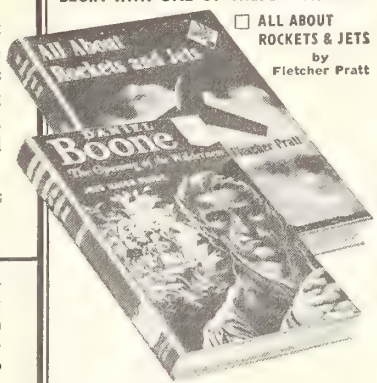


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cases are too long and subtle to be summarized here, but anyone seriously interested in the question ought to read both of them in full.*

It is hazardous for any layman to try to judge an argument between two men so experienced in the conduct of great affairs. Yet every conscientious citizen has to try. When experts on the public business disagree, the final decision has to rest with the ordinary voter and the elected representatives who speak for him. For this reason, it seems to me, the Kennan-Acheson controversy deserves vastly more public discussion than it has yet received. No other responsible men (so far as I know) have yet stated the issue so sharply; and the hour for a decision is not far off.

My own tentative view—ventured hesitantly and subject to change—is that Mr. Acheson may be too pessimistic, and that Mr. Kennan's suggestions may offer possibilities of considerable value.

Mr. Acheson's main objection—stated here in woefully oversimplified terms—is that any American withdrawal from Germany would mean the collapse of NATO, and therefore of all effective defense for Western Europe. But I do not quite see why this result would be as inevitable as he assumes. Why would it be necessary to pull American troops out of Europe altogether, as he believes? Why couldn't room be found to station a few thousand U. S. soldiers in France, Belgium, and Holland—as they are now stationed in Spain and Italy? Their value, after all, is mainly symbolic—a living demonstration that Russia cannot attempt to overrun Western Europe without involving the United States. The real protection today, more than ever, is not the troops on the ground there, but our threat of nuclear retaliation against the Russian homeland. Once West Germany builds up a ground army big enough to cope with Com-

*Mr. Kennan's views are set forth in his book, *Russia, the Atom, and the West*, part of which was published in this magazine in February and March of last year; and in an article, "Disengagement Revisited," in the January 1959 issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Mr. Acheson's argument, "The Illusion of Disengagement," appeared in the April 1958 issue of *Foreign Affairs*.

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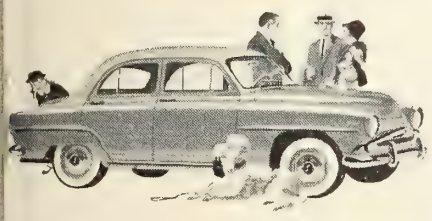
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munist subversion and infiltration, why would we need to keep four full divisions in Europe any longer?

At the moment part of our nuclear deterrent rests on our air force and intermediate-range missile bases in Europe. But competent military men tell me that these are of doubtful and decreasing value—simply because they could so easily be wiped out by the shower of Soviet missiles which would surely be the opening act of a major war. Moreover, in a few years our deterrent strength will rest almost entirely on intercontinental missiles based in North America, on aircraft carriers, and on the missile-bearing Polaris submarines. Why not, therefore, use some of the more vulnerable European bases as bargaining counters while they still have a negotiable value—taking care that the operation is so timed that our *total* deterrent strength will not be weakened?

Mr. Acheson also fears that a "neutralized" Germany would not stay neutral—that eventually it might make a deal with the Russians. This is of course a possibility. But (as Mr. Kennan notes) it will also be a possibility—perhaps even a greater one—if we try to maintain the present situation indefinitely. For our ability to control the West Germans is dwindling month by month. Once they have completed the build-up of the strongest army in Europe (armed perhaps with its own missiles and atomic weapons) they obviously will be able to act with considerable independence. What then could stop them from dickering directly with the Russians for the reunification of Germany—a goal of enormous emotional appeal to every German?

WHAT'S IN IT FOR US?

MY OWN hunch is that Germany eventually will be reunited—either with our consent and guidance, or without it; and it would be to our advantage to move in this direction while we still have some power to influence the course of events. Furthermore, I suspect that a "neutralized" Germany, established as part of an over-all bargain with the Russians, would be more likely to lean toward us than the other way. The German hatred of Communism and of the Russians is so deeply in

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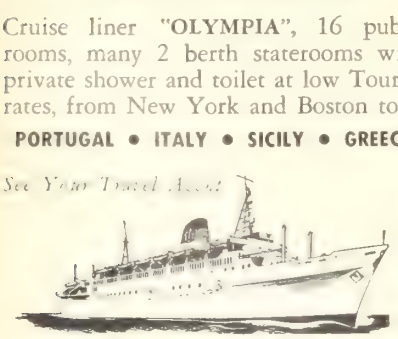


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grained that the Eastern third might well become absorbed or dominated, in time, by the Western part.

But would the Soviets ever permit such a thing to happen? Mr. Acheson thinks not. Their armies, after all, would be pulled back only about five hundred miles. They could return instantly if East Germany or any of the other satellite countries showed any sign of drifting away from the true Communist faith. Remember how ruthlessly they crushed the Hungarian freedom movement.

Perhaps he is right. On the other hand, a reinvasion of Eastern Europe would not (Mr. Kennan suggests) be a light thing for the Russians. It might touch off a general war; it certainly would turn world opinion violently against them. And once Europe is rearranged with a neutral belt down the middle, it is barely possible that the Russians would feel they could safely allow their satellites a little more independence. When Hungary revolted there was nowhere it could go except into the Western camp. If it had been possible instead for the Hungarians to move into a group of neutral nations —some independently Communist like Yugoslavia, some independently democratic like Austria—then its revolt might not have looked so menacing to the Kremlin. Maybe the Soviet bosses would actually prefer to have a neutral belt along their western border, rather than a chain of sullen colonies, constantly seething with discontent.

Certainly such an arrangement would offer one big advantage to the Russians. It would enable them to reduce their military costs, since they would no longer have to keep occupation armies in the satellite countries. And if the over-all deal should eventually lead to a general relaxation of tension, then it might be possible to slow up the arms race —at enormous savings to them (and to us). True enough, they probably would use these savings to step up their economic and political offensives. But would that be such a bad thing? Wouldn't we rather compete on these grounds than with weapons?

If such a deal could be made—and enforced—the other advantages to us are obvious enough. Surely we would like to see Western Europe carrying

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THE EASY CHAIR

nore of the responsibility for its own ocal defense. The resulting savings vould help a lot to stabilize our nilitary budget—and thus the Ameri- an economy, which after all is the oundation on which the whole de- ense of the West is built. Surely, oo, we would like to see a situation n which East Europe might begin to dge a little at a time in the direc- ion of independence and democracy.

On the other hand, the policy we ıave been following—that is, a stub- ›orn refusal to negotiate on any erms the Russians can take seriously -leads nowhere. At best, it promises ıothing but an endless arms race. Whether we can ever pull ahead in uch a race is questionable, since ›ver the long pull a dictatorship may ›rove able to sink into it a bigger hare of its resources and talent than democracy can.) At worst, it might nd in a general war. And so long s both sides keep piling up weapon fter weapon—each more dreadful nd costly than the last—this result ›ecomes more likely day by day.

Moreover, if we stall for long, our ›argaining position may get worse. `or the reasons already noted, an in- reasingly impatient and independ- nt West Germany might eventually ecide to bargain on its own; and if hat happens, it might well mean the ollapse of NATO and a fatal weak- ning of the whole Western defense.

Consequently, it would seem pru- ent at least to explore the possi- ›ility of negotiating a European ettlement now. We should not enter nto such negotiations with any great opes; the chance that they will ome to anything may be slight. But f nothing does, then we would be o worse off than we are now—and ve would at least have demonstrated o the rest of the world that we are illing to explore any remote pos- ibility of a peaceful settlement. That would make it a little harder or the Communists to pose as the ole champions of peace, a little arder for them to label us as mule- eaded, war-hungry imperialists.

Or so it seems to me. I am well ware that I may be overlooking ome vital piece on this complex hessboard, and that these tentative onclusions may therefore be mis- aken. If so, I hope that wiser and etter informed men will point out here the mistake lies.

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Mrs. Helen Bloodgood, widow, is an owner of General Electric. Her husband had invested part of their savings in General Electric because he was attracted to its growth record over the years and its position in the dynamic electrical industry. Today, the dividends which Mrs. Bloodgood receives on her General Electric stock are providing her with regular income.



Larry Cichy, 11 years old, is an owner of General Electric. His shares were given to him by his parents as part of a savings fund which will help pay for his future education. The value of a stock, of course, reflects the growth of a company, its industry, and the economy, and Larry's parents are confident that the outlook for General Electric and the economy is bright.

THE number of men and women who are investing part of their savings in American business is growing steadily. This trend toward broader share ownership is good — not only for the individual share owner but for the nation as a whole. This trend has made American capitalism more and more a *people's capitalism*, where the profits of successful businesses benefit all people — not just a few. Millions of share owners of American business receive part of these profits in the form of dividends to reward them for their willingness to risk their savings. Another part of the profits of business is reinvested in research and development facilities as well as modernization and expansion. This benefits *everyone* by providing new and better products and services, new jobs, higher living standards, and a greater measure of strength and security for the nation.

own General Electric?

they're typical of the people who own America's businesses



Mrs. Michael Griggs, housewife, is an owner of General Electric. As a way of saving, she and her husband buy stock through the Monthly Investment Plan offered by member firms of the New York Stock Exchange. The plan offers them their choice of the stocks of 1,100 corporations and puts investing on a budget basis — they may invest as little as $40 every three months.



William B. Simmons, coal dealer, is also an owner of General Electric. As a businessman, he can appreciate having some of the most experienced men in American business working for him on the Board of Directors of General Electric. The directors are noted for leadership in a variety of fields. They are elected by—and represent the interests of — the share owners.



General Electric's 400,000th share owner of record will become an owner this spring. (In addition, an estimated 100,000 people are beneficial owners who have shares registered in the names of brokers or nominees of banks or trust companies.) Chances are that the 400,000th owner — like most General Electric share owners—will be the kind of person you meet every day.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Among Our Contributors

ASHES ON OUR HEADS

IN "The Pretty Americans" (p. 31), **Harlan Cleveland** gives the wives of Americans overseas on government or private business credit for wanting to do a good job. To take the ladies seriously in this difficult role is not customary, though to be sure women have received their share of blame for diplomatic failures. E. M. Forster's devastating portrayal of the narrow-minded Englishwoman in *A Passage to India* has become the classic instance of the offensive Western female abroad. Recalling Forster, an Englishman wrote recently to the editor of the *Economist* (London) that "the consorts of officials . . . often produce a deplorable effect on the 'natives,' with their deep-rooted snobbery. The British Empire, as is well known, was built by unscrupulous commercial adventurers, and lost by the wives of civil servants."

In the Forster descent, American and British novelists since World War II have probably done more than most other reporters to inform the American people about the behavior of our representatives abroad. Gerald Sykes began one line of fictional treatment of this theme in his perceptive novel set in Algiers, *The Nice American*, in 1951; and Graham Greene pictured the American as a destructive blunderer, this time in Saigon, in *The Quiet American* (1956). This winter William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick in their fictionized casebook, *The Ugly American*, have drawn a series of melodramatic sketches of Americans in Southeast Asia that make the reader as embarrassed at the muscular and hard-drinking heroes as at the ignorant villains like Ambassador Lucky Louis Sears, the ex-Senator who got his post in Sarkhan as a political pay-off.

Lederer and Burdick contribute one new element to the tradition—two women who carry out (for better or for worse) political functions other than the old sexy job of spy-temptress. Marie MacIntosh, a drab spinster, "got recruited" and was sent first-class to a so-called "hardship" post (with a $680 increase in pay) that made her previous Washington life look like squalid drudgery; and stout Emma Atkins, the homely wife of the "Ugly American" engineer (whom Mr. Cleveland alludes to in his article), commendably "learned enough of the language (in Sarkhan) so that she could discuss with her neighbors the best places to buy chickens, ducks, and fresh vegetables. She learned to prepare beautiful fluffy rice seasoned with saffron . . ." and it was really *her* idea for using a bicycle mechanism to drive a pump that inspired her husband to carry out his most successful experiment in helping the Sarkhanese to help themselves.

BUT fiction is partial in its slant. Mr. Cleveland's observations of American wives overseas are strictly non-fiction and practical. As director of the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University, over the past two years he has been conducting studies (with Carnegie Corporation support) of the education and training of Americans for overseas work. His article is based on interviews with our citizens stationed around the world. The Syracuse project has produced one book (*The Art of Overseasmanship*, edited by Harlan Cleveland and Gerard J. Mangone) and it is now drawing up a comprehensive report.

Mr. Cleveland began meeting American representatives abroad before the war when he was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, and his experience with them continued up to 1953 in his various official assignments. He was with the Allied Commission in Italy, was director of the China office of UNRRA in Shanghai, and later had charge of setting up U. S. aid missions in China and five countries of Southeast Asia. He was also assistant director of the European program of the Mutu Security Agency. Before going to t Maxwell School at Syracuse in 19 he was executive editor and pu lisher of the *Reporter* magazine.

GOOD OLD THRI

. . . One of the high spots of Pre dent Eisenhower's tepidly receiv State of the Union message this y was the following:

"Thrift is one of the characteristi that has made this nation great. W should we ignore it now?"

The applause lasted for seve seconds. Since most Congressm have pressed the response butt marked Thrift many times the selves, their applause was only natural—if possibly absent-minde tribute to a fellow politician a an honored American catchword.

But, as **John A. Kouwenhov** points out in "Waste Not; Ha Not" (p. 72), Americans who hab ually endorse the ideal of thrift a indulge habitually in the practice wastefulness. It's no accident t one of the minor great inventio of our times is the Disposall in t kitchen sink.

Mr. Kouwenhoven originally plored this paradox in a lecture Mills College in April 1957, a parts of his speech were publish in the *Mills Quarterly* under t title "Beer Cans by the Highway; Whatever Became of Emerson When a literary colleague recen asked Mr. Kouwenhoven what E erson had to do with the subj (other than contributing the idea page 81 about the fifty poor melon he replied by quoting Emerson's marks on wealth in *The Condu of Life.*

Man, said Emerson, cannot justice to his genius "without maki some larger demand on the wo than a bare subsistence. He is constitution expensive, and needs be rich." Further, he "is tempt out by his appetites and fancies the conquest of this and that pie of nature, until he finds his w being in the use of his planet, *a of more planets than his own.* . The pulpit and the press have ma commonplaces denouncing the thi for wealth; but if men should ta these moralists at their word, a leave off aiming to be rich, the mor ists would rush to rekindle at hazards this love of power in t

ople, lest civilization should be ıdone." Does this mean that beer ns along the canals of Mars will next?

Mr. Kouwenhoven is the author *Made in America* and *The Colum- ı Pictorial History of New York* d other books about American lture. He recently returned to ıching at Barnard College after a ar away on the Carnegie Corpora- ın's first Reflective Year Fellow- ip. Formerly an editor on *Harper's* ff, Mr. Kouwenhoven has written ten for this magazine. He lives in arsdale, New York, and summers Dorset, Vermont, where he is ıstee and secretary of the Vermont rest and Farmland Foundation.

. **Stewart Richardson** ("File and rget," p. 37) is an editor in the w York office of J. B. Lippincott mpany. Of his wife and himself, says, "We like good books, good ınis, good food, and good conver- tion." Their son and daughter, ed five and three, "like ham- ırgers, spaghetti, Popsicles, and the etry of Phyllis McGinley."

Mr. Richardson, who attended ashington and Lee University and s an M.A. from Columbia, went rough the Italian campaign with e 10th Mountain Infantry. He ys his ambition is to own a house Italy, "but I am no further ad- nced in this direction than I was ıen I first saw Florence in 1944." led but not forgotten.

. The Roman Catholic Church ıs the largest single church mem- rship in this country, estimated at ound 35 million; yet the Catholic ith appears to hold an element of ystery and strangeness for non- atholics. In "What a Modern Cath- ic Believes" (p. 40), one Catholic yman, **Philip Scharper,** traces his vn religious experience and tells ow his belief is tested again and gain in daily life and what it means him.

This is the second article in *arper's* series on modern religious iths in America, by younger non- erical believers.

Mr. Scharper is now an editor with ıeed and Ward book publishers; he as formerly on the staff of the *ommonweal,* a liberal Catholic eekly, and an assistant professor of English at Fordham University. He was born in Baltimore, attended Georgetown University, and has advanced degrees from Fordham and Georgetown. He has written and lectured widely, and is on the board of directors for the Manhattan-Westchester region of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

. . . **John Brooks's** familiarity with the *Wall Street Journal* is both professional and for pleasure—to judge by the relish with which he describes its expanding popularity (p. 50). He has himself been reporting on Wall Street doings in a variety of ways since 1950, when he began to cover them for the *New Yorker.* His last two books, *The Man Who Broke Things,* a novel, and *The Seven Fat Years,* true behind-the-scenes stories, both deal with Wall Street in the boom of the 'fifties.

A New Yorker, former editor of the *Daily Princetonian* and radar man in the Air Force in World War II, Mr. Brooks has also written *The Big Wheel* and *Pride of Lions.*

. . . **Robert Brustein's** report on the Broadway season (p. 56) comes right in the middle of its second half. The score could conceivably change by June. As Mr. Brustein sees it, though, "The Drama of Middle Seriousness" is part of a long-term trend in our commercial theater, and a scoreboard of hits and misses cannot express its true condition. In effect, he may be asking for dramatic values not unlike those which Arthur Miller tried to define in his article on the theater in *Harper's* last August.

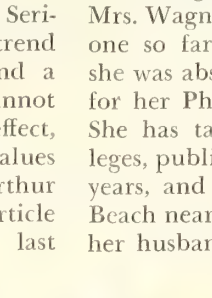
Mr. Brustein teaches dramatic literature at Columbia (where he got his Ph.D.) and has been acting and directing and writing criticism here and in England for some thirteen years. He wrote the article on "The Men-taming Women of William Inge" in *Harper's* last November and is working on a book of essays about seven American dramatists.

. . . **Clarence B. Randall** now belongs to a large group of men in active public service who can call themselves "Happy Cardiacs" (p. 64). He is special assistant to President Eisenhower on foreign economic policy and a director of Inland Steel Company. He was Inland's president from 1949 to 1953. His books include *A Creed for Free Enterprise* and *Over My Shoulder.*

Mr. Randall has been a trustee of the University of Chicago, a member of the Harvard Board of Overseers, and steel consultant to ECA in Paris. He was named Man of the Year by the NAM in 1952.

. . . A close-up view of F. Scott Fitzgerald—by a friend and fellow craftsman—appears in **Dwight Taylor's** reminiscences of the famous novelist in New York and Hollywood (p. 67). Mr. Taylor is the son of Charles A. Taylor, the author of "From Rags to Riches," and Laurette Taylor, the actress; his stepfather was J. Hartley Manners, who wrote "Peg o' My Heart." As a talented and charming youth, he knew "everybody" and was a reporter, a poet, a literary critic, and eventually a top motion-picture writer. His book about the 'twenties, from which his article on Fitzgerald is adapted, will be published in April by Putnam, with the title, *Joy Ride.*

. . . "Eagle Day" (p. 82) is **Esther R. B. Wagner's** first story in *Harper's.* Mrs. Wagner's writing career—a short one so far—is unusual. Until 1957 she was absorbed in teaching (except for her Ph.D. work at Bryn Mawr). She has taught in schools and colleges, public and private, for thirteen years, and now lives on Moonstone Beach near Arcata, California, where her husband teaches English in one of the California State Colleges.



When she began writing stories, one was published promptly in the *Atlantic,* one in the *New Yorker,* and now one in *Harper's.* She and her husband are collaborating on a novel for Atlantic-Little, Brown.

. . . **Robert Graves** (p. 58) is the author of *The White Goddess* and several books of poetry.

A poet new to *Harper's,* though his work has been widely published, is **Judson Jerome** (p. 71). He teaches at Antioch College.



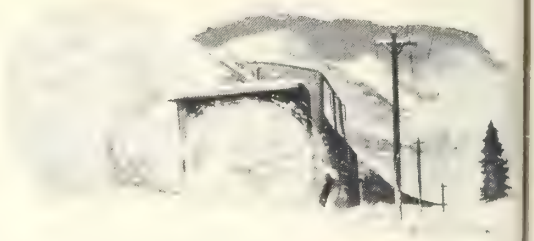
America's electric power program surges ahead on rails of steel

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Harper's MAGAZINE

THE PRETTY AMERICANS

how Wives behave Overseas

HARLAN CLEVELAND

They often make or break their husbands' careers—and U. S. foreign policy as well. A practical guide to overseasmanship, based on a study of some of the 250,000 American women now stationed abroad.

ABOUT a quarter of a million American wives are now living abroad with husbands who work for our government, business firms, churches, and foundations. The way they live has suddenly become a matter of national concern. What happens to an air base, an aid program, or a missionary school may largely depend on them.

You would never guess this truth from reading the growing shelf of popular books about Americans overseas. Phuong, the woman in Graham Greene's *The Quiet American,* is neither American nor married. And only one very untypical wife strays into the all-male picture of American bumbling and heroism drawn by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick in *The Ugly American,* a current best seller.

At Syracuse University we have been trying to find out what makes some Americans succeed and others fail in overseas assignments. The answer often is deceptively simple: their wives. In the course of our study we have talked to many of them in a dozen countries—and we find that both public and private agencies operating abroad often underestimate the power of a woman.

It is not enough, we find, to select and train the right man for a job overseas. For his wife will usually make at least half of the family's decision on going; she will cast the deciding vote on whether to stay; and in many cases she will make or break her husband's career.

FEW wives hesitate to pull up stakes. In dozens of interviews, we found only one who had actively resisted the idea. Apart from the financial inducements—which are well advertised and impressive—the most powerful lures are the pull of exotic places, and an eagerness to get out of a familiar rut.

"Escape" has come to be a bad word recently—but in fact it is the motive behind many successful careers. Poets and painters are often fugitives

from sixth-grade arithmetic; plenty of boys have fled from marginal farms to become city leaders; writers and politicians are sometimes frustrated teachers or businessmen who got bored with office routine. It may be true, as one of the psychologists working on our study says, that "If you are maladjusted at home, you'll be even more maladjusted abroad." But one of the most successful directors of an American aid mission in Asia is an escapee from maladjustment. He inherited a Southern farm, managed it for years with increasing dislike, and finally sold out to get into the international field—spurred by his wife who had always been fascinated by missionary work. And one can only applaud the "escape motivation" of an architect who left Manhattan to design buildings for the Indonesian government.

"Why are you here?" I asked his wife.

"Well," she said, "one year we just got tired of designing showrooms for brassieres!"

Having "escaped," the American wife initially plunges—not into guided tours of fabulous temples—but into unguided "coping" with exotic plumbing and indigestible food. She and her husband are both hit hard by culture shock, the sudden realization that their own ways are merely relative. But the husband's jolt is cushioned by the comfortable continuity of his profession—he spends most of his time soldiering, engineering, teaching, or whatever he was doing at home. It is the wife who must transplant family life to new surroundings, build new friendships, adjust to dirt and heat, worry about health and schools, and try to learn a strange tongue in two or three distracted hours a week.

For most, the adventure is fun—and there is plenty of social pressure to rise to challenges that don't seem funny until you look back on them later. An American girl is constantly reminded (sometimes pointedly by the boss's wife) that she is now a "good-will ambassador."

"It's bad taste to complain," a successful Foreign Service wife told me. "At first I worried every time a fly got in my butter. Now I don't fuss as long as I can find some butter among the flies!"

The typical American woman seems to adjust readily to an oversupply of servants and a shortage of almost everything else. She can accommodate herself to drafty houses in a European winter, or to permanent perspiration in an equatorial summer. She is used to making new friends—young Americans are migratory at home too. Servants present a delicate problem, but diligent research has yet to uncover a single American wife who couldn't get used to having some help around the house. She also learns readily to boil the water and to ignore greasy spoons. Such things, in fact, are seldom mentioned even as minor annoyances after a few months. And she soon becomes adept at ordering meals and chit chatting at parties in a combination of basic English, enthusiastic smiles, expressive gestures, and a smattering of clichés in the local vernacular.

These changes the American wife takes in her stride. But three kinds of troubles are not so easily shaken: the fear of disease, the chronic worry about schooling for the children, and the frustrating effort to cross the cultural barrier.



"IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE COUNTRY?"

"YOUR blood gets thin." "You get that tired feeling." Such complaints are as common among the overseas Americans as they are in TV commercials at home. In sultry sea-level Djakarta, in dusty Belgrade, in New Delhi on India's inland plain, in Addis Ababa a mile high on a sparkling plateau, there is universal testimony that "people just have less energy than they would have at home"—though the blame is variously placed on the heat, the humidity, the altitude, or the plum brandy. In all the countries of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, Americans are plagued by the "turisticos," the minor

dysentery which seems to attack careful eaters and ignorant gluttons alike.

Yet once the pace is slowed down (in the tropics even Americans can get used to a nap after lunch), U. S. families don't have much more illness abroad than at home. It is the threat rather than the reality that bothers the overseas wife. She dreads what would happen if a serious illness struck. Everywhere there is alleged to be a lack of adequate doctors and hospitals—their adequacy being measured by their American-ness.

When it comes to taking care of their children American mothers want American doctors. In Ethiopia, for instance, the impulse is to rush anyone really ill to the U. S. Army hospital at Frankfurt—a greater distance than from San Francisco to New York. Even in Brussels, serious illness sends Americans scurrying across the German border to the nearest American hospital.

As with health, so with schools: if it's not American, it's not good enough, and most wives expect the U. S. to maintain an "educational PX" around the world, from kindergarten through twelfth grade. Rare exceptions are the American children put into "indigenous" schools —in New Delhi, only one American boy last year followed the example of former Ambassador Chester Bowles' children who attended Indian schools.

A few hardy souls tutor their own children until they find that doubling as parent and teacher doesn't work very well. One mother insisted her daughter call her "Mrs. Jones" during class hours. "It's pretty hard to keep up *that* pretense," she confessed. "What do you do when your pupil suddenly hugs you and says, 'Oh, Mummy, I love you. Let's stop now'?"

The British, who preceded us on every continent, were happy to ship their children home to boarding school at the age of nine or ten. But we are peculiar people. We insist on keeping our children with us—even if we have to import our school system along with our baby food and sour mash bourbon.

On four continents during the last fifteen years American wives by the thousands have thrown themselves into the effort to meet the educational needs created by their own expectations. An excellent school was created in Rome, shortly after World War II, by the energetic wives of men in the Allied occupation forces, the American Embassy, and UN relief program. There is another in Taiwan, where more than 10,000 Americans share the island with 10 million Chinese. On most military posts, the Army or Air Force maintains an American-style school; the Air Force, indeed, is now said to run the largest single school system in the world. In Latin America, a whole string of American schools has grown up in response to a generation of demand; the expanding American communities in Asia and Africa are demanding something similar. In many places there is an "International School," financed mostly by American families, where the American "Calvert System" is taught by British teachers (because they don't cost as much as our underpaid American teachers).

WHAT TO DO WITH TEEN-AGERS

IN MOST places, the school problem is somehow taken care of through the sixth or eighth grade. But at the high-school level the shortage is acute. This means that people with teen-age children are often simply unavailable for overseas work—those that are precisely in the age bracket (forty to fifty-five) required for most positions of leadership. American business and government agencies report a continual tussle to keep good people in their employ overseas when their children reach high-school age; and there is plenty of testimony from junior overseasmen who say they will stop serving abroad when their children become teen-agers.

Not that there are no good secondary schools. In Europe there are English, Swiss, German, French, and even American schools which prepare their students adequately for U. S. prep school or college. But in the wide expanse from Southeast Asia to West Africa, most of the traditional "foreign" schools are designed to serve British and European needs. They may be just as good as schools in Denver or Atlanta or Lincoln, Nebraska; often they make the children work harder than our public schools do. But they are "different," and no parent wants to risk having his child superbly educated yet unable to pass the College Board examinations.

Even in American schools abroad, parents worry lest their children may be "missing something." One father told me, after returning home, that his girls had adjusted well following a stint abroad, but his son had a harder time. The boy was ahead of his friends in languages and literature, but he didn't know how to play baseball and he hadn't been following the comic-strip adventures of Dick Tracy. Once back in America his young peers thought him "strange."

Parents prefer American-type schools not only

on academic grounds but because they are determined to keep the children busy. Adolescents abroad, as in the U. S., have a taste for ganging up and raising hell. In Teheran, for example, some American teen-agers drank, and rode their motorcycles with willful recklessness around the streets of the Persian capital. Other pranksters tried to scale the wall of the Soviet Embassy compound until they were discouraged by the guards' bullets. Such youthful exuberance is harmless when the objective is the clapper of Nassau Hall's famous bell, but it becomes irresponsibly dangerous in a foreign land.

American secondary-school education seems to be rooted in the doctrine that American children have a great deal of surplus energy which must somehow be channeled into furious extracurricular activity—a science club, the "Y," a baseball league, or the cheering section at football games. Whatever she may have thought about these activities in the U. S., an American mother overseas with a kinetic teen-ager is likely to pine for organized clubs and games.



KEEPING THE SOCIAL POT BOILING

IF OUR American women overseas are preoccupied with preserving American values in the food they eat, the doctors they consult, and the schools their children attend, it is not surprising that they should spend most of their "leisure time" in company with other Americans. It is, indeed, hard to avoid doing so.

"We got into overseas service because we thought it would be restful," one wife told us with a twinkle. No doubt a few families naïvely assume that it would be soothing to get away from the bustle of the American Way of Life. But abroad or at home, it is evidently shameful for an American woman not to be busy, busy, busy. If she goes overseas, she will be caught up in a highly-organized American social whirl.

Mirroring the shift in the international balance of power, British tea and the French *apéritif* have been elbowed aside by the American cocktail party as the occasion for diplomatic smiles and calculated "mixing." (The rise of Soviet power is likewise reflected in the growing popularity of the vodka binge.) Some couples in Tokyo are invited to an average of twenty cocktail parties a week, and even at a small post one or two a day is not unusual.

But the cocktail circuit serves a function beyond diplomacy: for the American administrators, it is part of an elaborate and often quite conscious plan to weld the Americans at each post into a closely knit unit. Among the government missions at least, responsible officials are generally anxious to create a desperately full schedule of social functions among the women parties, clubs, bridge, amateur theatricals, and endless mutual invitations to dinner. The idea is to enhance the morale of the men at the office by making sure of an adequate ration of "belonging" for their wives. The military services, of course, have attained the highest development in exclusive togetherness. "As a Navy wife," one girl told us with pride, "you're never abroad. You're always just in the Navy."

The morale value of the social whirl inside the American community is offset, at some Asian and African posts, by its distressing effects on U. S. public relations among the surrounding "aliens." Confidence in the American Way of Life causes many Americans to live on cultural islands of their own. A gruesome case in point is the memorable comment by a young wife in Washington Heights, an Army suburb in Tokyo which tries to look just like an American suburb, complete with super-market, movie theater, bowling alley, and a restaurant featuring Texas beefsteak. One of the residents was asked whether, in the past year, she had ever ventured into the surrounding Oriental metropolis.

"I went down to the Ginza once," she replied, "but it was too crowded with Japanese."

Crossing the cultural line is not easy; it demands unremitting effort against heavy odds. An American woman assumes that the way to get to know people is to exchange visits, to entertain in the home. But if she invites a business associate of her husband, he will seldom bring his wife unless she speaks English, or the American wife is fluent in her language. (It is often much more important for the wife of an "operating diplomat" to learn the local language than it is for the husband to do so.)

In some societies, such as Indonesia and Ethiopia, it is bad manners to decline an American invitation—but it is not at all impolite to be a "No Show" when dinner time rolls around. The Americans are invited back infrequently. The nationals of most countries cannot afford to entertain as much as we do; they are ashamed of their homes in comparison to the grand scale on which American officials and businessmen often live; they often think (mistakenly) that the Americans will eat only American food, and they are naturally not geared to serve Western-style meals. Moreover, as an Embassy wife said of her own vigorous efforts to get to know some Ethiopians in Addis Ababa, "They know we are doing this because we are supposed to—so there isn't a sense of obligation to invite you back."

The wives' experience in trying to "get along with the nationals" naturally varies according to the country and the nature of the husband's job. A missionary wife usually has close contact at least with students or religious associates, while business people are the most isolated. In Europe friendships are somewhat more readily made across the cultural barrier, in Latin America a knowledge of the local language is relatively more essential, in Asia considerations of caste and hierarchy are more troublesome. Anywhere, it takes hard work to establish real *rapport* with many people of another culture. It's a great deal easier to have some congenial American girls over for bridge and a drink in the afternoon—and avoid the strain and humiliation of groping in the darkroom of cross-cultural communication.

THAT VIP FEELING

BUT in spite of such frustrations, American families are staying abroad in droves. The excitement of travel and the prospect of making a little more money may get them overseas. But what keeps them there is something more: a sense of importance.

Overseas, a woman finds more opportunities to flex whatever qualities of leadership she may have. A girl who would be a rookie in her home-town woman's club becomes a charter member of a new activity abroad. In Taipei, for instance, American women established an International Club which now has two hundred members, half Chinese and half foreign. As the leaders and organizers, the Americans have more fun and scope than if they had joined a going organization at home.

"My husband deals with the cabinet ministers here," one lady told us. "He's just an engineer; if we were home, the Secretary of State wouldn't give him the time of day." American power rubs off on the individuals who represent it overseas. This happens not merely to the men in their offices, on their construction jobs, at their air bases, hospitals, trading posts, and mission homes. The American woman, too, meets princes, generals, or prime ministers—just as a woman who lives in Washington, D. C., is more likely than one in Salem, Oregon, to get invited to a reception for King Saud or the President of Brazil, or peer at Queen Elizabeth from the sidewalk.

Asked why she liked Taipei, one American wife did not hesitate for a moment. "I get to meet so many important people here—both Chinese and Americans—that I would never meet at home." And indeed, there are so many distinguished circuit riders these days that you are much more likely to meet a Senator, the Secretary of State, a "name" newspaper writer—or even Louis Armstrong or Bob Hope—in Tunis or Tokyo than in New York.

However, it is not merely because she can rub elbows with the mighty that the American wife abroad feels important. She is aware that what



she does matters, how *she* acts is noticed. "Think what it would be like if you were the first Negro in a white community," said the wife of a Foreign Service officer. "That's what it's like to represent your country abroad."

It's a powerful motive, this sense of personal responsibility for the foreign relations of the United States. It can help a girl get used to fly-covered butter, eccentric plumbing, and eating with her fingers at a formal dinner. It can make her a boon to her husband and a major asset to American overseas operations. And its lack can blot the reputation of the world's most powerful nation.

NINE TIPS FOR TRAVELING LADIES

IN THE course of our study we asked fifty American wives, living on five continents, for words of sisterly counsel to pass along to the thousands more who decide each year to try a stint or a lifetime of overseas service. Their composite advice would be something like this:

(1) Decide you really want to go, and to stay for a long enough time to be effective. Otherwise stay home.

(2) Learn all you can about the country you are going to. Don't fret about memorizing superficial "manners" or "customs"—you don't want to deprive your new friends of the pleasure and "face" they get by telling you things you don't know. Concentrate, instead, on history and heritage. Try to arrive at your post with some sense of where your hosts' ideas come from, what they value most, what their heroes are like.

(3) While you're at it, brush up on your American history, and on the biggest issues of current American policy—bomb-testing, say, and Little Rock. But when you get there, restrain yourself from talking about America all the time.

(4) Expect all the physical conditions to be worse than the old hands say; they have forgotten what it was like to adjust as a newcomer. In most parts of the world, you can reduce your initial "culture shock" by taking along some soap, some water softener, some soft toilet paper, and a couple of DDT bombs.

(5) Turn your curiosity button up to full volume. Determine to learn some of the language even if the old hands say you don't really need it to get around, and even if you know you won't have the time to become proficient. Make the effort—and it will be an effort—to meet a wide cross section of your "hosts," not just in drawing rooms and hotel lobbies but in markets and outside the capital cities. That way you'll enjoy your visit more—and so, hopefully, will the people who get to know you.

(6) If you have children, school and health problems will be much on your mind. Learn about the facilities—but judge them by quality, not nationality.

(7) Your children's sojourn abroad is a rich opportunity for them to learn early the value of difference, which is the basis for democratic tolerance. Don't try too hard to shield them from the experience.

(8) As an example of free American womanhood, you're a somewhat revolutionary force in most foreign societies. Don't worry too much about the culture-patterns you are undermining just by being yourself; they may be pretty decrepit anyway.

(9) Don't go all self-conscious about being a good-will ambassador. There's nothing so offensive as a self-important female—at home or abroad.

LOVE ON MADISON AVENUE

AND if the average salesman had courted his wife the way he courts prospects he would first have attracted her attention, probably by tripping her, then he would have said: "I can see you are a smart girl, the kind that can't be fooled on value. So you'll notice that I am wearing a $125 suit. That suit, Girlie, is only an outward indication of the super-hydraulic, synchro-mesh, patented double-action heart that beats beneath it. Now listen carefully. I want to tell you something that I don't tell most people. I am in rather limited supply. There are a lot of women after me. So, for one day only, I'm offering to marry you. But you'll have to hurry—hurry—hurry—before I'm all gone."

—Charles H. Brower, President, Batten Barton Durstine & Osborn Inc. (National Sales Executives Convention, Washington, D. C., May 20, 1958).

Harper's Magazine, March 1959

File and forget





By STEWART RICHARDSON

Drawings by N. M. Bodecker

ONE of the feeblest forms of modern communication is the note you write to yourself, the hastily scribbled memo filed in your billfold or pocketbook for later reference. During the past few months I have undertaken a study of auto-memoranda, from the most complete to the most fragmentary. Some of these read like brilliantly composed telegrams, some like secret codes, others like the Rosetta Stone. My research indicates that untranslatable notes can be attributed to three Common Failings: (1) abuse of abbreviations; (2) excessive reliance on one's powers of association; (3) inebriation.

Permit me to cite an example of Failing (1). A businessman traveling in Ohio met a salesman from a rival company, The Amprex Corporation. They had a stimulating discussion of sales problems in Cleveland. They had dinner together, went to a movie, and got along splendidly. The businessman made a note to look the salesman up in Amprex's home office in New York. When he returned to that city, he found the following note in his pocket:

> Joe F.
> Amp. Cp.
> N.Y.

They haven't seen each other since.

A good example of Snare (2) is this note taken from the billfold of a friend who came to me in the hope that I could help him out. He informs me that he still does not know with whom he was to have lunch:

> Same as famous Maine Resort town, bet. 43 and 44 St. Meet Old Marcus Aurelius at 12ish on 13 Brumaire.

Pitfall (3), the note made at a cocktail party or other convivial occasions such as New Year's Eve, can often be the most difficult of all to decipher. Recently I was given the original manuscript of such a note that had been found in the refrigerator at a friend's house on the morning after a late Christmas party:

> George says he can do fifteen pushups without stopping. For everyone I do over fifteen I get breakfast in bed on a Sunday of my own choosing. For everyone under fifteen I don't do, Frances gets breakfast in bed for. I will as well get up the children on those Sundays. I will dress them, too.
>
> (Sgnd) *George*
> (Signed) *Frances*



To Whom It May Concern: George did three.

(Signed) *Frances*

I did five.

(Signed) *George*

Liar.

(Signed) *Frances*

Many people like to record funny, or particularly cogent, remarks they overhear at parties. Writers are particularly prone to this sort of thing. Sometimes some extraordinary results are produced. I am particularly fond of one given to me by a literary friend. He claims he wrote down this note late one evening just before retiring:

> Intelligence is like a cow's tail, flicking the flies of prejudice and untruth off the hide of the mind—operating with an unerring aim achieved with a subtle combination of intuition and experience.

Touché. Very good.

Some people keep a pencil and paper next to their bed in order to jot down important thoughts that come to them in the night. I even know of people who compose letters in bed and then leap up to inscribe them. One man I've heard of became so excited about an idea that came to him during a period of nocturnal wakefulness that he wrote it down on the wallpaper behind his bed.

His note, which has been passed along to me in facsimile, read:

The Wise Gamal

East is East and West is West
And neutrally I'm in between
From each I get what he gives best
And strip their larders clean.

Since note-writers are often stimulated by travel, missives written in planes and trains tend to run to some length. The following was produced on the Twentieth Century, and is an unfinished product:

> Move F.G.H. from production to billing; B.B. to Chicago from Minneapolis; A.A.R. to go to Billing. Remind: fire G.N. Shift A.B. from Home off. to Chicago. R.B. from billing to production. A.K.W. take over over-all sales. Where will B.M. go? Bring this up Board meeting 3/23.
>
> All well and good. But where do I fit in? President, of course. Now problem remains of how to get rid of G.N.P. Jr. Kick him upstairs to Chmn. of Board. Nuts. Won't work. Overtired. Better take nap.



A well known expert in foreign affairs, I heard through a mutual friend, once found a note in his wallet which read simply:

The world is

This is a tragic message; it might have marked the beginning of a brilliant solution to international problems.

THE WALLET MYSTERY

MANY literary fragments are moldering away in the wallets and pocketbooks of America. In some cases, they always were undecipherable; in others, the scraps of paper they've been written on have become so worn

and torn that they now contain only half a message.

The following examples, respectively, illustrate the uncomprehensible complete memo, and the uncomprehensible incomplete memo:

Don't forget that K.P. is coming on the 23 if D.M. can't make it, but that D.M. could be put up too if K.P. doesn't mind. Write D.M. about K.P., but don't say D.M. is coming iffy. Make it deffy. Better write K.P. first. Check sheets.

Highly recom
couldn't pos
very importa
forget tell
Sarah Marsha
Definite Nov

The faded message is always a severe problem to those who need a crutch for their memory. A man was going on vacation in New Brunswick. A friend had recommended a hotel in a town in Maine, and suggested he stop off on his way north. The note, when extracted on the Newburyport Turnpike, read:

Absolutely marvelous place
er Bo
Rout pas mil
Try thermidor, really good
Prater recommends highly.

A few rather coarse types who fancy risqué jokes, which I do not, are in the habit of noting down the punch lines to help them in retelling the stories. I have been apprised of one such memorandum that has yet to be deciphered. It says simply:

"And the badger turned on his heel and walked away."

Some salesmen new to their territories are in the habit of making notes on their customers so that on the second trip around the circuit they will have a basis for conversation. A clothing salesman I heard about made such notes on the back of index cards. On a trip in the West, when one of his accounts suddenly asked for a piece of paper to make a note on, the salesman made the mistake of handing him the index card. The store owner promptly turned the card over and found the following:

Harry's Haberdashery
Harry Peckham, Propr. & Buyer
23 Bakelass St.
Sacramento

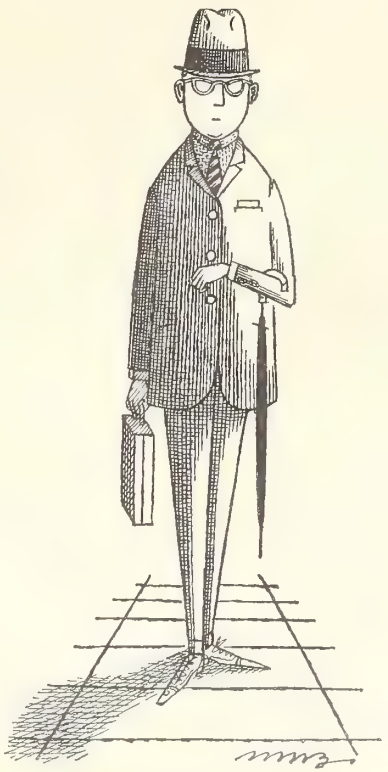
Calvin Coolidge in horn rims. Cheap bastard. Don't waste too much time here.

A distinguished advertising type was preceding me up Madison Avenue one day recently. He stopped at a newsstand to buy a copy of *Variety*. As he was replacing his billfold (he'd nothing smaller than $10) a note fell out and fluttered to the sidewalk. I picked it up, read it to see whether it was important, and discarded it. It read:

4 mixed baby vegetables
2 beef (strained)
6 cross cut nipples
1 gin
1 vermouth

My advice to auto-memorandum writers is to avoid abbreviations, try not to trust their powers of association, and avoid writing notes wherever alcohol is being served. The best reminder is one that is concise, clearly written, and put in a place where it is likely to be found in time. It does little good to discover a note about a tennis date in January, or an epistle concerning a sleigh-riding date in June. It has been suggested to me that every family ought to have a bulletin board for just such notes. I must confess that I just remembered this suggestion the other day. It took a great weight off my mind because I've been carrying a mysterious note around in my billfold for months. It says:

get bul board



PHILIP SCHARPER

WHAT A MODERN CATHOLIC BELIEVES

For one of America's leading Catholic editors, the fundamental fact of his religion is neither theology nor ethics nor ritual but an "encounter" with "a Person" which makes all three meaningful. Convinced of the holiness of the Church in which this "encounter" occurs, he nevertheless deplores abuses of its authority by "that enduringly mischievous combination—a coalition of prelates and politicians."

This is the second in a series on modern religious beliefs. The first, "The Faith of a Heretic" by Walter Kaufmann, appeared in February. Articles by outstanding young Jewish and Protestant laymen will follow in coming issues.

I WAS a Catholic until my fifteenth year because as an infant I had been carried to the Parish church and baptized. Later I went to a Catholic grade school, learned my religion by rote from the little paperbound catechism, and absorbed the rules of piety laid down by the nuns who taught me—frequent prayer, regular Confession and Communion, and penance for my sins. It was, if you will, a small religious world but a warm one.

When I was fifteen this little world of faith-by-formula, of small but smug religious practices, quite suddenly broke apart under the weight of some books in my father's library. One day I picked from the shelves a copy of the *Confessions* of Jean Jacques Rousseau which had slipped between the *Confessions* of St. Augustine and the *Apologia pro vita sua* of Cardinal Newman. I had some suspicion, I remember, that the confessions of this Frenchman whose name I could not pronounce would be more interesting than those of a Saint or a Cardinal of the Church.

And as it turned out they were. I was fascinated by Rousseau, read him closely, and soon felt that I was a very liberated young man indeed. I became more and more resentful of the Jesuit high-school teachers who were then in charge of my education. Their philosophy, needless to say, was based on a less optimistic view of man and boy than Rousseau's. He at least told me that I was innately noble, that I possessed enormous natural powers which only needed to be released. My Jesuit teachers merely warned me against lustful desires of the flesh, against the dangers of overbearing pride in body and mind. I much preferred Rousseau's estimate of me to theirs.

A footnote supplied by the helpful editor sent me to the *Life of Jesus* by Ernest Renan, the nineteenth-century philosopher, orientalist, and heretic who portrayed Christ as a young humanitarian going about Palestine preaching sermons on love. I sympathized with his romantic view of the Gospels as a series of beautiful legends and with his rejection of Catholic doctrine. During the summer I read him and Rousseau, I kept up the externals of Catholicism, but secretly I had my own private version of its fundamentals: Mary was the "Ideal Woman," the Mass a "moving drama," the Church itself the "protector of the poor." When I returned to school in the fall, I could feel only a smug and pitying superiority toward my Jesuit teachers: they were blind to the gross and insupportable superstitions to which they had dedicated their lives. I was free of all that.

But I soon found that I was quite miserable in my freedom. And no matter how much I tried to combat it, my sense of misery grew worse. Looking back—as I often have done since—I do not believe that this misery was caused by the pangs of guilt, by the nostalgia for the warmth of

the nest to which a facile psychology might attribute it. It was caused, I believe, by one fact only: I had wrenched myself free from reality and felt that I was slipping into an aimless and incomplete world.

Without sensing the irony, I carried my doubts and my misery to one of my Jesuit teachers. When I told him of my reading, my loss of faith, my sense of pain, he did not, as I had expected, become furious or sorrowful. Instead, he gave me a book by a well known Jesuit who had not long ago left the Church; without scorn or sarcasm of any sort he told me that in it I would find better arguments for leaving the Church than in Renan or Rousseau. "When you have finished it," he said, "I suggest you read over the Gospels at least twice." I read the ex-priest's exposé and closed the book feeling profoundly sorry for him. I read the Gospels over three times and "re-entered" the Catholic Church.

My crisis of faith, then, was dealt with by a Catholic priest who gave me what most people would regard as Protestant or even rationalist advice: consider carefully the criticisms of the Church and read carefully the Gospels.

I have gone over the incident at some length only because so many non-Catholics seem to think of our faith as frozen, passive, blind, unquestioning. Nothing could be further from the truth. The authoritarian structure of Catholicism cannot reach into the depths of a man's conscience and forbid him to consider alternatives. I cannot accept the Church's authority on the Church's authority. If ever I were to become convinced that Catholicism were false I would be obliged, *in conscience,* to leave the Church.

So, far from outgrowing the curiosity of my adolescence, I still study criticisms of the historical credibility of the Gospels, of the possibility of divine revelation, of the doctrines of the Church. Rousseau and Renan have been followed in my reading by the commentaries of modern positivists such as Bertrand Russell, existentialists such as Sartre, and the analyses of the Gospels which have been made by such theologians as Bultmann.

Many of these writers challenge the story of Christ's life in the Gospels and of course this is easy enough to do. There are few contemporary records which parallel the events of these books—although even pagan sources confirm some of them—and it is not difficult to label their rough-grained details as "myths" if one can relate them to pre-existing beliefs and if one does not believe them.

But I have never seen solid historical evidence which contradicts the essentials of the Gospels; if it were offered, I could not close my mind to it. Nor could I, or do I, close my mind to the differing interpretations of the message, the implications, the "consistencies" and "inconsistencies" of the Gospels that intelligent men have been making for hundreds of years.

My Catholic faith, then, is being tested almost daily, and every day, in a dozen little ways, I make up *my* mind about it. (Many of my non-Catholic friends act toward me as if I believed in my pastor, Bishop, and Pope—and *these* gentlemen believe in God.) In this constant testing of faith I have always arrived at the same answer: I believe in A Person, Jesus Christ, who proclaimed himself to be true God and true man and founded a Church which was to proclaim his Gospel, a message of love to all men for all time. This belief of mine means that I accept divine revelations made to people nearly two thousand years ago. They said they saw Christ on Earth and heard his message. I have not, and yet believe the revelations to be true. Why do I?

RELIGIOUS SURRENDER

THERE are many reasons for this faith but the most important one for me is contained in the word Person. For the Catholic the experience of Christ is an encounter with a Person. This fundamental element of Catholicism seems the most difficult one for the non-Catholic to understand. It is not an encounter of the human mind or heart with an abstract idea, or with an allegory, or with a series of historical events. The Mass, the great prayer of the Church, is not a symbolic rite. It is a renewal, not in symbol but in fact, of Christ's sacrifice for man.

The Church places so much importance upon this personal encounter of Christ and man that she insists that the Catholic face up to the encounter every Sunday, and makes it possible the other six days by the daily Masses in her Churches. The climax and the consummation of the encounter, the Mass, takes place in the act called Communion. Here the priests and the people receive the total Christ, God and Man, present—not in metaphor, but in fact—within the small consecrated wafer called the Host.

But in what sense, the non-Catholic is likely to ask, does the encounter take place in fact? In what sense do Catholics mean that Christ is in fact present in a wafer the size of a half-dollar? Obviously it is not a fact in the sense

of an observable or measurable phenomenon. St. Thomas Aquinas wrote of the Presence of Christ in the Host: "Sight, touch, taste, all fail; only hearing can be trusted." By "hearing," Aquinas meant both the promise of Christ in the Gospels that he would give to men his flesh and his blood, and the tradition of the Church which teaches that the promise was literal. For the Catholic, then, the encounter with the Person of Christ is not an impression of the senses but it *is* an experience he can feel with all his being; he cannot prove to a scientist that it takes place but it is one of the most profound facts of his life.

Of course, for the skeptic who demands hard physical evidence before acknowledging the reality of an experience, this encounter is a self-deception. But it might be recalled that it is an experience shared by millions of people all over the world, including many highly trained in discriminating the evidence of both the senses and the sensibilities—atomic physicists and psychoanalysts, secular college presidents and seismographers, Supreme Court Justices and novelists like Mauriac, Greene, and Waugh. This is not proof that the encounter is "true" but simply a reason why it should not be glibly dismissed, as it so often is, as "false."

The experience of Christ as a Person stands at the center of all Catholicism, and for me the discovery of it, after the years of smug observance and the crisis of doubt I have described, was the beginning of real understanding of the Catholic faith, the divine revelations on which it is based, and the role of the Church in it. I began to understand that religion is the surrender of the human being to an invading God and the function of the Church is to make clear the terms of that surrender. The Church tries to insure that the worshiper is not panicked or scared into retreat by his religious feeling but shows him a way in which he can fully give himself to the Person he has come to know as all-loving.

What may seem to the non-Catholic to be a pile of stones, a hierarchy, an institution became for me the place which makes possible a profoundly meaningful personal encounter. There was little difficulty, then, for me to think of the Church as the "Bride of Christ" from whose womb, the baptismal font, I had been brought forth into life fifteen years before. The terms—bride, womb, birth—must, I fear, either offend or amuse many; but I have used them because they indicate the essential personalism of the Catholic vision, which is for me one of the abiding attractions of the Catholic faith.

I — THOU

OUR own age, in its own way, has become intensely aware of the human personality, particularly of the dangers to it posed by the pressures, the machines, the organization, of modern industrial society. One of the most significant tasks of modern philosophers has been to distinguish between true and false encounters between persons. Gabriel Marcel's concept of "presence," Emmanuel Mounier's philosophy of "attention," for example, are both intended to describe the authentic encounter of persons in a world where they have become all too rare.



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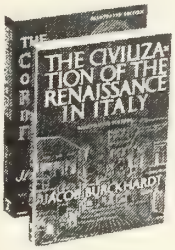
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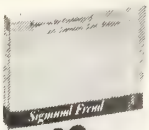
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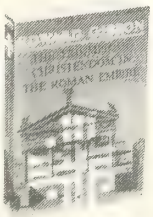
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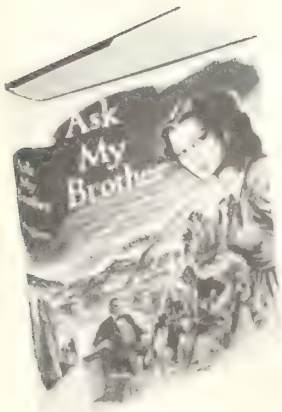
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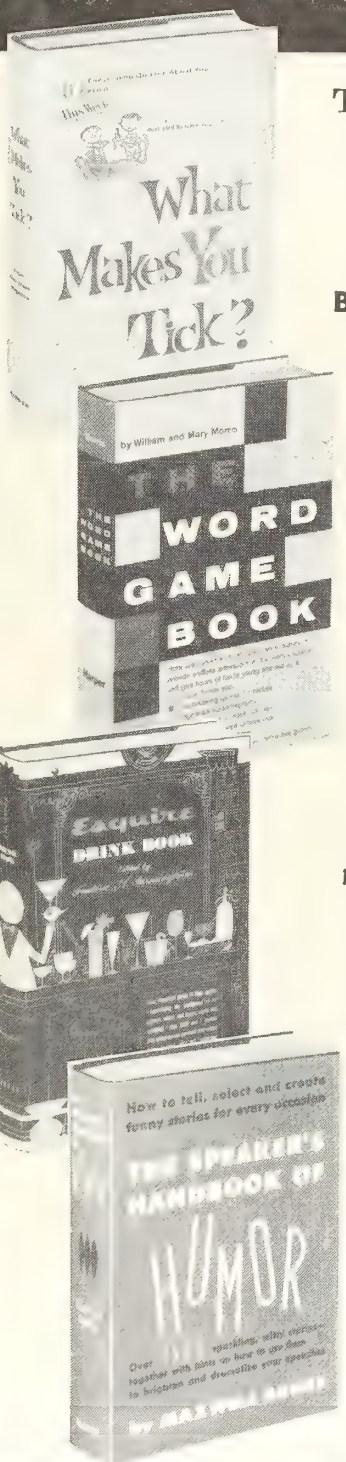
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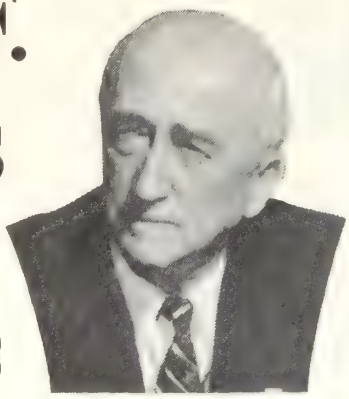
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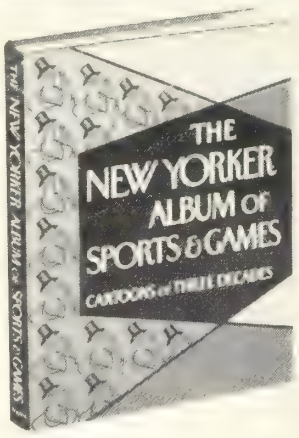
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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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Perhaps the best known of these personalist thinkers is Martin Buber, the Jewish philosopher and storyteller who now teaches at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. For Buber, true and direct communication between persons involves a relation between an "I" and a "Thou" and he uses the single word "I-Thou" to express the directness, the uniqueness, the awareness of oneself and the other upon which a genuine relationship is founded. In a recent essay, Jacob Trapp says of Buber's word "I-Thou": "The young child speaks it, the savage speaks it, before he even knows the words, by seizing the relationship in a flash and counter-flash of meaning . . . the separation into 'I' and 'Thou' comes later." But "I-Thou" relations may become degraded into "I-It" relations which involve an encounter not of true persons but of objects—or people who are considered as objects—and this, Buber thinks, is especially true in our society. The modern crisis, he has said, "is the tyranny of the exuberantly growing 'It.'" In a world mushrooming with things and organization, as Trapp puts it, "the precious I-Thou moments seem rare, strange, lyric, and dramatic episodes and are the stuff of Martin Buber's mystical and religious experience." God, to Buber, is the "Eternal Thou."

For me, Buber's philosophical insights are no less profound and relevant to today's religious dilemmas because he is not a Catholic. But as a Catholic I have found that the relationship of persons he describes has its fullest expression in the Holy Communion. I know no union more intimate than this, in which the human person strives to summon into unity all he is in order to meet the Divine Person who has both sought and made possible this most incredible of personal encounters.

One cannot—or at least I cannot—satisfactorily describe this union. I have known human love, as a child, parent, friend, and husband, and each of these unions is, in the end, ineffable. How much less subject to description is the union wherein one believes that he holds within himself Jesus Christ, God Incarnate.

But at first, it can be said, the encounter is usually distressing. I am aware of my dullness and distraction and incapacity to love. But I am also aware that God is within me and I try to respond to that fact. In me, at this moment all history meets and whatever I know of reality engulfs me—I have received Christ, "born of the Father before all ages," who "under Pilate was crucified" yet who "lives and reigns forever." I feel that the ancient myths meet in me and are clarified. I have been with Beowulf beneath the sea and gone with Orpheus beneath the earth. I am aware of death, confront it, and invite the future that includes it—not only actual death, but the metaphorical one, the daily dying in which the "old man" of sin and self-will is crucified in order that the "new man" of faith and justice might be born.

This union is not for the individual Catholic alone—just the opposite is true. I have known Christ in deep, dark union; I must therefore share his concerns and make his purposes my own as I leave the Church and go into the community of men. One of the effects of Communion upon the Catholic is to multiply his nerve ends, to make him more aware of the sufferings and needs of his fellow men everywhere, in whom he sees Christ and with whom he must try to establish a true and loving encounter.

For Christ, the love of God was inseparable from the love of man. It was of the outcast, the hungry, the imprisoned, the sick that he said: "If you have done it unto one of these—you have done it unto me." To cheat the butcher, calumniate the baker, or cuckold the candlestick maker is to sin against Christ. So the Catholic must try to see Christ everywhere; he must try to fill his being with the spirit of the Person he has come to know.

PARTIAL AND TOTAL CHRISTS

IN STRESSING as I have the theme of persons within Catholicism, I would not imply for a moment that this theme was missing from either Judaism or Protestantism or indeed that agnostics, humanists, or other secular thinkers were unaware of it. But it is precisely the lack of emphasis on the personal and the intimate which makes the other faiths I know of untenable for me.

However courageous the secular creeds may be in confronting a world of suffering and despair, however optimistic they may be in hoping for men to "progress" toward some kind of brotherhood, they seem to me sadly incomplete and blind to the reality of the Person who purely embodies the values they generally agree upon. Clearly one of us is wrong.

But why can't I be a Protestant or a Jew? I have no expert knowledge of these religions and am aware how painfully little I know about them. But from what I know of them, I feel that both Protestantism and Judaism suffer from a cast of mind which I would call Grecian—an

Well, That's That

Said the physicist mounting his bicycle,
"I've discovered the ultimate particle.
The thing is so small,
That it's not there at all,
And can't be described in an article."

—Hilbert Schenck, Jr.

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affinity for the abstract and a corresponding uneasiness in the presence of the definite, the felt, the experienced. When the Greeks tell of their Gods, the Gods generally become either man writ large, as in Homer, or an abstract idea written with a capital letter—Plato's Good or Aristotle's Mind. "When Athena was thought of as goddess of wisdom," we are told, "she soon ceased to be Athena and became Wisdom."

My own impression—and it is little more than that—is that contemporary American Judaism constantly threatens to freeze the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob into an abstraction; the relation to God of many Jews I know does not seem an intimate one and sometimes seems uneasy and uncertain, however it may have been in the past.

Contemporary Protestantism seems to me to exhibit a similar drive toward the abstract or at least the partial. On the fundamental question of Christianity—"What Think Ye of Christ?"—the voices of my Protestant friends, their pastors, and their theologians are raised in a strong but a very dissonant chorus. The Protestant theology I read with interest and profit tells me of the "Jesus of History" of Albert Schweitzer, the "Christ of the Faith" of liberal Protestantism, the "achievement of authentic selfhood" of Bultmann, or the "man at his best" of some of the more popular preachers.

I cannot enter into personal union, an interchange of knowledge and love, with these partial Christs, nor can I wait until the theologians have arrived at a synthesis. Their art is long but my time is fleeting. Feeling with all my heart that God can be close to me, a part of me, I find time here and now made meaningful.

Because of this difference in the way we conceive God, then, I feel that time itself passes differently for the Catholic. For the Jew and the Protestant, it often seems as if God acted once—in making a Covenant with Israel, or in the individual Protestant's decision for Christ—and now their relation to him is established. Never by their words, but by their tones when they speak of God, and by their style of life, my Protestant and Jewish friends seem to tell me that their relation to God is secure, the issue of their lives assured. But for the Catholic, time is registered in the daily, hourly, and momentary possibility that man may turn away from God, may not live up to the enormous responsibilities that a close and personal relation with a loving God has imposed on him.

It is not enough for the Catholic to be aware of *man's* lack of perfection and his sinfulness. He is constantly aware of *his own* inadequacy, his own sin and need for repentance. He is encouraged to examine his conscience twice a day and go to Confession frequently.

This Catholic sense of intense personal relation—and intense obligation—to God may lead to a Christian experience more dominated by fear than by love. But it can also infuse otherwise commonplace problems in daily life with spiritual seriousness and vigor.

Perhaps a concrete example will illustrate what I mean: At a recent Catholic inter-racial conference, an examination of conscience was proposed covering such points as: "May a Catholic cast his vote for a racist candidate otherwise competent? May a Catholic college send its Negro players to a segregated contest? May a Catholic sit in a designated section of a segregated bus?"

These questions are not some kind of political poll; they are pressed against the moral conscience of the individual Catholic who is guided by the pulpit, catechism, and confessional, as well as by the example of Christ. I am not suggesting that Catholics are morally superior to any group. I see no evidence of that. They are all sinners but they are sinners with high—and explicit—moral principles.

IMPERFECT POPES

I AM much more aware of the role of the spirit within the Church than the role of authority, but I realize that when a non-Catholic looks at the Church he often tends to see a formidable authoritarian structure—an "It" in Buber's language. But for the Catholic the Church has a Divine Commission: to bring about the personal encounter I have described and to make clear its consequences. And she does. When a

Catholic looks at the Church, he sees a "Thou."

The Church to me, therefore, cannot be the Pope, Cardinal Spellman, the Knights of Columbus, the Legion of Decency, nor that incredible Irish Monsignor who drives a Cadillac, golfs four days a week, and preaches against the Community Chest—he has to answer for his conscience and I for mine, and I am happy with that arrangement.

Nor can the Church be represented for me by the "wicked Popes" singly or in concert. I believe the Popes infallible in a very restricted area but I could never deem them perfect—how could I, when history shows some of them to have been spectacularly imperfect?

I do not defend the Spanish Inquisition, past or present; I accept the constitutional separation of Church and State (as does the American Catholic hierarchy); I welcomed the Supreme Court decisions in the "Miracle" and "La Ronde" cases (as many Catholics did not); I think only equitable the recent decision of the New York City hospitals which permits doctors to use birth-control therapy if the patient desires.

I AM not alone in these views, nor am I in the least "suspected" for them. The *Commonweal,* a Catholic weekly paper (on which I was once an editor), has supported them all; and, without formal ecclesiastical objection, it has attacked McCarthyism, advocated aid to the Communist governments of Tito and Gomulka, deplored the treatment of Protestants in Spain, and called for increased federal aid to public schools.

All this may sound suspiciously like a Catholic campaigning for public office but I am simply trying to show something of the freedom an individual Catholic can enjoy vis-à-vis the authoritarian structure of the Church—a Church which, it might be noted, has canonized as Saints some of those Catholics who openly challenged its abuses of authority during their lifetimes. St. Joan, after all, was burned at the stake by that enduringly mischievous combination—a coalition of prelates and politicians. Catholics are not obliged to acquiesce in abuses that may be perpetrated by such a coalition today; on the contrary, they can, and should, take a strong stand against them.

No matter how badly individual Catholics—lay or cleric—may betray the ideal of the Church, this idea is not blind obedience, but devotion to Truth. For the Catholic, God is Truth and is mocked by feigning, rationalization, expediency, or the assertion of naked power in his name. As a Catholic I feel that I have encountered the truths of God within the Church and have come to know these truths only by a constant examination of my faith, myself, and the Church with all the reason at my command. In the Church, therefore, I have found the "perfect freedom of the sons of God" and I grieve to realize that in our time and place so many Catholics have distorted her image into that of an inhuman machine designed for the creation and conservation of power.

HOPKINS' COW

FAR closer to the truth is the image once evoked by Gerard Manley Hopkins, the Jesuit poet. In a sermon which probably shocked his Victorian congregation he compared the Church to a cow with full udders, patiently waiting for the world to come and be fed.

In its very homeliness it says much that I should like to say, but have been unable to. At any rate, there she stands, brooding over time and history. And I stand with her because (if I may borrow a phrase from Martin Luther) God help me, I can do no other.

What are the alternatives? I have tried to show (all too sketchily) why I cannot consider secularism and do not accept Judaism or Protestantism, although I am grateful for the common history I share with each. What little I know of Oriental religions reminds me of persistent thrusts within the Catholic tradition which American Catholics are apt to forget—the primacy of contemplation, the attitude of reverence before the whole of God's reality, the realization that religion must not be conceived exclusively as either theology, ethics, or institution. I am grateful for these reminders of the rich complexity within my own tradition provided by Oriental religions, but I am not impelled to join the American devotees of them.

So I am still stuck with the Roman Catholic Church, the Sacred Cow of Gerard Manley Hopkins. She offers me life, now and forever. I have never been swayed much by philosophical arguments on either side regarding life after death. But I do most firmly believe it on the promise of Christ, which has been preserved for me by the Church.

It will be the deepest of all personal encounters—knowing and loving God for all eternity. The "I" with enlightened intellect and undistracted will, the "Thou" the unchanging God who has, I know, pursued me all my life and who will, I hope, catch up with me at the end.



JOHN BROOKS

Drawings by Franklin McMahon

The Wall Street Journal *woos the eggheads*

Once a stuffy market report, it has now discovered both news and culture. As a result it has become the intellectuals' darling . . . has vastly increased its readership . . . and is now the only daily published simultaneously in all major regions of the country.

THE readers of the Boston *Evening Transcript,*" declared T. S. Eliot in a pioneering piece of consumer research, "sway in the wind like a field of ripe corn." The subscribers to the *Wall Street Journal,* who have been analyzed in greater detail by more scientific pollsters, are a far sturdier crew, standing in such sharp contrast to the *Transcript's* wispy old ladies that it is doubtful whether they would sway very much even in a whole gale. It has been found, for example, that more than nine-tenths of them are men, and more than four-fifths in the prime years of life between twenty-five and sixty-four; that more than one-fourth are directors of at least one company; that slightly less than one-fourth are either owners or presidents of a business; that more than half have an annual income in excess of $15,000; and that more than half (although not necessarily the same half) have a net worth of more than $75,000.

Apart from this rather awe-inspiring picture of power and affluence, surely the most striking fact about the *Wall Street Journal* subscribers is their rifeness. As of the end of 1958, they numbered about 570,000 making the paper they cleave to so lovingly each morning on their commuting platforms probably the eighth, and certainly at least the ninth, ranking daily newspaper, in circulation, in the United States. This point of relative eminence is not of long standing; it is the result of astonishing, and astonishingly rapid, recent growth. Since five years ago, the *Journal's* circulation has doubled; since ten years ago, it has about quadrupled; since seventeen years ago, it has multiplied roughly seventeen times. The paper's growth is certainly the outstanding phenomenon in American daily journalism during the past two decades.

Furthermore, while getting rich the *Journal* has broadened its cultural horizons to an exemplary degree. Whether the broadening brought about the financial success or vice versa

is an open question, but it is a fact that, in transforming itself from a straightforward stock-and-bond sheet into the relatively civilized organ it is now, the paper has picked up support from a most unlikely quarter. It has become the intellectuals' pet downtowner. Just as it has long been fashionable in certain circles to call the lowbrow, tabloid *Daily News* "the best-edited paper in New York," so in approximately the same circles it has now become the thing to pronounce the *Wall Street Journal* one's favorite breakfast-table reading. In some cases this may be merely an effort to shock or a reflection of wistful egghead dreams of economic glory, but in others it is an expression of honest appreciation. No longer need the culture-climber stow his copy furtively in his overcoat pocket. Once, in effect, a simple, untutored man of commerce, the *Wall Street Journal* has blossomed into a businessman who read a book—and went to the theater and the opera, and, God knows, maybe even wound up the binge at a caffè-espresso joint.

EXCEPT BUMS AND CHILDREN

IN ITS new incarnation the *Journal* strives resolutely to have something for just about everybody. It is a well-considered mixture of world and national news severely condensed, political analysis, long and detailed articles on cultural and sociological trends that affect business more or less directly, criticism of the arts, a dash of what passes for humor, and a great, great deal of solid—yet comprehensible, by and large—business news and financial statistics. A paradox its editors are addicted to pointing out is that while it is probably named for a smaller geographical area than any other paper in the country, its actual publishing area is the largest in the country. Printed simultaneously in New York, Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, and Dallas, by an intricate system that insures that the basic editorial material in all editions is identical (with minor statistical exceptions) even down to typographical errors, it is the United States' only truly national daily. At present, the Chicago edition outsells all the others, and it has more circulation in California than in any other single state; the New York City area accounts for less than 10 per cent of the total. (The *Journal* resisted the temptation to increase its local press run during the deliverers' strike this winter against the New York dailies.)

The paper's executives quite happily admit that its name is no longer descriptive, and keep it just because it seems to work. "Every newspaper has its community," says President Bernard Kilgore. "Most of them are geographical; ours isn't."

What is it, then? According to Kilgore, the *Journal's* community includes "everybody who is engaged in making a living or is interested in how other people make a living." That would seem to include everybody except bums and children, and, of course, bums can't safely be counted out since so many of them need the *Wall Street Journal* for a prop in a favorite rueful joke of theirs—conspicuously carrying it around while looking as ragged as possible. That leaves children. It must be owned that the *Journal* is no "Winnie the Pooh."

In its first version, it had only a little broader appeal than, say, *The Statistical Abstract of the United States* has. It was founded by three young reporters named Charles H. Dow, Edward D. Jones, and Charles M. Bergstresser. (In the interest of crispness, Dow and Jones wanted to call the company Dow, Jones & Berg, but Bergstresser, a stubborn Pennsylvania Dutchman, preferred oblivion to truncation; hence, Dow Jones & Company.) The original business of the company, in the 1880s, consisted of scouring the New York financial district for news items and distributing them to subscribers, by hand, on little slips of paper. Eventually, these bulletins began to be sent out by telegraph, giving rise to the now-famous Dow Jones ticker service; but up to the start of World War II there were still a few old gentlemen in Wall Street who felt that a telegraph machine was too graceless and abrupt a contraption to keep in their offices, and insisted on having Dow Jones bulletins delivered by messengers on slips.

Dow Jones & Co. still, of course, maintains the news service, a part of which is the hourly computation of the well-known Dow Jones stock averages; but the firm's principal activity is publishing the *Wall Street Journal*, just as it has been since soon after the first issue appeared, on July 8, 1889. That first issue was chockablock with inside stuff on banking and the stock market ("There is some reason for believing that operators identified with the bear party sent early orders to London," and so on), as were the subsequent issues for approximately half a century. But there was considerable expansion over that period, much of it under the leadership of Clarence W. Barron, the celebrated financial pundit and Wall Street "character" who bought Dow Jones & Co. in 1902.

At the time of Barron's death in 1928, the *Wall Street Journal* had news bureaus or cor-

respondents in most large American cities, London, and Paris, and a circulation of around 50,000. It also had the bad luck to bring out its first Pacific Coast edition in the middle of October 1929, one of the blackest months Wall Street ever saw. The depression hit financial journalism hard—people didn't even want to read about what was happening—and as late as 1940 the paper's circulation was still down around 30,000.

THE UPWARD CURVE

IT WAS just about then that the editors decided to try to broaden its appeal through a complete editorial overhaul. The first big change was the addition of what has now become a regular feature—a front-page column headed "What's News," subdivided into "Business and Finance" and "World-Wide," in which the large news items of the day are cut down to a few sentences each. Soon afterward came the introduction of book, theater, and opera reviews and an editorial-page column of mild cartoons and jokes. There gradually evolved a type of detailed article exploring some current trend of business situation that the editors like to call a "leader," even though it sometimes ran on an inside page. The present front-page format—forbidding, all right, but readable, with six wide columns, no photographs, and one small chart—was worked out in 1941.

Circulation began going up. It climbed at a rate of 7,000 to 10,000 a year from 1940 to 1945, when a real breakout began. From 59,000 in 1945 the figure went up to 76,000 in 1946, 103,000 in 1947, 129,000 in 1948, and so on in an ascending curve up to the present figure. It was Charles H. Dow himself who, speaking of stock-market charts, first propounded the theory that an established trend in a given direction tends to persist rather than reverse itself capriciously. There does not, at present, seem to be any reason why the Dow Theory should not be applied to the soaring chart-line of the *Wall Street Journal*'s circulation.

In part, at least, the prodigious growth can be attributed to unusually aggressive promotion. The *Journal* probably advertises itself more often and more spectacularly in other newspapers than any other American daily does. The newspapers thus used do not get queasy about serving as a platform from which a rival can blow its own horn, because the *Journal* is in the happy position of not being in direct competition with anybody; much more than with dailies, its own executives think, it competes with weekly newsmagazines.

The tenor of its circulation ads tends to be a bit crass (Read the *Journal* and you will make more money). A trick it is especially fond of is that of running its own front page for a certain day, complete, as a full-page advertisement in another newspaper on the same day. This eye-catching technical feat has sometimes confused readers to the point where they call up the *Wall Street Journal* and demand why it has merged with, say, the New York *Herald Tribune*. Still, getting attention is getting attention.

Last September, when the recession had not yet loosened its grip, an ad appearing in newspapers in New York, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and Chicago found the *Journal* striking an almost paternal attitude toward its readers. "Don't Give Up the Ship on 1958!" it exhorted them. "He who is already conceding that 1958 must go into the book as a bad year may not be around long."

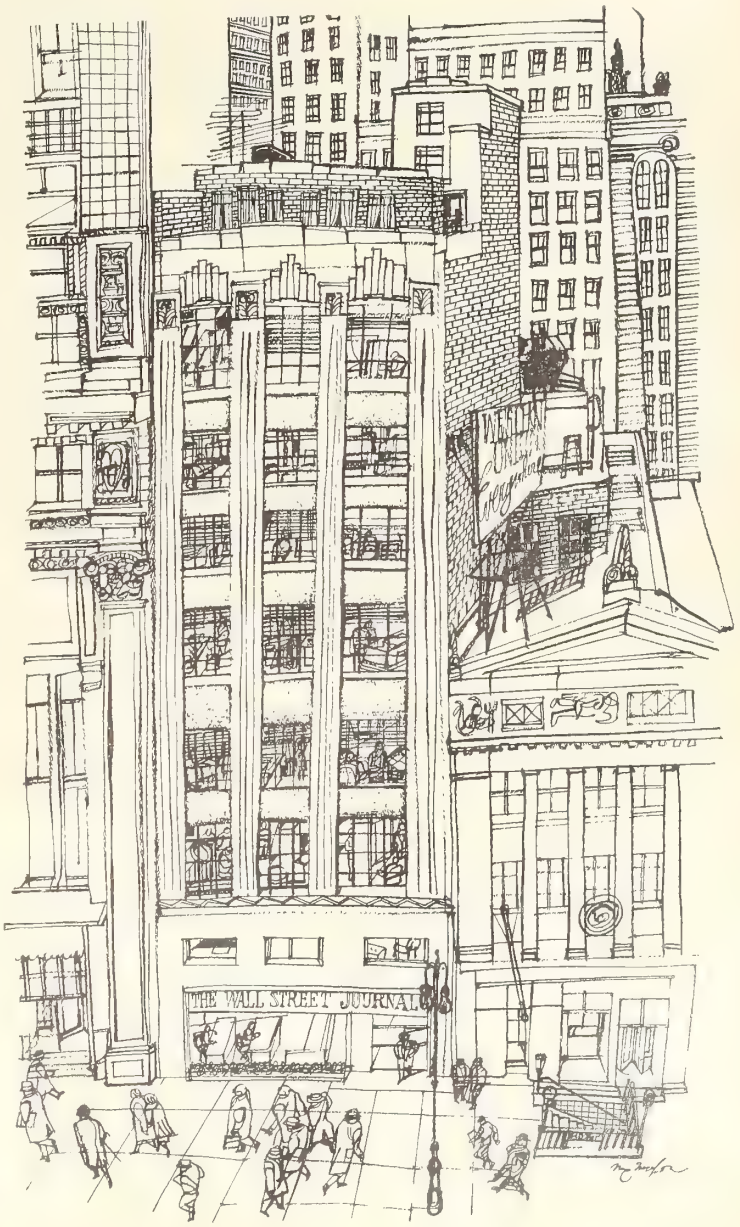
But if the *Journal* in its advertising sometimes talks like a Dutch uncle, in other moods it acts like a drummer at a convention. A much-discussed ad of several years ago was set up to look like an article in a spicy magazine, complete with a picture of a slinky blonde and the heading, "Confessions of a Lady Space Buyer." The accompanying copy was appropriately coy. To a critic who might have complained that, in seeking not to be a bore, the *Journal* had become a show-off, it could reply that every businessman, even in Wall Street, knows you sometimes have to play the fool or not clinch the deal.

But undeniably the paper's growth has, in the main, been due not to hoopla but to a vein of excellence. Its capsule-news-for-the-busy-man (what in the name of Mammon does he do with the time he saves?) is just as irritating to *New York Times* addicts, who feed on detail, as all such headline-skimming newsletters are; but at least the *Journal*'s capsules are as fair and as comprehensible as the formula permits. Its policy of never carrying local news indubitably saves its readers from cluttering their minds with matters of less moment than the movements of A T & T. Its stock-market tables and company financial reports are generally conceded to be as complete and accurate as any that are available. Such features alone are probably enough to keep its hard-core readers happy, and anything else they get is an extra dividend.

As for the egghead wing, that its members read the *Journal* from cover to cover seems highly unlikely. Except for a fortunate few who have reason to follow the stock-market tables, it

is probable that about the only pieces they read closely are the leaders. These articles, of which four or five sometimes run in a single issue, are responsible as much as any single factor for giving the *Journal* its flavor.

A *Journal* leader is really a small magazine article rather than a news story. It may run to magazine-article length—two thousand words or more—and it always tries to attain magazine-article depth and thoroughness. Its subject is usually something of fairly crucial interest to businessmen, but at times, it may take up matters primarily for their intrinsic interest. For example, last summer the *Journal* ran a leader that presented the most complete and lucid account printed anywhere of Louis Wolfson's complicated dealings in American Motors stock. In the course of one week last fall, there were leaders on new wrinkles in frozen-food packaging; a pick-up in automobile sales; the promising new drugs for heart disease; the United Auto Workers' election-campaign tactics; the situation in commercial production of atomic power plants; the status of the Gomulka government in Poland; the appalling railroad-car shortage that would develop in case of war; the financial plight of opera companies; and the decline of the hula-hoop fad. Packed with information that had been closely checked and intelligently collated, such articles, while of bread-and-butter interest to a few readers, have a special appeal for amateur sociologists, trend-spotters, people in search of topics for cocktail conversation, and those who take an innocent delight in knowing what's going on around them.



THE RAW KIDS AT WORK

THE *Journal* is published five days a week (there are no papers on Saturday or Sunday) from its headquarters, an eight-story building at 44 Broad Street, a few steps south of the famous "Corner" of Broad and Wall. It maintains a New York editorial staff of well over a hundred, counting executives and copy boys, as well as bureaus staffed by anywhere from two to twenty-eight reporters each in fourteen American cities and eight foreign ones. There are also some seventy-five part-time correspondents on call in more remote places. Staff members are recruited, for the most part, directly out of colleges; a surprising number of the paper's employees, including several of its top people, have never held any other job.

"In general, we'd rather train beginners than hire experienced newspapermen," explains Executive Editor William F. Kerby, who hasn't worked anywhere else since he was a youngster, "for the same reason the Air Force prefers to train raw kids rather than civilian airmen as fighter pilots."

Of course, the analogy between piloting a

supersonic jet and working for the *Journal* should not be pushed too far, as even Kerby would be willing to admit; in fact—perhaps in part because of the very fact of the scarcity of newspaper journeymen on the staff—the *Journal*'s fourth-floor newsroom is a startlingly subdued and orderly place, in which the tick of Dow Jones tickers and the click of typewriters goes on drowsily all day, only occasionally interrupted by a voice raised above the level of a murmur. An experienced newspaperman might think he was in a bank.

Most of the paper's features, and particularly its leaders, are the result of intricate collaborations. The executives are inclined to speak of the process as "team journalism," but to an observer from outside it is practically indistinguishable from Time, Inc.'s well known "group journalism."

A typical leader is the joint venture of a covey of three or more writers and editors in New York plus reporters from any number of outlying bureaus. The finished product generally is printed with a single by-line on it; the tribute of getting the by-line is accorded to the staff member whose contribution, in the editors' opinion, was greatest. (Considering this method, a reader might reasonably conclude that Gene Bylinsky, a by-line that sometimes appears in the paper, was a fake name thought up by a harassed managing editor to settle disputes. But the truth is that Mr. Bylinsky exists.) At the cost of a certain homogenized flavor that may be the result of too many cooks, "team journalism" as practiced at the *Journal* certainly gives a breadth and scope to its leaders that they could scarcely have otherwise.

The man generally credited with being chiefly responsible for the *Journal's* upsurge is Bernard Kilgore, a friendly Indianan with an informal manner who became president of Dow Jones when he was still in his late thirties, and now has just turned fifty. To a casual acquaintance, Kilgore seems more businessman than journalist, but the fact is that he, like practically all of the *Journal's* bigwigs, came up through the ranks as a newsman. He joined the paper in 1930, the year after his graduation from DePauw University, as a Pacific Coast news editor, and served successively as financial columnist, Washington bureau chief, managing editor, and vice-president on his way to his present pinnacle. Kilgore commutes from a colonial stone house in Princeton, New Jersey. He owns but does not personally manage a weekly paper in Princeton called the *Packet*, which has a good, round circulation of 5,500. He commutes on the Reading Railroad, travels around the country a good deal to visit *Journal* installations and make speeches, collects hobbies (model trains, tree-planting), and never consciously takes exercise.

Kilgore's career is a very model for *Journal* executives not only in that he has devoted his working life to the paper but also in that he went to the right college. Strikingly enough, DePauw, a small but venerable liberal-arts college in Greencastle, Indiana, would seem to have the *Journal* pretty well in its pocket. Besides Kilgore, DePauw graduates on the staff include Editorial Director Buren H. McCormack, Executive Editor Robert I. Bottorff, Executive Committee Chairman Robert M. Feemster, and a number of less impressively titled operatives. The DePauw succession began with the late Kenneth C. Hogate, president of Dow Jones from 1933 until 1945. Hogate hired Kilgore, Kilgore hired Bottorff, and a dynasty was apparently begun. In fact, more DePauw men have worked on the *Journal* at one time or another than are there now, and a number of those who have left now occupy important jobs in business and business journalism.

The secret of DePauw—which has no journalism school and only a three-times-a-week campus newspaper—is something that many publishers who continually comb their more celebrated alma maters for young talent would undoubtedly like to know.

DOWSING ITS POLITICS

EDITORIALLY, the *Journal* has been accused not so much of having needed to be dragged kicking and screaming into the twentieth century as of having flatly and successfully resisted entering the twentieth century under any conditions.

"Well," one of its editors replied recently, "in some ways that's true. We're nineteenth-century liberals."

Hogate once wrote, "We are not much interested in labels, but if we were to choose one, we would say we are radical. Just as radical as the Christian doctrine."

Liberal or radical, the *Journal* plumps regularly for government economy, the rights of individuals as against government, and free trade—good nineteenth-century principles all. The man most directly responsible for the paper's editorials is its editor, Vermont Royster, whose name suggests a Saturday-night square dance but who is actually a chunky, soft-spoken North

Carolinian who won a Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing in 1953. He says:

"Basically, we are for minimum government. We believe that the primary reason for government is to provide police power—to keep me from knocking you over the head. In foreign affairs, we don't think the United States can run the world, or even the Western World."

In implementation of these and similar principles, the *Journal* has recently spoken up sharply against the Lebanon landings and the defense of Quemoy, against Northwest public-power proposals, and in favor of right-to-work laws. The *Journal* is justly proud of its editorial independence, as evidenced, a couple of years ago, when it broke a release date on a story about new automobile models and lost all General Motors advertising for several months for its impudence. It has a firm policy of never endorsing political candidates, although one can generally tell without a dowsing rod where its sympathies lie buried. As Editor Royster cheerfully allows, "Obviously, over the years we've been friendly to more Republicans than Democrats."

Occasionally, the *Journal* allows itself to get quite choked up over political events; after the Presidential election of 1940, its only front-page mention of Willkie's defeat was the following note far down the "What's News" column:

"Election Results. An analysis of the election results will be found on page 3."

The paper maintains that it prefers to back policies and principles rather than men; it points to the fact that it was extremely friendly to Eisenhower until 1957, when it decided he was spending too freely. Since then it has criticized him pretty consistently.

Whether you like them or not, the *Journal's* editorials have an air of integrity, consistency, and intransigence. Naturally, numerous dedicated readers are severely critical of them, some aiming their fire from the left, and even some from the right. It is a measure of the utter dependence such readers feel toward the paper that they tolerate its opinions as one might the crochets of an otherwise entertaining friend, and almost always temper their harsh comments with a propitiatory word or two of praise. "I suggest," a reader wrote to the Letters to the Editor column a while back, "(that you) inject some iron into those anemic organisms which I presume you call editorials." The carper did not leave it at that, though; he went on blandly, "I continue in the conviction that the *Wall Street Journal* is the only newspaper in the U. S. that's worth even a glance."

With such rash, not to say demented, loyalty even among its harshest critics, how can a newspaper lose?





THE THEATER OF MIDDLE SERIOUSNESS

A report on the Broadway season

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

IT HAS long been the fashion for Americans, whether they be movie-makers, admen, politicians, or simply solid citizens, to compliment each other in public on how well things are going. People who work in the theater are no exception.

In a double issue of *Life* magazine dedicated to congratulating America on the superior state of its arts and entertainments, Walter Kerr, the drama reviewer for the New York *Herald Tribune,* cheers what he calls the "Uninhibited American Theater." Broadway, he asserts, owes its continuing vitality to the fact that it "never knows what it is doing," and is always prepared, therefore, to change its direction. Farces, melodramas, and musicals co-exist comfortably with serious dramas and each draws its nourishment from the other. Mr. Kerr thinks it futile, consequently, to draw arbitrary distinctions between the "art of the theater" and "show business": "Show business has never been the enemy of art. It is, on the contrary, its line of supply. . . . Art is a city that needs all its suburbs."

Mr. Kerr's argument is attractive because, like the American theater itself, it is optimistic and affirmative, and also because it steers a democratic middle course between snobbery and Philistinism. But it would have been more persuasive if Broadway were in a more flourishing state of health. Show business may be a supply line for art but, if so, it is at present pumping in a very thin mixture. After seeing most of the plays of the current season, I must sadly report that Broadway is in its usual state of compromise.

If anything has resulted from this umbilical link between show business and the art of the theater, it is a change in Broadway's atmosphere. Most plays now—even musicals, comedies, and melodramas—are highly charged with serious aspirations. But as show business reaches upwards, art tumbles down to meet it, while Broadway drives in a golden spike to celebrate the meeting. I suspect that Broadway's new solemnity is a middle seriousness where the spectator is provided with the appearance of art without any of its difficulties or complexities.

A symptom of this middle seriousness is Broadway's increasing tendency to exploit the works of other genres—at this writing, with the season

half over, adaptations account for about half the new plays. The commercially attractive aspect of the adaptation is that it can trade on the popularity and reputation of works that have already established themselves and, by leaving the more difficult stuff behind, thus appear respectable, popular, and painless all at the same time. The five works I am now going to consider are all of different quality, but they are alike in being adaptations which reflect the new middle seriousness. Despite the variety of their forms, they indicate that Broadway still anneals each play into a kind of flattering glass where the spectator is encouraged to admire his own fantasies and received ideas.

THE DENATURED MUSICAL

PAUL OSBORN'S adaptation of *The World of Suzie Wong* is an example ("Auntie Mame" is another) of a brand new Broadway form, the musical without music. Everything about it—the Hong Kong locale, the spectacular scenery, the sumptuous costumes, the huge cast, the quality of the plot, and the price of the tickets—leads the spectator to anticipate song and dance, and I suspect that the show, a great hit, would have had more respect from the reviewers had it included those elements.

As it is, the evening belongs to director Joshua Logan and designer Jo Mielziner who, demonstrating how splendidly Broadway is equipped with technical virtuosity, lavish all their talent and imagination on it. But they seem not only to have realized Gordon Craig's fondest dream—to dispense with the actor—but to have achieved a temporary one of their own—to dispense with the play. Like the best seller from which it came, this work does not seem written so much as glued or stapled, with elements of plays ("Anna Christie"), operas ("Madame Butterfly"), melodramas ("Camille" and "Rain"), and movies ("Sayonara") jostling each other rudely for attention. The spectator waits not for the plot to advance but for the sets to change (which they do some eleven times for no apparent reason), and when real rain falls from the roof during what is locally called the "wet," the whole spectacle has, on its gaudier terms, justified itself.

But the spectacle, alas, does not exist merely for its own sake; its surface authenticity is dedicated to advancing the moral concerns of the plot. The story is a twist on the conventional conflict between a "good" girl and a "bad" girl for possession of the hero's soul. But with the one a Western virgin and the other a Chinese prostitute, the play pushes Broadway daring to its extreme limit by suggesting that the "bad" girl is the healthier of the two. Suzie not only shows no ill effects from her trade but apparently flourishes in it ("More women ought to try it," says the hero, "because you look marvelous on it") and anyway her trade is offered as proof of her uninhibited sensuality. Her sexual attitudes are so superior that she manages first to convince one lover, a henpecked British husband, that sex is better than sailing, and then to convince the hero that she is, despite her occupation, one of the purest and most honorable women he has ever met. The play ends with a suggestion of an "insight" into the nature of Orientals: that Chinese women, or at least prostitutes, are more ecstatic than their more repressed Western sisters.

I wish I could report that some real sensuality emerged from this "insight" but I'm afraid that all it added up to was what D. H. Lawrence once called "tickling the dirty little secret"—and tickling it to obtain the maximum number of sniggers from the audience. At the same time that we are encouraged to applaud Suzie's spontaneity and to sympathize with her sorrows (she loses her baby in the rain), we are being titillated by the apparently hilarious trade in which she works. Sex has traditionally been one of the two or three "adult" subjects that Broadway considers safely dangerous enough to attract an audience; here it is wrapped in an Oriental package and given a look of shiny authenticity.

But just as the Jewish hero of "Home of the Brave," a play about anti-Semitism, was changed with little adjustment into a Negro in the film version, here the Oriental woman is fitted neatly into the slots once reserved for the stage Negress and characterized as amoral, sensual, generous, and essentially innocent. (In a recent musical called "Whoop-Up" this character is assigned to the American Reservation Indian.) The fact that so little allowance is made for differences in race, culture, and tradition in making this transformation shows that Broadway goes to Oriental culture in the same spirit that hipsters go to Zen Buddhism, to extract from it whatever confirms them in their present convictions. "The World of Suzie Wong" patronizes not only the spectator but the Oriental, and it does so in a way that passes for a serious cultural and moral concern.

"THE Flower Drum Song," which also patronizes the Oriental, is a musical *with* music and this may account for its somewhat readier acceptance by the critical powers. Now the musical as a genre is one of the most powerful

ROBERT GRAVES

OLD WORLD DIALOGUE

"Is this," she asked, "what the lower orders
call . . . ?"
"Yes, yes," replied her lover, Lord Whitehall,
"But hush! the expression is a trifle crude."
"*Much* too good for them," cried Lady Ermintrude.

"Nevertheless," resumed the tactless peer,
"Those who excel at it—pray, do not sneer—
Are, by and large, of obscure parentage.
One girl I knew—"
"Take that!" she shouted, blind with rage.

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indications of the way middle seriousness is dominating Broadway. Once a modest form of light entertainment, it is now widely hailed as an "indigenous American art form" and considered a major contribution to dramatic art. Its new solemnity is evident in the fact, as many observers have noted, that the descriptive phrase "musical comedy" is no longer apt, and its new ambitions are clear from the kinds of material it chooses to handle.

But works like "The Flower Drum Song" indicate that Broadway is being congratulated for an unrealized potential—as drama, the musical, I think, has yet to prove itself. While careful artistry is to be found in its adornments—music and dance—its dramatic heart is generally pure hokum. (Even "West Side Story"—with its real achievements—was most successful when it detached itself from spoken drama and became opera and ballet, for like most musicals it was plagued by an unfortunate book.) The text of the musical, despite the fact that it is adapted from notable plays, novels, movies, and short stories, is invariably flawed. Dramatically, the musical is almost always ameliorative and rigidly conventional.

The newest musical hit by Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein, and Joseph Fields (based on a novel by C. Y. Lee) shows, according to *Life*, the "mark of the masters." It is now less a mark than a stereotype. "The Flower Drum Song" hinges on a familiar boy-meets-girl plot, the banality of which the authors, as usual, try to disguise by exporting it to an exotic locale. But although we are here confronted with the quaint inhabitants of San Francisco Chinatown, instead of the Siamese, Polynesians, and Wild Westerners of earlier works, nothing seems to have changed very much. The stubborn but endearing old folks with their curious foreign ways, the stickily charming heroine who learns what a delight it is to kiss, the Gee Whiz hero with love problems, the man-chasing soubrette who enjoys "being a girl," the trickster con-man who runs from marriage and is finally caught, and the precocious Oriental children who sing in lisping English about the stubbornness of their elders—these elements have now hardened into clichés. So also have the pious platitudes about "bright and grand" America (It's like Chop Suey, sings one character, "Everything is in it—all mixed up") and the Dream Ballet where the conflicts within the hero's unconscious give the choreographer amplitude to display her wares. To be sure, the music is sometimes pleasant and there is an amusing scene in a sleazy night club enlivened by an antic comedian named Jack Soo, but on the whole the proceedings looked slightly soiled and shopworn.

The work might be dismissed as a not very successful form of conventional entertainment if it were not constantly trying to earn a merit badge for something more. Just as "South Pacific" taught an already liberal audience a lesson in racial tolerance, so "The Flower Drum Song" attempts—between and during musical numbers—to instruct the spectator in cultural anthropology. I learned with something of a start that the rice-paper characters I had been watching were not intended as amiable fictions (like the characters, say, of "The Mikado") but as real Orientals with authentic "human" problems, for the work tries to anatomize the conflicts between the old and new generations of American Chinese society.

The "problem" fits neatly into the situation, already played out in "Suzie Wong," of a hero confronted with a "good" girl who arouses his passion and a "bad" girl who arouses his tenderness, but here the problem is resolved more conventionally to hurt nobody's feelings. An old-fashioned father wants to exercise a right, traditionally his according to ancient Chinese law, to arrange his son's marriage while the more Americanized son wants to choose his wife himself. When the son discovers that his own girl is a promiscuous stripper and chooses the sweet innocent his father approves, he concludes that there is wisdom in the old ways after all, while the audience leaves the theater warmed by the reconciliation.

Adapters are under no compulsion to adhere exactly to the original work, but the changes

which have been made in C. Y. Lee's novel are significant. In the novel, the father—not quaint and lovable but rather autocratic and selfish—disapproves of the innocent girl his son has chosen because she lacks station and money. Instead of yielding to his father, the son rebels against him and marries the girl anyway while the father pauses to reflect that his traditions may not be compatible with life in America. That the novel and the play came to precisely opposite conclusions does not seem to trouble the adapters very much. The novel's primary exploitation feature was its exotic atmosphere; its discordant qualities have been removed to make it conform more closely to the expectations of the audience and the box office.

GOD HOW WE LOVED LINDY

MUSICALS and melodramas keep their eyes on the box office while winking hopefully in the direction of art; dramas, on the other hand, aspire toward art while signaling frantically at the box office. Just as middle seriousness has a tendency to make the lighter forms solemn and pretentious, so it tends to lighten the heavier forms by making them small and familiar. Our dramas these days are characterized by persistent attempts to make the grandiose mean.

"The Disenchanted," a play by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit, based on Mr. Schulberg's novel, is a play that may do justice to the book from which it comes, but neither the book nor the play does justice to the subject. The play is a fictionalized account of the last days of F. Scott Fitzgerald when he and Schulberg were assigned by Walter Wanger to collaborate on a film, "Winter Journey," to be made at Dartmouth College. As in the novel, everyone is partly disguised behind euphonious pseudonyms (Fitzgerald is called Manley Halliday). But since one of the authors managed to let everyone in on the secret of the hero's identity by an article in the *New York Times* discouraging the parallel, the majority of the audience, I would guess, have been attracted by the power of Fitzgerald's reputation.

All they get is a peek into his private life. Although movies come in for a lot of satiric abuse during the course of the play, I was not surprised to read that Hollywood had purchased the play. Its plot, along with its slick presentation, is reminiscent of those Hollywood confession stories we have lately been getting in which some public personality, usually female, bares all about her alcoholic past.

But Fitzgerald's alcoholism was certainly the least interesting thing about him; he happened to possess one of the finest sensibilities yet to come out of America. Although his personal escapades, in which drunkenness played so large a part, were his primary attraction for Sunday supplement readers, they obscured for years his real qualities of mind and talent. Like O'Neill, it was only after he had transcended his public personality and reflected honestly on the meaning of his life and success that his talent began to function in the fullest and freest manner. No doubt, there is a fine play to be written about how, without any public fanfare, he ultimately disproved his own contention that there are no second acts in American lives.

"The Disenchanted" is not that play; it is concerned with presenting Fitzgerald almost exclusively in terms of his rotogravure role. Although there is some gesture toward his literary powers, Manley Halliday is generally characterized as a sentimental has-been fighting a losing battle with his own defects. He manages to come to life only when he is drunk and it is in the drunk scenes that Jason Robards, who plays the role, is most effective. When sober, Halliday is rather windily given to memorializing "my generation" ("And we had Lindy. God how we loved Lindy") in conversations with a brash young writer who keeps telling him he's outlived his time. To prove this last contention, Halliday slips back frequently—by means of a flashback technique lifted from "Death of a Salesman"—into his gaudy past which seems (by design?) as depressing as his present. Perhaps the fact that they are seen through a haze of memory accounts for the general witlessness of Halliday's party friends and his estranged wife whose purpose in life, apparently, is to feel alternately "aquamarine" and "Venetian red."

In such a setting, we are, needless to say, given no evidence of Fitzgerald's intelligence or talent, except insofar as Robards looks and sounds intelligent, and his personality reaches heights of such banality that I was sent scurrying back to Fitzgerald's book, *The Crack-Up,* for reassurance (the book *is* reassuring and I heartily recommend it as an antidote). When, in the end, we see him insulting a few dummy characters supposed to pass for English scholars (a group Fitzgerald respected), Broadway anti-intellectualism has been served at the expense of a severe distortion; and when we find him dying after a drunken debauch (he actually died while hard at work on a fine novel), Broadway moralism has triumphed over the facts of his life. Fitz-

gerald's degeneration, which this play is determined to chronicle, remains fundamentally uninteresting since the authors have given us nothing to mourn his passing; for that, one must turn not to Broadway but to the body of literature he created.

HOW TO "ADJUST" HAMLET

IN "Cue for Passion," Elmer Rice does to Hamlet what Schulberg and Breit did to Fitzgerald but even though the victim is only fictional the deed is an equally unfortunate mutilation. In adapting Shakespeare into a modern play, Rice is following something of a contemporary tradition. Although Broadway is notoriously indifferent to the classics of the drama in their original form, it is highly respectful toward them when dressed up in fancy American clothes. Shakespeare may be neglected along the Great White Way, but there is usually a musical or a melodrama every season which trades on his reputation. (Along with "Kiss Me Kate" and "West Side Story," the updated productions of Shakespeare at Stratford, Connecticut, seem to me closer to adaptations than the real thing.) The object, I assume, is to feed the audience Culture without making them suffer the Painful Consequences.

There are few painful consequences in "Cue for Passion," nothing designed to startle the spectator into thought. The hero, as played by John Kerr, may be based on Hamlet but he looks and acts no differently than those sullen, moody young men who nowadays populate our "serious" drama; and, sure enough, he even gets "adjusted" at the end. Tony Burgess returns to his suburban California home on the suspicion that the family friend who so hastily married his mother was really the murderer of his father. Hamlet's "customary suits of solemn black" are now a mourning patch on a white suit and his madness is denoted by the fact that when he drinks a lot of martinis he has a tendency to be unpleasant to everybody and to get hysterical at peculiar times (once when he loses his Queen in a chess match). Since there is no other way of confirming his suspicions about the murder, the author confronts him with a ghost in one scene, even though the hero shares the audience's secular skepticism about the spirit world ("It's against all my beliefs").

After a while the Hamlet parallels, when they threaten to make the proceedings tragic, stop altogether. Tony takes a shot at Polonius through the curtains ("That bullet," says the stepfather, "was intended for me") but he only nicks him and later earns his forgiveness. In the last act, the play shifts gears from an imitation of an action to an examination of the hero's psyche.

A long-winded psychiatrist—who combines the characters of Horatio, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern all in one bright package—tells Tony that his neurosis stems from a desire to kill his father and sleep with his mother, with whom he has been necking furiously in the course of the play. As phrases like "identified yourself" and "vicariously participated" fly about his ears like mosquitoes, Tony leaves the house without taking his revenge while his mother determines to sleep in her son's room. It becomes clear that the royalties should have been shared not with Shakespeare for "Hamlet" but with the Freudian Ernest Jones for *Hamlet and Oedipus,* a psychoanalytical study.

It is significant that, in bringing "Hamlet" up to date for modern audiences, Mr. Rice chose to ignore the spirit of the play while concentrating on the hero's libido. For to analyze Hamlet in such a manner is to minimize and deflate him, to rob him of whatever is distinctive in his nature. Instead of a heroic figure in conflict with the universe, the state, and his own soul, we are given an easily identifiable neurotic; instead of a tragedy opening out onto the state of the world, we are given a conventional family drama closing in on the living room. With the ideas of Hamlet neatly reduced to Freudianism (a very un-Freudian science composed not of meaning but of jargon), Shakespeare has been squeezed into a Broadway formula and had his offending members lopped off where they didn't fit. "Cue for Passion," like an undernourished parasite, feeds on Shakespeare's reputation while leaving the substance of his thought behind; and the audience departs the theater in the same passive state it entered, with no demands having been made on the heart or mind.

JOB IN THE HYDROGEN AGE

ARchibald MacLeish's "J. B." is another adaptation, this time of the Book of Job, and it has been hailed as one of the "memorable works of the century." It is undoubtedly fortunate in having one of those stunning physical productions at which Broadway excels. Boris Aronson's realization of a kind of celestial circus tent is both handsome and functional; David Amram's background music fulfills its subordinate role and

yet becomes an intense, ironic articulation all of its own; and Elia Kazan's manipulation of the events proves once again that he is a great director by virtue of being a great orchestrator and conductor.

While pacing all the scenes rhythmically, Kazan has found physical attitudes for grief, agony, rage, and compassion which are almost unbearable in their truth and beauty. I know I shall never forget Christopher Plummer, as the denying spirit Mr. Nickles, kicking furiously at the set as if he wished to knock down the walls of heaven, or Pat Hingle, as J. B., rising slowly out of a crust of pain to confront his comforters. The technique is non-illusionistic, with stagehands wandering nonchalantly onto the set at the beginning, actors entering like vendors through the audience, and characters interrupting the action at specified times—and one senses that Kazan, having burst the bonds that atmospheric realism always imposed upon him, is joyfully filling his lungs with the headier stratospheric air.

But although the air up there is headier, it is not any purer, and it seems to be filled with a lot of gas. I had the impression after a while that something was terribly wrong, an impression which first communicated itself through the acting. Plummer and Nan Martin, who plays J. B.'s wife, are first-rate in their expression of more natural emotions, but Pat Hingle and Raymond Massey (playing an actor playing God) often sound flat and rhetorical, particularly in the last act when their emotions grow in size. To be sure, many American actors, by concentrating on inner feeling at the cost of articulation and projection, have sadly limited their range, and Hingle, though a gifted naturalistic actor, is inadequate to the part. (It is one of the ironies of the evening that Plummer, the only actor in the cast capable of handling the heroic speeches, is given the most casual role.) But the fault is not the actors' alone—the play and its language must bear a heavy burden. MacLeish is a good lyric poet when he is satisfied with smaller effects. Here his verse sounds like radio poetry, alternating between obsolete colloquialisms, doggerel rhyme, and high-flown rhetoric, while the pithy language he has borrowed from the Book of Job only underlines the weakness of his own.

As for the play, despite the fact that it provides an occasion for high theatricality, "J. B." reflects something hollow within it which no amount of theatrical brilliance can obscure; for, like Elmer Rice, MacLeish has chosen to adapt a masterpiece already available in magnificent English and lessened both its clarity and emotional impact by distorting it to his own ends.

The Book of Job is a philosophical poem concerned almost exclusively with the relationship of Job to God. Although he is a "perfect and an upright man," Job is cursed by Satan with misfortunes while God, who is trying to prove that Job will never renounce him, remains aloof. Finding no cause for his affliction, Job questions the wisdom of the universe, concluding finally—after he has been rebuked by God—that such questions are too deep for human knowledge. The story depends on the unquestioned existence of a Deity who may not be pleasant but who is nevertheless *there* and personally involved in the state of man.

Probably to emphasize that Job was unique, his Biblical author characterized him as a "perfect and an upright man"; probably to encourage ready audience identification, MacLeish's hero, on the other hand, is notable primarily for his commonness. When Job becomes J. B. he dwindles, like Rice's Hamlet, into a small and familiar modern man. ("Oh, there's always someone playing Job," observes one character, while another adds, "There must be thousands.") In his first scene he is a suburban YMCA business type carving a turkey for his cheery blonde family in a grouping borrowed from a Norman Rockwell advertisement (the only thing missing is the Product). In his modern form, J. B. seems smug and complacent rather than perfect and upright. When he begins to speculate that his fabulous commercial luck is the result of God's being "on my side," one is not surprised that Nemesis strikes him down, for he is guilty of overweening pride. The play starts out not as an adaptation of Job but an Ibsenite tragedy about the spiritual consequences of fatty prosperity.

If this was one of MacLeish's intentions to start with, it is—like most of the intentions in the play—never carried through. Rather than an indictment of American capitalism, the play becomes an implicit justification of it, for J. B. is soon characterized as a thoroughly *guiltless* man. During most of the action, J. B., like Job, is trying to determine the supernatural cause for his misfortunes. Even this borrowed theme, however, is clouded by MacLeish's modern superimpositions. He needs God and Satan—or two actors who assume their masks—to keep the action going, but in their modern roles, they could just as well have been junked for all they illuminate the action. J. B.'s family and

goods are carried off by Rape, Murder, War, and Nuclear Explosions, and his boils are a result of radiation burns, all of which are afflictions not permitted by omnipotent God but caused by blundering man.

Since these misfortunes have complex social, political, and moral roots—and not supernatural ones—J. B.'s wrangling with God seems less relevant than some judgment about man in the Hydrogen Age. But although the play hovers on the brink of both, neither question is deeply probed. Instead our attention is directed without comment to the Bomb (on which everything from the weather to juvenile delinquency is unthinkingly blamed today) while MacLeish tries to conjure up a conditioned response by the mere invocation of horrors.

The quality of the play, then, as critic Kenneth Tynan of the *New Yorker* has pointedly observed, is schizoid. The play shudders between some religious statement out of the Bible about the relationship of man to God, and some social statement out of MacLeish about the horrors of the modern world, but since the two are fundamentally contradictory, neither statement is ever made. The murky inconclusive thought of the play is disguised by Expressionist abstraction which, as in many plays of its type, becomes a method not of clarifying issues but of clouding or oversimplifying them. Job's three comforters have been updated as a Marxist, a Priest, and a Freudian, but the intended satire never works because the three are superficial dummy characters (the Freudian, for example, talks of the "*sub*conscious" and the non-existence of guilt as if he had never read Freud). And the final abstraction—when MacLeish skirts all the issues of his own play by allowing his hero to affirm life because of the presence of Love (an affirmation underlined, I suspect, by Kazan in his suggestions for revisions)—is grotesque, irrelevant, and ameliorative, and it leaves the work to dribble off inconsequentially at the end. "J. B." is an example of Broadway middle seriousness at its most intense, for it obtains a look of profundity from a work that it minimizes; and while assuming the appearance of tragedy, it is painless and palliative in its effect.

HUSH IN THE TEMPLE OF THESPIS

THESE then are five representative plays of the current Broadway season. Most of them have virtues, and some of them are even moving, but all of them have pretenses beyond their actual achievements which mar their total effect.[1] Such plays indicate that, far from being a city with many suburbs feeding it, the contemporary American theater looks more like a suburb which has swallowed its city. Civilized, enlightened, liberal, sophisticated, smooth, and knowing, Broadway is also, quite often, mushy at the center. Decked out with theatrical embellishments and informed by technical expertise, our modern theater, like our modern cars, has much shiny chrome plating and little tensile strength. Unpretentious escapist entertainment is becoming harder and harder to find—now each play is dressed up in fancy clothes and masqueraded as Something Not To Be Missed. As one producer is quoted as saying, "There just may not be room in our theater any more for an inconsequential show."

I fear that, in such an atmosphere, there soon may not be room for a play of consequence either. It is no doubt a healthy thing to aspire but the present tendency is to mistake the aspiration for the achievement: Broadway is beginning to fall a victim to the inflated hyperbole it feeds the public. Producers are losing their surface cynicism toward their products (it is now the fashion to "believe" in the play); a whole generation of playwrights, actors, and directors are speaking unblushingly of their "dedication"; great hunks of TV time are now being devoted to solemn chit-chat, much of it unctuous, glib, and pretentious, about the art of Broadway; and the newly renovated theater houses, when they don't look like lush bedrooms, look like Temples of Thespis with an atmosphere of hush created by

[1] It may seem strange to omit from this report two of the most interesting plays of the season, "Epitaph for George Dillon" and "A Touch of the Poet," but since the first is by two Englishmen (John Osborne and Anthony Creighton) and the second by an American five years dead (Eugene O'Neill), I did not think them representative of the drama Americans are currently producing. "Epitaph for George Dillon," which has now been revived after swiftly perishing earlier on Broadway, was offered in a superb production and embodied Osborne's best writing to date. Showing clearly that Osborne's spiritual father is George Orwell, the play demonstrated, to my relief, that Osborne's usually scattered electricity could be controlled and directed toward a target. "A Touch of the Poet," though a trifle forced in its symbolism, proves again that the late O'Neill was the great O'Neill, a man finally freed from literary pretentiousness. I thought the play was compromised in its shattering effect, however, by an overly ingratiating performance by Helen Hayes and an overly buoyant production by Harold Clurman (only Jose Quintero among our directors is willing to accept a pessimistic playwright on his own bleak terms).

thick carpeting, rich upholstery, and busts of unidentifiable notables.

All this testifies to the theater's awakening sense of itself. But dramatic art is not created out of self-congratulation; it comes out of perpetual discontent. It is not prosperous and self-satisfied but disreputable and culturally subversive. The great dramatic artists of the past hundred years—Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw, Chekhov, Lorca, Synge, Brecht (and we may soon add the name of Friedrich Duerrenmatt)—did not sun themselves in the smiles of the majority, partly because they were "difficult," partly because they were not sympathetic to the values of the majority. Broadway show business, on the other hand, despite its high ambitions, still has a tendency to remove the bite from plays for fear they might offend a portion of the audience, and there is now only an outside chance that a work of merit will make it to Broadway before its teeth are drawn. If toothless plays continue to be offered as examples of dramatic art, even this chance may soon disappear.

FINE TALENTS ON AND OFF BROADWAY

NO, THE theater is in danger today not so much from the snob or the Philistine as from the middle thinker who tries to serve Art and Money simultaneously. For the middle thinker, the top comes down and the bottom up. Limited appeal becomes a sign of creeping aristocracy and mass appeal a sign of cultural grace: Van Cliburn is applauded not so much for his serious musicianship as for the fact that, as *Life* puts it, his recordings are "ahead of Presley in album sales" while Marilyn Monroe becomes less an attractive sex goddess than an "accomplished comedienne."

I doubt if Mr. Kerr would go as far as the editors of *Life* who exclude from their double report what they call the "rarefied realms of experimental drama" (presumably Off Broadway where the only consistently serious drama is being produced)[2] while devoting long articles to the amount of money everyone is making in the theater. Yet, by reserving immortality primarily for those works chosen by the box office, he reflects the same tendencies.[3] Far from determining quality, the box office often compromises it, and the greatest danger of middle seriousness is that it will compromise our authentic talents too with its blurring of distinctions.

For America today is blessed with a great many fine talents both on and off Broadway. The playwrights Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams, the directors Elia Kazan, Herbert Berghof, Jose Quintero, and Stuart Vaughan, the composer Leonard Bernstein, the choreographer Jerome Robbins, and the actors Jason Robards, Fritz Weaver, Christopher Plummer, and Alvin Epstein, are only a few of the younger artists whose genuine artistry could bring a real flowering to the New York stage. But the nature of our theater forces them to function only sporadically and often in isolation from one another, while the impulse toward commodity success always threatens to hang a dead weight on their talents and to vitiate their powers.

The American stage can fulfill its promise only when they all have the courage—and the encouragement—to be bold, direct, thoughtful, provocative, and even unpleasant and unpopular. Show business today owes its existence to its ability to ingratiate itself with the audience, and perhaps it is unrealistic to expect a spectator to pay eight or more dollars to have his conscience shaken by the merciless proddings of a relentless playwright or actor. Perhaps, in future, serious American artists will be provided with an alternative theater and leave Broadway to the light relaxations it used to perform so well. But the present trend toward middle seriousness bodes well neither for art nor for entertainment, and is satisfactory only to those who have an appetite for pretense. The theater, as Bernard Shaw once remarked, is always at a low ebb, but the difference today is that while the tide is running out Broadway's oracles are happily proclaiming an abundant flood.

[2] I wish there were scope within this report to discuss some of the fine work being done Off Broadway this season. There the spectator will find some of the most compelling plays of the modern theater. Chekhov's "Ivanov" and Behan's "Quare Fellow," in almost flawless productions, are splendid works, and the company offering a series of stimulating plays at the Phoenix is one of the best ensemble groups to be gathered together in some years.

[3] "I've never held much stock in those 'lost cause' plays that are defended by a handful of partisans," remarks Mr. Kerr in his book, *Pieces of Eight;* "so far as I know not one of them has ever reversed the verdict of its initial audiences and established itself as a masterpiece." The word "masterpiece" is loaded—how many successful plays qualify for such praise? But only recently at least three such plays have established their reputations Off Broadway after having been rejected by the reviewers and (in consequence) the majority theater: O'Neill's "The Ice Man Cometh"—his finest play and an authentic masterpiece of the American drama—along with Williams' "Summer and Smoke" and Miller's "The Crucible," both superior to the "hits" of recent seasons.

By CLARENCE B. RANDALL

Drawings by Stephen B. Cook



THE HAPPY CARDIAC

Cheerfully convalescing from a heart attack he didn't know he was having, an adviser to Presidents admits he had more luck than sense.

I AM sixty-seven, and have had a coronary thrombosis. But to my surprise, now that it is all over, instead of being filled with dark foreboding for the future, as would have been true in my father's day, I am still gay as a cricket. Living happily within my new limitations is turning out to be just one more of life's adventures.

Let no one who reads this be deceived by my levity. I behaved very badly. The moment a man has pains in his chest or upper abdomen, such as he has never experienced before, he should stop all activity at once, and consult the best doctor available.

I was lucky, and like every other cardiac, I enjoy talking about my case. Granting that garrulity seems to be a symptom of my ailment I do think that my narrow escape was sufficiently bizarre to talk about.

I had my coronary one night when I was alone in Lisbon on government business. I was sick all right, but I was so sure that it was a stomach upset that I went right ahead, finished my job in Portugal and then flew home to Chicago via Paris and then to London. Then I made two round trips by air to Washington, where I did my regular job at the White House and made two speeches.

Strange therapy, all this, for a thrombosis, but how could I have known that I had had a heart attack that night in Lisbon? I wasn't overtired, or under pressure. My wife and I had just had a leisurely vacation motoring around Switzerland, Northern Italy, and the French Riviera. I was completely relaxed when I left London to do a couple of special jobs in my capacity of Special Assistant to the President in the field of Foreign Economic Policy. (And to keep the taxpayers from having coronaries too, let me make it clear that I had paid my own expenses to Europe.)

I enjoyed the beautiful flight over Brittany, the Bay of Biscay, and the Pyrenees. When I reached Lisbon on a fine, lazy afternoon, my first appointment turned out to be a seven-thirty Embassy party. With four clear hours ahead I went to bed in my hotel room. So just before my coronary I was not dashing about, or bearing great responsibility, or lifting heavy weights; I was sleeping peacefully.

When I finally awoke, I pushed the button for the maid, but nothing happened. Then I noticed that my bathroom light was out. I tried

another switch and nothing happened. Now thoroughly aroused, I peeked out into the hall and found that it was in complete darkness. All the power in the hotel had failed.

I managed a bath in the lightless bathroom. As I dressed, I realized that, of course, the elevator would not be running and was just a bit bothered by the prospect of walking up six flights to my room when I came back from dinner. I decided to take along the flashlight which my wife always stuffs into my flight bag, even though it bulged lethally in my pocket. Then I climbed down the six flights of stairs and went to the Embassy.

JUST SOMETHING I HAD FOR DINNER

OF ALL people, the party was for doctors, a hundred American specialists in tropical diseases. I only stayed an hour. Doubtless I would have caused more of a stir had the group suspected that the guest from the White House staff was about to have a coronary thrombosis.

I had a quiet dinner with our Chargé, Bob McIlvaine. We were settling no great questions, just chatting about mutual friends, and the charms of Portugal—with no strain whatever.

Toward half past ten, Bob drove me back to my hotel. It was a lovely, soft evening, so I sat down on a bench to watch the people strolling for a while before I went to bed.

Right then something hit me. I felt funny. Every traveler expects an occasional stomach upset, so I assumed this was one and was sure of it when perspiration suddenly broke out on my forehead.

I hustled back the half-block to my hotel, considerably worried now about climbing those six flights. That was a close shave, for my coronary had begun although I didn't know it. If I had climbed, it might have been disastrous. But the short circuit had been found and I rode up in the elevator.

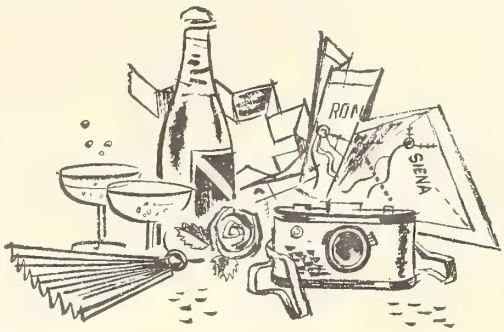
For a couple of distressed hours I tossed in bed wondering what was wrong. The possibility of a heart attack did occur to me and I tried to remember what I had been told by friends who had suffered them. However, I ruled the idea out since my pain was not at any time unbearable, nor did I feel the panic which is said to be typical of heart attacks. Everything fitted my theory of a travel stomach upset. I cursed the Embassy's canapés and was chagrined that an old hand like myself, who had done both Asia and Africa without mishap, should get in trouble in lovely Portugal. At last, nausea came to my relief; my theory was proven, so I went back to bed and slept until morning.

And that was my coronary.

Naturally, next morning I got on with my job. I went over to the Embassy and held the conference that I had come to Portugal for. (I have wondered since how I looked, and whether I made sense, for according to the rules I should have been in bed under an oxygen tent.)

Then I went back to my hotel, where more misadventures awaited me when I checked out. I was ready in ample time to ride to the airport, but my bags had vanished after an undersized page boy had picked them up in my room. As ten and then twenty minutes passed, I began to fume. At thirty minutes I roared, but to no effect. At thirty-five minutes the midget porter appeared. Once more the power had gone off, this time only on the freight elevator. He had dragged my sixty-six pounds of baggage all the way down the six flights.

I made the plane after all, flew to Paris, where I ate no supper, and went early to bed, still believing I had a stomach upset. Next morning, I attended an economic meeting and apparently looked and behaved quite normally. That afternoon, still pursuing my own peculiar cardiac



therapy, I flew to London, checked in at my hotel, ate a dinner, which for the first time tasted good, and went to bed. I lazed around my room all the next day. In the late afternoon, my wife, who had been on an automobile trip, rejoined me and we had a gay evening. At bedtime I think I mentioned the little upset I had had in Lisbon to my wife. Since it didn't seem important to me, she merely said she was sorry, and that was that. Now she reproaches me with not having told her that the possibility of a heart attack had actually occurred to me.

Two days later she went off with a friend for a week in Scotland and I flew on to Idlewild. I spent the night on the plane in a reclining chair, since I detest berths. From New York I flew

on to my home in Winnetka, north of Chicago.

By this time it was Sunday afternoon. No decent person would bother about a medical checkup on a sunny Sunday when his doctor is probably on the first tee at the Country Club about to drive 225 yards straight down the middle. The next morning I carried my two suitcases downstairs as usual and flew off to Washington with no sense of impending crisis. I did have the feeling that it would be prudent sometime to tell a doctor about that Lisbon business. But when I got to the White House I found that the President had gone to Newport, and that General Snyder and Colonel Tkach, of his medical staff, whom I would normally have consulted, had gone with him.

So for the rest of the week, I dug into the work that had piled up while I was in Europe. Some of it was urgent and tough. There were conferences to chair, and the like, and I did them all. But instinct was at work, for I was a little tired. I canceled an immediate return flight to Belgium, where I was supposed to make an address. That turned out to be one of the smartest decisions I ever made, and I claim it as evidence that I do have sense at times.

Then back to Chicago I flew, to meet my wife. I didn't mention any medical problem to her because I didn't think I had one. The word coronary would have shocked us both immeasurably, yet I was in the midst of one. Once more it was a fine Sunday afternoon, and again I thought of the golf links and didn't call my doctor.

Next morning I carried my two suitcases down the stairs again, touched base at my Chicago office, and flew off to Washington.

But this time, I did "turn myself in."

The President was back, and Dr. Tkach was at his desk in the White House. I told him my story, prompted only by conscience, for I had had no pain, there had been no incidents, and there was nothing wrong with me except that I was tired. He took my blood pressure, and pronounced it normal. He listened to my heart with his stethoscope and said, "Sounds good." But, and this is the largest "but" so far in my life, he added, "Sergeant, take an EKG; I'll be back in an hour."

THE MILITARY TAKE OVER

THAT did it. The cardiogram was shot out to Walter Reed Hospital and an hour later the doctor was saying to me, with unchallengeable authority, "You sit right where you are and don't move. You are not going home tonight. You are going out to Walter Reed in an ambulance, and going now."

The whole thing was still amusing to me. I felt silly in the ambulance flat on my back, surrounded by stern-faced Army corpsmen, ready for any emergency.

At the hospital, the heart men said that there was no doubt but that I had had a coronary thrombosis that night alone in Portugal, and that my therapy had been unorthodox indeed. From then on, I got well, thanks to superb care at Walter Reed, followed by my wife's devotion, and equally fine medical care when I came home.



A lot of my friends rushed off and had medical examinations as soon as they heard about my experience. The doctors tell me this always happens. Every person I had ever known who had had a cardiac difficulty wrote to me. This was a wonderful, moving expression of friendship. Invariably they wound up their letters by telling me to take it easy. But, for the most part, they were not following their own advice. One man had gone on to hunt elephants in Africa and tigers in India, while another was back to twenty-seven holes of golf a day. He contended that this was a concession from thirty-six.

The most surprising thing I have learned is that cardiacs are a happy lot. Any hospital staff will tell you that by and large no group has better morale. This is especially true for men of my age who have had rich full lives already, and for whom what remains is dividend anyway.

We now know where we stand. The thing we feared most has happened, and, glory be, it isn't bad at all! The main change in our lives is that we must try to avoid worry and nervous strain—probably a good idea after sixty anyhow.

So let the winds of fate whistle as they may. Every day is a new day, and within our new limitations we are going to enjoy every hour.

DWIGHT TAYLOR

SCOTT FITZGERALD *in Hollywood*

An account of the crazy gin-soaked Sunday in Malibu when Fitzgerald looked like a fool—until he made it into one of his best short stories.

THE whole thing started with a dress shirt. I was very proud of this shirt, because Peter Arno had decorated the front of it, and I particularly admired the ingenuity with which he had utilized the crack down the middle and the place for the studs. I found it invaluable for fancy-dress balls. I first met Scott Fitzgerald at one of these functions in New York, and he took to my shirt immediately. He asked me to give it to him. I refused. He considered this to be an unreasonable attitude. I pointed out the advantages of the shirt; that whereas the conventional pirate or Pierrot costume necessitated a certain amount of concentrated and, to my mind, entirely wasted effort, all I had to do was change my shirt. Scott replied that it was precisely this feature which appealed to him. It was a stand-off. The hour was late and the gin synthetic. I remember very little more of the conversation, but we parted with no hard feelings on either side, and I managed to get home with my shirt still on my back.

This was our first encounter, and I remember how charmed I was with the simplicity and directness of a grown man who simply asked for something when he wanted it.

I next saw him at the opening of the Swedish Ballet which had arrived in New York from Paris, with scenery and costumes by Jean Cocteau. Scott had already had some experience of the *avant-garde* movement while in Paris, but I had not; and the grotesquerie of the settings and costumes, together with the dissonance of the music, came to me as a surprise. I will not say that I disliked it, but it left me puzzled. I realize now that I didn't know exactly what I *did* feel. I found myself sitting next to Scott, who was with a party of eight or ten people, including his wife Zelda. Suddenly a male dancer appeared on the stage who, as far as I could determine, was completely naked, save for a coating of bright yellow grease which looked like butter. He proceeded to do a *pas de deux* with the leading ballerina and I took exception to this. Much to my surprise, so did Scott. We expressed our disapproval with catcalls until suppressed by those around us.

"It's the butter," I whispered. "I was always taught that there is a place for everything—and everything in its place."

"It's probably the very *best* butter," said Scott, and this immediate and apt quotation from the Mad Tea Party made us friends at once.

The evening wore on. I remember dimly something about an ostrich and the Eiffel Tower and a photographer. I left the ballet before it was concluded and, with a whispered farewell to Scott, went home.

I used to work a great deal at night in those days and was anxious to get on with some project I had in mind. I hadn't been home twenty minutes before the doorbell rang and I found Scott standing at the portal.

"I couldn't stick it either," he said. "May I come in and have a drink?"

I was living in my mother's home at the time, which had a sort of baronial grandeur about it, and we descended the staircase into the living-room where a large fire was burning in the hearth. We discussed the *avant-garde* movement in general and the Swedish Ballet in particular. I felt then that Scott didn't know anything more about it than I did, but his affection for Gertrude

Stein and his desire to be "in on things" made him follow the crowd. But he was too American in his very bones to ever really be anything else, and I think it is this indigenous, localized quality in his work which has aroused the curiosity of our young people today.

A few moments later the rest of the party poured in. I was quite unprepared for this invasion. Yet these impromptu midnight raids on each other's domiciles were characteristic of the twenties and I should not have been surprised. I got out more liquor, turned on the phonograph and decided to let things take care of themselves.

I was not prepared for Zelda, however. Suddenly she stood up in the center of the big living-room and started to remove her clothes. I was somewhat startled, and asked Scott what it was all about.

"She always does that," he replied. He put down his glass and went over to her. "Come on, darling," he said. "Why don't you go upstairs and take a bath?"

This suggestion alarmed me even further. I expected my parents home at any moment and I didn't quite know what their reaction would be at finding a strange woman in the tub.

"I don't think that would be a very good idea," I said. "You see, my parents—"

The others just stood around and grinned. They were all good friends of Scott and Zelda's and evidently had gone through this sort of thing before.

"Then let's go home and take a bath," said Scott. "We'll just ride out to Great Neck and take a bath there."

Docile as a child, Zelda got her cloak and they trooped up the stairs. Scott guided her gently to the door, then turned and whispered to me:

"She'll be all right when she gets home. We've got a long way to go."

I have thought of this remark many times since.

WHAT HE NEEDED MONEY FOR

IN THE fall of 1931 I came to Hollywood to write for motion pictures. MGM had offered me a three-months contract to see what I could do. The romantic "lost lady" type of story was then very much in vogue, and I was set to work writing on one of these, under the supervision of Irving Thalberg.

For some reason the walls of my office were composed almost entirely of glass. I felt like the proverbial goldfish, and on those occasions when visitors were taken on a tour of the studios I would sometimes be pointed out as an example of a real live writer discovered at his desk. After a few days of this I turned the desk so that it was facing the one solid wall of the cubicle, and presented my back to the windows, as I have seen the orangutan do when out of sorts.

One day I became aware that a very special pair of eyes were burning a hole in the back of my coat, somewhere between the shoulder blades. Turning from my desk I discovered Scott peering in at me through the window. On his face was that twisted little half-smile which was so characteristic of him, and which always reminded me of a little boy who wanted to play but wasn't quite sure of his welcome. I was overjoyed at seeing him again. In the interval life had become quite grim for both of us, and he was a symbol of happier and more careless times.

He came in and sat down. We talked of New York and the people we knew. He explained to me that this visit to Hollywood was strictly business, because he needed the money badly. The cost of maintaining Zelda, who was now in a sanitarium, and the education of his daughter required all the financial ingenuity and sacrifice he could bring to bear. He announced proudly that he had sworn off drinking, and one look at his clear eyes and his still-boyish face convinced me that this was true.

A PARTY AT THE THALBERGS'

SOME weeks went by. Scott was anxious to learn the trade and, although a neophyte myself, I helped him in any way I could. I remember he was always worried about camera angles, but I pointed out that it was his dialogue and characterization that they were after, and if he could manage to get his story down he could be sure that they would photograph it.

One day we received an invitation to attend a swell party given by Irving Thalberg at the beach. I was amazed at this invitation as I had done nothing particularly outstanding in pictures and was, in fact, considerably worried about where I stood. The explanation, of course, when it came, was absurdly simple. The party was being given in honor of Freddy Lonsdale whom I had known in New York, and it was at his request that I had been invited. Scott, on the other hand, had been invited because he was Scott Fitzgerald, and that, I think, should be sufficient reason for anybody. Nevertheless, he was as

pleased and astonished as I, and as we were the only writers invited we planned to motor down together for mutual protection.

When the great day finally arrived I called for him in my car, and after half-an-hour's drive, we found ourselves standing in front of one of those huge white doors which guard the portals of these curious monoliths along the sand. One pressed a button, I remember, and then there was a tremendous answering rattle from an electrical device that released the latch. After entering this door one was confronted by a long walk across a patio to the doors of the house itself. I have become more familiar with these devices since, and I imagine their purpose is to keep out unwelcome visitors, but never in my living memory have I known an instance of anyone pressing these outside bells without receiving a prompt release of the latch; from which I can only conclude that the butlers in charge of these devices are either too lazy to walk across the patio to see who the visitor may be or they have come to the conclusion that all visitors are welcome.

We were shown into a huge living-room, and I could see at once that we had landed on our feet. Everybody who *was* anybody in the picture colony was there. Scott had been fretting about what he should wear, and I had assured him that anything would do. With a Hollywood party this is usually a safe assumption.

Miss Shearer came forward to greet us, and then we were conducted over to Lonsdale who was draped like a melancholy pointer on the arm of his chair. I had determined to stick close to Scott to see that he did not drink. I did not intend to be officious or obtrusive about it, but I had had some experience with alcoholics, and I knew that the nervous pressure of a social occasion can sometimes be alleviated by having a friend close at hand who knows one's problems and can step in at the right moment. I also knew that there had been some trepidation about hiring Scott in the first place because of his failing, and this was certainly not the time or place to give way to it. There was too much at stake.

Silver trays laden with cold, dew-speckled martinis passed continuously beneath our noses. I would shake my head virtuously, and Scott would follow suit. But the room was restless and exciting, with all the glamor and babble of a fair. And what a fair! Pretty faces which had gazed down at one with bland enticement from a thousand billboards had now become animate at one's ear. It was heady music and hard to keep a resolution. I became involved in some conversation on my left, and when I turned again, Scott was gone.

I started searching for him in and out the crowd, but without success. I ran into Bob Montgomery who had just entered from the patio. He was in white riding breeches and black boots. I asked him whether he had seen Scott Fitzgerald and he said no—that he was anxious to meet him. At this moment I felt something jog at my elbow, and turning discovered Scott. He was peering at Montgomery as a man might gaze at a penguin in the zoo.

"Scott," I said, "I'd like you to meet Bob Montgomery."

He didn't answer for a moment, but continued to stare at the actor who was standing in all the grandeur of his polo outfit.

"Why didn't you bring your horse in?" he said slowly, and there was not a vestige of lightness in his face when he said it.

In the brief time that he had been out of my sight he could not have been able to consume more than one or two drinks, yet already here he was as drunk as a man who had been swilling for half the night. My heart sank. Montgomery murmured something and passed on his way.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

WHAT made Scott decide to sing I will never know. Perhaps some lonely feeling that he was not appreciated here—that his writing was far away in his study, whereas this was an extroverted company, used to attracting attention in extroverted ways. Whatever the reason, the decision was disastrous.

He suddenly announced, in a loud, clear voice, that he wanted to sing. A curious silence fell upon the room. Miss Shearer asked him what he wished to sing. He said he wished to sing about a dog. Ramon Navarro was selected to vamp an accompaniment, and Miss Shearer's maid was sent upstairs to fetch her dog. The others gathered in a half-circle near the piano, but not too near, their faces devoid of expression, like people gathered at the scene of an accident.

It was the kind of song which might have seemed amusing if one were very drunk and still in one's freshman year at college. The dog, as if touched by some deep feeling of empathy, lay patiently in the crook of his arm, gazing back at the circle of unfriendly faces. As nearly as I can recollect the words at this late date, they were roughly as follows:

In Spain, they have the donkey
In Australia, the kangaroo,
In Africa, they have the zebra
In Switzerland, the zoo.
But in America we have the dog—
And he's a man's best friend.

This was all right as a starter, and a smile of tolerant amusement started to appear on the faces of the company who had anticipated a complete fiasco, and now thought they began to see some daylight. Unfortunately, the second verse was very much like the first—being nothing more than a simple inventory of the animals of the world, together with the places in which they are found, ending with the same catch-line:

But in America we have the dog—
And he's a man's best friend.

I had begun to fear that this actually *was* the punch line for which everyone had been waiting, and not having achieved its laugh in the first verse, was unlikely to do so in the second, and certainly not in the third. The song was so inadequate to the occasion (or, indeed, to any occasion that I could think of) that the company stood frozen in their places, wondering how to extricate themselves from an unbearable situation. Scott seemed to sense by this time that he was not a success and small beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead. But he was no more able to break the tension than the others and he plunged into the fourth verse of this interminable song like a desperate man plunging into the rapids.

I became aware of a low hissing sound, somewhat like steam escaping from a radiator, and looking around the circle for its source discovered that it was emanating from Jack Gilbert and Lupe Velez, who were standing together with arms linked and staring at Scott with that incomparable air of superiority which only recently reformed characters seem able to achieve. There was no malice in their faces, but no fun either—it was a complete rejection—and by the most liberal members of the herd.

I will never completely forget the horror of that precise moment. A peculiar characteristic of picture society is that it actually has no social leadership. Nobody sets the pattern of conduct, because this would seem to pre-empt the right to do so; and the desire to appear democratic and hail-fellow-well-met far transcends the human impulse to assume personal responsibility in a difficult situation.

I could see the little figure of Thalberg standing in a doorway at the far end of the room, with his hands plunged deep into his trouser pockets, his shoulders hunched in that characteristic posture of his which seemed to be a withdrawal. There was a slight, not unkind smile on his lips as he looked toward the group at the piano. But he did not move.

Shearer herself was still smiling encouragement at Scott, but there was no longer any conviction in it—only the dog seemed content as it lay in his arm. The scene had taken on the quality of a nightmare, where everyone seemed doomed to remain frozen in his place forever. By a great effort of will I was able to step forward and lay my hand on Scott's arm.

"Come on, Scott," I said. "We're going home."

DEAR SCOTT . . .

THE following morning at the studio I was sitting in my glass cubicle endeavoring to work myself up into the proper Michael Arlen mood, when I again became aware that I was being watched. I turned to see Scott lounging against the lintel of the doorway and regarding me with that faded half-smile on his face which must have devastated a thousand women.

"Nice party," he said.

I nodded. There was a pause.

"How was I?"

"Not so good," I said.

The smile vanished and his face suddenly became that of an old man. It was as if the muscles had been held together by hope and my reply had cut the string. He looked down at the floor, but without changing his position.

"This job means a lot to me," he said. "I hope I didn't make too much of a jackass of myself."

As Mr. Arlen would say, I replied this-and-that, and he said thus-and-so. He again told me the cost of maintaining Zelda in the sanitarium, and how much he wanted to see that his daughter had a good education and was brought up properly. He told me how hard he had fought the drinking—and how successful he had been.

"I don't know why I chose yesterday of all days to go off," he said ruefully. "I always do that—at just the wrong time."

He reflected.

"I've been under quite a strain."

We decided to have lunch together in the commissary, and he proceeded on to his office to do his morning's work.

I turned back to my desk and tried to pick up where I had left off. Suddenly the door burst open and Scott again was standing in the doorway, this time with a telegram in his hand. His face was transfigured. He was as young as the

minute again, like the night we first met and argued over the Peter Arno shirt.

"Listen to this," he said, and proceeded to read the telegram aloud. It was from Norma Shearer and, to the best of my recollection, was worded as follows:

"Dear Scott: I think you were the nicest person at my party."

After all these years, it still seems to me one of the most gracious gestures on the part of a hostess that I have ever encountered. He was fired the following Saturday.

HOW I GOT INTO "CRAZY SUNDAY"

FITZGERALD returned to New York and I continued on about my chores. I left MGM at the conclusion of my assignment and went to work elsewhere. One loses all track of time in Hollywood, as if one were on a desert island, and it is very difficult to keep up one's contacts with the outer world. I had forgotten all about Scott and the Thalberg party when one day, about a year later, I received a telegram from an old friend of mine in New York:

WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU UP TO OUT THERE? HAVE YOU SEEN A STORY CALLED CRAZY SUNDAY IN THE CURRENT AMERICAN MERCURY?

I hied myself to the nearest newsstand and bought the magazine. The story was by F. Scott Fitzgerald. It was about two writers who had been asked to a big party at the beach house of a famous motion-picture producer. One of them gets drunk and makes a fool of himself by singing an unsolicited song. In a carefully delineated passage at the beginning of the story, giving a description of his appearance, and an oblique reference to his famous actress mother, there is no mistaking the fact that this unfortunate drunk is supposed to be *me!* Scott is the Good Samaritan who takes him home.

The truth is turned topsy-turvy, as it is in Alice Through the Looking-Glass! To make matters worse, the unruly guest has an affair with the hostess, and the motion-picture producer is killed in an airplane accident while they are in bed together. Once Scott succeeded in making the transition—taking the guise of another, as Jupiter is said to have done—the sky was the limit, and all kinds of vicarious pleasures could be enjoyed. This is a well-known phenomenon to the psychiatrist—projecting oneself into the skin of others in an attempt to enjoy oneself without feeling guilty. But I wonder how many critics of Fitzgerald's writings realized that many of them sprang from an acute guilt complex, or bothered to seek its cause.

Even Scott's daydreams usually ended in disaster. In *Tender Is the Night,* which he considered his best novel, Dick Diver reflects that he might be able to find happiness if he could ever overcome his tendency to take on the personality of those he cares for. But he is not able to do so. And neither was Scott. In spite of his social ambitions, his playboy role, his Joe College approach, he was an extremely lonely man. In memory he reminds me of a child, playing musical chairs all by himself, in a very vast room, and hoping that he will be able to sit in them all before the music stops forever.

PHILANDER MUSING

By JUDSON JEROME

NO WORDS: I swallow this, as you,
no doubt, are swallowing last words, too.
But, dear, had you not known, I might
have juggled a dozen loves. Delight
for you in being grasped and flung;
for me, a game of staying young
by keeping all those shapes in air—
and if none knew, why, none would care.

Knowledge is evil: now what I know
of how you twinge behind your show
of ease, and how you bite to cling,
contemptuous of the bitten thing,
unwilling, though, to let it go . . .
How can we love, with what we know?
How painful to shred all and then
laboriously build deceits again!

WASTE NOT, HAVE NOT

A clue to American prosperity



By JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN

Drawings by Edward Frascino

We are notoriously untidy and extravagant people—but these bad habits may turn out to be unexpected assets. . . . For in this country, at least, it seems that "Nothing succeeds like a mess."

TWO aspects of American civilization strike almost everyone: the abundance it enjoys, and the waste it permits (if it does not enjoy that too). As a London *Times* reviewer recently observed, in a discussion of three important books on American history, the occupation and development of this country has been "a wasteful process," and the American god "was not, is not thrifty. Nor is he, or was he, tidy."

Toward this untidy abundance the Europeans' attitude has generally been what George Nelson, the architect-designer, describes as "a blend of appalled curiosity, downright disbelief, righteous indignation, and envy." On what comprehensible basis, they want to know, can a nation throw away its cars when the ashtrays are full and yet prosper? How, in short, can a nation get richer and richer—achieve more and more abundance—as it grows more and more wasteful?

Of course it is by no means only foreigners who are dismayed. A good many Americans, disturbed by our failure to win friends and influence people abroad, have come to think that we have, in effect, sold our birthright for a very messy pottage, breeding an irresponsible race who litter our vacant lots and our national parks with equal spontaneity. We all feel self-consciously apologetic about this untidiness at times, especially just after we have read the latest best-selling indictment of our culture (usually referred to as "mass culture" nowadays), or just after we have returned from a trip abroad. In such moods we look about at the spasmodic cyclones of gum wrappers on subway platforms, at the sodden banks of garbage between which rivers of industrial waste flow to the sea, at the beer cans strewn along the shoulders of our highways, and we think wistfully of a scrubbed village square in Holland, the poplar-lined embankments of a river in Normandy, or a mathematically clean Autobahn in Germany. It would be nice, we think, if America were not so unkempt.

Sometimes we feel the same way about our politics. Back in the 1920s, for example, when we got a glimpse of the political sewage flowing through Harding's Washington, some of us talked enviously of the disciplined efficiency of Mussolini's new regime in Italy. Not that we wanted Fascism, of course, even if the trains did

run on time; but the idea of political discipline has its charms when you look at the disorderly machinery of democratic politics.

It is not only our political machinery that is messy; that of our industrial system is frequently messy too. The teams of British technicians, workers, and managers who came here after the war, sponsored by the Anglo-American Productivity Council, were frequently struck by the untidiness of our factories and machines. As one report phrased it: "We found the standard of cleanliness of machines to be lower in America than in Britain. The attitude toward machinery cleaning in America seems to be that it is largely unproductive." But, having noted this, the report went on to say—in words reminiscent of some of Lincoln Steffens' remarks about our political machines—that there was "certainly no evidence that the dirtier machines were working any less efficiently" than the others.

That comment, it seems to me, evokes a paradox which underlies many aspects of our civilization. There are many ways in which the paradox can be stated, but they all add up to something like, "Waste not; have not," or "Nothing succeeds like a mess."

However you state it, it sounds as if it were flippant nonsense; but I suspect it is a clue to our history, nevertheless. And if it is, we had better look seriously at it; for these are times when an understanding of the dynamic of American experience matters a great deal—to our own confidence in ourselves and to others' confidence in us and the things we profess to stand for.

WHO OWNS THE JOINT?

ONE way to get at the nature of the paradox of waste and abundance is to speculate a bit about those beer cans by the highway, which at night pick up the beams from your car's headlights and glow like a panther's eye. Do they mean anything more than that we are an inconsiderate and untidy people?

Bearing in mind the oft-repeated charge that we are a people who waste a great deal of our wealth and talent upon packages, labels, and surfaces generally, and too little on what is inside; and further remembering that beer cans, like most of our packages for food and drink, are handsome, well-made, and attractive; isn't the discarded can, glowing by the roadside, a witness of a countervailing contempt for packaging? Someone who had finished its contents threw it there without a thought, just to be rid of it.

But, it will be objected, the discarded can is also a sign of other kinds of contempt: contempt for natural beauty, and contempt for the rights of others to enjoy that beauty. Perhaps so; but we need not leap too inconsiderately to those conclusions. May it not be simply a sign that the person who tossed it there inhabits a world altogether ungrooved by routine, a world in which he can be so mobile that he need not worry about that can's blighting any landscape to which he is ever likely to return? As for the other fellow's rights: if the man who tossed out the can does not mind other people's discarded beer cans—if, in fact, he rather likes the way they wink at him at night and show him the edge of the road—why should "the other fellow" object to his? Whose highway is it, anyway? And in a world where there is so much natural beauty, whole sierras full of it, whole Alleghenies full, what difference can a few beer cans by the highway make?

Frivolous as such questions may seem, I hope that they suggest that there is a rather tricky relationship between waste (symbolized by those beer cans) and abundance. Everyone enjoys the abundance which enables us to have so many beer cans to throw away, but many of us see no necessary connection between having them and tossing them indiscriminately out of car windows. What I am trying to suggest is that we may not be able to get rid of the mess without also getting rid of the abundance.

From one point of view, the relationship between abundance and waste is a simple one of cause and effect. If we did not have abundance we could not be wasteful. In other words, we are what Denis Brogan calls a people "who go away and leave things" because we have enough and to spare. If we did not, we would take those cans home with us, cut out their ends, slice the remaining tubes lengthwise, and roof our houses with them as the citizens of the depression's Hoovervilles did. If the cause-and-effect relationship is all there is to it, we can make America a tidier and less wasteful place simply by getting rid of our abundance—by giving it away or reducing the efficiency of our productive system.

However, as the roadside beer cans suggest, there are other things than a consciousness of abundance which may prompt the American to indulge in litter and waste. One is his mobility, and another is his sense that he is what Pearl Bailey elegantly calls "the character that owns the joint." Now, these are not necessarily the most admirable or endearing characteristics of the American, but they are linked to an element

of our environment which is at least as important as abundance; namely, democracy, or at any rate that sort of democracy with which we Americans are familiar. And this raises the question whether waste (and consequent untidiness) may not be as much a result of democracy as of abundance.

There are many who think so; the wastefulness of democracy has frequently been asserted. In a recent book by a distinguished American historian it is flatly said, for example, that after two hundred years of democracy intelligent Americans are beginning to realize that its emphasis on mobility and its denial of status have been excessively wasteful.

A democracy, by definition, must promise people opportunity to improve their standard of living, to develop their individual potentialities, to rise in the social scale, and so on; and that promise has the double effect of putting a premium on all kinds of mobility (social, economic, and geographical) and of requiring the rejection of any fixed system of hierarchical status, whereby individuals are assigned by birth or edict to graded ranks. By this insistence, the argument goes, democracy has bred frightful insecurity and destructive psychological tensions, thereby precipitating what Eric Fromm has called the "escape from freedom" and inducing that flight toward security which has bred the types described in Adorno's *The Authoritarian Personality*. The difficulty with democracy, we are told, is that it is constantly "arousing expectations which it lacks the current means of fulfilling," gambling on its ability to procure the means "by the very act of stimulating people to demand them and go after them."

DANGERS OF THE CLOSED FRONTIER

THIS was all very well, we are told, as long as there were ample undeveloped resources which people could get by going after them. But now that the real frontiers are closed and we have only what Professor Walter Prescott Webb calls mirages of new frontiers to pursue; now that there are, according to Professor David Potter, "fewer undeveloped opportunities demanding to be exploited"; now, in short, that the unconverted potentialities of abundance have been all but exhausted, it is seriously urged that there is no longer any great need for mobility, and that we must now recapture some of the security that goes with status.

Impressed by such arguments, some Americans



are beginning to feel that it is cruelly wasteful, if not socially dangerous, to educate everybody (as the principle of democracy requires us to do) without determining in advance whether there will be jobs available in which they can use their education. Several years ago, at a dinner in honor of General Eisenhower when he was president of Columbia, the then-Chancellor of the New York State Board of Regents (the head of the state's system of public education) warned against educating more men and women than can earn a living in the field in which they have been educated, lest they "turn upon" the society which aroused expectations that could not be fulfilled. What worried the Chancellor especially was that these people would be "better armed in their destructive wrath by the education we have given them." If anyone was reminded of the slaveholders' reluctance to allow the slaves to learn to read and write, no comment was made.

But it is not only democracy's commitment to education which alarms such people. They are troubled too by the way it "encourages people to determine their own goals" and to set their own courses toward them, instead, presumably, of leaving goal-setting and course-plotting to what Ortega y Gasset calls "select and specially qualified minorities." What is the sense of letting people set goals for themselves which the limitations of a disfrontiered civilization will make it impossible for them to reach? The social waste resulting from this sort of thing seems, to some of those who believe themselves "qualified" to judge, too great for our civilization to bear.

From this point of view status now appears to be something which society must assure, in order to relieve the tensions of insecurity. Hence the widespread approval of the emphasis which the personnel officers of large corporations place upon giving employees a sense of membership in a permanent organization. Hence also the increasing emphasis in labor-union contracts—and

in college contracts with the faculty—upon seniority, tenure, and pensions. Hence, furthermore, the popular interest in status variously reflected in such widely-read books as Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd* and W. H. Whyte's *The Organization Man*.

From this point of view those beer cans by the highway glow with a sinister light indeed, since they are symbols both of mobility and of a far from reverent attitude toward the decorum of a status-oriented society.

THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGG

I DO not view the beer cans in that light. Those who do so, seem to me to misconstrue the relationships between democracy, waste, and abundance. They assume that democracy is a by-product of abundance; that free land and plentiful natural resources are prerequisite to democracy. As for waste, that seems to them to be an undesirable by-product of both the other two. Since they also believe that the available supply of free land and natural resources is on the verge of being exhausted, they regard waste of any kind as something which must be prevented.

I would argue, on the contrary, that a commitment to democracy—and a certain indifference to waste and untidiness—are prerequisite to abundance. I would argue, further, that we and others must learn this quickly because our ability to help create a peaceful world depends upon our ability to maintain our own abundance while helping others to create it for themselves.

By a "commitment to democracy" I mean a commitment to the idea that there are no fixed or determinable limits to the capacities of any individual human being, and that all are entitled, by inalienable right, to equal opportunities to develop their potentialities. Democracy in this sense is an ideal, not a political system, and certainly not an actual state of affairs.

But in order that we may understand one another, let us agree that the term "a democracy" means any set of political, economic, and social institutions, anywhere in the world, which has been shaped primarily under the influence of the ideal of democracy, no matter how much one such set of institutions may differ from others because of local conditions. If, as I think, American institutions have been shaped by the democratic ideal to a greater degree than those of some other nations, that is only because they were established at a time when the democratic ideal was in the ascendancy in the Western world; in a place where there were no already-established institutions which conflicted with or were hostile to democracy; and by people who, having been chiefly "the poor and down-trodden of Western Europe," had little reason to be attached to the non-democratic or anti-democratic institutions still dominant in many areas of European life.

There can be no dispute, I think, about the fact that the two nations which, during the past two centuries, have most successfully converted potential abundance into actual abundance have been the two nations whose political, social, and economic institutions were most fully shaped by democratic ideals: namely, Great Britain and the United States. The only question is whether their success in creating abundance accounts for their having been able to achieve democratic institutions, or whether the attitudes toward man, nature, and God which are embodied in the democratic ideal made it possible for their people to create the unprecedented abundance which they have enjoyed. In other words, which came first, the goose or the golden egg?

The question is important, to us and to all the world, because men everywhere seem to have an insatiable appetite for golden eggs, and one way or another they are determined to get some—by fighting for them if necessary. In so far as we believe that the golden eggs come first, our domestic and foreign policy will consist in efforts to distribute the present stock of eggs equitably enough to keep the hunger for them in check. In so far as we are convinced that the democratic goose comes first, we will do what we can to encourage the growth of any goslings we can discern (whether in Iran, or Indonesia, or Spain, or Russia)—not insisting that they grow up to be geese of exactly the same color and shape and size as ours, and not worrying very much how untidy (or how unimpressed by our status among world powers) they may be.

I am assuming, of course, that the democratic ideal exists, in at least the gosling state, wherever human beings exist, whether or not there are any golden eggs in the neighborhood. It seems to me that this is a reasonable assumption, since mankind created and cherished the legend of the goose that laid the golden eggs many centuries before the realization of any such dream of abundance was even remotely conceivable. It is worth noting that, even in the fantasy-world of the legend, the possessor of the goose kills it—as if men couldn't quite allow themselves to attain abundance even in their dreams.

Certainly the ideal of democracy long antedates the existence of any abundance-creating civili-

zation. Historians are apparently agreed that economic insufficiency characterized all civilizations until quite recent times—say about two centuries ago at the earliest. In all civilized nations up to that time a majority of the people were "inescapably destined to heavy toil and bare subsistence," since the economic surplus was insufficient to provide leisure and abundance for more than a very small minority.

In such circumstances the enviable minority had to keep the ideal of democracy in check if order was to be preserved. To them this would seem neither selfish nor heartless, but plain common sense. Feeling, like all human beings, that the maximum development of human potentialities was an unqualified good, and knowing that it required some leisure and abundance, they naturally wished to retain what advantages they themselves had. They might be (and probably were, at times) sorry for those who did not have it, and might even give some of their surplus away to those whose deprivation was called to their attention. But it must have been clear to them that it was from men and women of their privileged group—not from the lower orders—that one could expect those achievements in the arts, sciences, and professions which most fully revealed the wonderful resources of man's nature. And they must have felt quite justified in trying to avert or stamp out any activity among the vast majority of people which threatened the economic basis of their capacity to enjoy and to exalt humanity's finest potentialities.

To them a system of subordination transmitted by heredity would naturally seem less wasteful and more orderly than one which would—as democratic systems do—conduct what Professor Potter has called "a great social steeplechase for the purpose of selecting a handful of winners to occupy a few enviable positions." A system of fixed status had the undeniable merit of giving everybody a secure sense that he knew where he belonged and what was expected of him. (It is more than a coincidence, I suspect, that the first issue of *Who's Who*—a reference book which would be of no possible use in a society which knew who who was—appeared in England the year after the revolutionary turmoils of 1848.)

Besides, in a relatively static society with a limited economic surplus, no one had more than a statistically negligible chance for advancement, even if the social steeplechase had been permitted. And even if the hereditary ruling class sometimes had unruly and inconsequential sons, there probably did not seem to be any urgent necessity to recruit new blood from the depressingly undernfed, undereducated, and overworked majority. Annoying expressions of hunger for a golden egg could be disposed of by promises of utopia in some distant future, or by such relatively inexpensive distractions as Rome's "bread and circuses" or, later, state lotteries; or at worst by the provision of enough governmental or private charity to silence the most insistent complaints.



The trouble was that, all the while that the very human need to develop one's maximum potentialities was admonishing the privileged few to hold onto what they had, the very same need was constantly fermenting among those who had little. Every now and then some exceptional, or exceptionally lucky, individual rose out of the anonymous mass and got a share of the surplus. Once he had more than the bare necessities, the dynamics of his talent and energy impelled him to disrupt, to a greater or less extent, the relatively fixed status of those at the top.

They, on the other hand, when faced with the energies of a Shakespeare, a Martin Luther, a Napoleon, reacted too late or too sluggishly to preserve unaltered the institutions which such upstarts challenged; with the result that hierarchical institutions in every area of life were forever being modified by pressures from below. For it is axiomatic that security of status, accompanied by abundance, tends to be relaxing. Those who possess it easily succumb to the illusion of permanence. They find it soothing to believe that change, instead of meaning a continuous process of development (and concomitant waste), means only five nickels for a quarter—which is still twenty-five cents. And so, though the process of development and waste goes inexorably on—in human affairs as it does throughout nature—those at the top of the social hierarchy, are relatively insulated from the changes which the process inevitably produces.

The upward pressures in Western European civilization had accumulated irresistible force by

about 1500. The rapid advances in technology after that time—the swift development of power-driven machines—culminated in the so-called industrial revolution of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. And that revolution brought abundance within reach of the majority of people for the first time in the history of civilization.

THE BRACE-AND-BIT AND ALL THAT

IT IS precisely at this point that we run head on into the question whether the goose or the golden egg came first. Professor Webb's theory of the Great Frontier, as applied to Western civilization in general—like Turner's earlier thesis about the role of the frontier in American history—rests on the assumption that it was the discovery and pre-emption of vast areas of unused land which suddenly made abundance available on an unprecedented scale, thereby creating conditions favorable to the development of those institutions and qualities of character (including self-reliant individualism) which we associate with democracy. Similarly, Professor Potter has argued (in his influential book, *People of Plenty*) that free land was only one aspect of a total increase of natural resources which—combined with a flourishing technology—produced abundance enough to enable men to afford democracy. Both theories by implication suggest that a sudden increase in wealth was, in effect, the golden egg tossed by fate into the lap of Western man, and that only after men had the golden egg were they able or willing to fatten the democratic goose.

The frontier theory has stimulated some brilliant historical writing, and its grand sweep has a tragic persuasiveness. But a skeptical reader is bound to ask why, for example, if the Western wilds made the Americans "democratic, prosperous, and numerous," as Turner maintained, they did not have a similar effect upon the Indians, or (as George Wilson Pierson more pertinently asked) upon the Spaniards whose frontier they were before they were ours.

Similarly, if internal social forces in Europe in Luther's time were dynamic enough to cause a religious revolution, one wonders why the stimulus from an external frontier was necessary to incite a technical revolution. Actually—as Lynn White and other historians of medieval technology have recently shown—there is a good deal of evidence that the technical revolution was well under way before the Great Frontier of the New World was discovered. The spinning wheel—a key invention of modern technology—dates from about 1300 A.D., and by 1420 an anonymous carpenter or shipwright, probably in Flanders, had invented the brace-and-bit, thereby inventing the compound crank (familiar to you in the form of the crankshaft in your automobile engine) and precipitating what is probably the greatest single revolution in the design of machines. By 1430—sixty years before Columbus—Western man had built machines involving double compound cranks with two connecting rods and was on the way to a Model-T and a Cadillac.

But there are other reasons for doubting that free land is the cause of either democracy or abundance. It was Spain, not England, which first had direct access to the New World's wealth in its most easily convertible form—gold and silver; but it was England which became the breeding ground of democratic institutions. Professor Potter repeatedly asserts that a generous supply of natural resources is prerequisite to abundance, and that abundance is in turn prerequisite to democracy. Yet, as he himself points out, England with relatively small resources was for more than a century the most technically advanced and the richest country in Europe. In our own country, New England in the nineteenth century was relatively poor in natural resources while the South was relatively rich—but it was New England which developed the technology and productivity to make abundance available while the South contributed almost nothing to the development of technology and became one of the poorest regions in the nation.

These and many similar instances suggest, I think, that the golden egg is not immaculately conceived or doled out in a cosmic lottery, but is engendered like other eggs, and like them must be fertilized. There may be no conclusive proof that democracy was in fact the goose that laid the golden egg of abundance, but the evidence with which I am familiar certainly makes it seem probable.

HOW TO GET AHEAD

IT WOULD be foolish, of course, to underestimate the role of technology in creating abundance. No one need be so naïve as to believe that all you need in order to be rich is to be a good democrat. So, also, it is true that there is a relationship between technology and natural resources. Professor Webb is clearly right in saying that industrial machinery cannot exist "apart

from a body of material to be fabricated." But it does not necessarily follow that "it was the great abundance of raw material which put a high premium on improving the tools" of technology, and that it was this high premium, in turn, which fostered the ingenuity, inventiveness, and other traits necessary to produce a system of abundance. If that were so, the ante-bellum South would have outstripped Vermont and Connecticut in developing machines, and the Georgia cracker, not the Yankee, would have been inventive and mechanically adaptable.

It can be much more plausibly argued that people who are inventive, ingenious, and in other respects mobile, are more likely than those who relish or depend upon security of status to recognize potential abundance when they see it. They also are more likely to assume that even though no one ever tried to convert a given resource into actual wealth before, it can probably be done. Furthermore, there is a great deal of evidence that a relative paucity of resources, rather than abundance, encourages the improvement of machines and tools. For instance, it was only after wood began to become scarce that we bothered to perfect mechanical saws which didn't produce almost as many pounds of sawdust as of lumber. All the evidence, I think, points to the conclusion that inventiveness, adaptability, and other qualities which tend to foster industrial productivity (and hence abundance) are directly traceable to drives inherent in the democratic ideal, drives which are nourished by political, economic, and social institutions—and I specifically mean to include religious institutions—which are shaped by that ideal.

In this connection it is worth noting that the reports of those Productivity Teams sent over from Britain after the war give no evidence that high productivity shows any correlation with abundance of natural resources or with the security of a system of fixed status. On the contrary, the reports are full of evidence, explicit and implied, that mobility—and the institutions which foster it—are the chief factors in making America's industrial system more productive than that even of Britain which in turn is far more productive than that of France, let us say, or of Latin America. This evidence is adduced by observers who had no motive for wanting or expecting American institutions to emerge in such a favorable light. Over and over, in these reports, there are remarks to the effect that Americans "accept new machines, new methods, and the use of new materials more readily than their British counterparts"; or that the Americans are more willing than the British "to put opportunity before security."

All this may sound terribly out-of-date and other-worldly at a time when the Russians have made such spectacular advances in the conquest of outer space. If technology is fostered by democratic institutions, how did the Russians get ahead of us? The answer, of course, is that an autocratically-directed technology can do almost anything for which it is willing to sacrifice enough. Hitler's Germany proved as much, as did the Kaiser's before it. But the Kaiser's tanks and Hitler's V-1 and V-2 rockets were not abundance, and the productivity of an autocratically directed technology has never yet equaled that of the democracies. Some of us are now so frightened that we think maybe this time it will.

"BELONGING" TO WHAT?

I DO not mean to underestimate the importance of security. I know the psychological damage which may result from excessive insecurity, or from living in an environment which seems at times to frustrate us at every turn. The point I am concerned to make is simply that some of the current assumptions about the relationships between democracy and abundance, mobility and waste, lead to what seem to me to be fundamental misconceptions about what we must do. They lead to fruitless attempts to eliminate insecurity by providing makeshift substitutes for obsolete systems of status, instead of taking advantage of opportunities—inherent in democratic mobility—to minimize the sense of insecurity and to maximize the transmuting possibilities of change.

The aversion to mobility and change, in our time as in the past, springs from fear. They seem to threaten the abundance which now enables us to divert our energies from mere subsistence into channels of creative endeavor and spiritual development. Men individually, and men corporately as nations, are still driven by this inner necessity to realize their human potentialities. They will go to almost any lengths to ward off a threat to those advantages they have already won.

Since an economic surplus is one of the most recently-achieved of these advantages, and since even now the vast numbers who lack it remind us of the way in which poverty can warp and dwarf the human spirit, we inevitably set a high value on abundance. The materialism of modern civilization, in this light, seems understandable enough. And if, besides seeming so desirable, abundance seems to be something of which there

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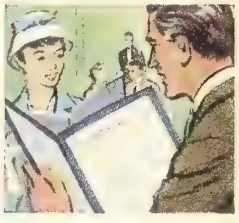
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* * *

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is a fixed and limited supply, it is scarcely surprising that mobility and waste will seem dangerous, while the ideals of status and order (and the hierarchical institutions which reinforce those ideals) will have a renewed appeal.

We must learn that the craving for status is, at bottom, only the human need for a sense of belonging. Historically, this sense of belonging has been associated with a hierarchy of fixed classes, and with the handicrafts and agricultural techniques appropriate to a status-oriented society. We tend, therefore, to overlook the evidence (of which there is a great deal) that one can belong, and have the sense of belonging, to a process as well as to a class. The awareness of process is new, and the institutions of our mobile society—including its religious and educational institutions—are still bedeviled by left-over preconceptions from an earlier order. Consequently, many of us are convinced that the only kind of belonging that matters is belonging to a cozily defined class, be it the "Workers," or the "Upper Bohemians," or the "Eggheads," or some other sociological Sigma Chi whose sweetheart we can be. It is understandable enough, to be sure, but it may well be suicidal.

FIFTY POOR MELONS

AS FOR the contemporary dread of wastefulness, so eloquently witnessed by the current interest in conservation, it too is frequently linked with the notion of rigidly limited resources. Writing in the *American Scientist* not long ago, Paul B. Sears asked whether human beings can continue to increase not only their numbers but also "their individual needs, their range and speed" without having to come to terms with "the limitations of a finite environment" as other organisms do. Of course his answer, based upon his ecological research and broad experience in the field of conservation, was that they cannot, even in America—because, vast as our resources and space may be, they "still are certainly finite."

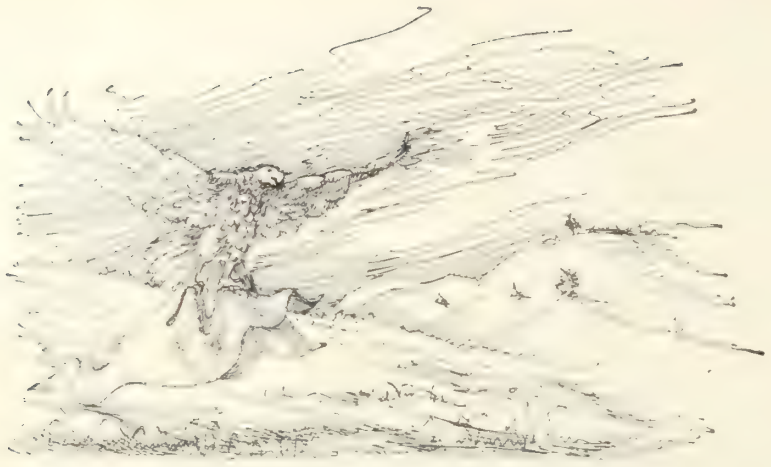
Leaving aside the question whether the conquest of space removes the finite limitations upon resources—and accepting wholeheartedly the ideal of respect for all forms of organic and inorganic nature—I would only point out the danger that, in times of apprehension, a legitimate interest in averting wanton destruction of resources may degenerate into an equally wasteful passion for hoarding them. Conservation may become mere parsimony, and in the name of the love of nature we may become nature's slaves, instead of her partners. We need occasionally to be reminded of the spirit in which the first great American conservationist, George P. Marsh, worked and wrote. If man is destined to inhabit the world much longer, and to continue to advance, he said almost a century ago, he will have to learn not only to put "a wiser estimate on the works of creation" but also to profit materially "from stimulating [nature's] productive energies in provinces of her empire hitherto regarded as forever inaccessible, utterly barren."

We must learn, what nature can surely teach us, that abundance is in a sense a product of waste. As Emerson said many years ago, "nature makes fifty poor melons for one that is good, . . . and she scatters nations of naked Indians, and nations of clothed Christians, with two or three good heads among them. Nature works very hard, and only hits the white once in a million throws."

With his reiterated insistence upon "the infinitude of the private man," Emerson is not in high favor in these days of "togetherness" and "the organization man." Yet it might be good for us to look for a moment through his eyes at the abundant and wasteful civilization in which we live.

Looking about him at the American scene near the end of his life he observed that—in spite of the European economists' doleful observation that the condition of the great body of the people has always been generally poor and miserable—that same "great body" here in America had arrived at "a sloven plenty . . . an unbuttoned comfort, not clean, not thoughtful, far from polished." It was, Emerson knew, an unprecedented condition, and the rules to meet it were not set down "in any history." What we needed, he concluded, were men and women "of original perception and original action, who can open their eyes wider than to a nationality, —namely to considerations of benefit to the human race . . . ; men of elastic, men of moral mind, who can live in the moment and take a step forward."

We need such people more than ever now. And I think that it is from men and women who share Emerson's open-ended conception of man's potentialities—which is the root and seed of democracy—that we will get that open-ended conception of abundance, that refusal to accept limits to potential wealth or virtue or kindness or talent, which will enable us to keep all doors open to our own self-fulfillment while helping others to open doors for themselves.



EAGLE DAY

A Story by Esther R. B. Wagner

Drawings by G. Hunter Jones

As Marina Sinek sat with her second cup of coffee, staring out the window in her housing-project dinette, a large eagle suddenly swooped into her yard and sank his claws into a blue doll-blanket left there by her neighbor's daughter. He crouched for a long moment, making a kind of backwater motion with his huge wings. He took off again with the blue nest-ornament hanging limply beneath his body, caught Marina's eye, and gave her a dirty look as he lurched through the air past her window. She sat transfixed, cup held motionless below her lips. It was this sort of thing that obscured for Marina the fact that she lived in a subdivision full of repulsively similar little houses, painted in offensive California tones of cobalt, pistachio, black raspberry. So she did; but three slim redwoods spired upward from the edge of her yard into the sky, and far off, the eagle melted into aqueous distance.

A good day on all counts, well begun. She was going to drive to the Marpessa Union High School, where she taught the senior classes in College Preparatory English; she had an extra hour at her disposal because of a Morning Pep Rally which emptied her classroom; she was going to make known to the administration that her first year was to be her last, that she was going back East (and she meant *East,* by God, not Chicago or Iowa, the ordinary Marpessa meaning of the word) to take a very satisfactory appointment on the staff of her own old school, Miss Thurston's august, prestige-enshrouded institution of which most citizens of Marpessa, California, had never heard.

She had come West after six years of conventional labors in accustomed grooves, lured by high salary, by a picture of black rocks in a blue bay off Marpessa Head, by the fact that nobody in her town, or at great Madson College, or at Miss Thurston's had ever heard of Marpessa, or had the slightest idea of what the West Coast was like north of San Francisco. Further, it was the unlooked-for, exotic chance to experiment with public-school teaching.

Marina's education had nothing to do with anything which the great teachers' certification bodies could recognize as Education. She had a bachelor's degree, with distinction in English, from Madson College, of which even Marpessa had heard. She had taught for six years in a famous private school of the Thurston type. She possessed an M. A. in English from a massive metropolitan university. All this, in the mysterious world of American public-school teaching, entitled her to a Provisional, or Substandard, Credential, making it barely legal for her to teach, on the condition that she pursue Education in the form of various courses in classroom management (students get sleepy after lunch unless you open the window), adolescent psychology (adolescents are likely to have problems with their skin and their parents), and testing (California Mental Maturity, True-False, Establishment of Norms and Medians).

But substandard salaries in the Golden State

if you had a little experience, were so far above quite good salaries in the schools where she was prepared to teach in a normal course of events, that she felt she could afford this excursion.

She amused herself in the classes of Dr. George Hoff, Ed. D., State University of Washington, counting his lapses from conventional grammar and justifying them to herself in terms of the new, progressive semantics. She attended a course in Guidance Techniques and sent the Professor's mimeographed material back to her friends at home with *sic* written in her own hand at regular intervals; these materials provided her and the friends with many moments of harmless pleasure.

But the letter from Thurston's was a recall to her station. A vision of the little upturned faces in those pleasant classrooms rose before her, with a comparative vision of the improbable visages of her senior classes here. The confrontation confused her for a moment; something rose uneasily in her throat; her vision blurred. *What*—all right, it had been great, they were great, there was something . . . it had been *fun*. You took these trips. Scenery and wild life, the redwoods, the eagle, the mountain lion she had seen trotting along the Old Marpessa Road like any Dane or Golden Retriever—that sort of thing was a part of the soul of this scene, not just of its surface, as was Marina herself. She was a tourist.

At Madson were lawns, little slopes. The rhododendrons and azaleas were bushes, not trees. Professor Klein sat under the oak tree in the Common Room garden, looking like an old frog on a lily-pad and now and then emitting some gentle, time-honoured croak. My country, my people! she thought fiercely, all the way to the school, and hung on to the thought as she darted into the little office where the mailboxes were stacked in white-bristling tiers.

A CURT note summoned her to the presence of the vice-principal, Joe Ragusa, and she felt a sudden new flood of exultation. With longing she thought of the moment when she would tell Ragusa she was leaving, and the moment when she would know at last that never again would she hear his grating, graceless voice, his unhallowed English, his remarks on Education for Citizenship ("What we're concerned with here primar'ly, in my opinion, is what kids kin learn in a larger context about social relationshups, in terms of getting along with other people") and his views on the College Preparatory Program ("I could of wished it was being done a whole lot diffrent than what it is").

"This, here," he said, without rising, thrusting at her, as she came in, a slip she had filed the day before, reporting the fact that she had ejected from a class one Gary Miles for disciplinary reasons. She was required to file a formal report, but with such formalities Marina often failed to concern herself. Her Principal and Division Head, the large-minded people who had hired her, tended to view with tolerance her grave imperfections in the clerical aspect of her job. But this was a very important aspect indeed in the eyes of Joe Ragusa, who considered Marina with a genuine puritan horror as a kind of outrageous luxury, a frill of the laciest nature, a creature who could not possibly make the slightest contribution to the social adjustment of any student. He would, if pressed to articulation, have said that she could be good for nothing but to give them IDEAS. She now took up the slip and waved it airily, assuming her giddiest manner. "Oh, that Gary Miles," she said. "D'you really want to know what he did?"

"It sure would help," he answered heavily, "seeing as I got to make out these reports."

"Well," said Marina chattily, deeply enjoying herself, settling herself uninvited in his other chair, with a flip of silk scarf, a rattle of bracelet, a peeling-off of pale impractical glove, "I was starting an oral quiz—*you* know, when you ask them questions and have them tell you the answers"—her speeches to Ragusa were always full of these offensive parentheses—"and they're all supposed to sit quiet and listen while each individual talks. Well, all of a sudden I hear this snip, snip. Miles is cutting his fingernails with a great big toenail clipper. I told him to cease and desist, I mean stop, and there was a little silence. Then another student started to talk, and sure enough, snip snip, only more like Bang, Bang. So I kicked him out," and she beamed upon Ragusa her most social smile. His face was taking on the congested look it so often wore when he was dealing with Marina, or even with the thought of Marina. Suddenly she spoke in a different tone.

"Mr. Ragusa. Miles shouldn't be in that class. He can't read the texts, he can't write the themes. He can't even listen to the others. He's the only one like that in there. I'll have to flunk him. The Head said you wanted him in there. Do you mind telling me why?" These were the only straightforward words she had ever spoken to Ragusa, and she listened to their urgent sound in faint astonishment. Was she so serious?

"I thought it ud do him some good," said Ragusa. "He needs to associate with that other type of kid, your special ones, Miss Sinek. If I

was to ask you what his background was, would you know? You ever look him up?"

Unsmiling, Marina stared at him. He handed her a dirty folder. She opened it and read the first paragraphs of the school psychologist's report on Gary Miles. She closed her eyes tight for a moment in deep exasperation over one of his occupational phrases; then she opened them, and her eyes fell on one different sentence: "His father violent: served one term for assault and another for manslaughter." She read no more.



"Miles came back to school of his accord, after his folks ud taken him out," said Ragusa. "He didn' want to hang around those other kids any more, go in the loggers' joints. What harm's it *do* you, having him in there with your college-prep kids? Bright as all *that,* are they?"

"No, Mr. Ragusa, they're not that bright," said Marina with deadly seriousness. "Every day I have a battle, a real battle, trying to make up for things, trying to get them to see what it's all about. They *can* see, that's the difference—they're beginning to—why they have to know Pallas Athena is not a building and why they have to think about plays written 350 years ago, and why when they go to college, they'll be stuck into General Courses, even at the State College now, and have to hear about Plato, Socrates, St. Thomas!" An expression of terrible weariness settled on the face of Joseph Ragusa.

"You want to know what harm Miles does in there. Well, he cuts his fingernails when they're taking oral quizzes, and he can't hand in the work. It's not good. It's only a fake good it does him, *pretending* he's in there with them. I'll help him do something, in my free periods. But those classes aren't planned to provide people with the right associations, Mr. Ragusa. Miles can't do the *work*, Mr. Ragusa!"

The lean beautiful face of her student William Gustafson, amateur astronomer, impassioned student of three Huxleys, rose before her mind's eye; the thick glasses of Maria Manzoni, bookish, word-loving, avid of discovery, glinted in her thoughts. She caught the eye of Joseph Ragusa as she rose, and a long, powerful gaze passed between them, in which each read the depth and passion of the other's enmity, distilled now, pure, purged of all personality.

As she paused outside the door, looking abstractedly inward at her own seriousness, she realized that she had neglected to deliver her punch line, the announcement of her Eastern appointment.

SHE ran up the concrete stairs leading to the long outdoor corridor that stretched along the entire front of the New Building. The doors of the empty classrooms stood open to the spring sunlight; in her own room stood two waiting students. She scrabbled among papers on her desk, and spoke to the student standing at her elbow.

"Talk about your Aristotle paper, Sandra? Listen to this, Bart," she addressed the boy, "you'll *like* it, I think," and he smiled gently, his large face lit with pleasure as always when Marina praised any student.

"'The whole long *peripeteia* of the tragic plot in *Macbeth*, from the first minute that Macbeth puts up his hand to speed his fate, proceeds through sub-*agons to katharsis* when . . .' I love *'sub-agons,'*" said Marina.

"I kinda thought you would," said the girl.

"'. . . perhaps Shakespeare don't (here Marina scowled fiercely) seem too certain at times with respect to (scowl again) the mechanical side of unity of action'"—Marina flashed upon the two of them a wonderful combination of smile and glower—"'as when he shifts from Scotland to England with a time-shift right in the middle of the space-shift.'" Marina grinned. "'Shakespeare don't write like Sophocles, but Aristotle would of liked him for the same things he liked Sophocles for, even if they came out so different.'"

Marina explained why she liked the paper in spite of its glaring deficiencies. Bart told her that he would need no extra scholarship for college next year, since he had made an arrangement to live in a professor's house and work for expenses. He could make four hundred in the woods, easy, that summer, he told her. Marina smiled, but her eye caught Sandra's, and to her horror she saw the girl's face suddenly streaked with tears.

God! thought Marina, in alarm; but no outbreak occurred. Sandra said in a very soft, thin voice,

"Miss Sinek, I'm gonna have to leave school! I withdrew my scholarship application. I can't come back at all, not even next week."

Marina's mouth dropped open.

"Why?"

"Well, it's that I'm gonna have a baby." Bart's forehead creased in gentle concern. Panic stuck in Marina's throat, but she swiftly remembered—the girl *was* married, to the driver of a huge lumbering logging truck. Twenty of her senior girls were married.

She stared helplessly at the girl. The Morning Pep Rally was over and the corridors full of students; exhilarated by their lateness, their escape from earlier classes, they came surging into the room, cavorting, haw-hawing.

Marina shook her mind free of thoughts of Shakespeare-loving Sandra Clary and her truck-driver husband. She stood up to face her class.

Rapidly she ascertained that during the class period the day before, as they sat with a substitute while she judged an inter-class debate, they had twiddled and done nothing. Eyes flashing, voice rising and falling, shrill or sonorous as sense demanded, she castigated her charges. Were they aware of the approaching deadline for this, the new requirements of that? She hissed, grumbled, exhorted. Gradually there began to come over their upturned and open-mouthed faces that pressurized look Marina felt she should see there upon occasion. She dished out some individual assignments, wrote some depressing instructions on the board, and tore into the day's business.

Their discussion of Conrad's "Outpost of Progress" as a "horror story" was punctuated by the sudden cries of outrage, flights of invective, bursts of laughter, and melting glances of approval which such sessions with her Marpessa students invariably invoked in her. The conversation ended on a comic note, and Marina dismissed her chortling class, to sink down at her desk for a moment. Her eye fell on a sentence from a waiting theme: "My real father was the boss of all the woods around Crescent City." The Head of her division passed briefly by her door, and Marina told her that Bart Connors needed no extra scholarship, that he had it fixed up about next year.

"Next year," she repeated stupidly as the older woman disappeared, for through the brief conversation she had been thinking, "Next year, no one will tell me his real father was the boss of all the woods around Crescent City, and no one will . . ."

Well, face it! The students at Marpessa High had no need of her. She was for them an incident, a trip they took, a scenic railway. Sandra Clary dropped out, Bart Connors went on; under their own steam, because of or in spite of their private pressures, with nothing she could do either hindering or helping much. She had taught Sandra the word for *agon*. But to kid herself that she was some kind of big deal for them was mush. They loved to hear her laugh, to see her lose her temper. She could make them work. She suited them.

But the long sharp claw in the whole thing was that she loved them. She had never laughed so much nor been so angry. Her energies had never been so taxed, nor so inexhaustible. She simply was not tired, she simply was not through.

But was she going to let this fact flap away with her, was she going to hang limply and be used? There was plenty of room in the world for her to live and enjoy herself, to practice her profession in a rational manner. Stay, take the required course in Audio-Visual Aids, fight the weird battle, quiet, patient, submarine, forever waged by her Division Head and her Principal against Ragusa, Dr. Hoff of the State College, all the other strange forms of life fastened by draining suckers, like sea-lampreys, on the gleaming sides of American mental life?

BITTERLY she began to scrawl on the board the poem her next class would discuss that day. The title stretched along two squares of the board:

AN IRISH AIRMAN FORESEES HIS DEATH

As always, the last lines flowed smoothly from under her chalk, for she knew them well:

A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds.
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind,
In balance with this life, this death.

She looked at these lines with sudden alarm. But this was no time for reflection on new meanings. Her class came flooding in, dumping pop corn boxes in her wastebasket, gulping last cookies. Marina knew suddenly that she had had no lunch. They saw the handwriting on the board and knew what was in store.

"Oh-oh! An-AL-a-sis!"

Grinning, they settled into their chairs and began to pop their notebook rings, click down the points of their ballpoint pens, flap their

paper. Silence fell while they read, lips moving, and thought. Gravely, sturdily, tentatively they began to discuss the poem with Marina. When she got to the lines

> My country's still Kiltartan's poor,
> No likely end could bring them loss,
> Nor leave them happier than before . . .

she asked what they meant.

"Means they're perfectly okay up in Kiltartan Cross," said Loretta Jaynes in the first row, "no matter what *he* does."

Marina thought this over, chewing her lip and staring out the window. But she did not want to pursue it.

Her student John McClure spoke loudly and suddenly, unable to wait for recognition, sure all year, but especially since his brilliant performance on the national scholarship examinations, of his ability to command her attention.

"Ya know what I think? That guy's got a Fragic Flaw!"

"What?" said Marina weakly.

"A Fragic Flaw! You know, like in the other stuff, *Macbeth*. He likes this strong-stuff sort of kick, 'tumult in the clouds.' Wants things to be *big*. Doesn't care what-all. Just doesn't want things to be *dead*, all fixed up beforehand."

"So that's Tragic Flaw?" said Loretta, twisting in her seat with a swish of red curls.

"It's *this* guy's Tragic Flaw, like I said. *As* I said. That kind is trouble. He'll ruin everything for himself, for the crash anna bang. Poem is about Irish guys can stay home, is it any fight of theirs? But no, it is, because he *likes* it. That type. They don't care do they cook their goose. They gotta have that old *red blood*."

Loud laughs and crude comments put an end to this striking recitation. Marina established order, finished her analysis, got her assignments in before the bell rang. McClure sought her eye as he went out, giving her his Jack Horner, plum-on-thumb look that marked the close of all his insights. Marina made a face at him and told him to go look up "hubris" in the big dictionary.

IN HER next class Gary Miles, the felon's son, sat sober and motionless while the class sighed and squirmed, writing their theme on Aristotle and *Macbeth*. In the last fifteen minutes he looked up suddenly, flapped paper, wrote spasmodically until the bell rang. Marina collected the papers and looked at his as they filed out. He had written:

> I dont dig this Shakesp, this Macb stuff like I tried to tell you but yo wuldnt listen. Well I read this other book, maybe I could tell you about that, anyway it was on that list you gave us. European Short Stories. There was this little boy in one of them stories and he went out to a farm some uncle had, he was a city boy. He was confused when he got there but the green come up in his face and the bees in those old trees, and he knew he liked it. Then one day he saw this pig, this pig that was like him, sort of fat but nice, like him, and it was being killed for the sausage and the bacon. He new it was alright but he also new it was not alright, but terrible. So he poison a lot of the chickens so they wouldnt have to die that terrible way with clubs and blood. The chidkens werent like him but the pig was, all the more reason for seein they didnt have to have that terrible thing. It didnt say this but I cold see that was what he ment. I thot I was there. You say its so corny to say "he writes so I thot I was there" and I know the kids just



say it, but I dont just say it. I thot I was there. The kid in the story, he thot he was the pig when the pig was killed, well I thot I was there in the story. That auther, he has a lot of what you keep saying, scope, the biggest, the biggest look, to see into a small little boys head like that.

Marina read this in a minimum time but with a maximum attention. She felt for another time that peculiar emotion, not unrelated to the stirring of a new love, felt by such teachers as she when they sense suddenly the presence, hitherto unsuspected, of Material. A long preview of the next three months with Miles unreeled itself in her mind: the struggles, the boredom, the excitement; the moments when she would think, Idiot! and he would think, Old Snotbox! He would not learn to write sentences on William Gustafson's and Maria Manzoni's time; but she would get him, by God, she would. The new sort of sentence he would be able to write existed in this preview in form though not in content. She felt its shape.

She hurried down to Ragusa's outer office, filled in a slip, and darted in with it to his inner office.

"Miles do something new? Something tough on the College Prep class?" he inquired, looking savagely at the piece of paper as it lay on his desk.

"Yes, he sat there while they wrote on Aristotle and *Macbeth,*" said Marina. "Then he wrote on something else. He was nice and quiet, Mr. Ragusa. But he just doesn't *belong* in there, Mr. Ragusa.

"I'm going to take him in my free period every day. I'm just going in to check it with the Head. I know it's just a bit on the illegal side, with the laws about those periods and all, but valuable commodities must be, at certain moments in our history, bootlegged."

"Hear you could get a job at the college," he said suddenly, and on his expressive face there shone a look of hungry longing for what might be.

"Maybe, but I wouldn't take it, Mr. Ragusa. I want to stick around for those sessions after the tests, when you decide about the special-ability classes for next year. The Counselor and the Chief are quite interested in all that. They've been asking me for my ideas," she said, smiling, "and I *have* some ideas, not only about that, but about some of the lower-classmen's programs, too," she added in a soft, vicious tone, smiling sweetly into his upturned face, trading ruthlessly on her popularity with parents, her prestige with School Board and Principal, bending over the serried volumes of the National Education Association journals which edged his desk. He looked at her wordlessly. She gestured with her head toward the report, bared her teeth again, and left him.

BUT the glow left her as she raced back upstairs. She meandered through her last class in a daze. In the last quarter-hour while they read, she pawed listlessly through a pile of themes from the day before, concerning one class's thoughts about their future. As she had known would be the case, they ranged madly from "I have applied for a Seven Colleges Scholarship, and will enter Radcliffe or Bryn Mawr if I am lucky, to do my work in chemistry," to "Mom thinks I should be a beautician, I love to fool with hair." But they all *could* do the work she asked of them; what they *did* was their own business. The Thurston's School faces she knew from memory and imagination, quiet attentive faces, giving her what she expected, getting what they expected—she saw them and she knew them in her mind, in a mental convulsion of farewell.

Her class left; she sat motionless amid the roars of the exhaust pipes of the school buses. She sat for a long time, then got up from her desk and walked to the window. The old-rose light of Marpessa County afternoons suffused the bizarre landscape. At its north edge, the school campus dropped off a cliff; below it, the Marpessa Plywood Company clanged and roared, and the sawdust-burners, grotesque and beautiful in Marina's eyes, belched out their thick saffron smoke. Southward she stared into the old graveyard of the town, which fringed the school property on that side, and where she often walked at noon. A huge myrtle tree spread at its center, exhaling lilac color and soft bitter scent into the air. The forms of the mausoleums belonging to old Marpessa families, the slanting slabs above the graves of long-dead lumbermen and hunters, shone gently against the background of sombre yew and cypress. "Drowned in the Mad River, Nevermore to Roam," remembered Marina, thinking of epitaphs on the stones.

"Drowned in the Mad River, nevermore to roam!" thought Marina, thinking of herself and of American public-school teaching. Between the burners and the graveyard she leaned her hot forehead on cool glass and wept; feeling, deep in the hidden recesses of her body and her spirit, writhing, entangling, the dark irrational coils of ineradicable love.

BY *William S. White*
HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT


Arnold Newman

THE ELEGANT PROFESSIONAL

who is running England

An intimate report on the Prime Minister, and the reasons for his unexpected success in rebuilding the Tory party . . . and the confidence of Englishmen in themselves and in their country's future.

LONDON—Whether Harold Macmillan has been a great or only a good Prime Minister is one of those large, stuffy questions that only oracular History can answer finally—with perhaps some interim assistance from the British public.

A verdict can be brought in at once, however, upon two important and related points:

(1) This slight, compact, rather elegant man of sixty-four has been a most *effective* first minister for the Queen.

(2) He has expressed prevailing British moods and attitudes with a precision not often seen since Disraeli and Victoria Regina were moving with such massive and earnest propriety to do just the opposite of what Macmillan is now doing. They were expanding and extending the England that he has had to contract and consolidate—in order to conserve it.

Macmillan, that is to say, has been a sort of embodiment of what Britain has felt and thought and most needed in the terrible shock that followed the lost Suez invasion of 1956. Even now—two years and more since Anthony Eden led the country into that gallant but feverish adventure—the national trauma of humiliation and hurt is not entirely gone.

Old-fashioned people, here as at home, will sometimes suggest, when the hour is late, the whiskey is there, and the inhibitions of cynicism have slipped a bit, that Providence itself may take a hand when a nation has lost all of its way and some of its heart.

I know that such a suggestion invites the polite snickers of the sophisticated. Still, one is compelled to say, in an abashed way—not that Somebody Up There likes the British (one would not go *that* far)—but that somehow things have worked out better for these islands than any objective prognosis could have indicated.

Put it down simply that the times make the man. The air and state of mind of this country have not required grandeur—this was what Winston Churchill could not help visiting upon Britain, for he was in the exact sense a grand man. And not required, it goes without saying, was the sad incompetence as Prime Minister of a man who had been a first-rate Foreign Minister, Anthony Eden. What was required, instead, was a man who in the small but deeply needed things could symbolize and recall the glorious past—thus Macmillan's faintly dandified clothing and vaguely Edwardian manner—without for a moment taking his eyes from the present realities.

The country did not merely need a man who talked well or fought stoutly, though the *ability* to do both was a part of the bill of particulars. Macmillan has done both. He can turn a sonorous phrase if he chooses; and as an officer in the Grenadier Guards—an outfit not notable for its low casualties—he was three times wounded in World War I.

The requirement, in a word, was for a good, honorable, thoroughly practical, and highly professional politician to do a number of things in a very great hurry. The position was one in which not many mistakes of even minor nature could be tolerated. Any capital mistake was unthinkable, lest hovering catastrophe should descend upon the country.

FIVE RUSH JOBS

MACMILLAN'S task upon coming to power two years ago fell more or less into this list of priorities:

(1) To restore the old alliance with the United States, which had been so profoundly shaken over Suez—where we took our stand in the United Nations with the Russians and against the British.

(2) To reclaim the British economy—"reclaim" here being a relative term meaning to keep the economy teetering upright on the knife edge between viability and disaster.

(3) To put back Britons' faith in Britain—if one may be forgiven this seemingly extreme but, I believe, fairly exact statement of the situation.

(4) To put heart back into the Conservative party, where brother had been drawn up against brother over Suez in a way reminiscent of the fraternal passions of our own Civil War.

(5) To find a means of governing Britain that would rest upon the dull but unavoidable realities of trade and commerce. And this had to be done among a people which, for all its storied phlegm, is really romantic about politics and would much rather discuss large, opaque issues like "banning the Bomb" than grapple with the price of coal or copra or the markets for textiles and razors.

This last problem was by no means the easiest; and it was, of course, interconnected with all the others. I want to emphasize again—for this is the main point of this report—the task called for calm, highly expert, pragmatic, and professional political leadership. All this was found in Macmillan.

He put the alliance back together far sooner than seems, in retrospect, to have been reasonable time. This accomplishment perhaps is explainable most of all by his long and real friendship with President Eisenhower. This friendship began in those early, queasy days of the war in North Africa when Macmillan was representing the Foreign Office in the Algiers headquarters and General Eisenhower was bedeviled by acute Gallic complications between the Free and the Un-Free French. The Prime Minister makes it plain that the comradeship exists intact today. He means it. But I think, too, he would not deny that for the head of the Conservative government of Britain it is not a bad thing politically to underline the point that Downing Street and the White House really do get along. As, indeed, they do.

As to the British economy, Macmillan is an old hand among the dusty books and ledgers of the Treasury, since he was once Chancellor of the Exchequer. Too, like every good politician, he knows instinctively where to look for truly expert advice and how to take it when it is offered. Moreover, he knows, as he has repeatedly shown, that a strong leader can persuade people to accept many here-and-now sacrifices if he can honestly promise them at least a small slice of pie-in-the-sky later on. In sum, by a variety of recondite devices—in a land where there are more semi-professional do-it-yourself economists than there are barbecue-pit operators in America—he has kept the economy not only afloat but, at this writing, actually rising. What a change in the erstwhile darkling scene!

A NEW KIND OF CLASS POLITICS

THE success of Macmillan's policy in making the British people feel fully British again is entirely obvious to the senses but hardly describable in palpable terms. One can say only that he has done it—so well, indeed, that his Labor opposition has had to look around for fairly small issues, and now would not dream of charging the Macmillan government with any vast failures going, as they say, to the warp and woof.

Objective No. 4—the reinvigoration of the Tories—is, of course, interlinked with all this. The Tories have been brought back into business—and with a high degree of practical unity, because Macmillan above everything else is a real and not a theoretical politician. At the outset, though an old-timer in the inner business of government, he was almost a stranger to the country itself. Cannily (this most "English" of present Englishmen has Scottish forebears) he set out first to master Parliament.

This he did readily, for he is a good House of Commons man; flexible, easy, frankly open to tolerable degrees of compromise—as is every public man on both sides of the Atlantic who really understands the basic Anglo-American system of politics. Then, mainly by going on chatty

television programs marked by sensible but not excessive candor, he has become a liked figure to the people themselves. (My notion is that a "loved figure" would be much too strong; a "respected figure" would not overstate the case.)

What has most of all concerned Macmillan, however, has been the fifth point of his project—to force Britain to deal with the most dangerous threat to its future, the shortage of money and markets. His achievement here has been monumental. And it has been brought about more by his political than his economic skill. He set out to broaden—and he has now vastly broadened—the British middle class. In no way originally, but nevertheless quite soundly, he reasoned that to become an owner even of a small suburban house with a wistful nameplate on the gate is the shortest way to becoming at least a part-time Conservative. So the houses have gone up.

This, of course, has sometimes meant lifting ideas from the Labor party, and particularly from its urbanely brilliant leader, Hugh Gaitskell—much as the "modern" Republicans have so long been stealing lines from the Democratic script. It has also had the effect of creating new markets for goods and, more importantly, of blunting the weapon of class which the Socialists had so keenly honed since the end of the war.

Class divisions still exist here, of course, and will exist perhaps for many generations to come. They are, however, progressively masked divisions, more evident today in differing accents than in differing standards of living. The political middle, as in America, has got bigger and the fringes of both right and left have got thinner and thinner.

The Macmillan operation is one of slow, bland leftward pressure upon the bulk of the Tories. As a result he has now carried his Government to a point twenty or thirty degrees to the left of the center of our Democratic party. The Colonel Blimps on the Tory Far Right are largely forgotten; in what may be their last retreat, they have fallen back upon prepared positions in their West End clubs.

They are not, however, insulted in any way by Macmillan. In Anglo-American politics one who has power can afford to be magnanimous—and in such politics one without some magnanimity will not long hold power.

Moreover, even the Blimpiest of the Blimps do not really hate Macmillan—any more than their Republican counterparts hated the late Senator Taft when he broke with them on public welfare issues. Macmillan, you see, is a *suitable* man, even if he may be a mistaken man, just as Taft was always *suitable* at home to the same kind of critics in similar circumstances.

Macmillan is not pushing his party to the left because he has any notion that "liberalism"—and the word is as indefinable here as at home—is such a jolly good thing that everybody ought to join in the fun at once. The Prime Minister, though a kind of leftish Tory, is still a Tory. He has simply done what the other really intelligent politicians—both conservative and liberal, both here and in Washington—have done.

He has come to terms with political reality. He has recognized that one's only hope of retaining what was good in yesterday or of promoting what will be good tomorrow is to bend to all but the impossible demands of those who are interested only in today.

LESS THAN HALF AMERICAN

PERHAPS even more than any single leader of the Democratic party—which is the most nearly comparable domestic article we have to the Conservative party here—Macmillan demonstrates a mastery of grown-up politics. He has not merely a fastidious but also a highly practical disdain for the politics of the heroic gesture and the gallant—and foolishly hopeless—fight. (So does Hugh Gaitskell. These two Britons, though less than warm friends, are curiously alike in their tactile understanding that frenetic debates are the mere tools and not the end-all of public affairs.)

This correspondent recently spent an hour with Mr. Macmillan in the ancient Cabinet room at No. 10 Downing Street. It was noontime; but in England, in the winter season, it was also, of course, hardly short of twilight. The Prime Minister wore a weskit that was not in startling colors but was less than sober raiment. He sat under a painting of Walpole. It is a long, undemanding, pleasantly used-looking room, somehow recalling in its plainness the rococo room in the Capitol where the Senate Foreign Relations Committee meets. (The fancied similarity perhaps arises from the fact that in this quiet place in Downing Street and in that other quiet place in Washington so many great decisions affecting the English-speaking concert have been made—sometimes at high cost.)

Macmillan is an easy-living man, an easy-going man up to a point, long trained in the drill of British politics which holds it most unwise if not un-British to betray any undue brilliance or other unsettling characteristics. The under-

standing between us was that his talk would be candid but that nothing would be attributed to him (though I *could* say I had seen him).

He is not stiff; but he is also a man of acute awareness of each moment and of the implications of each word he utters. His personal strength with the British public seems to me to rise most of all from the fact that although he belongs to the older generation he is sensitively abreast of the present—without being sticky about it. One cannot imagine him sentimentalizing over the problems of the young; but one can easily imagine him moving briskly and impersonally (and perhaps with a slight sense of irony) to do something about these problems.

A good deal of hands-across-the-sea how-de-do is sometimes made of the fact that the Prime Minister's mother—like Churchill's—was an American (Helen Artie Belles Macmillan of Spencer, Indiana). The notion that the Prime Minister has thus obviously inherited a special transatlantic feeling is pleasant and not, one supposes, really un-Constitutional.

But there isn't much to it in fact. Put Harold Macmillan down in the middle of Indianapolis and he would still look strictly Berkeley Square. (A British acquaintance here remarked to me that when "the P. M." had gone to Indianapolis last year it was too bad he had felt it necessary to call the State "Indi*ah*na," but that nobody had thought it well to suggest any change in this pronunciation.)

LURING THE FELLAHS IN THE WHITE COATS

MACMILLAN on topical questions is rather languid, elliptical, and not too keen on going into this or that. But Macmillan on broader and more relaxed subjects, and especially the philosophy of politics and the art of its practice, is a conversationalist who is nothing less than stirring. Politics is his life, as is nearly always so with good politicians on either side of the Atlantic. And he plays the game—or alternatively analyzes the game—with the cool, deceptive skill that makes what is very hard look very easy.

The process used by the Tories under his direction to cut into the old Labor vote is explained with a quick oral shorthand. He has the rare gift of talking in a plain way, using casual allusions that summon up a scene without diagraming it. The groups to which special appeals have been made—and to which more will be made—are described somewhat colloquially. A vital group, for example, are the fellahs in the white coats—if I may use a term which is faithfully *not* attributed to anybody else.

The fellahs in the white coats are the new class of scientists and technicians who are riding high politically in England as in the United States. In the more ideological political circles these fellahs are automatically classified as intellectuals—and intellectuals are automatically linked with political liberalism or radicalism, Q.E.D. In the Macmillan scheme of things they are just useful men who demand and deserve as many of the good things of life as England can reasonably provide.

Like all Conservatives, the Prime Minister is not fond of the term Welfare State. Like most true Conservatives, however, he is sympathetic to what I believe he has sometimes called the opportunity state. (If these two states do not often come to the same thing they are not at any rate a thousand miles apart.)

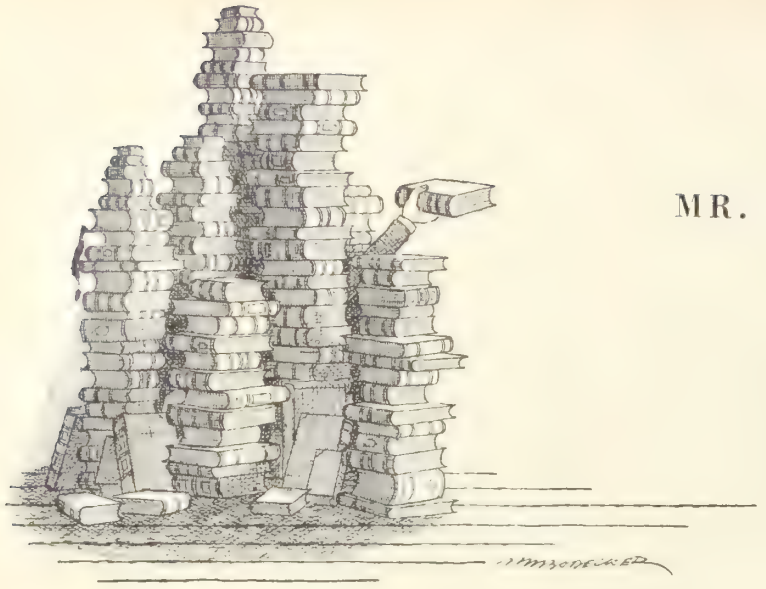
Now, if the fellahs in the white coats find that the Macmillan government has given them a square deal, it is felt in certain quarters around No. 10 Downing Street that one need not necessarily assume they will all rush off and vote Labor at the earliest possible moment.

At any rate, this is how you build, with a brick at a time, a powerful middle ground postwar party in England—as you do at home. It is Easy Does It; it is the making of a mosaic.

As to large political terms—terms, specifically, like "conservative"—the Prime Minister quotes Disraeli. The substance of the definition is this: To be a conservative is to be able to put right whatever is wrong with your house without destroying the house itself.

And what of traditional England—where the opening of Parliament has, incredibly, now been televised with Macmillan's blessing? What of the new England where the public school men no longer wholly run the show and where the old distinctions are slowly giving away to an approach to uniformism? Does Harold Macmillan, of Eton and Oxford, have no sense of loss and of nostalgia in promoting this leveling movement? Without in any way quoting the Prime Minister, even by so much as an inferential description of the movement of a ministerial eyebrow, I think myself entitled to give an impression.

Of course, say I, he has a sense of loss and of nostalgia. But politics, like art, is long; and life is short; and British politicians look upon their public affairs as a British motorist looks at his car. The big point is to keep it running; not perfectly, mind you, but running—this above all.



MR. HARPER'S

After Hours

THE LIBRARIAN'S FRIEND

ON THE second floor of a loft building at 137 East 25th Street in New York, Mr. Carol Cox conducts a second-hand book business the dimensions of which he doesn't pretend to know. Mr. Cox has been selling books for fifty years and he hasn't, he says, any idea how many he's sold in that time.

"If I tried to make a catalogue," he said, "where the hell would I start?"

He has a fairly good idea, however, how many books surround him. He recently had to move.

"I figure," he told me, "that we had three thousand cartons of books with about sixty in each carton. That makes nearly 200,000."

This is more books, surely, than are in many of the college and public libraries that are Mr. Cox's principal customers. Since National Library Week happens next month, it seemed a reasonable time to see how Mr. Cox's little-known aspect of the world of books operates.

Mr. Cox's loft is a somewhat eerie place, narrow and a full city block deep. When you stand at one end looking north through shelf after shelf of books in a sharply receding perspective, you see the pale light of day through a small window a long way off. Mr. Cox buys private libraries; he buys books from book reviewers and from publishers' overstock; occasionally he buys the stock of a whole bookshop.

"Somebody in a magazine," he said to me, "once described me as a portly gentleman with a beautiful wife. That was the first time I ever thought of myself as portly." He wears rimless glasses on a somewhat rimless and pleasant face. His hands are wide and used to carrying things and he learned the book business from his father who, he said, looked so much like Mark Twain that people used to turn around in the street and stare at him.

Mr. Cox's customers are mainly libraries, "literary people," and decorators. Libraries send him lists of books they are looking for and Mr. Cox sends back the ones he has in his vast stock. "I've been dealing with some libraries for fifty years," he said. "They are my good friends and sometimes I send them a little present if I happen to come on something I know they're especially interested in. Sometimes they need books they can't pay for right away, but they always pay me when they get the money."

On his part, Mr. Cox circulates to libraries lists of books that he thinks are of special current interest. "Just now," he said, "we're getting up lists of books on Africa, China, and Russia. People are interested in those places now."

The decorators who buy from Mr. Cox don't care what's inside a book; they buy them by the running foot, especially books with pretty leather bindings, to fill the "libraries" of their clients. It's a fate for old books somewhat preferable to being mad into cigarette boxes.

The "literary people" who bu from Mr. Cox are less likely to l collectors in the usual sense tha inveterate readers looking for ba gains or for books on subjects th especially interest them at the m ment. A good many distinguishe writers have been friends and cu tomers of Mr. Cox.

"Dreiser used to come in," I said. "He always had a gorgeo woman with him. Do you rememb S. S. Van Dyne? He had a gorgeo beard before he started writing d tective stories. Then he trimmed down to a Van Dyck. He used say he was one of the most viri men in New York."

I mentioned Louis Kronenberg whom I knew to be a friend and cu tomer of his. "He's very absen minded," Mr. Cox said, "but wh taste he's got! He *knows*."

Mr. Cox takes special pleasure producing books for authors wh are engaged in projects that requi research. Books are his friends the same way that authors are, an like a thoughtful and genial ho he takes pleasure in having the meet each other. His friends a everywhere, books that have enjoy his hospitality and authors and braries that have feasted at his boar

"I like it here," he said to me I was leaving. "I stay late every afte noon until my wife calls me an tells me it's time to come home f dinner. (I couldn't run my busine without her.) By the third time sh calls, I know she means business, an I leave."

—Russell Lyn

WATERFALLS AND TALL BUILDINGS

THE 1959 edition of the country's most-quoted book has st come into my hands, and al-ady I am deep in my favorite ystery: how are things with the kakkaw Falls in British Columbia? e the falls getting higher or lower? 1948, when I first stumbled onto em, in the pages of the *World manac and Book of Facts,* Takak-w boasted a drop of 1,200 feet. n years later it had increased to 50. Don't ask me how.

Waterfalls are just one of the ings that give the editors of the *manac* a hard time. Tall moun-ns are equally treacherous; indeed, . McKinley is seemingly more ficult to compute than to climb. 1928, the height was given as 300 feet, a nice round figure which id until 1950, when it dropped 20,257. By 1953, the famous Alas-n landmark had made a partial overy to 20,269. It is now stabil-d at 20,320 feet.

f the *Almanac* has its discrep-cies—after all, with three-quarters a million words to be revised each r, some of them are going to cross h other up—it is fundamentally as iable as the Rock of Gibraltar 96 feet high). As a reservoir for vast statistical watershed by ich modern man records his prog-s, the book does for our punch-d civilization what the *Almanach Gotha* did for European aris-racy or Baedeker for the age of vel. Its 896 closely set pages are a ute to the insatiable hunger of American public for facts, mostly less. I do not mean to belittle valuable population tables, the onology of events, thumbnail his-es of foreign countries, and sta-ics that are of value to students, tors, and businessmen.

ut this kind of information is y a modest part of the *Almanac:* es, weights, ages, tons of pig iron, hels of peanuts, acres of flood er, sporting records, the height uildings, and the speed of trains. inkled among this mass of facts—raisins in a bread pudding—are dreds of disasters, for *Almanac* lers are gluttons for trouble, espe-ly earthquakes, mine accidents, sinkings, and tidal waves where

Catholics Thank God There *IS* a Purgatory

You may not agree with this age-old Catholic belief.

You may contend, as many do, that Purgatory is not mentioned in the Bible. You may have heard that it is nothing more than a cunning fable, designed by the Catholic priesthood to frighten and deceive the faithful. You may have been told that the Apostles and the early Christians did not believe in Purgatory.

It is true, of course, that the Bible does not mention the word Purgatory, any more than it does numerous other words and terms commonly accepted by all Christians. But it *does* clearly indicate that there is such a place of satisfaction for sin and the temporal punishment due to it after death but before the general judgment.

"Fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is," wrote St. Paul (1 Corinthians 3: 13-15) ... and even though his work shall be "burned," the man himself "shall be saved, yet so as by fire." Paul himself observed the custom of praying for the dead: "The Lord grant unto him (Onesiphorus) to find mercy of the Lord in that day" (2 Timothy 1:18). The "fires" that try a man's work are certainly not to be found on earth or in heaven, and the fires of hell do not save. Would Paul have prayed for Onesiphorus, then dead, if he believed the soul of his departed co-worker was beyond help?

Millions of people departed this life with no serious sins on their souls, and we know (Proverbs 24:16) that even the just man has his small failings. God would not deny them heaven, nor would He condemn them to everlasting punishment. Therefore, as nothing defiled can enter heaven (Revelations 21:27) there must be a place where these lesser sins can be cleansed.

But proof as to Purgatory is not limited to the Bible. The fathers and doctors of the Church speak repeatedly of the practice of the first Christians of praying for the dead. Tertullian, second century, admonished "the faithful wife to pray for the soul of her deceased husband." The fourth century historian Eusebius, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Ephrem, St. Ambrose and St. John Chrysostom all spoke of the efficacy of prayers for the departed souls. The latter, in fact, said such supplication was "ordained by the Apostles."

All the liturgies of the Church are replete with appeals for God's mercy upon the souls of the departed. Inscriptions on the walls of the catacombs of the first Christian era voice similar prayers. It would not be necessary to plead for those in heaven—futile to pray for those in hell. So there must be a place in between, which Catholics call Purgatory.

And for Catholics, death would be a much more frightening prospect if there were no Purgatory, for all who go there may be tried "as by fire," but all are assuredly saved. If you would like to know more about the doctrine of Purgatory, write today for free pamphlet. It will be mailed in plain wrapper; nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. D-14.



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not just a few, but scores of people are killed. (The current edition lists 162 major disasters for the preceding twelve months.)

It is this useless information that I like best. In the old days, when the *Almanac* came into our house, the first thing I turned to was a page entitled "The 17 Busiest Corners in London and New York." I waited for the year when Columbus Circle could boast more traffic than Piccadilly Circus. What a year it was for me when the Circle shaded the Circus by sixty-seven cars. Boy!

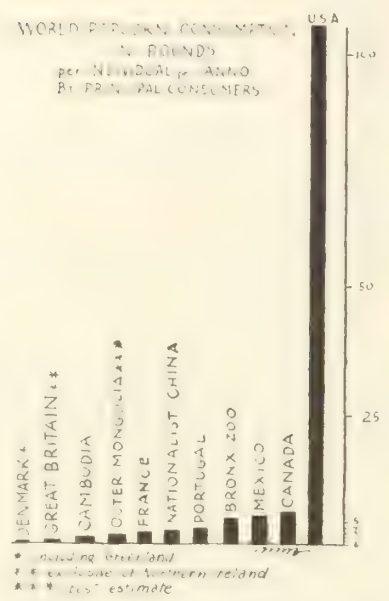
As a mirror of changing times, the *Almanac* is a gold mine—largely neglected, I'm afraid—for historians. In the 1908 edition, twenty-two pages were devoted to American railroading—more space than went to any other single subject. The current *Almanac* is down to eleven pages of railroad lore and the slack over the years has been taken up by a section devoted to the place and birth date of stage, screen, and TV performers.

This sort of information may seem frivolous to the scholar, but the *Almanac* is practically the only place I know of where you have a reasonable chance of finding out a movie actress's real age. This is done on the basis of earlier records, before the performers in question became sensitive on the subject; and although an actress may skip a few years from time to time, the *Almanac* inexorably carries her forward.

At one time, it would have carried her forward to a fascinating section called "Famous Old People of the Year." (An old person was someone over sixty.) Following the collapse of the stock market in 1929, this feature was discontinued, but in the 'twenties, a listing on these pages meant that you had it made.

Nineteen twenty-five, for example, was a great year for old people. Chauncey Depew, "Uncle" Joe Cannon, John D. Rockefeller, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles W. Eliot, Lyman Gage, John A. Roebling, Henry duPont and Edward P. Weston were all going strong, and not a man was under eighty-six. Weston, in case you're wondering, is listed as a famous long-distance walker, although one looks in vain for any mention of his name in the *Almanac* prior to the day he got old.

The World Almanac is particularly suited to the enshrining of old statistics since its lineage dates back ninety-one years, to 1868. Although discontinued in 1876, it was revived after a hiatus of ten years by Joseph Pulitzer, who announced that it would become "a universal compendium of facts the world over." It has remained that throughout seventy-four years of continuous publication, outliving all of its early competitors and becoming, with the exception of the dictionary, the most widely referred-to book in the U. S. A.



The 1959 edition enjoyed a press run of 975,000 copies—the largest in the book's history. That the circulation has jumped some 400,000 in less than a decade is a reflection both of the popularity of the late, not much lamented, TV quiz shows, and the skillful improvements brought into the *Almanac* by its editor, Harry Hansen, and his staff of seven.

Hansen, who was the book critic for the New York *World-Telegram* (publisher of the *Almanac*) before he took over his present duties in 1950, is frank to admit that without the co-operation of the U. S. Government there would be no Book of Facts—or at least, the book would not be 896 pages long. Scores of government departments keep the *Almanac* supplied with vital statistics as a means of ensuring that this piecemeal information will be properly collated and published, for the government itself does not do this and about the only way one branch can readily secure information produced by another is to refer to the *Almanac*.

The *Almanac* goes to press late i December and is printed at new paper speed for distribution earl in the new year. As noted, approx mately two-thirds of its contents ar reset to accommodate the continu surface adjustments that take plac each year over the solidly embedde strata of statistical topography. Whe all changes are made, the staff the indexes the contents into 10,000 en tries, arranged so that amateurs ca find what they're looking for. "Se eral years ago we hired a profession indexing service," Hansen explained "but after a try we gave them up They were too logical. Nobody coul locate anything."

The index itself makes good read ing, and furnishes a valuable clue t the shiftiness of popular taste. No long ago I pulled my 1928 editio off the shelf and ran through th "B" section. Here are some entrie

Babe Ruth's salary
Beans, price of
Bears in U. S. National Forests
Belgians, no. in U. S.
Benefactions of 1927
Bigamy, law on
Billions, how to write
Blondes and Brunettes
Boiler explosions in U. S.

Ten years later, all but one these entries had disappeared. Th lone survivor was the law on bigam

Even without an index, the *A manac* would be a fascinating boo For the man who likes to brows its pages are packed with the i gredients of tragedy, suspense, wa folklore, and the romance of histor Primarily, of course, it is the Ame ican success story documented: i politics, agriculture, human fertilit industrial development, milita might, and civic progress. It tel something about everything, and much of this information serves litt immediate purpose, one must sti ask: what would become of it if th *Almanac* were to cease publicatio That it might be lost to history frightening to contemplate. Whe else are all the expendable facts th no other agency bothers to collec

I am thinking particularly of m favorite feature, Tall Building Over the past thirty-five years, the has been no keener or more dr matic race for supremacy in th United States than that among bus

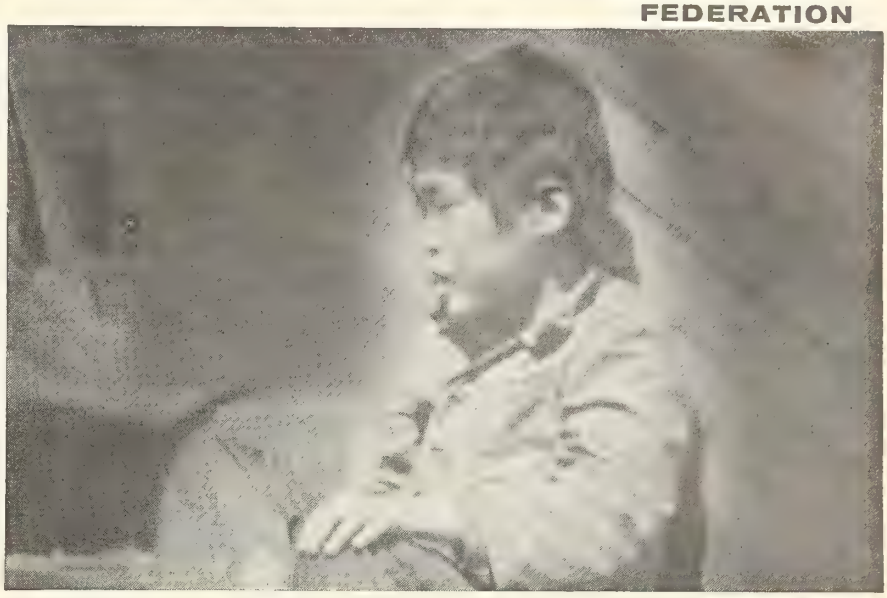
s corporations, and occasionally governments, not, as you might ›pose, for the largest capitaliza- n or the most people, but for the nership of the tallest building. re, if you read between the lines, ı will find an untold chapter in development of the American npetitive spirit.

The *Almanac* began its nation- le listing of building heights in 6, being careful to exclude flag- es. The editor of that day, how- r, neglected to disqualify other dy devices, such as the 35-foot ue of William Penn, which was led to the top of City Hall Tower Philadelphia, placing it head and ulders above anything else in n, and 13 feet higher than the iversity of Pittsburgh's Cathedral Learning.

One can imagine what happened n. In the race for supremacy, the tman Kodak Company in Roches- New York, added a huge weather- ıe, while Buffalo's Rand Building rted a 40-foot beacon. Then came mortal blow inflicted by St. Paul, nnesota. Although no match for veland's Terminal Tower, which, 708 feet, was then taller than any- ng outside New York City, St. ıl's First National Bank Building e to an impressive 601 feet, thus ıaling Chicago's Prudential Insur- e Company. This, it should be ed, was only because First Na- nal's builder had the foresight to his structure with a 100-foot sign. Competition between the two es was silenced for a time, but not long: the irate owners of the ıdential Building countered with 13-foot antenna, putting them not y ahead of St. Paul, but of Cleve- d. And here the matter stands. Jseless information? Possibly not. idn't used to think so, while wait- for one of the prize-giving TV ›ws to call me on the telephone. ere was a chance that I would be ed to name the tallest man-made ıcture in the United States. And he question came, would you hear loat out of me! The Empire State ilding? Not at all. In fact, not n in New York, but in Roswell, w Mexico, where the television ver rises a sheer 1,610 feet off the th. And what's more, it's the ıe height every year.

—David Dempsey

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION



A CRY IN THE NIGHT

Lieutenant Jackson shivered. The harsh Korean winter wind penetrated the thickness of his army overcoat. He held up his hand to protect his face from the biting cold and made a dash for the protection of a wall at the side of the road. As he felt his way along the wall in the darkness, he stumbled over a soft bundle. The bundle moved and a little voice cried out in the night, "Hey, watch out, Mister!"

The bundle that spoke turned out to be a little Korean boy, about 7, who explained that his name was Ho Song and he was huddled against the wall because it was the warmest place he knew in Seoul.

Lieutenant Jackson picked up the youngster and carried him to the camp kitchen. The cook gave him a cup of hot soup and thick slices of bread which the little fellow devoured like a starved animal.

That night, the cook and the Lieutenant put a cot behind the kitchen stove where for the first time in his life, Ho Song slept within warm walls.

In the days that followed, the Lieutenant became fast friends with Ho Song and his little Korean playmates. Inevitably, however, it came time for Lieutenant Jackson to leave Seoul and return to the U.S.A. But his departure did not mean the end of his friendship with Korean children.

A friend across the sea

Home in the U.S.A., Lieutenant Jackson and his fiancée arranged to sponsor a Korean child through Save the Children Federation. They found that a little child across the sea would receive supplementary food, warm clothing, new shoes, household articles and some cash through an SCF Sponsorship. And correspondence with the child through SCF meant hope and encouragement.

The Lieutenant who was on the scene in Korea and knows the needs of so many, many little children says, "Every American who possibly can should give a helping hand. Our sponsorship through SCF has given a Korean child an added chance in this world, and we have made a lifelong friend not only for ourselves but for the democratic way of life."

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the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

Mostly about the Young

BECAUSE of the abundant publicity received by the "beat" and "angry" writers it sometimes seems as if the only young people portrayed in or writing fiction these days are those who are at odds with the world. But after reading a small stack of books about the young—most of them first novels by young or youngish writers—I conclude that in fact the image of youth in fiction remains highly various, though the attitudes associated with the beat and angry writers perhaps set the dominant tone.

Franc Smith's first novel, **Harry Vernon at Prep** (Houghton Mifflin, $3), is a kind of merger of the beat and the angry. It starts from the assumption that if society forces you to choose between being a bum and being a phony, then it is far better to be a bum—which is the cornerstone of beat morality as and if I understand it. But whereas most beat writers treat this bit of doctrine with an earnestness worthy of revelation, Smith develops it in the comic mode, with the result that his book bears less resemblance to such works as the beat epics of Jack Kerouac than to Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim,* the novel that introduced the angry young men of England to most American readers.

In fact, *Harry Vernon at Prep* and *Lucky Jim* are fundamentally much alike. Both take place in educational institutions (one a fashionable New England preparatory school, the other a Welsh university) which are pictured as the acme of institutionalized phoniness. In each book the main character is a new and young teacher who is an outrageous impostor professionally but very genuine personally; the only way he can protect himself against all the old frauds around the place is by being the biggest fraud of all. His colleagues have lost their identities in the roles they play in society; he preserves his identity by making the role he plays in society the most extravagant kind of play-acting.

But extended comparison with *Lucky Jim* hardly does justice to Smith's individuality as a writer. He is a man with a nice free-flowing offhand wit, a considerable gift for comic invention, and a healthily dirty mind—which makes some passages in the book unsuitable for reading aloud at the regular Thursday evening meetings of the Girls' Friendly Society, but will do no harm to readers of mature years. Indeed, behind the comic surface of his book Smith is always concerned with moral issues.

The most original thing about *Harry Vernon at Prep* is the style. Smith has attempted to express the integrity of his impostor-hero not only through what he does but also through the very language he uses. He rejects standard literary English, which Harry Vernon knows but associates with Harvard and highbrow pretentiousness in general, in favor of a very colloquial, semiliterate, and thoroughly profane language. At its best this language is vigorous, funny, and capable of a good deal of intensity; Harry Vernon sometimes uses slang the way Holden Caulfield does, to express the utterly-beyond-wordsness of the situation confronting him. But the language is also very restricted in its vocabulary and range; some words have too much work to do.

ON THE MAKE

JOSEPH WHITEHILL has given his first novel the title **The Angers of Spring** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.50), which might lead the unwary to suppose that it too is a beat or angry book. But in fact the title means nothing at all; Whitehill's main character is a young engineer named Paul Mockley who isn't mad at anybody or anything, except when somebody gets in his way; he asks nothing more of the world than to get ahead, which—in spite of a few setbacks of a purely disciplinary sort—he does with a speed that would make Horatio Alger's head spin.

The scene is an electronics factory in Oklahoma presided over by a man who is both the perfect boss and a perfect father figure. Along comes young Paul Mockley, fresh out of engineering school, in search of a job. There is no opening in engineering at the moment, so Paul is taken on in accounting, where he works

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such miracles of efficiency that soon he can devote most of his time to private experimentation in electronics. This puts him in conflict with the senior engineer in the plant but leads him into the arms of the engineer's assistant, a formidable young woman who is herself an engineer of no mean ability. The story ends with their wedding, with all the people from the plant who make over a dollar and a half an hour standing around admiring the thousand-dollar silver service they have presented to the happy young couple.

The book is made up of roughly three elements: (1) talk about electronics, (2) sex, and (3) the interplay of character in a small factory. I am not competent to have an opinion of the quality of the talk about electronics, but I can admire without reservation a young woman who whispers to the man she loves: "You mostly use triodes in a laboratory clipper where you have a wide range of input frequencies and different input and output impedances every time you use it. Triodes plus, maybe, biased double diodes. But you use pentodes when the clipper is part of a permanent circuit where both ends always stay the same."

But Whitehill approaches sex as a problem less in electronic than in mechanical engineering. He describes the disposition of the bodies and the difficulties involved in bringing them into more satisfactory alignment. This can be pretty complicated, as he demonstrates in one of the longest seduction scenes in recent fiction, as well as in a scene of attempted rape that is about as gratuitous and tasteless as such things can be.

Much the best part of the book consists of the interplay of character in the plant. The most convincing character is the older engineer, who loves the upstart Paul like the son he never had but resents his cockiness and bland disregard for experience. In the relation between the two men Whitehill had the material for an excellent short story; it is too bad he padded it out to the length of a novel.

MORE TASTE, LESS ACTION

IN **Summer's Lease** (McDowell, Obolensky, $4.50) Constance Pendergast has written about young people in a way entirely different from Smith's or Whitehill's. I suspect that Miss Pendergast's literary models are Henry James and, more particularly, Virginia Woolf. Her book is a slow-moving account of two girls who fall in love with the same man. The girls are cousins but have been brought up more or less as sisters in the same house. The young man is an unsuccessful artist, charming but passive, drifting toward failure.

It is a novel drenched in sensibility. The sensibility is the real thing, but there is too much of it, and in the end a question remains whether it is the right sort of stuff to make a novel out of, like a chef's model of the Parthenon in spun sugar. You can open *Summer's Lease* to any page and find excellent writing, always literate, often subtle and discriminating; but as page follows page you begin to want the vulgar clash of character, the crudity of action. When you finish the book you feel like a man who has never seen anybody die but has spent all his life going to funerals.

Or at least I do. Quite possibly other readers, especially women who read the book, will disagree with me. I hope so, for I admire Miss Pendergast's talent without being able to enjoy very much what she has done with it.

ANOTHER COUNTRY

Felding Castle by Edith de Born (Knopf, $3.95) is another novel about youth written from a very feminine point of view, but it is not a novel of sensibility like *Summer's Lease*. The place and time are the old Austro-Hungarian Empire in its Indian summer in the years around the turn of the century, and the main character, who tells the story, is a girl named Milli, a young countess born to the titled society of Vienna.

Felding Castle is a book that can hardly be discussed in anything but clichés; phrases about bygone splendors and a young girl's first momentous encounter with love and the innocence and corruption of a vanished era can be suppressed only with the greatest difficulty. But in fact Miss de Born's book is not a collection of clichés; practically everything that is suggested by a Strauss waltz is in it, but it is not sentimentalized. Rather it is scrutinized through the candid eyes of a child who is too young to censure it but too intelligent to be taken in. Miss de Born's world is largely the world of servants and back halls, of the search for love where there are many affairs but little affection, of doors that open and close upon gilt and glitter in such a way as to leave a child enraptured but puzzled and hurt.

Miss de Born, who was born in Vienna, lives in Brussels, but writes (very well) in English, tells her story in the straightforward manner of a memoir, and it seems likely that her material must be based upon family recollections if it is not autobiographical. Her book is not a great work of fiction, but it is a thoroughly pleasant and intelligent piece of writing.

THE best of the recent novels about young people that I have seen is the work of a young Spanish writer, Juan Goytisolo, and is called **The Young Assassins** (Knopf, $3.95). Goytisolo is still under thirty and his novel was written some years ago, but it would be an impressive book by a writer of any age.

Unfortunately the story begins in a way that will put many readers off. For almost the first



...a man is made of memories

nge how memories flood back as you see yourself in r son...

he squirm and squeal of a puppy with his first boy.

he sweet perfumes of clover and weeds on a still summer as you shuffled the well-worn walk to the river...the seri- business of skipping a stone across the water.

he snowdrifts that always seemed shoulder high...and crackle of a whistle on frozen morning air.

he smell of adventure in steam at the station...the train flashed its friendly smile across the face of night.

he delicious shiver of a ghost story around a flickering pfire...and the falling-down barn with shredded red it that no one dared go near at night.

he lace-necked Latin teacher with the rasp of taffeta in voice and the love of learning in her heart.

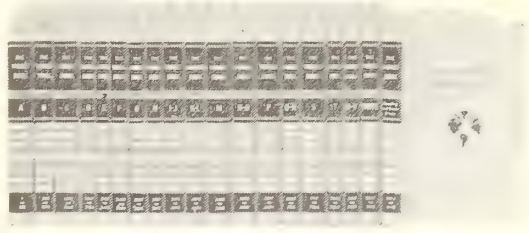
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SCRIBNERS

half it consists of a series of scenes, most of them rather brief, involving a large and not easily distinguished group of young people in Madrid, including a considerable number who have come there from the Canary Islands nominally to complete their education.

They are nearly all middle-class boys and girls, a little too old to be called juvenile but with an indisputable right to be called delinquent. A few of them, chiefly a girl from a working-class background, are politically active, with a revolutionary direction to their hooliganism, but most of them are simply out to drink and fight and get in any trouble that will shock and outrage their parents.

These opening scenes are not only rather hard to follow; they are not notably better than countless other books about discontented youth that have been written in the last few years. But the book gradually picks up momentum, and the last half is extremely fine.

The action that unifies the story is a plan to murder a cabinet minister, a man called Guarner, who represents "the whole thing" the young people are against: "superficiality and education, money and manners, . . . the incarnation of the old-fashioned way." For the girl who is a revolutionary the murder will be a political act, but for the others it is simply striking a blow at the world of their parents, the prosperous bourgeoisie whom they repudiate.

Final plans for the murder are made in a long alcoholic party presided over by a sinister, half-mad drunk, too far gone to distinguish between the kaleidoscope of his sick imagination and reality. The scheme is to seem to draw lots to see who will do the killing, but actually to arrange things so that the most sensitive, least corrupt boy of the group will have to do it. The plan works, and the next morning the boy goes to the office of the cabinet minister, frozen with terror at the thing he is required to do, but held to it by his fear of rejection by the group if he fails.

It would be unfair to reveal what happens in the amazing interview with the cabinet minister or to the boy afterwards. These are scenes with almost Dostoevskian intensity they go beyond the sociological observation of youthful discontent and criminality to become symbolic enactments of the terrible possibilities that lie beneath the surface of human behavior at any age.

The Young Assassins is not a pretty or entertaining book, but it has a psychological and dramatic force not often encountered in fiction. The translation, which must have been difficult to do because of the amount of slang and argot in the dialogue, is the work of John Rust and reads well.

RUSSIAN YOUTH

A Room in Moscow (Reynal, $3.50) is the account of her winter in Moscow by a young American girl named Sally Belfrage. Miss Belfrage went to Russia to the famous Youth Festival of summer before last; she went on to a brief visit in Red China, in defiance of the State Department ruling, and then returned to Moscow where she got an editorial job in a state publishing house and stayed for five months.

A reader rushed for time would do no serious damage to his education by skipping Miss Belfrage's account of Red China, which is mostly girlish gush; but her account of her stay in Russia is a highly interesting piece of reporting.

Most of the young people Miss Belfrage got to know in Russia were roughly Soviet equivalents of our beat generation. This is probably to be expected, since it would be the young men most dissatisfied with their own society and most interested in the outside world who would run the risks involved in a friendship with a girl from the West. Miss Belfrage herself is inclined to think that the risks of such a friendship were not very great, but she describes behavior of her Russian friends which indicates that they thought differently.

The first young man Miss Belfrage encountered was one of the *stiliagi*—"style chasers"—a young man living in considerable luxury because his father was a general killed in the war. (The apartment of his family had the only dining-room Miss Belfrage saw in Russia.) He spent every evening in a restaurant or dancing

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rock 'n' roll, liked nothing that was not foreign, had tape recordings of jazz from the Voice of America, dressed like a cross between Elvis Presley and James Dean, and in general had what Miss Belfrage describes as "hopelessly bourgeois values," though they are much the same values that the young Spaniards in Goytisolo's novel regard as profoundly anti-bourgeois.

Most of the other young people Miss Belfrage met were less highly placed in society than the *stiliagi*, but almost all were discontented with the way they were living. She found little enthusiasm for Khrushchev ("the fat man") or the sputniks, which were widely regarded as something gained at the expense of the standard of living. She found poor housing, hideous clothes, a dull but fattening diet, a great shortage of men (though any girl with a room to live in can get a husband), a boring press, and an inconceivable burden of bureaucracy and inefficiency: "Nowhere have I seen people put up with quite so much," she says. Everyone loves jazz (in self-defense she had to learn rock 'n' roll), ice cream, any touch of beauty to relieve the drabness of life. People seem to hold Malenkov in fond memory, presumably because he offered a hope of more consumers' goods.

But of course to generalize Miss Belfrage's observations is only to say what everybody more or less knows already; the pleasure of her book lies in the mass of small but acutely observed details, the sense it gives of how people really live. Among her other gifts Miss Belfrage has a lively sense of humor—she gives a hilarious account of a modern ballet that seemed to be celebrating the completion of a dam, and writes no less entertainingly of her appearance in a Russian movie.

IN **The Big Red Schoolhouse** (Doubleday, $3.95) Fred M. Hechinger provides a comparison between Russian and American education. The subject is both fascinating and important, but Hechinger seems to have done a rather hasty job of dealing with it. Sometimes he buries what he has to say under vague and sloppy rhetoric: "Education is rather like the surface of a diamond whose light and depth and splendor is [are, perhaps?] determined by countless facets," he writes. "Like the diamond, too, the process of education can be continuously refined and perfected" etc., etc., but of course education is about as much like a diamond as it is like oyster stew.

Hechinger seems to have no first-hand acquaintance with Russian education except for his experience as escort to a Russian education leader during her two-week visit to this country; in at least one passage (his explanation of why the progressive movement in education was discredited in Russia) he presents as fact what can hardly be more than a guess; he repeats himself in a way that is quite unnecessary in so short a book; he presents some complex issues in American education in such an oversimplified form that the reader is not greatly reassured about his ability to deal with the complexities of Russian education.

Yet *The Big Red Schoolhouse* contains some useful information about how education is organized and administered in Russia, and I would agree, on the evidence of the book, with Hechinger's general conclusion that we do not have a great deal to learn from the Russian system. Our schools need to be better than they are, but the Russian commitment to brutal competition and ruthless weeding out, to narrow specialization, to stern adherence to whatever is "correct" (officially approved) in method and content, is not for us. Our commitment to breadth, both in the numbers educated and the kind of education received, is the right one, and not irreconcilable with excellence.

TWO SEARCHES

IN **An Anthropologist at Work: Writings of Ruth Benedict** (Houghton Mifflin, $6) Margaret Mead has assembled a large collection of attempts at autobiography, correspondence, poetry, journals, and unpublished papers, complete and incomplete, professional and otherwise, of her late friend and colleague, the distinguished anthropologist Ruth Benedict. The result is a book that will strike some readers as a mess, for in spite of Miss Mead's valiant effort to provide introductions and transitions and anno-

THE NEW BOOKS

ns, the book *is* made up of odds d ends, some of which (especially journals) are pretty fragmentary publication.

Yet these bits and pieces provide extraordinary opportunity for the ader to form his own impression a strange and gifted woman. Mrs. nedict was essentially a woman in urch of something to live for, some-ing to make life bearable. The rly death of her father and the ght deafness that resulted from easles in childhood left her with feeling of estrangement in the rld. For a time she thought mar-ge could give her life meaning, t childlessness and the clash of nperaments defeated that hope. e tried writing poetry with some ccess but no great satisfaction to rself; she worked off and on to mplete a book about distinguished man rebels; she drifted into an-ropology as other women in her edicament might drift into rolling ndages.

The surprising thing, of course, is at she should have been so very od at it. Probably most Americans no have read one book in anthro-logy have read Mrs. Benedict's *tterns of Culture*, a work that has t escaped criticism but remains e product of a beautifully refined ind, written in a style that betrays r background as a poet, and of-rs the layman one of his best portunities to grasp what the an-ropologist is trying to do. *An nthropologist at Work* shows the ncertainty and anguish that went to her achievement: a good deal

Mrs. Benedict's gift for under-anding other cultures must have sulted from her inability to feel home in her own. (Illustrations.)

he Gold of Troy by Robert Payne unk & Wagnalls, $3.95) is a biog-phy of Heinrich Schliemann, the ineteenth-century German business-an and self-made Homeric scholar hose bold attempts to uncover the ncient cities of Troy and Mycenae e often considered the beginning of odern classical archaeology.

Schliemann was temperamentally e exact opposite of Mrs. Benedict. hough humbly born, he was con-inced that he was a man of destiny, nd the events of his life did not ntradict his conviction. He had

The Swivel Chair



There is a demonstrably large number of persons — otherwise estimable persons perhaps — who believe that books are in season only in months ending in *r*. These persons are netted, even throughout the *r* months by suggestions that gift "problems" can be solved by the purchase of certain titles categorized carefully by recipient.

It would be chillier work than this chair can face to address the book donors in March. Much more inviting is the climate which envelopes subscribers to Harper's. They are *ipso facto* year round readers. They are, one hopes, sufficiently acquisitive to buy books for themselves. The list below is addressed to them.



The Coming of the New Deal by **Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.** • "It promises to be one of the major works in American historical literature . . . history with appropriate ingredients of narrative, drama, biography, analysis, and interpretation." — *Henry Steele Commager, New York Times.* "Narrative history on a major scale . . . Mr. Schlesinger has evoked the very feeling of a time, its urgency, dread and exaltation, the sense of the future taking shape at the hands of the present . . . immediacy with a flair." — *John K. Hutchens, New York Herald Tribune* $6.75

The Width of Waters by **Alfred Kern** • A novel of a town in its hour of pageantry. "Some telling comments about advertising, public relations, and academic integrity. The best passages, however, are those that deal dramatically with Gaitz and Phyllis in New York and Buchanan; they have pulse as well as wit and insight." — *New York Times* $3.50



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An Anthropologist at Work Writings of ***Ruth Benedict*** by **Margaret Mead** • A collaboration by two great anthropologists of our time. This book is both the history of a new approach to anthropology — an approach best described by Ruth Benedict as "personality writ large" — and is also the biography of a brilliant, sensitive, and elusive woman. "Will be sought out by all students of civilized life." — *from a pre-publication review* $6.00



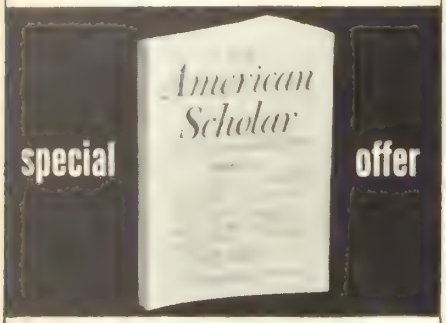
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the Midas touch—he made a fortune in the indigo trade, another in the California gold fields, still another during the Crimean War. In middle age he set out to unearth the great cities of antiquity, and again he enjoyed the most extraordinary luck. Later scholars have not been quite so sure that he found exactly what he was looking for, but everyone agrees that what he found was remarkable enough.

Payne has written his account of Schliemann's fascinating life in a brisk journalistic style that does not leave much room for psychological subtlety but does full justice to its entertainment value. (Illustrations and a map. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

INNOCENT VOYAGER

SAUL BELLOW'S novel, **Henderson the Rain King** (Viking, $4.50), is his first since his much-admired *Adventures of Augie March*. I think the new book is a marked improvement over the *Adventures*—much better unified, more all-of-a-piece, wittier and more fun in general, and more brilliantly written. In the *Adventures* Bellow seemed not to know just what kind of book he was trying to write, but in *Henderson* he knows exactly, and writes it.

The book is a kind of *Connecticut Yankee in Darkest Africa*. The main character, Henderson, is a very rich American in his middle fifties, a man of enormous physical strength, incurably restless, hungry for life and always dissatisfied, painfully aware of his own crudity and violence, of his bad teeth and bad manners, always in danger of becoming "a slave to low-grade fear and turbulence" yet sensitive, proud, generous, anxious to live his life nobly and to help others.

Finally his restlessness drives him to Africa; there, with no one but a converted black man for company and almost no equipment except a few canteens of bourbon, he sets off on foot to meet his fate.

First he encounters a tribe who are in mourning because their beloved cattle are dying for lack of water. They have the water all right, a big reservoir full of it, but it has become infested with frogs and local tabu says that the cattle cannot drink wat containing living things. Henders the all-round technologist contriv an ingenious plan for saving t cattle by destroying the frogs, but H does not know the strength of h own technology, with the result th he destroys the reservoir alon with the frogs. The water is lo and Henderson makes a quick ge away accompanied by his faithf black helper.

Next the two travelers come to tribe who have a pretty bad reput tion locally; they are known as t children of darkness, and they t are bothered by a water shortag and enlist Henderson's help. B the children of darkness are wis than the first tribe; they make He derson participate in their own a cient ceremonies, and this time t water falls in torrents. Henders becomes a tribal dignitary, the Ra King, and friend of the local Kin a brilliant young man who has h a Western medical education befo his return to the children of dar ness. The King attempts to instru Henderson in the mystery of bein as understood by his tribe, but h life ends tragically and Henders returns to America.

The whole book is so vividly an brilliantly imagined that a read hardly allows himself to pause an ask himself what it all means, b presumably it is an allegory of sort Henderson seems to be the essentiall innocent, unfulfilled American, kind of middle-aged Huck Finn wit three million dollars; the unexplore Africa that teases his imaginatio represents a richness of experienc that he has longed for but never a tained. The book plays with, touch on, or suggests a wide variety favorite themes and situations fro earlier American literature. If I u derstand the final message of t King of the children of darkness, is the Lawrentian doctrine that w must overcome our Puritanical sep ration of body and soul (or as th King would say, psyche and soma must reclaim our animal nature an become unafraid of it in order t reach the fullness of experience.

But fortunately one need not di sect *Henderson the Rain King* t enjoy it, or to realize that its publ cation is a literary event. A remark able novel.

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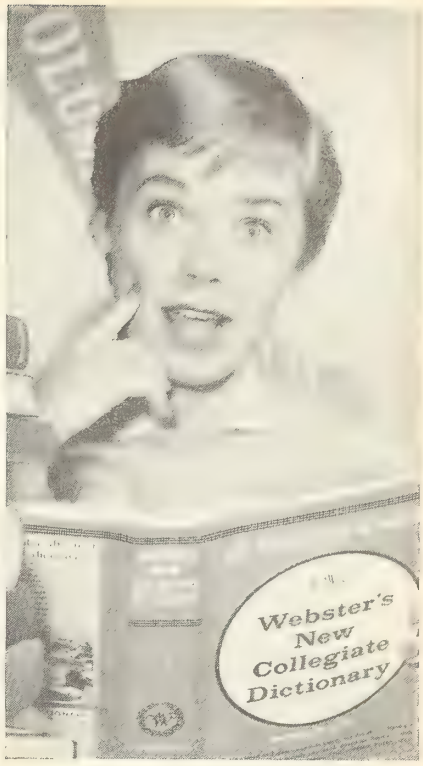
BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Juice, by Stephen Becker.

"Joseph Harrison was not the average American," this story begins. Indeed he was a top executive in a communications chain on the West Coast. He had a lovely wife whom he adored; two children; a home and life that suited him perfectly. He was used to having his own way. He considered himself an honorable man. Then one night on his way home in his car he killed a pedestrian at a small-town street intersection, going too fast after too many martinis. In one instant, by his own action, the certainties of his life were wiped out and he faced the loss of them all. Without consulting him his colleagues in the business "fixed" the hearing before the judge. They turned on the juice. Could Joe Harrison accept the fix? If this summary sounds dull or grim, the book is anything but that. It is amused and amusing, the characters are real and Joe Harrison's predicament—all too plausible in today's world—is a moral dilemma whose implications Mr. Becker examines seriously, wisely, and well. If there is a fault in the book it is perhaps that everything and everybody, including minor characters, are given too full dimensions. The author is a man who delights in words and ideas, in good food and drink, and especially in good talk. Occasionally individual scenes and characters are so explored as to detract from the movement of the story. But this is minor criticism of a very good book. To quote out of context: "Harrison was more aware than most of his contemporaries that higher civilization hangs by the thin



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thread of crisp conversation." Mr. Becker is aware of this too, and gives us a lot of it.

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The Happy Summer Days, by Sue Kaufman.

When this book opens, Olivia and Kathy, two young teen-agers are on a ferry nearing the island where they both have Mother's Helpers jobs for the summer. The story is essentially Kathy's. She feels that her life has been ruined by her parents' divorce, but during her summer at the island where most of the husbands come only for weekends and the wives live on the beaches with the children all week, she learns that her parents' life of misunderstanding and hate is anything but unusual, though some people may resolve things better. This is to oversimplify grossly the dimensions of a perceptive and adult first novel. There are several plots and counter-plots among the young married people, most of them credible, entertaining, and wisely handled. If the plots rather fall over each other at the end and the switching of points of view sometimes gets confusing, it is still a continuously interesting and readable book.

Scribner, $3.95

Bright Web in the Darkness, by Alexander Saxton.

The author of *Grand Crossing* and *The Great Midland* writes a story of the San Francisco shipyards, and especially of two girl welders, one Negro, one white, in World War II. Through their story one sees recreated the struggle of the Negroes for union recognition; the blind prejudice of some of the big labor lead the legal fights, the final victory. it is the ups and downs of the g love affairs and the individual m struggles—and final victory—aga fear and indecision that give book strength and interest. Mr. S ton is an able storyteller.

St. Martin's, $

If the Cap Fits, by Humphrey

This novel of Simcon Stylites A emy, an old and established u private school for boys, hides u its happily light-as-a-feather ta some wise and witty comments the *Sturm und Drang* of life in vate schools today. English-born -educated Mr. Fry, who just pens to have taught at St. Berna School in New York for twenty- years, writes with a knowing pleasurable sense of involvem of parent-teacher-pupil relationsh and makes good stories of it all.

John Day, $

The Galloway Case, by And Garve.

The incomparable Mr. G turns his hair-raising narrative s to a murder in the literary worl mysterious disappearance, and s wonderful and terrifying amat sleuthing which comes to a cli in the freezing, dripping dark of an abandoned mine. Delightf literate, delightfully suspense-ful.

Harper, $

NON-FICTI

The Coming of the New Deal, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

This second volume of *The of Roosevelt* discusses the first years of the New Deal except foreign policy, which is reserved another volume. I can only say this space that a new generation ing to learn what has now bec history is lucky to have this as t The language ranges from aln Biblical cadences—"And the P dent during these days spoke only to Congress"—to vivid m phor:

> Roosevelt had decided early he wanted an inventive governm rather than an orderly governm It was as if, given the need to ar quickly at a destination, he chose

BOOKS IN BRIEF

a team of reliable work horses, but a miscellany of high-spirited and sensitive thoroughbreds. One sees him trying to ride herd over this rearing, tossing, jostling collection. His horses are overflowing with temperament and he spends an unconscionable amount of time combing their manes, stroking their brows, and feeding them lumps of sugar. More tractable horses would not have pulled so far or run so fast. The proof of his control was the way, once the reins fell from his hand, the horses plunged wildly in all directions.

t Mr. Schlesinger never lets his etaphors run away with him. He es on: "The fact remained that he is not driving a team of horses." ne author's gift for quick character- tion is as lively—on Jerome Frank: He was an intellectual, omniverous curiosity, sharp and skeptical of nd, pungent in expression, forever rrying problems to their roots"— his deep analysis is perceptive and ofound (*cf.* the last remarkable tion on "Evolution of the Presi- ncy").

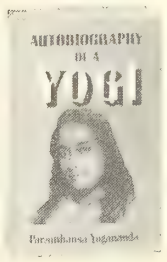
In an early section describing the w Dealers, Mr. Schlesinger makes e point that whatever their class, cupation, or geographical origin, e thing that made for the dyna- sm in Washington in those days s that these people were all "at me in the world of ideas." For e author, as for the President, this ist have meant both delight and spair, for the New Deal men d women were highly articulate d nearly all of them either wrote oks or kept journals or both and e mass of available material must absolutely overwhelming. Yet the quent quotes are always relevant d illuminating, never too long, d serve to consolidate rather than diffuse the author's own brilliant servation and narrative. It is hard see how this could be a better ok. Book-of-the-Month Club selec- n for January.

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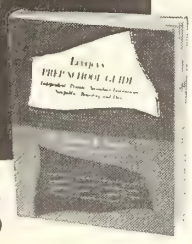
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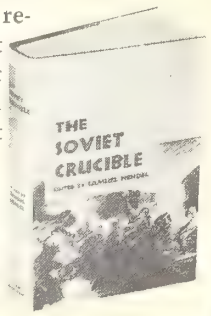
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Sea Party (1956-58) from Scott Base, each reached the South Pole in January 1958 from the opposite sides of the Antarctic continent. Fuchs and his party traversed the whole 2,500 miles from one side of the continent to the other, meeting the Hillary group 700 miles from their destination. They traveled the final lap together. There are reports here of preparation, of setting up the bases, of scientific exploration by air, dog sledge, and motor "snow-cats." There are about a hundred photographs by George Lowe, some in black and white and some in such vivid color that Sir Vivian feels it necessary to write an introductory note explaining that they "give an excellent idea of the colors as they really are." Whether in black and white or in color, they are awe-inspiring as are the accounts, though the writers are obviously all men getting on with an important job rather than spell-binding raconteurs. It is an invaluable record for science and mankind. Fuchs writes the major portion of the book with Hillary taking up the story from time to time in the latter half of the book. Perhaps one of the most significant sidelights on Antarctic exploration is that Sir Vivian arrived at the South Pole to find "such a press of photographers and recorders that it was quite difficult to move about." Shades of Captain Scott and the snows of yesteryear.
Little, Brown, $7.50

FORECAST

Seas and Ships

The appeal of adventure at sea never seems to pall, and judging by the new spring catalogues there will be plenty to choose from in the near future. In April Scribner will publish Alan Villiers' story of his continuing search for ocean-going square-rigged ships and of his sailing adventures in some that he has found, including *Mayflower II. Adams of the Bounty* is a novel giving a new slant on Bligh and his ill-fated ship, coming from Criterion on April 24. By Erle Wilson. On April 30 Dutton is publishing the adventures of an American seaman (1864-1926), a narrative based on the writings of James H. Williams, *Blow the Man Down!* The Book of the Month has chosen for May an extraordinary sea-and-ice story: *Endurance: Shackleton's I credible Voyage,* by Alfred Lansin which McGraw-Hill will publis and the story of the *Morro Cast* will be retold in *Fire at Sea* Thomas Gallagher, which Rineha will bring out in June.

Heroes of Sport

Simon & Schuster will usher the outdoor season in April wi *A Round of Golf with Tommy A mour,* a duffer's informal guide Tommy himself. In the same mon from Little, Brown will come *Pla ing for Life: Billy Talbert's sto* by William Talbert (the ex-capta of the Davis Cup team and a diabet for years) and John Seymour Sha nik; and in May Harper will prese stories of heroic moments in spo in *It Takes Heart,* by Mel All with Frank Graham, Jr. The fa will see the autobiographies of tw giants of the sports world. Roy Ca panella (with the help of Joe Rei ler and Dave Camerer) is doing for Little, Brown; and Bill Corun *Off and Running,* the autobiograp of a great sports writer complet after his death by Arthur Mann, w come from Holt.

Notable First and Second Novels

On April 1 Harper is schedulin a first novel by an author who is no means a stranger to readers this magazine—Russell Lynes. name is *Cadwallader,* and a line low the title reads: "A Diversion Little, Brown offers two new nov ists: Benjamin DeMott (whose wo has appeared in many of the revie and in *Best American Short Stori* writes *The Body's Cage,* in Apr and in May they present *The Hum Shore,* by Harvena Richter, "a nov of exceptional distinction." In Ma too, Abelard-Schumann will publi *Sorrow Laughs,* by Harry Bloom, California writer.

Second novels like second childre rarely get top billing, but Herbe Kastle's *Camera* is a notable exce tion. (His first book was *Kopt Court.)* Three separate telepho calls to him all on the same d announced that Simon & Schust had accepted the book, that Cre Books were doing it as a paperba original, and that W. B. Allen w taking it for England. Not mu anti-climax there.

he new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

ERSPECTIVES

ila: El Amor Brujo; Nights in the rdens of Spain. Yvonne Loriod, pf., nperito Peris de Pruliere, mezzo; Orch. Théâtre Nat. de l'Opéra, Rosenthal. stminster WST 14021 (*stereo*).

bussy: La Mer; Iberia. Same per-mers. Westminster WST 14020 *ereo*).

bussy: Afternoon of a Faun; Noc-nes (Nuages, Fêtes); Jeux. Same per-mers. Westminster XWN 18771.

ila: El Retablo de Maese Pedro; rpsichord Concerto. Julita Bermajo, imondo Torres, Carlo Munguia; R. yron-Lacroix, hps.; Nat. Orch. of ain, Argenta. London CS 6028 *ereo*).

ese inter-related discs, plus London's "Jeux" and Dukas' "La Peri," make a splendid exploration of some major rks of these French and Spanish com-sers, in performances that are uni-mly outstanding within the French l Spanish traditions.

Manuel Rosenthal is a remarkably e and easy interpreter of the Franco-anish idiom who has an obvious rap-t with his willing French performers. The familiar scores are fresh and alive, their styling impeccable, the shadings of expression superbly easy and just right. Westminster has made a coup with this series from its European Vega affiliate.

As for Argenta, he was Spanish to begin with and is at his best conducting the Falla music (and not Schubert, which he has recorded elsewhere). The two Falla pieces on his London record are well paired, both out of the neo-classical "baroque" period of the early 'twenties. The Harpsichord Concerto is an enigmatic work but those who have heard it "live" (in concert) will perhaps know the answer to its strange problems of tonal balance. The piece, clearly enough, was written for the very faint, *unamplified* sound of the harpsichord on the modern concert stage, underlying the relatively loud woodwind stridencies of the chamber orchestra as a silvery, lacework background. I've heard it that way myself and have no doubt that this was the intention. This new recording makes the classic mistake of amplifying the harpsichord to solo volume—thereby once more producing those harsh, inexplicable sounds that have long baffled listeners to other recordings.

As for "El Retablo," it is one of those strange hybrid chamber stage works that proliferated at the end of the first world war, beginning with Stravinsky's "His-



". . . Now—molto vivace! . . ."

OPERA WITHOUT WORDS

Generalizations are seldom safe over the long pull, even in music. The diatonic scale, for example, sat around getting fat and thinking of itself as an eternal verity. Then along came all sorts of new scales—12 tone and 5 tone and Movietone — and now the diatonic scale has to go out looking for work.



Another generalization which has seemed obvious beyond challenge is that opera needs singers and words. But now Domenico Savino and the Rome Symphony Orchestra appear with a new idea—opera sung by the orchestra. We offer for your consideration Opera Without Words.

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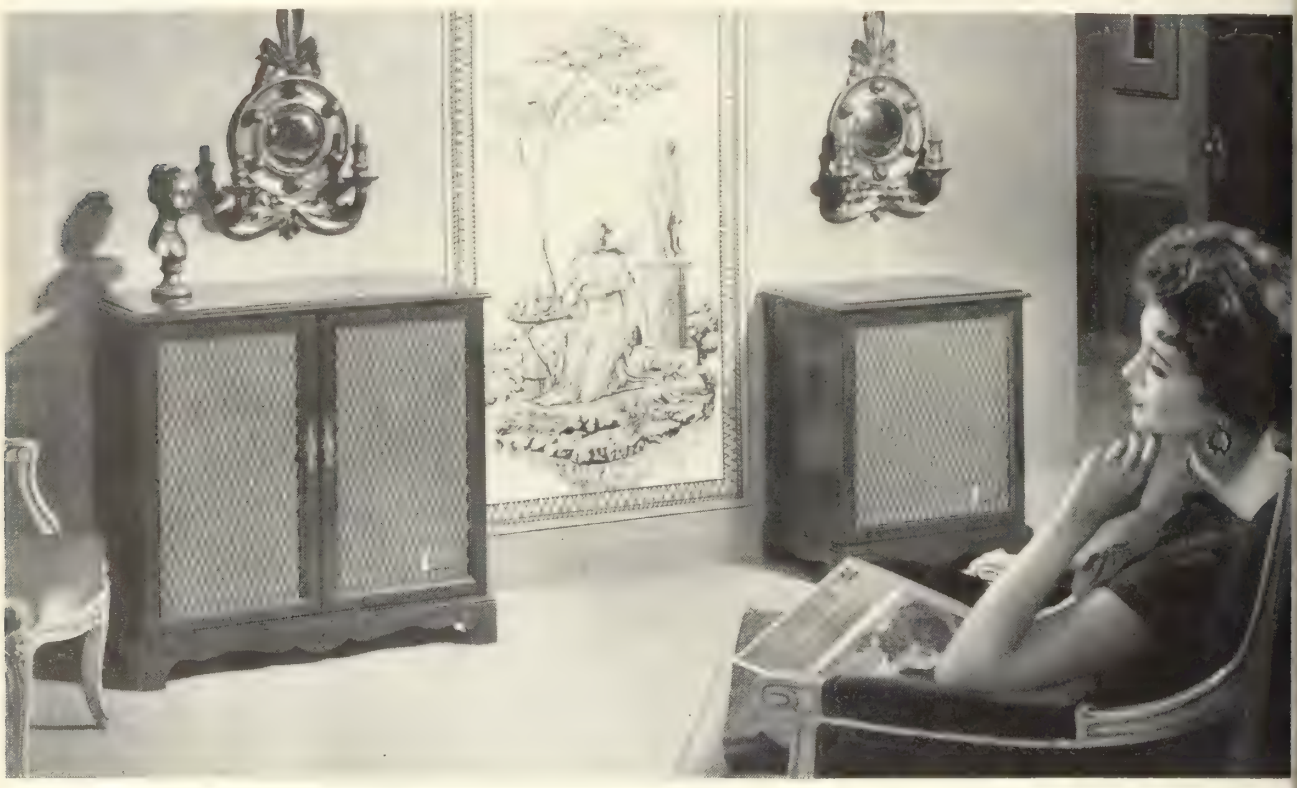
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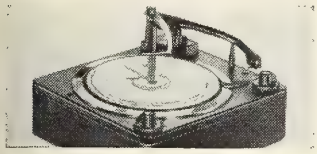
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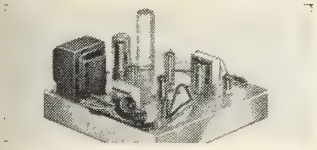
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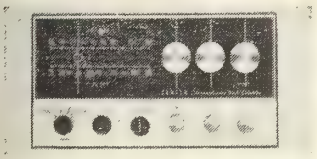
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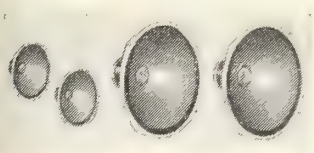
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ZENITH

toire du Soldat"; this is a combined puppet and "live" show, featuring three singers (one a boy-narrator) and an odd variation on the windmill-tilting story, with Don Quixote in this case excitedly slicing a puppet Charlemagne in two when the puppet drama proves to be too much for his nerves.

In respect to stereo effect, Westminster's pair of Falla works is superb, highly musical with a lovely and unambiguous separation of the sound choirs across the imaginary stage. The companion disc of Debussy's "La Mer" and "Iberia," recorded in the same excellently crisp and clean hi-fi sound, is for my ear confused in the stereo, although the sense of space is heightened advantageously. Something is radically different here—though the basic sound and fine performances make the disc outstanding even so. The third record isn't even marked stereo, though its sound is on a par with the other two.

London's somewhat flamboyant stereo is best in the Ansermet "Jeux" (an excellent stereo alternative to the mono version on Westminster), least good, as above, in the Harpsichord Concerto of Falla. Stereo is useful in "El Retablo," adding extra drama and spatial clarity to the stage effect.

Eileen Farrell as Medea (Scenes from the opera by Cherubini). With André Turp, Ezio Flagello, Columbia Symphony Orch., Gamson. Columbia MS 6032 (*stereo*).

Wagner: Brünnhilde's Immolation (Götterdämmerung): Prelude and Liebestod (Tristan). Eileen Farrell, Boston Symphony, Munch. RCA Victor. LM 2255.

Well, here you have the two biggest companies busy promoting the sudden Farrell fame (she's been around for a good while, of course) and if you want to know what her voice is like, in stereo or standard, here are your samples. Neither disc makes any pretense to dramatic continuity, out of the three enormous operas—any one of which Farrell could sing throughout, and probably has.

Frankly, I am a bit disappointed, though I'll immediately recognize Farrell as among the big voices of the day. Her sense of pitch is superb—that is, her musical ear is accurate and she hears every note. Her dedication and earnestness are beyond criticism. But there is a curiously flaccid lack of dramatic impact in the singing which I can attribute, tentatively, to two things. First, on records at least, her spoken diction is mealy-mouthed—an all too typical American failing. Second, her production of tone, while almost never forced, is somehow erratic and not well shaped or controlled. She cannot compare to Flagstad, for instance (with all that grand lady's idiosyncrasies) in the sheer molding of a phrase in terms of beautiful musical tone production.

We should reserve decision until Farrell has produced complete dramas for us on records. In the long pull, she is likely to come out way ahead of this excerpt-style presentation.

Wagner: Die Walküre, Act I, complete. Flagstad, Svanholm, van Mill, Vienna Philharmonic, Knappertsbusch. London OSA 1204 (*2 stereo*).

I am aware that the flood of late Flagstad has brought on much criticism; I'm not so critical now after hearing RCA's reissue of earlier Flagstad (reviewed below). The grand lady can make some desperate swoops for now-unattainable high notes and she keeps us nervous for more; but in between, the old, velvety Flagstad persuasiveness is as lovely as ever, for me anyhow. The early part of this opera is a case in point; the quiet dialogue between her Sieglinde and the tenor Siegmund (Svanholm), then with a superb bass Hunding (van Mill), is absolutely beautiful, with not a single high note to disturb the Flagstad command. After all, not everything in music is high notes.

There is a curious new latter-day Wagner to be heard in this stereo form, unimaginable before but convincing and, I think, good for the music. The entire

WORTH HEARING . . .

Grieg: Piano Concerto. Rachmaninoff: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini. Philippe Entremont; Phila. Orch., Ormandy. Columbia MS 6016 (*stereo*).

Rachmaninoff: Symphony #2. Detroit Symphony, Paray. Mercury SR 90019 (*stereo*).

Schumann: Piano Concerto in A Minor. Karl Engel; Cento Soli Orch. of Paris, Chabrun. Omega Disk OSL 14 (*stereo*).

Schubert: Symphony in C ("The Great"). Bavarian Radio Symphony Orch., Eugen Jochum. Decca DL 79993 (*stereo*).

Paul Badura-Skoda and Joerg Demus Play Schubert (Music for Piano 4 Hands, Vol. III). Westminster XWN 18790.

Voices of African Birds. Narr. Myles E. W. North. Cornell Univ. Records (*124 Roberts Pl., Ithaca, N. Y.*).

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The Art of Kirsten Flagstad. With Phila. Orch., Ormandy; orch. conducted by Hans Lange. RCA Camden CAL 162.

Those who are curious as to the real effect of the earlier Flagstad in the great days of her long career (so many of them prior to her sudden fame in this country) will find this low-cost Camden record an interesting if somewhat arbitrary introduction. There are two quite different recordings here. One group of works, with the Philadelphia Orchestra and Ormandy, dates from October 1937, a half-year after her American debut, when RCA was climbing on the Flagstad bandwagon. The rest, under Hans Lange, date from 1935 and are clearly European in origin, with the dry, close-up, dead-studio recording of the earlier traditional style, out of the 'twenties.

The music is Beethoven, Weber, and Wagner and the items are Flagstad favorites: "Ah, Perfido!" and "Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin?" ("Fidelio") of Beethoven, a long aria from Weber's "Oberon" and familiar excerpts from "Walküre," "Lohengrin," "Tannhaüser." They are beautifully sung, but what astonished me was to find that the difference between this singer and the "new" Flagstad of recent stereo recordings was not nearly as great as I had expected. The old records have, incipiently, most of the idiosyncrasies of delivery about which we now complain in their exaggerated form—even including an occasional slide upward and a forced high tone. The new records have the essential musicianship that cannot be destroyed by vocal deterioration.

Mainly, the voice of twenty-four years later is heavier, far less flexible, much restricted in range. But it is still very much Flagstad.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

TENOR SA

The tenor saxophone as a solo instrument is probably an acquired tast *The* saxophone is the alto; Debuss Ibert, and Glazounov wrote for i Charlie Parker played it—what more c you ask? The tenor has by comparison thick and earthbound sound, lackin even the virtues—at the lowest end of th scale—of the breathy-burpy baritone.

But there is something about a ten sax that grows on you. After a time th alto begins to seem shrill and import nate, like a caged bird. The tenor h at least authority; and in the righ hands, once you have resigned yourse to its range, it can be among the mo lyrical of woodwinds.

Some tenor men still seem to be tryin to give it vigor and bite by playing th instrument as though it *were* an alto with a sort of raspy, bleating stutter tha does it, to my mind, a great injustice. confess that my own leanings are towar the foghorn variety of tenor—with i soft, resonant, and substantial tone.

So much so that I prefer Mike Cuozz far out and beyond the others, arbitrarily grouped below, in the current crop o tenor practitioners. Hence also th choice of Sonny Stitt over Sonny Rollins and the inclusion of the relatively gentl Dave Pell side-by-side with the vetera Hawkins. The listing is purely in orde of personal interest; and conspicuously missing are the names of Stan Getz an John Coltrane, who are subjects i themselves.

Mike Cuozzo, with the Costa Burk Trio, Jubilee LP 1027.

Sonny Stitt, Argo LP 629. **Dizzy Gilles pie,** with Sonny Rollins and Sonny Stitt Verve MGV-8260. **Sonny Rollins,** Free dom Suite, Riverside RLP 12-258.

Zoot Sims Quartet, Argo LP 608. **Cole man Hawkins,** The Hawk Flies High Riverside RLP 12-233. **Dave Pell Octet** Jazz and Romantic Places, Atlantic 1216 I Had the Craziest Dream, Capitol T 925

Paul Gonsalves, Cookin', Argo LP 626 **Vito Price,** Swingin' the Loop, Argo LP 631. **Harold Land,** Harold in the Land of Jazz, Contemporary C 3550. **Benny Golson's** New York Scene, Contemporary C 3552. **Benny Golson,** The Modern Touch, Riverside RLP 12-256.

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OBERT NEVILLE





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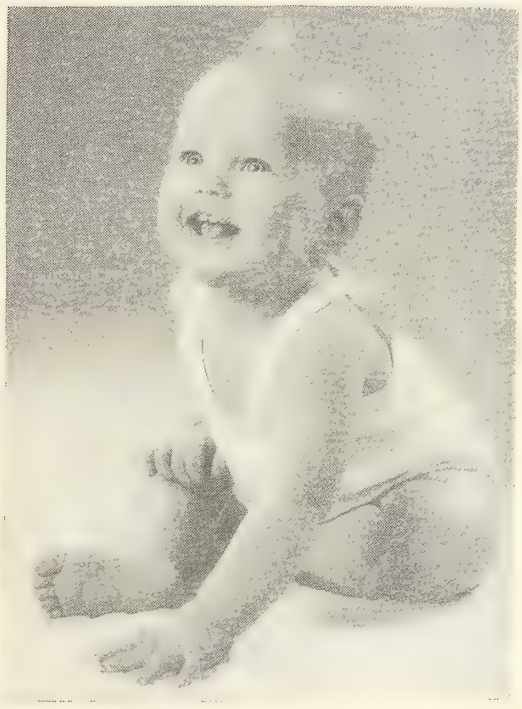
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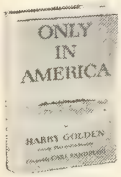
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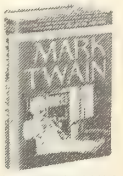
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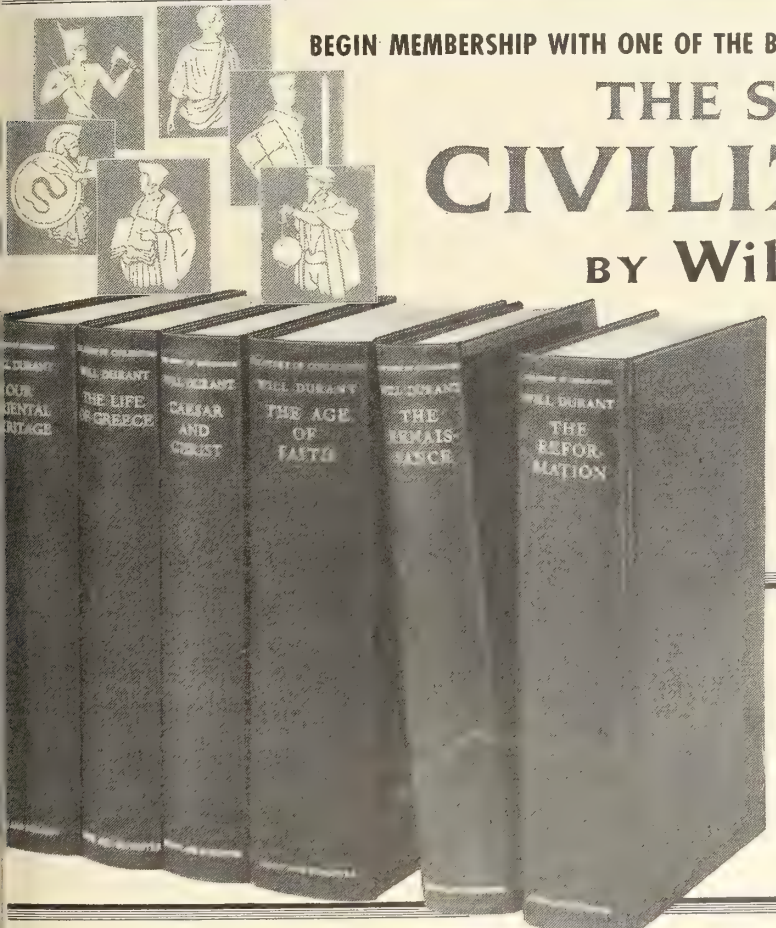
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LETTERS

Fruits of Heresy

To the Editors:

I offer Walter Kaufmann ["Faith of a Heretic," February] an invitation and an alternative—Unitarianism. . . . This young religion grew up with our young republic and many of the Founding Fathers considered it America's true religion. . . . Today ancient cosmologies are so alien to our new knowledge of the universe that many believers will not talk about their religion, while others keep their ideas in water-tight compartments to avoid schizophrenia. But the greatest scientists have not rejected the values of religion. Albert Einstein [prescribed a religion] "depending on those forces which are capable of cultivating the good, the true and the beautiful in humanity itself." This is faith in harmony with science and with room for all mankind.

Emily Taft Douglas, Moderator
American Unitarian Association
Washington, D. C.

Dr. Kaufmann has fastidiously picked over the great religions, much as a housewife might poke around the chickens in the market, finding a wing here and a leg there which please her. But failing to find enough to her satisfaction for a hearty meal, she goes her way hungering.

Hold That Caption!



The house-naming contest is over; the winners were announced in February.

The Editors

One cannot but wonder if Dr. Kaufma . . too, is obsessed by a continuing hun . . . And why, incidentally, is it *alu* Catholic (meaning Roman), Jewish, Protestant in the secular press? T Anglican view, which is neither P estant nor Roman, has some exceedin important insights into both.

Elizabeth S. Spe
Cincinnati.

Reform Judaism, Kaufmann fi without looking very hard, harbors " wish to be innocuous." That wish manifest, I assume, in Reform spok men storming the citadels of steel w the demand for an eight-hour day; m ing the United Nations to create an o of democracy in the Middle East . pointing the accusing finger at ev racial bigot; leading communities slum-clearance campaigns. What, in name of philosophy, is this *überstud* eclectic negationist talking about?

Ely E. Pile
South Orange, N

[The article] . . . will leave many your Western readers limp with wond The intellectual life of the once W West is dominated by our state unive ties, in which both political and religi conformity are *de rigueur*. Any exp sion of heretical notions, religious otherwise, might prompt some b woods legislator to ask for an invest tion. It was once thought that s universities would provide more in lectual freedom than would the priv Eastern colleges, largely dependent the "tainted money" of private bene tors. With the lapse of time that m has been exploded. As one who both studied and taught in state u versities, my hat is off to Princeton, her sisters in the Ivy League.

Glenn E. Hoo
Prof. Emer., Mills Coll
Oakland, C

What he said some of us are tryin say each Sunday from scattered Am can pulpits. . . . There will be m voices raised to shout you and Dr. K mann down. Ours is not a loud v but it is raised in support of you your purpose.

Joseph A. Schneid
Horton Universalist Chu
Horton, M

Heartiest congratulations to Wa Kaufmann for not choosing the e "out" of the positivist who declares ligion to be, in large, an emotive exp

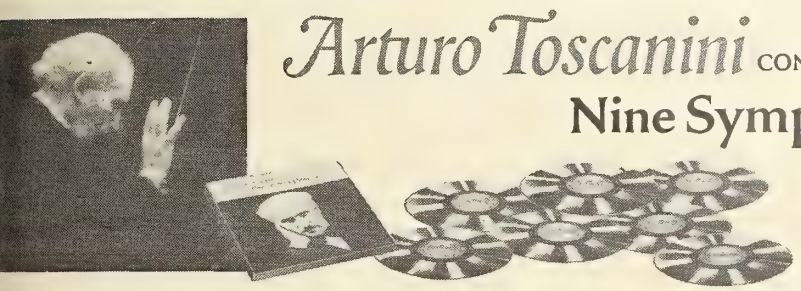
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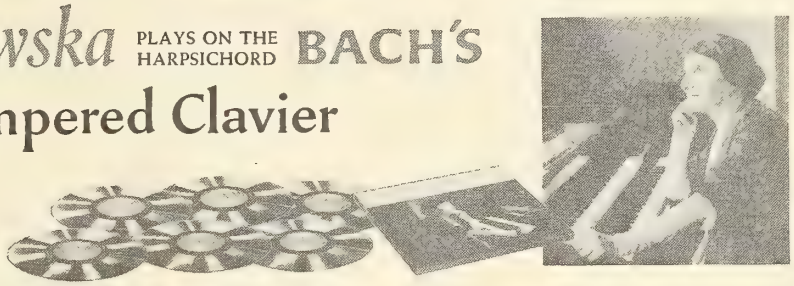
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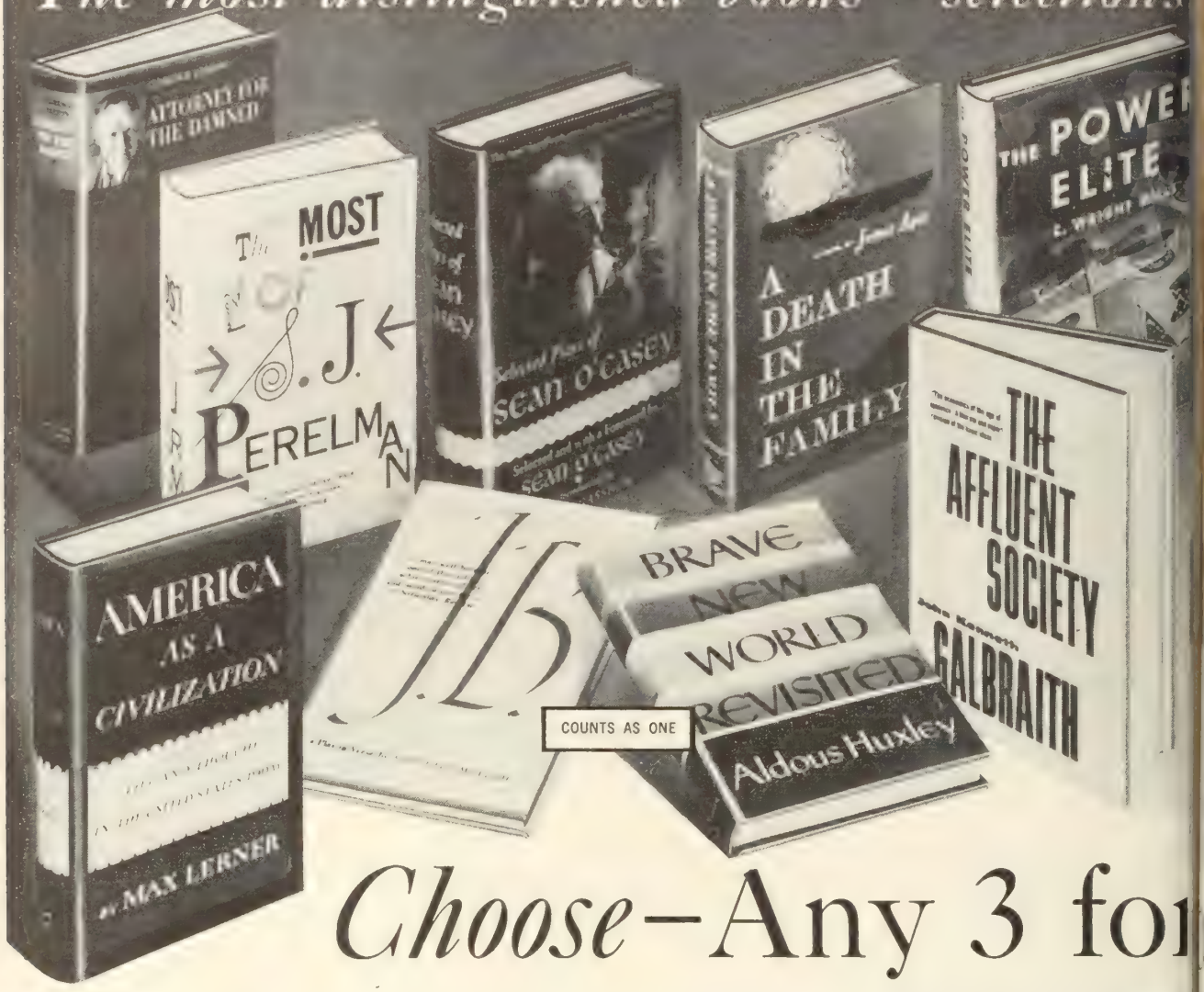
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ence where neither truth nor falsit relevant. Yet Kaufmann swings a b the opposite extreme, minimizing very significant role which emotions play in human experience. . . .

Though I share and commend Pr sor Kaufmann's insistence upon a tional appraisal of all human belief, does not necessarily expect or dema "clear and distinct" product. . . . C ful, honest, dedicated search for tr must be as clearly as possible dis guished from cowardly compromise. ridicule of provisional assertions—e by Jesus—based upon a demand superhuman precision and finality is fair and unwarranted. Much of the tory of man's ideas—and surely philosophy and religion—provides tr evidence to confound this over-rat alistic conception of human knowle

May I commend *Harper's* for series of articles. My students, as un others will, indeed, be challenged.

SHERWOOD M. NE
Dept. of Philoso
San Diego State College, C

Since Dr. Kaufmann does not ob to others having belief, I am sur will not object to my . . . praying the Absolute will have mercy upon

Rev. CHRISTOPHER KIESLING, O.
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Dubuque

The Bold of P

TO THE EDITORS:

Paul Roberts' "The Foreign Polic My Daughter Ellen" [February] . . . inspire some of your readers toward ternational correspondence too. . Waiting for American pen friends many young people in India, Nig the United Arab Republic, Japan, rope, and South America. Anyone fifteen is invited to write for a n from *Letters Abroad* [a voluntary profit organization] 45 East 65th St New York 21, N. Y. The writer sh include his age, interests, and a stam self-addressed envelope.

MILDRED M
Chairman of the B
New York, N

On Mental Illn

TO THE EDITORS:

The emphasis in "New Hope for Mentally Ill," by John Bartlow Ma [February] . . . is a trifle mispla Medicine is not the only profes which contributes to the rehabilita of the mentally ill. Social workers clinical counseling psychologists much to offer. . . . There are more t

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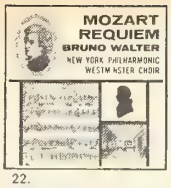
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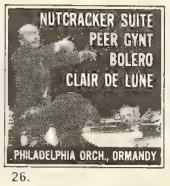
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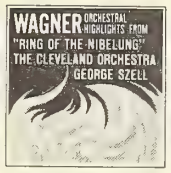
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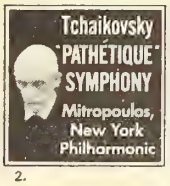
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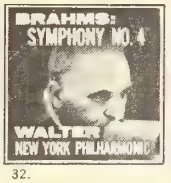
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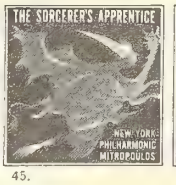
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22. Mozart: Requiem
24. Paganini, Saint-Saens Violin Concertos
26. Nutcracker Suite; Bolero; etc.
30. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake Ballet Suite
32. Brahms: Symphony No. 4
33. Levant Plays Gershwin
37. Roumanian Rhapsodies 1, 2; Carnival Overture; Francesca da Rimini
39. Firebird Suite; Romeo and Juliet
40. Bach and Vivaldi Violin Concertos
43. Vivaldi: The Seasons
45. Sorcerer's Apprentice; Les Preludes; etc.
47. Grieg Concerto; Rachmaninoff Rhapsody
49. Waltzes of Tchaikovsky and Strauss
50. Beethoven: 3 Piano Sonatas
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EDWARD JOSEPH SHOBEN, JR.
Prof., Clin. Psych. Training Program
Teachers College, Columbia
New York, N. Y.

The article was, in effect, a condensation of Mr. Martin's new book, The Pane of Glass, *which covers the work of psychologists more completely than was possible in the space available in the magazine.*
THE EDITORS

Crowded but Cordial

TO THE EDITORS:

We appreciate our inclusion in the list ["Good Colleges That are *Not* Crowded," by Martin Mayer, February] . . . However, we have had a capacity enrollment each year. . . . This is not a criticism . . . but a hopeful request that some explanation be made.

LAURA STEELE
Director of Admissions
Agnes Scott College
Decatur, Ga.

We wish to add our college to the list in the Midwest. . . . Among the fourteen women's colleges with less than 400 graduates in 1946-52, Nazareth College led the list with five awards [for scholarship] out of 145 graduates. Swarthmore was second. . . . We accept non-Catholics as well as Catholics.

SISTER MARY VIANNEY, S.S.J.
Nazareth Academy
Nazareth, Mich.

Already we have had inquiries about applying for admission because "we understand that Bowdoin has vacancies for next year." Actually, about 150 more applications have been filed this year than at the same time last year. This will result in a ratio of more than four applicants to each vacancy. . . . We are constantly searching to improve the caliber of our student body, but this does not mean that there is a dearth of high-caliber students at Bowdoin.

ROBERT S. STAW
Director of Admissions
Bowdoin College
Brunswick, Me.

Boon or Boondoggle?

TO THE EDITORS:

"The Florida Swamp that Swallows Your Money," by L. Boyd Finch [February], attempts to discredit the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control Project. . . . We regret that the author did not contact the Florida Congressional Delegation [OF] the unsound conclusions which the article contains we mention three:

1. The article says: "This project has had only cursory Congressional scrutiny," "was dreamed up in 1947 by the Army Corps of Engineers," and "slipped through Congress almost unnoticed."

The truth is that the studies upon which the Engineers' comprehensive plan was based had been under way since 1941 and came under eleven different Congressional or Committee resolutions from 1937 to 1946. Eight public hearings and numerous conferences with state and local representatives were held by the District Engineer. . . .

Since its submission to Congress in April 1948, this project has been considered in the two Houses of Congress eight times by Public Works Committees, and twenty times by Appropriations Committees. In each instance, prior to Committee consideration, the subject was studied and recommendations made by the District Engineer, the Division Engineer, the Chief of Engineers, and the Bureau of the Budget. The various hearing records show nearly a thousand pages of hearings by Congressional committees. . . .

The task force on Water Resources and Power of the Hoover Commission went over this project thoroughly and its Director in later testimony before the House Subcommittee on Appropriations in 1957 testified that the local contribution in this project "amounts to about 39 per cent of the total cost as based on the estimates. That, from my experience, is the highest rate of contribution of any of the projects in the country." In 1958, the Florida contribution was substantially increased by Congress.

2. The article says: "The Herbert undertaking isn't a true flood control project. It is a land reclamation project . . ."

The truth is that this program was necessitated by a devastating flood in 1947 which followed the death-dealing floods of 1926 and 1928 mentioned in the article, and all other benefits are incidental to the giving of flood protection. The Engineers estimated the damage resulting from the 1947 flood at $59 million and the flood losses sustained were appalling to anyone who observed them.

The great floods of 1926 and 1928, which caused losses of approximately 300 dead and 2,200 dead respectively, had been followed by the erection, largely at federal expense, of great levees which partially enclose Lake Okeechobee but which do not give full protection to the thousands of people and the millions of dollars of property developments located back of the levees.

In the fall of 1947, after heavy equinoctial rains, the basin landward

Which American industry now betters the living of 2 out of every 3 families?

...HERE ARE SOME SURPRISING FACTS ABOUT THE TRADING STAMP INDUSTRY

SO FAR, whenever our nation's economy has needed expansion, a new industry has sprung up to help the country go ahead. The automobile industry, employing millions, was followed closely by the development of radio and radio broadcasting to make more millions of jobs. Then came the airplane industry, air conditioning, plastics, television, frozen foods, to change our lives some more.

The trading stamp industry, while not new, belongs to this expansion group and has been one of the fastest growing of all. Today it betters the living of more than 2 out of every 3 families—the 35 million American families who save trading stamps.

Obviously, an industry affecting such a large proportion of our population must bring far-reaching benefits for the nation's economy. And it does. In 1957 the trading stamp industry bought 250 million dollars' worth of products from America's manufacturers. In one way or another, it provided employment for 90,000 people in many different industries.

Its economic side benefits, too, are many. In 1957 the trading stamp industry was a 20 million dollar customer of transportation companies, bought 7 million dollars' worth of advertising and paid 55 million dollars in state and federal taxes.

The people in this industry, its merchandise and redemption stores, its warehouses and transportation and all the activity that goes on within it are integrated economically *everywhere* in state after state.

Thus it seems plain that the trading stamp industry along with the 35 million families it serves has become, like other expansion industries, a living, vital segment of our economy.

* * *

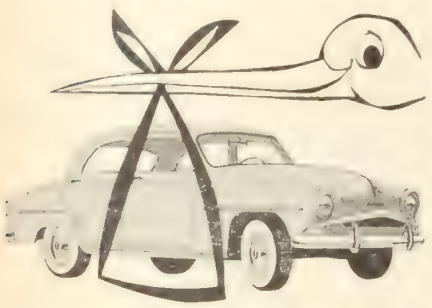
NOTE: If you would like to receive additional information about the trading stamp industry, or answers to specific questions about stamps, simply write to The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, Dept. 5E, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

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from the levees filled with water until it became a vast lake of from a few inches to eight or ten feet deep, covering nearly 5,000 square miles. Providentially, no hurricane came in 1947 from the direction which would have thrown a wall of water from the east against the highly developed and populated areas around the rim of the lake. Such a disaster would again have caused tragic loss of lives. . . .

. . . Mr. Finch makes only this statement concerning the damage caused by this flood: "Not a human life was lost, but vast acres of farm land were flooded." . . .

$41.9 million [damage] was suffered as a result of the flooding of outlying suburban areas of West Palm Beach; also 50 per cent of the city of Fort Lauderdale, including the business district, railroads, industrial and residential sections; also large inhabited areas in the western part of Miami and the outlying communities of Miami Springs and Hialeah; also heavy damage to roads, utilities, railroads, and airports in the coastal area. . . .

Of course this project necessarily brings about other benefits than flood protection, such as conservation and storage of surface waters, recharging of subterranean waters, thus repelling salt water infiltration—making more land available for agricultural and other uses—fish and wildlife protection—and others. These benefits, incidental to flood protection account for the very large participation required of the state and local agencies by the Congress, based on recommendations of the Corps of Engineers. Already the state has expended about $15 million. Also, the project incorporates earlier improvements paid by local interests at a cost of near $18 million.

We find no adequate reference to the fact that the state was required to procure, furnish, and remove from any prospect of development the 1,344 square miles of area now dedicated for storage areas, nor do we find any reference to the requirement that district expenditures, in an amount of about $1 million, were required to purchase and remove from normal production the fertile islands in Lake Okeechobee so that the water level of the lake could be raised when necessary. . . .

The Florida Congressional delegation is quite proud of this project, which we regard as of great value to both the state and the nation as a whole. . . . We regret that one of the truly great flood control and allied-purpose projects—with a greater local participation than any similar project in the nation—should be subjected to biased treatment.

SEN. SPESSARD L. HOLLAND
Washington, D. C.

MR. FINCH REPLIES:

The Corps of Engineers itself repor[ts] that the project was planned "followi[ng] the 1947 flood."

As far as local contribution is co[n]cerned, if Florida's cost share was u[n]usually high, why was it *increased* 1958? "It has taken on more of the n[a]ture of a reclamation project," conced[ed] Ex-Sen. Claude Pepper of Florida Senator when the project was initiate[d] in January 1959.

Evidence exists that the Corps' flo[od] damage figures for 1947 were overstate[d] 86.2 per cent excessive for agricultu[re] and 13.9 per cent too high for citi[es] according to the University of Mia[mi] bureau of business and economic re[-]search director. Florida is entitled to a[id] consistent with that being granted oth[er] developing areas, but not this specul[a]tors' subsidy.

The energetic state of Florida, [of] which I have pleasant memori[es] shouldn't have to apologize for winni[ng] a place in the sun.

L. BOYD FIN[CH]
Ventura, Cal[if.]

Mr. Finch's article, while it will cau[se] a furor, is comparatively mild, in t[he] light of the true facts. In this ar[ea] alone, six million cubic yards of silt ha[ve] been deposited, ruining a once-beautif[ul] natural asset, the St. Lucie River, a[s] the Flood Control boys are movi[ng] ahead relentlessly to continue th[e] program of ruin.

ERNEST F. L[OY]
Editor, Stuart No[ws]
Stuart, F[la.]

Representing an organization w[ith] 1,150 members . . . I have four tim[es] called on Congress to protest th[e] squandering that your article so co[m]pellingly calls to public attention. . . . We have found most desirable alli[es] Florida Cattlemen's Association . . . N[a]tional Audubon Society . . . Nation[al] Wildlife Federation via the Florida co[n]stituency; the U. S. Fish and Wildli[fe] Service has recommended the need t[o] aid us, as has the Florida (Saltwat[er]) Dept. of Conservation . . .

ROBERT T. B[ELL]
Pres., St. Lucie-Indian Riv[er]
Restoration League, Stuart, F[la.]

More power to *Harper's* even thou[gh] they caught the devil from South Flori[da] do-gooders.

ED SENEY, Edi[tor]
Coral Gables Riviera Repor[ter]
Miami, F[la.]

I enthusiastically agree with L. Bo[yd] Finch. . . . What a gravy train! In [my] humble opinion *Harper's* magazine a[nd] Mr. Finch have done a meritori[ous] service.

CHARLES HARO[LD]
Village of Palm Springs, F[la.]

a New Idea for a New Era

PEACE INSURANCE

"War will end," said a harried Pentagon clerk during World War II, "when we run out of paper." Since then the problem has changed. In these troubled days, war will *begin* when we run out of *words.* Indeed, our precious ability to keep talking in the face of mankind's final folly is surely our very finest peace insurance." A world at peace is still a distant image from the troubled nature of things today, yet our imperfect peace is infinitely desirable to the perfect mushroom cloud. It is a fact that humanity has already won recognition for its peaceful aims through the force of its humble voice – by stemming, again and again, the frequent tides to war. This is the world's most substantial insurance for peace. Yet... in this age of increasing bigness, it is often difficult to cut through the big silences of an increasingly passive humanity. To help those private citizens who want to be heard, but who hold their vocal fire out of a possible sense of futility, perhaps business leadership can lend an encouraging hand. In this belief, Nationwide Insurance actively encourages discussions of public issues among its nearly three million policyholders. Our extensive programs of policyholder participation in the business affairs of Nationwide also enable these representative Americans to talk candidly and searchingly about the larger issues of their times—like war and peace. Nationwide enthusiastically pursues such a program in the plain democratic conviction that *once the problems are known, the ideas to solve them are sure to follow.*







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JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

The Old Original Beatnik

"ALL right," Karl the Barkeep said, "so these youngsters from the West Coast are making a nice soft buck out of the beatnik business. They still look like amateurs to me.

"You see, I knew the real pros—men who had mastered the craft long before this Beat Generation was born. Why, right here at this very bar I nourished the spirit of the Old Original Beatnik—the founder of the profession, you might say. These Kerouacs and Ginsbergs you talk about aren't fit to drink out of the same gin bottle with him."

Karl turned away from the beer pump he had been polishing and lifted a shot glass from the end of the shelf along the wall.

"This was old Max's personal glass," he said. "I've never let anybody else use it since the day he was murdered in 1954. As a matter of fact, for a couple of years before that I seldom let him use it either. Max had slipped pretty far by that time, and he kept trying to cadge free drinks. I am a sentimentalist, as you well know, but not *that* sentimental.

"But when Maxwell Bodenheim was at his peak he had the suckers standing in line for the honor of buying his liquor. Especially the women. He used to come in here for his breakfast about five in the afternoon, and the chicks would be waiting for him practically in serried ranks. Many's the time I've seen them screeching and pulling hair before he decided which one to take into the booth with him to steady his hand for the first slug of whiskey. That booth over there."

He pointed reverently to the third booth in a row of six which stretched down the narrow room across from the bar. It looked much like any other booth in a hundred other dim Greenwich Village saloons.

"A hallowed spot," Karl explained. "The office, so to speak, where he wrote his poetry and selected his women.

"The kind of beatniks you get these days, they admit it themselves, they have to *chase* women. This Kerouac put it right down in black and white that he drove a car halfway across the country after some babe or other. Climbed a mountain for another one. A thing like that would have made Max die of shame. He had his pride. He made them come to him.

"Of course he had the advantage of operating in the good old days, when the corn-fed girls were stampeding into the Village like a drove of heifers, lowing for romance, rebellion, and The Finer Things of Life. Max was equipped to supply all three. He would roll his eyes, declaim a little poetry, nuzzle them with his beard, and announce that they were at last free from the leg-irons of convention which had shackled their soaring spirits in Iowa City. Forthwith they took him to their bed and board, and washed the dishes to boot.

"Most of them didn't last long, though. Max didn't bathe much, and he tended to forget their names. Also in his later years he developed this habit of getting sick whenever he was tanked up on Sneaky Pete, which was every night that he could raise the price of a quart. Even a dedicated rebel is likely to get enough of that sort of thing sooner or later.

"In fact, some of the more sensitive girls took it pretty hard. Like that Linda Dorrance who jumped out of a third-story window. Or Virginia Drew, who made the mistake of writing some poetry herself and asking Max what he thought of it. Naturally he didn't want anyone else muscling into the poetry racket—that was an important sideline for Max, as I'll explain in a minute—and I'll admit it was tactless of her to brandish a sheaf of manuscript under his eyes when he had a hangover. But I still think it was hasty of Max to tell her it was sentimental slush. They found her body in the Hudson River the next day.

"As a rule, however, the disillusioned ones would just shove him out of the apartment, to the accompaniment of the clear, high sound of a woman wronged. Then he would come down here for a replacement. He could always count on finding a new consignment of downy, verse

starved lasses just in from the Middle West with a chunk of papa's real estate or meat-packing fortune safety-pinned to their camisoles. In those days a virile, well-set-up artist never had to go hungry."

KARL drew himself a small beer and, after a moment's hesitation, offered me one on the house. I took it to be a reward for listening; Karl's bar is located in a highly articulate neighborhood, and when the regular customers are there he seldom gets a chance to talk himself.

"I mustn't give you the impression," Karl said, "that the Bodenheim System depended on women alone. Max had other resources.

"Didn't you tell me that this current lot of beatniks is planning to start a poetry magazine—*The Big Table,* something like that? Well, that's a mistake. A fiscal mistake, of the kind an old pro like Max never would have made, at least in his mature years. It is true that when he was an apprentice beatnik he and Ben Hecht messed around for a while with a journal they called the *Chicago Literary Times.* But he soon saw the fallacy in marketing poetry wholesale. There's more money and less work in selling it retail, by the yard.

"When he wanted a little cash, he would hang a few yards of manuscript on the railing around Washington Square, with borrowed clothespins, and then stand by to wait for a customer. The best prospects, he always said, were rich, fat old ladies or men wearing Homburg hats. When one of these came along, Max would start hollering.

" 'You dirty bourgeois!' he would scream. 'You soulless exploiter of the poor! It's people like you who are stifling the arts in America and stomping the flower of civilization into the bloodstained mud of Wall Street. All you think about is money-grubbing, while we men of genius starve in the gutter. How could you ever hope to appreciate poetry like this? Ah, how tragic, how ironic, that I am driven by hunger to sell my priceless manuscripts to the likes of you! Five dollars, please!'

"He nearly always got it, too. Almost any hard-working middle-class square can be conned out of a few bills, Max claimed, if you just abuse him loud and long enough. On the other hand, it is a waste of time to put the bite on another Bohemian. Max found that out when he broke the news to his disciples, admirers, and mistresses that he was dying of tuberculosis, and they would have to scratch up a fund to send him to Arizona. They were brokenhearted, but they only raised $12. Anyhow, it turned out that nothing was wrong with him but alcoholism, a normal hazard of the trade.

"The only time he ever worked a deal on his fellow *avant-gardists* was in 1917 during the Chicago phase of his career. Late one night he busted in on a party where a lot of painters and literary characters were sitting on the floor, drinking bathtub gin, petting the girls, and talking about Rimbaud and Freud. Bodenheim was panting and even more disheveled than usual. He told them they would have to hide him quick, because the military police were hot on his tracks. He had refused to register for the draft, he said, on account of being a high-minded pacifist who would never, never fight in a brutal imperialist war.

"Of course this whole crowd had pacifist and anti-imperialist convictions, which were very fashionable at the time, and they were thrilled to meet a hero who was actually defying the minions of Washington. So they hid him for about two months—smuggling him after dark from one basement apartment to another, to throw the pursuers off the scent, and plying him with all the liquor and fancy groceries he could handle.

"This happy arrangement might have gone on till World War I was over, if somebody hadn't found out that Max had served a stretch in the Army from 1910 to 1913. He had tried to reenlist, but the Army was convinced he wasn't the soldierly type and had thrust him out into the cold civilian world. After these revelations, Chicago's advanced intellects began to take a curdled view of Max and eventually he had to migrate to New York. But you'll have to admit



that it was a good dodge while it lasted. I bet there isn't a beatnik living today who could have pulled it off.

"THE main trouble with these fledgling beatniks," Karl went on, "is that they don't bother to learn the basic techniques of their profession. Like for instance this boy Ginsberg, he goes around all the time *explaining* his poetry. Max never made a blunder like that in all his life; he realized that nothing is so fatal to *avant gardery* as an explanation.

"So he took pains to keep his verse exalted, anguished, and incomprehensible. When people asked him what it meant, he would tell them such a question proved they were unworthy to enter into the brotherhood of the truly sensitive. A poem, he insisted, had nothing to do with meaning. It was an Act of Passion. It was a Living Protest Against the Callous Cruelty of the Business Ethos. Besides, what can you expect for fifty cents? That was about all Max was getting in the last years, when he and Ruth Fagan were peddling his poems around the saloons for drink money. Ruth was his last wife, you know, the one who got murdered along with him. He used to marry some of the girls every now and then in fits of absent-mindedness.

"In handling his line of prose, he naturally used different methods. When he wanted to, Bodenheim could run up a fairly workmanlike piece of literary carpentry—which is more than I can say for the Kerouacs. So far as I can see, they just open the spigot and let the words dribble onto the page in a sort of shapeless puddle. Max had more respect for the language; in his novels, anyhow, he used it with considerable precision and dexterity. He hammered out a lot of them, and one—*Replenishing Jessica*, I think it was—turned into a best seller, thanks to an obscenity prosecution. Unfortunately a couple of hundred other novelists started writing fiction that was even gamier, and by the 'thirties Bodenheim couldn't keep up with the competition. It was getting mighty hard to shock anybody by that time, and shock was all he had to offer.

"So his last twenty years were kind of dismal. He spent most of them sleeping in subways and two-bit flophouses, and in the winters he would sit all day in the Waldorf Cafeteria, to keep warm and in hopes that somebody would offer him a cup of coffee. What hurt him most, I think, was that nobody wanted to talk to him any more.

"For the sad truth seems to be that beatniking is a young man's game. A kid can have a wonderful time at it, because some women will always be fascinated by the old reliable combination of free-flowing words, liquor, love, and juvenile despair. And some publishers will always think they detect enough promise to give him a little publicity and a contract for a couple of books. But there is nothing promising about an elderly beatnik. He's just a dirty, drunken, old bore. Even the best of them—as Francois Villon found out five hundred years before Max did.

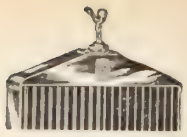
"So if these West Coast youngsters are half-smart, they'll get out of the game while they are still ahead. I understand that some of them are pushing forty already."

Karl picked up the Maxwell Bodenheim Memorial Glass, gave it a pensive swipe with his bar towel, and put it back on the shelf.

The New Original Science Fiction

THE invention of a successful literary form is a rare event, which deserves a more lasting memorial than most writers (including hundreds of better men than Bodenheim) will ever get. This feat has just been achieved by Leonard Engel, and it's a pity that it hasn't received more attention—not only for his sake, but because his invention could prove remarkably useful to a lot of writers and readers.

What Engel has produced is a new kind of serious science fiction. He did it by combining the techniques of the novelist with those of the trained and painstakingly accurate science writer, and then applying them to an actual, contemporary subject. The result, of course, has nothing in common with those science-fiction fantasies about dis-



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onal institution out of an or-
stra that was falling apart.

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ied it as a patient and a re-
er.

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ial freedom for the young.

By Jacques Barzun

THE EASY CHAIR

tant galaxies and bug-eyed monsters; and (to me at least) it is infinitely more rewarding. If you want to judge for yourself, the name of his book is *The Operation,* published by McGraw-Hill.

It is the story of a four-hour operation on Joyce Wilder, a thirteen-year-old girl born with a defective heart. Joyce is a fictional character; so are her parents and her family physician. But everything else in the story is real—the place where it happens (Operating Room J of the University of Minnesota Hospitals), the surgical team (Doctors Lillehei and Varco, pioneers of open-heart surgery), their staff of nurses and technicians, and the intricate array of instruments, drugs, and machines which they use to save Joyce's life. Everything that happens to her has actually happened to numerous other patients.

Since Engel has constructed his narrative with all of the novelist's tools (including flashbacks and dialogue), it moves with the pace and intensity of a good suspense story. And because he knows his subject thoroughly, he has been able to open up a chapter of medical history and achievement which is not accessible to the layman anywhere else. (As one consequence, if I ever have to climb onto an operating table again, I will do so with considerably more confidence and less bewilderment than the last time I was there.)

So far as I know, Engel is the first writer who has attempted to bridge the gap between the scientist and the layman in this fashion. If he has a forerunner, it is George Stewart, whose novel *Storm* also deals with a serious, contemporary scientific subject; but in that case all of the characters, including Hurricane Maria, were entirely fictional and none of the events had ever happened in reality.

Both books, I suspect, are literary milestones; and if other writers push ahead along the road they have started, a lot of us will find our way into the realms of science with more ease and pleasure. Incidentally, *The Operation* grew out of a strictly non-fiction article published in this magazine in April 1957; it was one of many important contributions to *Harper's* by Mr. Engel.



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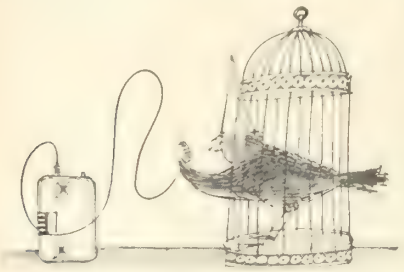
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Among Our Contributors

MONEY, MACHINES, AND THE LIBRARY

FOR a Better-Read, Better-Informed America" is the slogan of National Library Week, which will be celebrated from April 12 to April 18 this year. More than a hundred citizens' groups, business firms, and foundations have joined its sponsors (the American Library Association and the National Book Committee) in backing this objective.

But how is it to be carried out, beyond giving publicity to the slogan? Here are two suggestions, one old, one new:

(1) Raise the salaries of librarians. In many cities the door of the public library is locked at six in the evening or on Saturday afternoon. In New York (where professional standards are high, and a librarian must have an M.A. degree), one important reason for cutting hours and services is that the pay scale is so low and the increases so slow that librarians go elsewhere. The New York system has at present over sixty vacancies for professional librarians. "Going elsewhere" does not make one rich, however, for many large communities pay less than New York's new, hard-won starting salary of $4,550 for a trained librarian.

(2) Think about **Allen Kent's** imaginative and thorny proposal in his article, "A Machine That Does Research" (p. 67). This is the first attempt to put before a general audience one bold answer to a problem with which specialists in technical research and in library science have been struggling for the past decade. For in many fields, America is suffering more from a glut of information than from a lack of it. In medicine, for example, Dr. Richard H. Orr, executive director of the Institute for Advancement of Medical Communication, has compared our piling up of undigested masses of scientific information to a failure of metabolism in the body of a diabetic.

In terms of the national resear effort, the question is to come bef Senator Hubert Humphrey's S committee on Reorganization abo April first, for a new round of He ings. Allen Kent, who testified l year, will report this time on resear reporting in Russia.

Mr. Kent is the associate direc of the Center for Documentation a Communication Research at West Reserve University in Cleveland. took his B.S. in chemistry at C College in New York in 1942, graduate work at New York Univ sity, and developed his interest in tem design in various military assi ments in World War II.

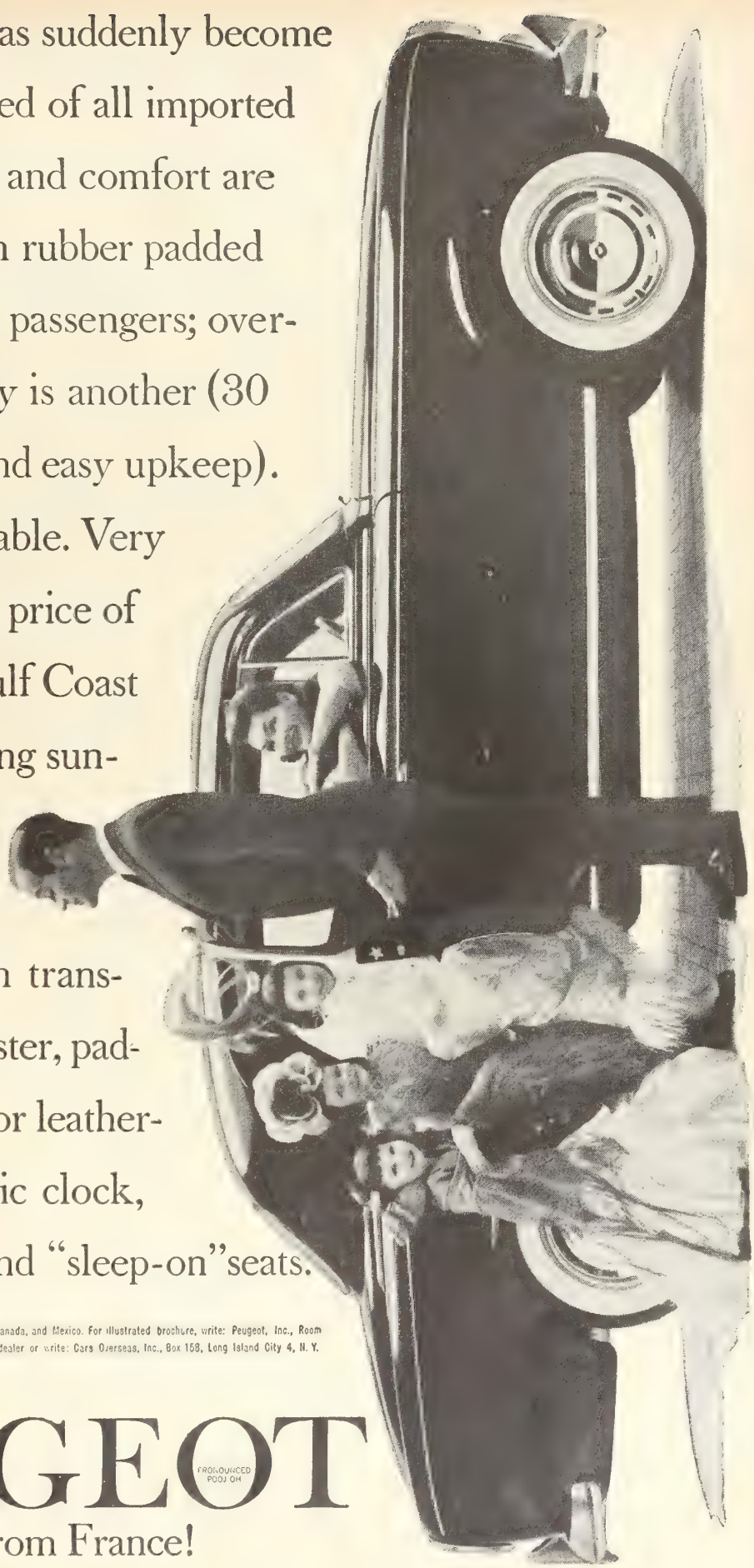
Since the war he has worked a chemical engineer, as associate edi of Interscience Publishers, and as search associate at Massachusetts stitute of Technology. He is aut and co-author of more than thi papers and several books on do mentation methods. The newest these is *Tools for Machine Literat Searching*, written with J. W. Pe and containing the "Semantic C Dictionary" edited by John L. M ton (Interscience Publishers).

The Research Machine at heart of the library is not the o prescription for a "Better-Read, I ter-Informed America" but it i fresh suggestion for those who willing to try the new.

ET TU, AMERICU

. . . Pope John's plan to call ecumenical council has establis him as an unexpected force in modern world. It also brings up interesting side issue. What will the language of a council atten by thousands of participants and servers from many countries? T Roman Catholic Church is m blessed in this respect than most ternational organizations, for it a common traditional language. (according to an article in *L'Osse tore Romano*, reported in the N York *Herald Tribune*), objecti have been raised already, especi

he Peugeot '403' has suddenly become
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nily sedans. Room and comfort are
o big reasons (foam rubber padded
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by Americans, to having Latin as t
language of the council. They wa
to speak their own.

Msgr. Antonio Bacci, the Vatica
Latinist, replied by saying that t
Church's soft Italianate pronunc
tion makes Latin "easier." To Ame
cans brought up on "Kicke
instead of "Sisero" or "Chiceron
this argument may not be persuasi
But Msgr. Bacci also conceded th
earphone translations might be p
vided.

This is only a start on the intere
ing complications sure to arise fr
the original character, administ
tion, and political direction
John XXIII, which are analyzed
the lead article this month by **Rob
Neville** (p. 27). Mr. Neville has be
bureau chief for *Time* and *Life*
India, Argentina, Hong Kong, T
key, and Italy; now free-lancing,
lives in Rome. He joined *Time*
its first roving correspondent in 19

Born in Oklahoma, Mr. Nevi
attended the University of Califor
and Columbia University.
worked on both the *New York Tim*
and *Herald Tribune* and during
war edited the Mediterranean e
tion of *Stars and Stripes.*

. . . In "A Further Report on
Weans" (p. 34), **Robert Nathan**
ries forward the findings of "Digg
the Weans," which appeared
Harper's in November 1956. Th
are rumors that Mr. Nathan's
coveries in the long-lost coun
called We (or Us) will grow int
book.

Now a Californian, Mr. Nath
was born in New York City and gr
uated from Harvard (Class of 19
He has written some thirty-six v
umes of poetry and prose, and
particular blend of romantic
satiric fantasy has won remarka
popularity as well as critical adm
tion. His latest novel, published
1958 by Knopf, is *So Love Retu*
others were *One More Spring, I*
trait of Jenny, and *The Rancho*
the Little Loves.

. . . In a recent, much discussed cr
cism of modern music, Virgil The
son remarked on the decline in vi
of the art and said that he co
name only five "really power
works produced in the last f
years"—none of them American, n

ıposed since 1926. He counseled fellow-composers "to forget for a e about novelty and change" and all back upon "small ideas." (See *ounter,* January 1959, or the *ıntic,* February 1959.)

Lussell Smith's article on "The v Music" (p. 37) is written in the ›osite mood. As a composer in early thirties, Mr. Smith describes husiastically the innovations of predecessors and of his own post- contemporaries, and lists choice :es by 45 modern American com- ers. Mr. Smith wrote his article ›re Mr. Thomson's was pub- ed; it is neither a reply nor an logy.

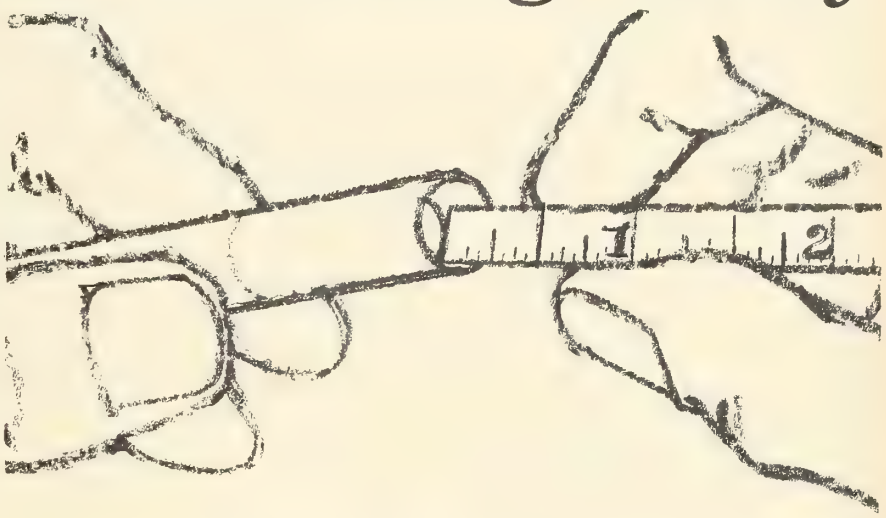
Ir. Smith has an M.A. and B.S. in ;ic from Columbia University and lied also at the Berkshire Music ıter and the Eastman School. ong his teachers have been Otto :ning, Douglas Moore, and Aaron ›land; he has held a Guggenheim other fellowships and awards. did his Army service before going ollege.

Ie has composed in practically ry medium and form. His works ude many for the stage (one is an ra based on Thurber's "The Uni- ı in the Garden"), orchestral :es, two piano concertos, songs, ruses, music for television and electronic instruments.

In "The Blood Fluke That ed Formosa" (p. 45), **Frank A. rman, Jr.** adds a fascinating and l-substantiated case history to the am of mysterious reports end- ly flowing out of Red China. It ›ased on studies he made at the ssachusetts Institute of Technol- Center for International Studies. Ir. Kierman is a Bostonian now king in Washington for the U. S. eign Service. He studied Chinese r reading I. A. Richards' *Mencius the Mind,* was in China with the rines and Foreign Service much he time from 1945 to 1950, later Hong Kong and Karachi. He has h.D. from the University of Wash- ton in Chinese studies, and is co- hor of *Prospects for Communist na.*

An uncommon example of the ibility of the American political em is described by Oregon's Sen- **Richard L. Neuberger** in "How

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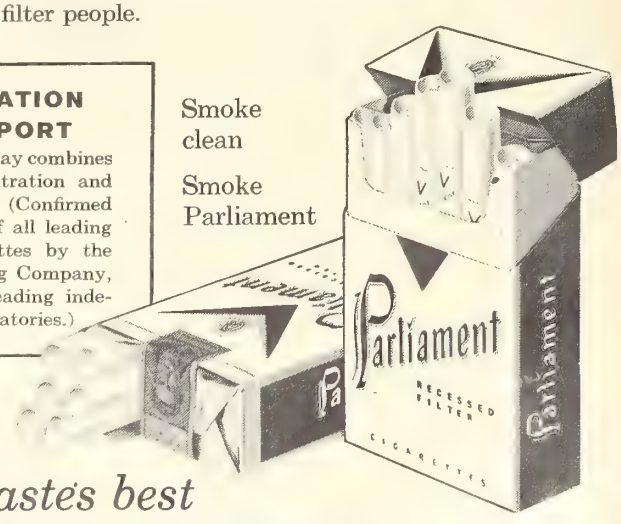
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Oregon Saved a Forest" (p. 48). As Senator Neuberger has himself remarked, the West is now "a genuine force in the Congress, capable of entering new alliances and adopting untried positions."

Senator Neuberger returned to Washington in February after his successful five-month battle with cancer. Since his election as junior Senator from Oregon in 1954, Mr. Neuberger (called "Dick" by a host of friends among newspaper and magazine editors who knew him as a reporter on the West before he entered politics) has been a member of both Senate committees most concerned with natural resources: Interior and Public Works. He is chairman of the Indian Affairs subcommittee. Though he usually supports the "liberal" Democrats, Senator Neuberger voted consistently during 1958 against reduction in federal income taxes. The Klamath issue was one reason. He says:

"I could not simultaneously ask my colleagues to vote $90 million to save a vast pine forest and waterfowl marsh in my own state, and then also vote to reduce federal revenues with which to finance such an undertaking!"

. . . **Herbert Gold** appears for the first time in *Harper's* with "The Man Who Gave Up Pleasure" (p. 53). This story derives from Mr. Gold's new novel, *The Optimist,* which will be brought out by Little, Brown late in April.

Mr. Gold's most recent novel is *The Man Who Was Not With It;* his short stories have appeared in many magazines, in the O. Henry Prize collections, and in other anthologies. He has had a Fulbright year in France, a Guggenheim fellowship, and other awards, and is now teaching at Cornell. He was born in Cleveland and has an M.A. from Columbia University.

. . . The third in *Harper's* series on modern religious beliefs in America is **Arthur A. Cohen's** "Why I Choose to Be a Jew" (p. 61). Mr. Cohen bases his personal creed on a new concept of freedom of choice, which he thinks is not uncommon in a younger generation than those who endured the mass slaughter by Hitler's Nazis or those who fought for

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el. Nevertheless, in its adherence aith in Jewish tradition, it has h in common with the ideas of Orthodox elders.

Ir. Cohen's views will appear e fully in an important book ch he is now preparing for pub- ion (by Harcourt, Brace) early t year—*The Making of the Jewish d.* He will also edit a collection he essays of Milton Steinberg, se influence on his own "con- ion" was important.

Ir. Cohen is the publisher of idian Books. He was born in v York, graduated from the Uni- ity of Chicago at eighteen in , and went on to an M.A.; he studied also at Columbia, the v School, and the Jewish Theo- cal Seminary. He is the author *Iartin Buber* (1958).

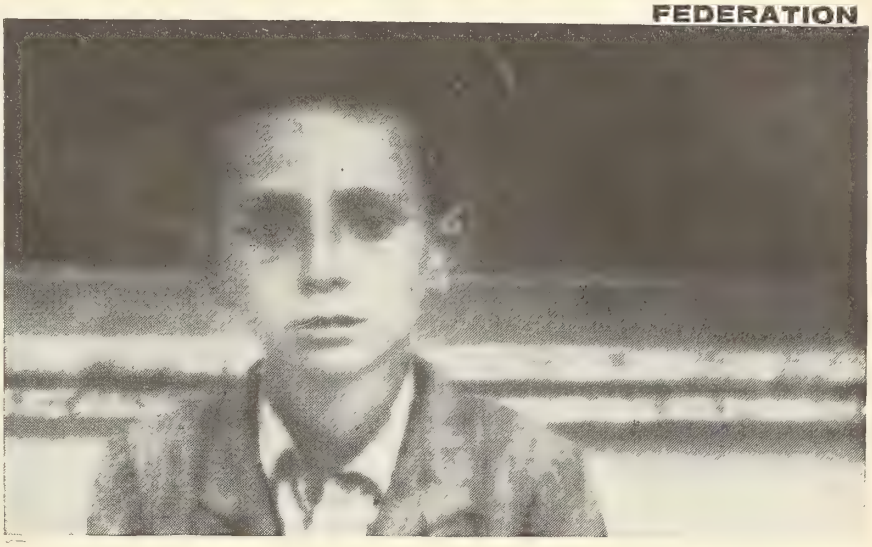
Athenian-born **Alexis Ladas** ks at United Nations headquar- in New York. Last summer he a yachting trip in Greek waters on his return wrote "The Isles reece" (p. 72), recalling both his ime experience in command of iding schooner in the enemy-oc- ed Aegean, and the long and ly forgotten history of the is- s. The "war artist" who went him in 1944 was **Bernard Per-** he has illustrated this article. r. Ladas' first article in *Harper's,* Seal That Couldn't Swim" (No- ber 1957), will be brought out ook form by Little, Brown, with ng by Marc Simont.

Philip Booth ("The Islanders," 1) is the author of a book of s called *Letter from a Distant l* which won the Lamont Prize ded by the Academy of Ameri- oets in 1957. He is now on leave Wellesley College on a Guggen- Fellowship.

licia Lamport (whose "Spinal ord," p. 47, may well be the poem in any language on mod- nan's most stylish ailment) con- that she has a slippery disc of wn and has met several among friends. She is the author of *on Weekdays.*

bert Brittain ("Fairlight," p. as had poems in *Harper's* oc- nally since 1947. In prose, his recent book is *Rivers, Man, Myths.*

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Harper's MAGAZINE

POPE JOHN

His Cardinals, His Character, and His Political Direction

ROBERT NEVILLE

A report on the astonishing changes now taking place in the Vatican—and a forecast of the shifts in policy still to come.

ROME

AS ANY Roman schoolboy could testify, there can be an enormous difference between one Pope and another. But not even the Romans, who over the centuries have become expert judges of the Papacy, were prepared for the changes that Giuseppe Roncalli, or John XXIII, was to bring about in the Vatican when he ascended the Throne of St. Peter last fall.

Some of the difference is, of course, inherent in the backgrounds of the new Pope and the old. Pope Pacelli, who ruled as Pius XII for almost twenty years, came from a Roman family and was a by-product of that urbane, sophisticated, worldly-wise society. His family moved in the highest circles. Pope Roncalli, on the other hand, comes from a family of poor, simple, bluff farmer folk who still till the soil on petty acreages in the sub-Alps of North Italy. The Pacelli family—thanks to the late Benito Mussolini—carries the title of prince; there is little likelihood of the Roncallis' becoming noblemen.

The late Pope, for all the thousands he received in his daily audiences, was a pale, thin, aloof, ascetic man who ate and drank most frugally and almost always alone. In his late years he also became a lonely person who dreaded making decisions and avoided new friendships. He reduced his staff to the minimum, canceled the scheduled calls of bishops, cardinals of the Curia, and heads of orders, and would see regularly only a handful of lay and clerical collaborators. Curiously, he did not even want workmen, let alone tourists, about when he went to take his daily walks in the Vatican gardens. The place had to be cleared of all personnel at such hours.

Under the old Pope many of the apartments in the Apostolic Palace—for example, that reserved for the cardinal-secretary of state—were unoccupied, simply because the Holy Father never got around to filling those jobs. Although Pius XII made use of a group of Jesuit priests for his secretarial and research staff, he carefully assigned them not to his own office but rather to the Vatican Library, thus avoiding the necessity of giving them apartments near his own.

The old Pope gradually dispensed with the four chamberlains who traditionally make up his private household and instead, as the years went by, increasingly depended on the services of the famous German nun, Sister Pasqualina Lenhert,

who served the late Pontiff for forty years. The shortest and most efficient means to see Pius XII during the late years was simply to persuade Sister Pasqualina of the validity of one's mission. Similarly, the quickest way to get a matter before the Pope was through Sister Pasqualina.

The late Pontiff had no small talk; his specialty was the delivery of short, carefully written homilies to the composition of which he devoted most of his working hours.



"WE" AND "I"

IN SHARP contrast to his predecessor, John XXIII is an exuberant, vibrant, gregarious personality, an extrovert if there ever was one. He is not only full of life but, the Romans suspect, has a streak of pleasant mischief in him. He is an expert at conversation and especially at the dry, sly witticism. He delivers speeches, yes, but he never writes them down and instead rambles on ad lib about such matters as children, work, farming, family, food, and drink. The Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, used to print verbatim the remarks of Pius XII, but John XXIII has ordered the editors to print only such extracts as seem interesting to read.

The new Holy Father likes to have people about him, and the more the merrier. Instead of closing the Vatican gardens when he takes a walk, the new Pope will often pause and pass the time of day with workmen, gardeners, and such. Although John XXIII is obviously in the great tradition of Popes, he has nevertheless cautiously chosen to break a few rules about how Popes should act. He is, for example, constantly slipping outside the Leonine Walls unannounced to drop in on old friends and acquaintances in Rome. He even laments occasionally that he is now cooped up for life in the Vatican and cannot travel as he once could.

The old rule that Popes should eat alone has been drastically set aside, and Pope Roncalli now makes a habit of inviting old cronies, friends, and relatives to his table. Among the busiest members of the Papal staff are Sisters Paola and Rosa, of the Order of the Poor Little Ones of Bergamo, specialists in the preparation of gamy dishes from his native Lombardy.

There has long been a rule that when the Pope descends into St. Peter's he must do so carried in the famous *sedia gestatoria*. But recently John XXIII, to the surprise of tourists, walked right into St. Peter's through the big front gates and started looking about, explaining that he had never been able to see the Church's biggest basilica as a tourist would see it. The new Pope has had a difficult time adjusting himself to the imperial "we" and even now lapses into an occasional "I."

THE FINE LINE

IN BRIEF, the Catholic Church has not only a new Pope but quite a different Pope. For all the seeming spontaneity of Roncalli's many acts, there are still purpose and method in this display of restless energy. Diplomats who knew him when he was Papal Nuncio at Paris agree that here was an extremely urbane, knowledgeable, witty intelligence. No clergyman makes cardinal, much less gets elected Pope, by doing and saying things on the spur of the moment. The assumption can safely be made that the new Pontiff has deliberately, consciously, with much forethought, set out to distinguish himself quickly and clearly from his immediate predecessor and to create a new atmosphere inside the Vatican. In due time one can expect a new policy to emerge.

This is not the place to deal with the purely religious aspects of the Vatican, nor to discuss

the Pope as a religious figure. But religious policy can have political significance, and there is often a fine dividing line between the two aspects of the Vatican. It is precisely in the attitude toward society in general and governments in particular that the Roncalli pontificate could well prove to be a landmark in the history of the Papacy. For a start, the new Pope appears to have steered his administration into a position where it can now negotiate with the satellite countries back of the Iron Curtain. And at the same time he has announced his plan to call for an ecumenical council whose major object would seem to be closer ties with the Orthodox churches of the Communist-ruled Eastern Europe. In parts of the East the Roman Church has become almost the only tolerated opposition of a monolithic Marxist regime. If the Vatican can bring the great Orthodox community under its protection, it will be a strategic coup of major proportions.

Politics as played by the Vatican varies according to the complexion of the country involved. In the United States there are few problems requiring attention from Rome. In Latin America the Catholic bishops, without much coaching from the Holy See, seem to have discovered, somewhat belatedly, that it is risky to be too intimate with dictators.

But in Europe the Vatican must cope with both free and Communist regimes and it sometimes acts with an understandable inconsistency. The Church has felt itself obliged to accept a Gomulka government in Poland, with its direct ties to Moscow, at the same time that it continues to condemn the Tito government in Yugoslavia, which has long since broken with Moscow. It has backed the reactionary Franco in Spain at the same time that it favors the fairly liberal Adenauer government of Germany.

The Vatican's measuring rod for countries seems to be neither economic nor political nor social. The notion that the Church is uncompromisingly anti-collectivist and unswervingly pro-capitalist—a notion fostered by the arch-conservatism of American Catholicism—is quite inaccurate. True, the Vatican has placed most of its recent bets on popular governments based on universal suffrage, all operating in an economic system of free enterprise. But there is little to prevent this policy from changing. The common denominator for the Vatican's many likes and dislikes is simply whether in a given situation the Church can flourish and survive. It is quite within the cards for the Church to make a deal with a collectivist regime; in fact, some such arrangement between the Vatican and Communist Poland seems at this writing to be in the realm of possibility. It also seems possible that the Vatican may tacitly withdraw its order excommunicating and denying the sacraments to practicing Communists.

The postwar years, with the great threat that the Communists might vote themselves into power, saw the greatest possible extension of Vatican power and influence in Western Europe. Support of the various Christian Democratic parties became during those years a main plank in the Vatican platform. It was perhaps characteristic of an old and tired regime, headed by a man far past his prime, that this policy should have continued long after it ceased to serve its original purpose. For several years now it has been obvious that the Christian Democratic parties no longer retained their old vigor. They have lost actual power in some places—France, for example—while their hold in other spots has become most precarious. In any event, these parties can no longer claim to be the sole repository of anti-Communist sentiment. Unless the signs are completely deceptive, the Vatican's unqualified support of these parties seems destined now to undergo revision.

SUBTLE SEANCES

THIS revision will take time. The Vatican is a complicated, cumbersome place where nothing is ever allowed to move fast. The Church has been around for centuries, will be around for centuries more, and it is consequently indecent to rush into quick decisions. At the same time there is an enormous premium on subtlety. There must be no vulgar display of power. Nothing that can possibly be done indirectly is ever done directly. No Pope makes a public announcement of his intentions—let alone admits past mistakes—either of himself or his predecessors. In theory, the Pope is an absolute sovereign whose will is law. In practice, the Pope must seek advice and carry his administration along with him in his decisions.

To predict any new course for the Vatican is hazardous business. Indeed, to understand even a little bit what goes on inside the Leonine Walls requires a day-by-day watch over the months not only of the big events but of the small comings and goings. One must be prepared to translate into readable prose the most turgid outpourings of that most unreadable of newspapers, *L'Osservatore Romano*. One must note not only where the Pope goes and whom he sees, but

where he doesn't go and whom he doesn't see.

Perhaps the best clue to Vatican events is the length and number of audiences. His Holiness, for example, did not receive Cardinal Stefan Wyszynski, the Primate of Poland, over and over again early last winter merely to talk about the weather. Obviously a new approach to Vatican-Polish relations—which the Cardinal has long advocated—was being worked out. Indeed, the first confirmation of this came in a curious way the first of the year. The old Ambassador of the Polish Government-in-exile, long the dean of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See, was simply not invited to extend New Year's greetings to the Pope!

Although the Holy Father and the Italian right-wing Socialist leader, Giuseppe Saragat, have known each other since the postwar years when Saragat was Italian Ambassador to France and Roncalli was Papal Nuncio, it can still be argued that the two did not get together for more than an hour recently merely to talk over old times. During the Pacelli pontificate it would have been unthinkable for the Pope to receive a Socialist leader. But matters have now moved so far ahead under the new regime that the Saragat visit produced only a ripple of comment. The only possible interpretation of this unprecedented meeting is that it was one of a series of complicated and subtle maneuvers whereby the Vatican plans to release, gradually, its once firm hold on the Italian Christian Democratic party.

Another parallel move was a little-noticed but quite cordial greeting that John XXIII sent to the Italian Liberal party. These kind words were widely interpreted as conferring Vatican respectability even on this traditionally anti-clerical party. Still another related move consisted of a brief announcement that hereafter Catholic Action, the vote-getting organization of the Church in Italy, would function under the Italian episcopate, two steps removed from Vatican direction.

SOME MAY DIM OUT

PAPAL appointments can or cannot be significant. Nobody is ever fired at the Vatican—that would be obscene. But they are downgraded from time to time. For example, the new Pope has tacitly reconfirmed, for the moment, the old Pope's nephew, Prince Carlo Pacelli, in his job as chief legal counselor for Vatican City, a most remunerative and prestigeful job. It is common knowledge, however, that Prince Carlo's days of influence are over. Similarly, the Vatican's former gray eminence, Count Enrico Galeazzi, who was nominally the old Pope's chief architect and engineer but who was actually Vatican State's lay governor, has been allowed to continue for the time being in his old capacity. His conspicuous failure to obtain to date more than one short and formal audience with His Holiness is, however, an accurate measure of his diminished importance.

For a decade or more the decisive power at the Vatican was held by a group of four or five "Curia cardinals" operating under the leadership of Cardinal Nicola Canali. The Roman Curia, which means simply the personnel of the Church's headquarters in Rome, was generally composed of from twelve to sixteen cardinals during those years. These cardinals either headed or sat on the various sacred "congregations"—the Vatican's committees for administering the Church's affairs. Although cardinals have equal rank, it goes without saying that some are more important than others. In fact, a cardinal's importance in the Curia could be gauged not only by which of the Holy See's eleven congregations he headed but by the total number of congregations on which he sat. It is pretty much like judging a financier by the number of boards of directors of which he is a member.

To understand the new changes at the Vatican, it is important to appreciate the formidable power held by the Canali group. Cardinal Canali was the Pope's viceroy for Vatican State; he held direct control of the Church's far-flung finances and sat in nine of the Holy See's congrega-

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Papal Bull's-eye

THE next Pope will be an Italian, a saintly old cardinal, with a rich experience in the administration of parishes, dioceses, archdioceses, the Vatican itself, and of the many organizations depending from them; a man in touch with the common people but never connected with definite and intransigent political views, either of the Right or of the Left. His old age will not be an insurmountable obstacle, as his task will not have to be a long one.

—Luigi Barzini, Jr., in *Harper's,* October 1956.

tions. Canali's closest collaborator was Cardinal Giuseppe Pizzardo, head of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, prefect of the Congregation of Seminaries and Universities and member altogether of some seven congregations. After Pizzardo came Cardinal Clemente Micara, whose chief job has been that of Vicar General of the Diocese of Rome (the Pope being the Bishop) but who also belonged to several congregations and tribunals.

The fourth and perhaps most interesting member of this group was Cardinal Alfredo Ottaviani, vice-prefect of the Holy Office and recognized as the Vatican's chief theorist. It was Cardinal Ottaviani who wrote a number of highly controversial decisions emanating from the Holy Office during Pius XII's reign. For example, he once ruled that Catholics ought not to belong to Rotary (the rule was later modified). He followed this with a speech in which he claimed that Protestants could hardly expect to have equal rights with Catholics in a Catholic country. He was allegedly responsible for putting on the Index the works of some of the leading and most devout Catholic authors of France. It was he, too, who ruled against the worker-priest experiment in France and persuaded Pius XII virtually to abolish it. Finally, it was Ottaviani who persuaded the old Pope to declare Communism heretical and to deny sacraments to practicing Communists. (This ruling has never been enforceable at the village level and has become a dead letter.)

Politically, the Curia group was very conservative. This conservatism particularly was evident in the Vatican's control of Catholic Action, which in turn influenced directly the Christian Democratic party of Italy. Although he could take no public stand against them, all signs indicated not only that Cardinal Roncalli did not see eye to eye with the Canali group, but that he actually disapproved in part of the Ottaviani rulings. Particularly he is believed to have felt that Rome's ruling on the French worker-priests was unfortunate.

The details of the recent conclave which elected the new Pope are still (and are likely to remain) a deep, dark secret, but the Canali group could hardly have been expected to vote for Cardinal Roncalli. According to those who seem to know, their candidate was, instead, Cardinal Ernesto Ruffini, of Palermo. It was the group of French cardinals, highly incensed over some of the Ottaviani rulings, which first rallied around Roncalli, gradually picked up support, and finally won the day.



THE NEW CARDINALS

THE Canali cardinals still carry on in the new pontificate, but with much less dash and vigor than formerly. Everybody at the Vatican realizes as much without being told, although positive confirmation can easily be found in all the new faces which have made their appearance around the throne in the first few months of the new reign. If by no other means, the Curia group's importance has been watered down merely by the addition of a score or so of new cardinals, many of whom belong to recognizably different schools of thought and behavior.

The new Pope's first selection of candidates to elevate to the Sacred Purple contained several surprises. Without warning John XXIII seems to have decided to award red hats to men who not only had been by-passed but had been virtually banished by the previous regime. The most notable example of this was Giovanni Urbani, a prelate who had quarreled in Rome a few years back over the management of Catholic Action, and had been relegated to the unimportant diocese of Verona. He was specifically charged with being too liberal. But now the new Pope not only selects Archbishop Urbani to succeed himself as the new Patriarch of Venice, but simultaneously makes him a cardinal.

The case of Giovanni Battista Montini, former acting Secretary of State and also a liberal in Church politics, is somewhat similar. Several years ago, in a maneuver believed to have been inspired by the Canali group, Monsignor Montini was promoted out of the Vatican and into the Archdiocese of Milan. Milan is not exactly an unimportant assignment—in fact, it is

rated the largest diocese in the world—but it is quite a way from Rome, where the big decisions are made. But in the list of the new Princes of the Church the new Pope conspicuously, and without relation to alphabetical precedence, puts Montini first.

With the first injection of new and younger blood into what had become in recent years almost a senile organization—the Sacred College of Cardinals—the new Pontiff let it be known that he intended to revitalize the College and make it function as it traditionally is supposed to function—as the Senate of the Church. Under the old Pope the cardinals had hardly rated more than anybody else, except perhaps at ceremonies. Consistories were rarely held. Cardinals were usually asked their opinion, but in a routine way. There were times when a Prince of the Church might be kept waiting weeks for an appointment with His Holiness, whereas favored laymen with the right connections might get an audience in no time. The story goes that on one occasion even Cardinal Roncalli had trouble seeing the Holy Father, whereas two Jesuit priests of no rank, who happened to be running an ambitious organization called "Movement for a Better World," highly approved by Pope Pacelli, went in and out of the Apostolic Palace almost every night.

JESUITS AND MONEY

TWO clear tendencies of the new pontificate are negative but quite significant. One has to do with the Jesuits; the other concerns finances.

Under Pacelli the Jesuits were exceptionally powerful and prominent. The old Pope's private household—including secretaries, speech writers, radio announcers, researchers, advisers—was filled with them. It was the Jesuits who set the tone and even spun out many of the arguments for the old Pope. But under the new Pontiff this influence has considerably waned. The Jesuits formerly around the Pope have been quietly dispersed. As one Vatican old-timer put it: "This is not the kind of Pope who collects Jesuits around him."

During the last reign, and especially during its last years, the scent of money at the Vatican became quite strong. The old Pope's two most intimate friends, Prince Carlo Pacelli and Count Galeazzi, were essentially men who dealt in financial matters, and the same could be said really of Cardinal Canali. Prince Carlo Pacelli, a lawyer of minor rank when his uncle became Pope, not only is listed as having eleven different jobs in the Vatican Yearbook but, according to a serious but informal study, is believed to sit on the board of directors of no less than forty Italian companies in which Vatican money is invested. Count Galeazzi has acted in the past as the Holy See's watchdog over a number of real-estate holdings and utilities partly owned by the Vatican.

The financial activities of Vatican personalities in and around Rome became during the late years of the Pacelli pontificate all but an open scandal. Questions were even asked from time to time in the Italian Parliament about these financial manipulations and even about the taxes paid or not paid by prominent Vatican personalities, including the Pacelli nephews. A public scandal actually arose over Cardinal Canali's half-futile, half-successful attempt to get the Curia's hands on the great inherited wealth of the Knights of Malta. This attempt was outlined at length in a book by the French writer, Roger Peyrefitte, whose reporting is generally acknowledged even in Vatican circles to have been quite accurate in this case.

The Vatican is now believed to have controlling interest in a series of important Italian banks, namely the Banco di Roma, the Banco di Santo Spirito, the Credito Centrale del Lazio. It has bought heavily into a number of utilities and now owns controlling stock in various water and gas companies, two or three electric power companies, several minor railroads, and the important telephone company TETI of Italy. The Vatican also runs a huge international bank of its own called the Instituto Opere di Religione (Institute for Works of Religion) which is famous in Rome for giving the best dollar-lira exchange rate.

Hovering in the shadows of the Vatican for a long while have been various men of high finance, including representatives of J. P. Morgan & Company and the Crédit Suisse, whose duties include that of advising how to manipulate the by now very considerable Vatican capital. It has long been an open secret that there is considerable speculation with Vatican funds on the New York stock exchange.

Speculation in Rome real estate—not only by the Vatican itself but by the men around it—has also been too open to be doubted. It was there for all Rome to see. The Church has always owned lots of spare real estate in and about Rome, but in the postwar years, when the Italian capital literally exploded, these large tracts became exceedingly valuable. Several recently pub-

lished maps show the Vatican in effective ownership of both sides of several highways leading from the capital down to the sea. By clever subdividing and development the value of the Church's holdings could be increased many-fold at the same time that a man in on the ground floor of decisions—as many around the Vatican were—could make a killing on the side.

There were from time to time serious complaints about how all this was done. One Mayor even lost his job when a scandal seemed about to break over his head. There were charges, for example, that the city's new water mains followed too closely the holdings of Vatican men in the new subdivisions. The water company, it turned out, was owned partly by Vatican funds, and this fact tended to cinch the success of such operations.

IS FRANKNESS POSSIBLE?

NOBODY doubted for a moment that the headquarters of a religious community of 400 million or more souls should have funds, and plenty of them. The cost of running an institution like the Vatican, with a private army of its own, with huge palaces to maintain, with gigantic spectacles to mount, can be nothing short of stupendous. At Pius XII's death the Vatican was obviously in a highly liquid position, but how liquid nobody knew or could even hazard a guess. The Vatican remained the one sovereign state that never bothered to let the public know its income or outgo.

In the face of all this unnatural secrecy, there began to lurk, at least in the Italian mind, dark suspicions that all was not completely aboveboard. These suspicions could easily have been met by the publication of a balance sheet, but instead the Vatican authorities not only consistently refused to answer the most basic queries but treated the questioner as if he were insulting the Pope.

There are now some hopeful signs in Rome of a change in this attitude. Money seems to have less emphasis in the new pontificate. Moreover, the Vatican has a new and younger financial expert in the person of Alberto Di Jorio, who was elevated to the Sacred Purple only a few minutes after Cardinal Roncalli knew that he had been elected. The new Pope took off his own red skullcap and put it on Di Jorio's head. Di Jorio is said to disapprove of the supersecretiveness of the Canali regime. There have been authoritative hints that in due time the new regime will actually produce a statement of income.

Papal reigns, like Presidential administrations, often start out with great promise and end up quite differently. One need only remember Pius IX, who started his pontificate as a great liberal, promising his people even a new constitution, but died as an embittered old reactionary. The cumbersome Vatican machinery can, indeed, defeat even the best of Papal intentions. In Rome, as well as inside the Vatican, there is never any lack of criticism of the reigning Sovereign. The criticism is, of course, not usually expressed to outsiders and neither is it always direct, but it is nevertheless there. Some old hands are even now, for example, saying that John XXIII has turned the Vatican into a circus. They don't think it's very dignified for a Pope to receive lion-tamers or go out to visit criminals in jails.

But this is carping and unfair. The impartial observer at the Vatican admits that here is obviously a veteran at the job. If anybody knows how to deal with a stubborn bureaucracy and make it yield to his wishes, it is probably a persuasive man like Giuseppe Roncalli. It is too early to tell just how far the new Pope will travel on the road to adjusting the Papacy to a world that seems to change every month and year. But he certainly seems to have made a promising start.



Drawings by Lou Block



a further report on

THE WEANS

THOSE of you who have followed our work in the excavations on the Great West, or Salt, Continent know that a team of archaeologists led by Sr. B'Han Bollek has discovered in that unexplored waste traces of a lost people of pre-history. They have been named (by Bes Nef) The Weans, after their nation, a loose confederacy of city-states and ethnic groups, called by its inhabitants The We, or Us.*

A few years ago nothing whatever was known about these people, except for an occasional legend in Swahili or Gullah. And we still know very little about them, to be sure. From the mounds and tumulae of such desert places as n.Yok, Bosstin (or Boxton), O'leens, Cha'ago, and the Valley of the Sun, glyphs and artifacts were uncovered which testify to a civilization at least the equal to the Hittite, and possibly not unlike the earlier Armenian. The contemptuous claim by certain Volgarian scholars that the Weans were, in fact, sub-human must be dismissed as so much propaganda, due to the discovery, in almost all mounds, of porcelain receptacles of unmistakable form, each enclosed in a circumscribed area, leading to the inescapable conclusion that the Weans were indeed human, since only the human, of all the animals, relieves himself in private.

*See "Digging the Weans" in the November 1956 issue of *Harper's*.

Late studies indicate that the Wean civilization attained its peak, or apogee, five or six thousand years ago. Who these Weans were, or whence they came, is not known: there are traces among the artifacts and in the scrolls of a diverse people enjoying the characteristics of most of the European and Mediterranean races, including the Eskimo, but—curiously enough—excluding the Volgarian, the Hivite, and the Hairy Ainu . . . though in certain bas-reliefs found in the Valley of the Sun there is to be found the round, bald head and foxy expression of the Sumerian.

Since their bones were, apparently, brittle, no skeletons of these people have survived, though a team of anthropologists led by Hulay-Beneker did discover several small lumps of calcium which might possibly have been arthritic deposits.

That the Weans were at all a friendly or hospitable people is in doubt, due to two recent discoveries, both on the east coast. In the first place, there was recently excavated on a small island just beyond the terminal land-mass at n.Yok, a hollow figure—or at least part of one—of what appears to be a giantess, or possibly goddess, with one arm upraised in a threatening attitude. Within what is left of her shell, heavily encrusted with bird-droppings and worm-mold, our diggers uncovered a fragment of script, in block letters, which Bes Nef has translated: "Keep Off The . . ."

The name of this goddess—or giantess—as far as can be ascertained, was either "'Berty" or "Lib(by)." (Note: see *Female Patronymics Among the Brythons*, by Kowly, Nairobi, 7857.)

The second inscription, found in the east levels of the n.Yok excavation reads (again according to Bes Nef): "The dodgers were shut out." (Note: There is a semi-legend that the dodgers, or Dodgers, a small tribe closely related to the Broeklins, having been obliged to leave the east, attempted to raise their pennant in the west, with what success is not known.)

So one must believe, on the face of it, that the Weans were an inhospitable people, who

By ROBERT NATHAN

Drawings by N. M. Bodecker



". . . obliged to leave the east . . ."

preferred to be left alone, and to shut out, as far as possible, the world around them.

We now come to certain recent findings in two small mounds to the north and east of the Valley of the Sun, both excavated by a team led by Hanh Shui and working under a grant from the Konegi Foundation of Kenya.

In one mound, at the third level, a large shallow bowl or concave wheel was dug up, into which had been cut a series of slots or grooves, each with a number from one to thirty-six, and with the addition of a zero and double zero. Eretebbe is of the opinion that this wheel, or disk, was used, like the Tibetan abacus, to subtract and divide. A primitive form of mathematics, indeed; but we have no reason to believe that the Weans excelled in any of the sciences.

It was in the same mound that our excavators uncovered the famous inscription: "Pomder Roo . . ." We have been unable to find any translation of the glyph "Pomder" or any other inscription using the sign "Roo." However, by going back to the Hittite, Bes Nef (remembering how the "m" and "n" are often interchangeable) believes the sign actually denotes a "Ponder Room," or school.

A further find in the same general area bears out Bes Nef's contention that this was indeed a meeting place for young females. It consists of several glyphs marked upon a piece of glass which may at one time have been used for a mirror. The marks were made with a red material with a base of grease, which has apparently kept the glyph intact in the dry air. The exact meaning is obscure; it appears to be, among other things, the sign for a small fruit known as the date. It is, however, in the past tense; and would seem to be: "dated." The rest of the inscription relates to a female, named Helen, and reads: "Helen dated Frank."

It is fascinating to watch our scholars at work untangling such puzzles as these. From the Academy at Nairobi comes the reminder that in the Hebrew language the vowel-points are often uncertain, causing readers at one time to believe that Elijah was fed by ravens instead of robbers. It is therefore permissible—says Sra. Bes Nebby—to transpose the "a" in dated to an "o." Thus we have, "Helen doted (on) Frank," a wholly acceptable statement in view of the fact that "to dote" in the early Mediterranean languages had the same connotation as the Bantu "to be greedy for."

From this we learn that in the Wean schools, or ponder rooms, young ladies were taught to be greedy for young gentlemen. Bes Nef does not believe this necessarily implies cannibalism.

It is now believed that the Wean city-states were ruled for the most part by Queens. We have found evidence, so far, of over seventy Queens, including the Memphis Queen, the Pepperdine Queen, the Queen of the Klondike, the Raisin Queen, and Queen of the May. Indeed, we have more Queens than we have city-states! Where, for instance, was the community or ethnic group known as the Union of Press Lithographers Local 27? They had a Queen.

Royal rule in We was precarious at best. Witness the despairing comment of Mrs. Helen Sonnenberger, found in the fourth level of the Valley of the Sun: "I was Queen for a day." One ponders the fate of this woman, who reigned for so short a time.

If political power was tenuous, it must have had its material advantages. The relationship of the sexes—known in We as "marriage"—was also advantageous, and of short duration. An

inscription found by Sr. B'Han Bollek in the diggings north of the Valley reads as follows: "I was dissatisfied . . . and received in settlement . . . five million."

This is followed by a slightly larger fragment: "having (presented) evidence (of) cruelty, the judge awarded to me (in settlement) by the month, two thousand . . . and I did (get) to keep the mink (and) also the jaguar."*

Needless to say, these fragments are from the writing-points of Wean women. There is no evidence of the male Wean ever receiving anything in settlement. Nevertheless, he appears again and again in the same situation, apparently in no wise disheartened by what has happened.

Crime was prevalent among the Weans, as we know from the discovery of a small scroll known as the guide-tv, listing over thirty incidents of violence within the space of a single night. Indeed, crime among boys, and even girls, was present to a marked degree among the Weans, but was generally forgiven on grounds that absence of love during the formative years may have inclined the children to be moody, to sulk, and to take marijuana.

The Wean artisan, or worker, lived what must seem to us a comfortable and well-cared-for life. When working he received time-and-a-half-for-over-time (Note: these figures are from the d'Troit collection) which began, as far as we are able to ascertain, directly after lunch, and on Saturdays. The rest of the time he was "on relief" with equally generous emoluments. It is clear that the Wean had plenty of opportunity to enjoy his "liberty." Possibly he spent some time in church.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

THE remains of temples of considerable size in the second and third layers at both Bosstin and n.Yok give proof that the Weans were essentially a religious people. However, it is now believed, in the light of later findings, that each city-state worshiped a different Divinity, and that the Pops of Bosstin (or Boxton) was not, as earlier believed, the Hops of M'lwawki. In the Valley of the Sun we have uncovered evidence that the inhabitants worshiped a powerful Divinity named Hedda or Lolly (the sign is obscure); the glyph for Hedda, or Header, suggests a two-headed deity, possibly female in nature.

*The jaguar will be of interest to those who profess to see a connection between the Wean and the slightly earlier Mayan or Aztec culture.

None the less, the Wean Divinity, in whatever form, remained a Wean, and spoke the Wean language.

Surrounded by infinite space, by endless galaxies, by stars and planets without number, these proud, simple-minded, and obstinate people continued to believe themselves the center of the universe and the particular concern of the Almighty.**

It is believed that the Weans attempted at one time to explore the regions of outer space, preferring this to explorations nearer home, such as the country of the Volgarians, or the tribes bordering the Danube and the Yangtze-Kiang. However it is not at all certain that they succeeded in getting off the ground, as there is no evidence of any higher studies in mathematics and physics which might have made such exploration possible. According to scrolls in the n.Yok collection, education among the Weans consisted of classes in cooking, dancing, both square and round, rock 'n' roll, French (a dead language), the fast draw, and plumbing. What they may have used to propel themselves upward and outward, is uncertain; Obelgerst-Levy declares it to have been a zip gun.

That the Weans were wealthy is not at all likely. Wean fortunes were for the most part self-made, and immediately taxed out of existence. In this regard there is an interesting but obscure inscription from one of the mounds northeast of the Valley: "after three passes I was faded."

It is not known why the Weans passed out of life and out of pre-history. Perhaps they, too, were "faded" by an ever-increasing burden of taxation. Or they may have been destroyed by another or group of tribes, known (in the Pound-Laundry*** collection) as the More We (or Us) or the Usser. There is, in fact, one fragment in the collection which reads: "Between US and the USSR there can be no . . ." (Bes Nef's translation).

On the other hand, it is Obelgerst-Levy's belief that the Weans were the victims of self-genocide. Recently discovered delineations of what is taken to be the female form show an emaciated creature with attenuated limbs, an angular body, and no visible bumps. Obviously not the motherly type.

Or it is possible that the children took over. In that case, there was no help for We.

**"God is a Zulu."—*Eretebbe*

***Site of great Temple, possible political center of the Great West Continent.

RUSSELL SMITH

THE NEW MUSIC

A young composer explains what kind of music his generation is trying to create . . . where it comes from . . . what ideas lie behind it . . . why it isn't as startling as it first sounds . . . and how to listen to it with a fresh sort of pleasure.

THE composers who have emerged since the war are beginning to have a first flattering rush of publicity. Sympathetic critics and enterprising record companies have been giving them increasing support. But although more and more of the public is willing to listen to them seriously, their music still seems to leave some listeners in a state of puzzlement. As one of them, I often find myself asked: Who are the younger composers and what do they mean to communicate?

I am glad to say that there are no simple answers to these questions. The composers now between twenty and thirty-five are an obstinately and richly diverse group—that is the exciting thing about them—and in any case it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to "explain" unfamiliar music verbally. Composers are likely to say: *"Listen* to it; experience it; don't ask me about it." However I think it is possible to bring into perspective for the curious listener some of the important elements in the younger composers' world—the influences that have been working on them and the enormously varied sources of music which recently have become available to them and are as yet little known.

Perhaps one difficulty has been that the postwar composers—unlike some of the "Beat Generation" writers—tend to be as reticent about their work as they are about themselves—they are only rarely very flamboyant, or self-promoting, or interested in easy popularization. It would be hard, I suspect, to find a more retiring or carefully trained group of artists. The young American who decides that he loves music enough to make a career of composing it has before him an extremely demanding stretch of formal study which may well last as long as a lawyer's or a doctor's, and sometimes longer. He may attend one of the large universities with a strong music department, or he may go to one of the outstanding music conservatories such as Juilliard in New York; often he will have attended both. And frequently he will have studied privately with a distinguished composer, here or in Europe. When his formal training is over, his profession—as he has long since known—cannot provide him with a reasonable living. Most frequently, he turns to the academic world—a teaching career will give him the most freedom to compose. But many of us write commercial music, or have nine-to-five jobs, or, as in my own case, do free-lance journalism.

But of course the largest fact about the postwar composer is not the way he makes his living; the big thing is that *he is confronted with the most spectacular array of diverse musical sources and techniques ever available to a professional.* In the last ten years the musical industry—the musical schools, performing groups, libraries, recording and publishing companies—have expanded to a phenomenal degree. This has led to a relatively new attitude toward composition—a new habit of creative thought: young composers most typically try to *synthesize* various musical resources—to tie many of the new threads together and bring new order out of diversity. In contrast, the composers of the 'twenties and 'thirties generally committed themselves to the broadening and deepening of *single* styles.

Of course the attitude of the new composers is not unique: most successful music has in one way or another been made out of several earlier styles. The music of the classic period—Mozart and Haydn, for example—represents a fusion of several quite different elements from the past: one contributed its familiar sense of proportion, grace, and elegance, another its high contra-

puntal interest, and still another its dramatic appeal. But the tendency toward synthesis is much more marked in the work of the younger composers than in that of their immediate predecessors. And some of the elements they work with *are* altogether new and unique, reflecting—I would suggest—the vast changes that have altered the face of Western civilization since 1945.

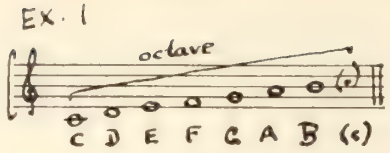
MUSICAL WARFARE

WHAT are the contemporary resources at the disposal of the postwar composer? First and most significant are the achievements of the composers who preceded them. During the 'thirties and the war years, these composers contributed highly finished—frequently definitive—treatments of a variety of musical styles and methods. The two most influential were European in origin: *neo-classicism* centered around the personality of Igor Stravinsky; the *twelve-tone method* was a new system of constructing music perfected by Arnold Schoenberg some thirty years ago.

Until fairly recently these two schools were regarded as mutually contradictory and incompatible; a great deal of valuable time was wasted in pointless warfare between them. The distinction between them seems less important now and they are no longer considered comparable in any real sense. Neo-classicism certainly has a characteristic vocabulary and way of approaching rhythm, counterpoint, and so on. But essentially it is an aesthetic commitment—a musical taste—which emphasizes the idea of musical clarity, order, and beauty of design. It frequently returns to the spirit and practice of earlier musical periods, such as the Baroque, presenting modern, revitalized treatments of them in a detached and objective manner. The twelve-tone method, on the other hand, is primarily a tool for composing, although it is frequently associated with certain types of subjective expression—most often a certain nervous intensity and power.

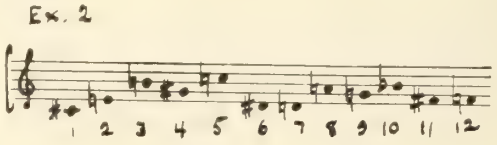
The important difference between the two schools and the reason for the battles fought between them was that the twelve-tone method made possible the abandonment of "tonality"—the language of much of the familiar music of the past, based on the ordinary diatonic scale of seven notes within the octave.

This scale may be most simply illustrated by quoting the first exercise that the young music student ever learns—the C major scale, made up solely of the white notes of the piano keyboard:

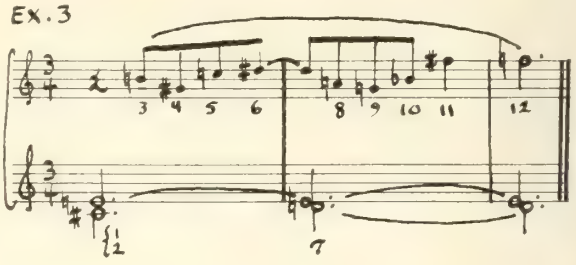


There are of course sharps and flats—black notes—in tonal music but the basis of tonal writing, whether it is Bach's or Stravinsky's, lies in the relations between the seven tones of this scale. In attacking tonality, the twelve-tone method thus attacked the basis of musical construction as it had been generally understood; neo-classicism, on the other hand, continued to be—and still is—the most powerful single expression of faith in tonal means.

The fundamentals of the twelve-tone method are not mysterious. The basic technique is this: the composer arranges all twelve tones within the octave (the white notes *and* black notes) in an ordered sequence of his own invention called the *row,* which on paper would look something like this:



The composer may present this row of tones in a variety of ways—upside down, backward, and so on; he may transpose it so that it will begin on any tone. Or he may use pieces of it in any way he likes—to form the accompaniment for a melody, for example:



The rows which composers with firm twelve-tone commitments create these days usually reflect some sort of systematic interior arrangement—four groups of three tones, for example, each group joined to its fellows by a single, constant relationship which acts as the governing principle of the piece as it progresses.

Using a pre-arranged row in this fashion is called *serial technique.* In modified forms—not necessarily using all twelve tones—it has affected the work of practically every postwar composer.

Time has shown, moreover, that it is perfectly possible to reconcile serial techniques with tonality—Stravinsky himself has made use of them in his more recent work. Very few composers of my generation have made any complete commitment to either school, but most of us have drawn widely on the achievements of both, and some of us are also feeling the influence of a group of postwar European composers who apply the serial concept to the organization not only of tones, but of rhythmic patterns and instrumental color as well.

AN AMERICAN STYLE

THE influence of neo-classicism and the twelve-tone method were already felt all over the world after the first world war—composers in Oslo were as profoundly affected as those in Chicago. A more particularly American influence on the young composer has been the work of a small and devoted group of men who created the first authentic and serious music which could be called native to this country. Within a generally tonal framework, we have Aaron Copland, Roy Harris, Walter Piston, Virgil Thomson, and William Schuman, all of whom are usually associated, to some extent at least, with an interest in musical nationalism. Roger Sessions, writing near to, but not within, the twelve-tone method, has arrived at a more cosmopolitan, rather international, style.

These men came upon the scene at a time when American music, while not without some distinction, was generally no more than a dim and unexciting reflection of late-nineteenth-century European work. To an unprepared and incredulous public, they brought their own interpretations of the great musical revolution they had observed and studied in Paris, Vienna, and Berlin before the first world war. In the 'twenties and 'thirties they successfully propagandized not only modern music but *American* music. It must have been uphill work but their efforts have provided the younger generation not only with a more suitable professional climate in which to work but with the important musical ingredients to be used in building our own styles.

The postwar composers have borrowed and inherited other sources of musical material. One has been the music of exotic and folk cultures such as those of Bali—to which Colin McPhee has devoted much of his distinguished composing career—and of Armenia, whose musical language has been explored by Alan Hovhaness. And there have been impressive treatments of various Chinese styles by Chou Wen-Chung, a composer of my own generation. This work with Eastern music can be related to the use of national folk elements in the music of such Europeans as Béla Bartók in Hungary, and Ralph Vaughan Williams in England. Both of these very different composers have had strong effect on American music.

Another source of material has been the unfamiliar musical past which only recently has been brought to light by musical scholarship. Musicology has now blossomed into an important academic discipline, and a great many composers have been able to incorporate some of its findings into their work. Some years ago, for example, as a graduate student at Columbia University, I had occasion to do some research into the music of Guillaume Dufay, the leading composer of the Burgundian school which flourished at Dijon in the fifteenth century. It occurred to me that certain techniques Dufay used in his enchanting secular songs might be put to modern use and after a bit of experimenting I found them perfectly adaptable.

FERMENT IN SOUND

THESE inherited styles and fresh uses of the past are only a part of the picture, however. The young composer is also confronted with the tremendous advances that have been made in the uses of sound *itself*—the introduction of new instruments, tape-recorders, and a new conception of silence in composition, among other innovations. The possibilities of all these are just beginning to be exploited and they do not present themselves to the composer in neat and ticketed bundles. What follows are only brief introductory notes on some of the more significant developments:

New instruments and new sounds

Since the experimental ferment of the 'twenties every conceivable use has been made of orchestral instruments, both in combination and in terms of their individual sound possibilities.

Relatively young instruments such as the Vibraphone—which came out of the night clubs—have been made to serve the purposes of concert music. Probably more important is the appearance of instruments which produce their tone electronically—for example, the *Theremin* whose sound (which was heard throughout the movie "Spellbound") has an eerie, voice-like quality. A more valid and practical electronic instrument is the *Ondes Martenot,* now widely used

in France, which has a keyboard and "stops"—like those of an organ—to modify the sounds it produces, rather like an organ.

Composers have also learned to modify the sounds of more familiar instruments. John Cage's methods of "preparing" pianos is famous—objects such as nuts and bolts, pieces of rubber, and so on, are placed on and around the strings, giving a mysterious and exotic flavor to the sound of the instrument. Henry Cowell has written piano pieces which require the performer not to play on the keyboard but to pluck and strike the strings manually.

The most important creative force of the century in this general field has been Edgard Varèse, a French-born composer who now lives in New York. Starting with the idea that the sounds of the contemporary world are completely different from those that surrounded the composers of the past, M. Varèse has gone on to devise new uses for almost every instrument, notably percussion, and on occasion he has borrowed surprising noisemakers—fire sirens for example—from daily life.

But this is far from the whole story. Deeply interested in science and its impact on the consciousness, M. Varèse was the first to treat sound itself as a measurable, analyzable quantity—an almost tangible thing—in musical composition. All the ingredients of his work—harmony, melody, counterpoint—grew out of the *physical* properties of a musically produced sound. The result is a music of unique "plastic" beauty—the listener feels that he is in almost physical contact with a great variety of objects arranged in patterns that call up entirely new personal reactions; the effect of the music seems completely relevant to my own time and place. One reacts to it as one might to a remarkable piece of machinery, or to a beautiful piece of architecture.

Another interesting speculative composer is the American Harry Partch, who has developed a tonal system involving a scale of *forty-three* tones to the octave, and devised instruments suitable to it. The chief of these are a large, guitar-like creation, and an instrument made of what Mr. Partch calls "cloud chamber bowls"—hollow glass spheres of different sizes, visually beautiful and capable of a considerable range of tone, from deep, gong-like sounds to bright, clear tinkles.

Placement

A different variety of American experiment is reflected in the works of Henry Brant, who has been interested in the *placement* of the instrumental and vocal forces of a piece, as well as the psychological timing of the effects that they produced. When I attended the New York premiere of his "Millennium II" I saw half the brass-players of the city ranged along the sides of the orchestra section of the Great Hall at Cooper Union, trumpets on one side, trombones on the other, while the stage was occupied by an ensemble of French horns, tubas, and percussion. Toward the end of the piece there was an abrupt halt in the proceedings and a single high soprano voice floated through the house: the girl, as it turned out, was concealed in the wings and singing into a microphone. The effect was uncanny, beautiful, and—for some of the audience—explosive.

Silence

Of course silence is an integral part of any sort of music; a composition "breathes" with it at phrase endings, for example, and it has always been useful for surprises, effects of tension, and so on. In our century, however, there has been great interest in other musical applications of silence. On the one hand, the twelve-tone group, with their instincts for "total organization," have attempted to structure silence, along with the other raw elements of the composition, in a closed, self-consistent system. Here they reflect the influence of Anton Webern, the Austrian who was Schoenberg's greatest disciple.

In contrast, John Cage (who in another facet of his work has gone deeply into the possibilities of chance as an element of musical organization) uses silence as the framework within which occur accidental and unpremeditated musical "events." A good example occurs in one of his more exaggerated experiments, in which silence surrounds the occasional sound of radios (used as instruments of an ensemble) which are tuned in at random. This strikes me as less valid than some of Mr. Cage's other work, but it does show the direction the experiments in this area have been taking.

The Tape-recorder

Of all the mechanical innovations of the last generation by far the most significant for the profession of music has been the invention of the magnetic tape-recorder. It has not only made possible the growth of the recording industry to its present huge size; it has presented composers with a powerful new means of modifying all the musical materials I have been describing. The machine may be played or used for re-

cording at any desired speed. Thus, a note on the flute may be put into the lowest register of usable tone without destroying the characteristic quality of its sound. And since the tape may be cut at any point, the sound of a gong, for example, may be preserved and the noise of striking it eliminated. Playing the tape backward will give strange new qualities to many sounds, and there are ways of making a sound continuous. By re-recording, any and all sounds may be combined with each other, singly or in groups; they may be further modified by such attachments as echo-chambers, or filters which emphasize or suppress overtones within the sound as desired.

One of the most interesting implications of the tape-recorder is that composing "for" it does not involve the performing musician. The process of composing thus becomes more like that of painting. Aside from the economics of the situation, which offers a rather cheerless picture to the instrumentalist, there is something ominous in the idea that the joys of good live performance might one day vanish from musical life, at least as far as new music is concerned. But some composers are stimulated by the fact that it is now possible to set down a work in authentic and immutable form, once and for all, in the very process of creation.

Music involving the tape-recorder as a fundamental ingredient of composition goes by several names. In Germany the dominant form is called *Elektronische Musik*. The composers of this school have generally taken the somewhat rigid attitude that *only* sound produced electronically —as by an oscillator—is admissible at all; sounds of conventional instruments have been prohibited. They lean toward academic applications of the twelve-tone method. Fortunately, the *Elektronische* people have lately begun to relax the severity of their position.

A French version is called *musique concrète;* they permit everything, including elements of noise, but in contrast to the Germans they *discourage* the use of electronically produced sound. Implausible as it may seem, the clicking of railway wheels, properly treated, may become an ingredient of a perfectly reasonable and attractive piece in *musique concrète*. In addition, such French composers as Pierre Boulez have produced music more characteristic of the German school.

In America we simply call this "tape-music"; there are no special restrictions upon composers (except a discouraging lack of money and facilities); and all sounds are regarded as quite usable, although it has been my observation that musically produced sounds, particularly percussive ones, tend to be preferred. The major American achievements in this field so far have

THE ISLANDERS

PHILIP BOOTH

WINTERS when we set our traps offshore,
we saw an island further out than ours,
miraged in mid-day haze, but lifting clear
at dawn, or late flat light, in cliffs that might
have been sheer ice. It seemed, then, so near,

that each man, turning home with his slim catch,
made promises beyond the limits of his gear
and boat. But mornings we cast off to watch
the memory blur as we attempted it,
and set and hauled on ledges we could fetch

and still come home. Summers, when we washed
inshore again, not one of us would say
the island's name, though none at anchor sloshed
the gurry from his deck without one eye
on that magnetic course the ospreys fished.

Winters, then, we knew which way to steer
beyond marked charts, and saw the island, as
first islanders first saw it, who watched it blur
at noon, yet harbored knowing it was real,
and fished, like us, offshore, as if it were.

come from Edgard Varèse, Vladimir Ussachevsky, and Otto Luening.

Jazz

A different sort of factor in the young composer's present milieu is the development of serious jazz. Although there were some experiments in jazz form during the 'thirties, notably by Duke Ellington (extending the customary eight-bar phrase to twelve, for example), most attempts at a serious jazz art remained mannered and pretentious; they simply dressed up quite ordinary jazz expressions with the outward trappings of concert-music, retaining the virtues of neither.

With the appearance of an appropriately bearded young man named Jimmy Giuffre, however, the picture has brightened considerably. Giuffre has evolved a highly personal and closely reasoned variety of jazz, the core of which is the elimination of the sounded beat, the insistent pounding from the rhythm section. He relies on phrasing for the "jazzness" of his work. And he has found ways to accommodate improvisation, which, after all, is still the heart of the jazz style.

Giuffre's taste runs to understatement—his music whispers, suggests, alludes with a sort of whimsical elegance that I myself find irresistible. The thinking that underlies it, however, is applicable to almost any sort of utterance in jazz. One of his compositions could shout at the top of its voice, and the importance of Giuffre's work would still remain: the rhythm section has been liberated from its historic (and annoying) chore of marking the beat; there is a certain new independence among the other instruments as well; and he has ventured pretty far into the freest sort of non-tonal harmony.

Giuffre's concepts have exercised a powerful attraction on some composers in the concert field, notably Gunther Schuller, a highly talented man of my own generation who has brought serial techniques deriving from the twelve-tone method into jazz expression with impressive results. There have also been some attempts to bring jazz elements into concert works; among younger composers, the music of Teo Macero has so far received the widest recognition.

VITALITY IN OPERA

WHAT does the future hold for these experiments? The typical young composer, as I have suggested, is interested in synthesis, and has embraced complex resources boldly. The situation is scarcely that cut and dried, however. Some outstanding young composers have pursued single lines of development with great success. The gifted young composer William Flanagan, for example, has exploited a conservative yet vitally expressive style, contributing some of the most distinguished art songs in American literature.

Nor should it be thought that the younger generation has a monopoly on synthesis. Aaron Copland, regarded with considerable justice as the dean of American composers, has incorporated neo-classicism, folk elements, and echoes of jazz into his highly individual style; in the last decade he has used serial techniques as well. His recent "Piano Fantasy" is an excellent example of a consistent, unified, and highly affecting work which draws upon a wide variety of sources.

After all qualifications are made, I think that American composers will be equal to the profusion and the promise of the raw material which surrounds them. One strong reason, certainly, for confidence in their vitality has been the emergence in recent years of a genuine school of American opera which is making—to my way of thinking—the first large contribution, in a national sense, to the lyric stage since the heyday of Richard Strauss and Giacomo Puccini. This is probably the single most important development in postwar American music.

One of the reasons that composers have become so interested in opera, I think, is that it gives them a chance to reach a larger and less specialized public and to escape the ivory-towerism with which they have so long been reproached (a charge very far from justified, by the way, in my opinion). And, surfeited with absolute music, as in string quartets and symphonies, many composers are glad to work with characters on a stage; in any case, there are certainly a great many more American composers who are stage-struck these days than ever before. As it is developing now, moreover, American opera is thoroughly national. Douglas Moore's "The Ballad of Baby Doe," for instance, presents a powerful and stormy drama of the making and breaking of a Colorado mining millionaire; it is frankly Americana. Samuel Barber's "Vanessa," in contrast, calls up the heavily-charged atmosphere of mid-nineteenth-century Europe, and yet it is made of music that could have been written only by an American. Virgil Thomson's ineffably witty and wise operas on Gertrude Stein's "Four Saints in Three Acts" and "The Mother of Us All" are uniquely ours in the same way, no matter how much time Miss Stein or Mr. Thomson may have passed in France.

This excitement about opera is reflected in the work of the younger generation. We seem to have written mostly one-act pieces so far, although there have been a few successful full-length ventures; getting an opera produced is still no easy matter. An interesting thing about this musical age-group, incidentally, is that we have drawn upon the modern musical comedy—for example, those of Leonard Bernstein and Frank Loesser—to a much greater degree than composers ever have before.

NO MATTER how much explanation is made of what they are doing, the young composers know that a sizable portion of the listening public may find their music puzzling and "difficult" to listen to—especially those composers who make a sharp break with the past.

This situation, of course, is anything but new. When Beethoven's Second Symphony had its premiere a critic wrote:

"[It] is a crass monster, a hideously writhing wounded dragon, that refuses to expire, though bleeding in the finale, and furiously beats about with its tail."

The new composers have to rely on the public to approach new and unfamiliar music in a state of pleasant anticipation, not determined dread—they count on their audience to have an appetite for surprise and mental stimulation. As a matter of fact, in many modern works, the break with the past is more apparent than real, and this becomes clear on extended acquaintance.

And whether the composer's work is "easy" or "difficult," he hopes that the listener will follow his music itself for its own sake—without expecting concrete images or associations or "meaning" to arise from it. It is not necessarily wrong that a composition should evoke the New Hampshire woods—each listener should get out of a piece of music the pleasure it holds for him—but illustrative suggestion is not often the composer's intention in a concert work. At most the music will suggest something very general—light and dark, motion and tranquillity, gentleness and force, or perhaps sadness and happiness.

Music is its own form of communication, after all, and a musical idea is far more cogent, more explicit than any verbalization *about* it. To write descriptively about music is in the end something like attempting to describe, by means of knitting, one's reaction on first seeing San Francisco Bay. I have been describing my own generation in terms of its search for synthesis of rich and diverse musical resources. The real story is in the music itself. We hope you enjoy it.

RECORDINGS BY MODERN AMERICAN COMPOSERS

Here is an introductory list of recordings of American composers of all generations whose works I like very much. It is based on availability and personal taste and does not pretend to be comprehensive.

George Antheil, Ballet Mécanique, Columbia ML 4956. A spectacular experimental work of the 'twenties.

Samuel Barber, Symphony No. 2; Medea, London LL-1328. Master symphonism, generally conservative in tone.

Arthur Berger, Serenade Concertante, MGM 3245. A serious, beautifully designed work of the neo-classic school.

William Bergsma, The Wife of Martin Guerre, Composers Recordings, Inc. (hereafter called "CRI") 105X. Excerpts from a recent American opera.

Leonard Bernstein, Facsimile; Jeremiah Symphony, Camden 196. Expert and affecting orchestral works. **West Side Story,** Columbia OL 5230. Probably the most powerfully dramatic, "advanced" Broadway show yet produced, demonstrating how Mr. Bernstein is gradually broadening the scope of that medium.

Henry Brant, Angels and Devils, CRI 106. **Signs and Alarms; Galaxy 2,** Columbia ML 4956. Endlessly fascinating explorations into the sound-possibilities of the instruments used.

Elliott Carter, String Quartet, Columbia ML 5104. Serious, complex, and highly rewarding.

Chou Wen-Chung, Landscapes, CRI 122. Delicate orchestral tone-painting.

Aaron Copland, Billy the Kid; Appalachian Spring, Columbia ML 5157. **Piano Quartet; Clarinet Concerto,** Columbia ML 4421. **Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson,** Columbia ML 5106. These three records ought to give some idea of the extraordinary range and appeal of Mr. Copland's music.

Henry Cowell, Hymn and Fuguing Tune, Unicorn 1045. A work reviving a characteristic musical form of the colonial period in America. **Symphony No. 11,** Columbia ML 5039. Expansive, listenable—one of the very best American symphonies.

Ingolf Dahl, Allegro and Arioso, Unicorn 1031. Chamber music for winds reflecting the characteristic clarity of the neo-classic school.

Miles Davis, The Birth of the Cool, Capitol T 762. A somewhat louder attempt than Jimmy Giuffre's to broaden jazz formally; a vigorous and original expression.

David Diamond, Rounds for Strings, Capitol P 8245. A fresh, exhilarating work.

Recordings by Modern American Composers (continued)

Harold Farberman, Evolution, Boston 207. An accessible and attractive essay by one of the younger generation in new uses of percussion. Don't let that word "percussion" suggest that it's nothing but crashes and bangs.

Irving Fine, Partita for Winds, Classic 1003. More neo-classicism, firmly rooted in the eighteenth century.

William Flanagan, Five Songs, New Editions 2. Distinguished art-songs.

Lukas Foss, The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, Lyric 11. A sprightly one-act opera, based on the Mark Twain story.

Jimmy Giuffre, Tangents in Jazz, Capitol T 634. The best of several records outlining Mr. Giuffre's speculations and accomplishments.

Roger Goeb, Symphony No. 3, CRI 120. A big, expansive work, with, for me, at least, an obscure suggestion of the great, wide West.

Alexei Haieff, Piano Concerto, MGM 3243. A neo-classic work of many moods, from a certain tender grace to something incisive, taut, dramatic.

Howard Hanson, Serenade for Flute, Harp, and Strings, Mercury 50076. Nostalgic American Romanticism.

Roy Harris, Symphony No. 3, Victor LVT 1016. A modern classic, in which most listeners find a powerful evocation of the American West.

Alan Hovhaness, Concerto for Viola and Strings, "Talin," MGM 3432. A good exposition of Mr. Hovhaness' Byzantine and Armenian preoccupations.

Charles Ives, Symphony No. 3, Mercury 50149. Written in 1911, this work shows an astounding modernity; some of Ives' work anticipates musical events called "revolutionary" by as much as twenty years.

Leon Kirchner, Sonata Concertante for Violin and Piano, Epic LC3306. Strong, well-wrought music, with a certain twelve-tone leaning.

Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky, Poem in Cycles and Bells for Tape-Recorder and Orchestra, Remington 211. Fascinating sounds—an excellent introduction to a new development.

Colin McPhee, Tabuh-Tabuhan, Mercury 50103. A colorful, rhythmically exciting orchestral treatment of Balinese style.

Douglas Moore, The Devil and Daniel Webster, Westminster 11032. A moving opera on Benét's well-known story. "The Ballad of Baby Doe" is not yet, at this writing, on records.

Harry Partch, Oedipus. This recording of the distinguished experimenter's biggest piece should be generally available, but isn't. For information, write to Gate 5 Ensemble, Box 387, Marin City, California.

Daniel Pinkham, Concerto for Celeste and Harpsichord Alone, CRI 3245. Two beautiful instruments never before combined, to my knowledge; an intriguing work.

Walter Piston, Symphony No. 6, Victor LM 2083. Conservative, expert modernism by one of our very best symphonists.

Vincent Persichetti, Symphony No. 4, Columbia ML 5108. A powerful, yet accessible work.

Wallingford Riegger, Symphony No. 3, Columbia ML 4902. One of the greatest American symphonies—a serious, strong piece which you may find puzzling at first, but which is well worth an extended acquaintance.

Gunther Schuller, Transformation, Columbia WL 127. A remarkable and exciting piece. A serious, concert-music idea, based upon a tone-row, is "transformed" into an authentic jazz expression.

William Schuman, Symphony No. 6, Columbia ML 4992. Another first-rate American symphony, original, inventive, and vigorous.

Roger Sessions, Quartet No. 2, Columbia ML 5105. **Symphony No. 2,** Columbia ML 2120. Two serious, complex pieces, thoroughly representative of Mr. Sessions' distinguished work; they require concentration and bring rich rewards.

Harold Shapero, Symphony for Classical Orchestra, Columbia ML 4889. Neo-classicism of the purest, clearest sort—a joy to listen to.

Seymour Shifrin, Serenade for Five Instruments, CRI 123. Vital, well-constructed music by a highly talented member of the younger generation—near to, but not in the twelve-tone camp.

Russell Smith, Songs of Innocence, New Editions 2. A cycle of six songs which I wrote in 1949 on the poems by William Blake.

Carlos Surinach, Ritmo Jondo; Tientos, MGM 3155. Surprising, fresh treatments of the Spanish idiom.

Virgil Thomson, Cello Concerto; The Mother of Us All (suite from the opera), Columbia ML 4468. **Five Songs from William Blake; Three Pictures for Orchestra,** Columbia ML 4919. A pretty good résumé of his musical personality. The songs will demonstrate why Thomson is regarded as the outstanding American master of setting the English language to music.

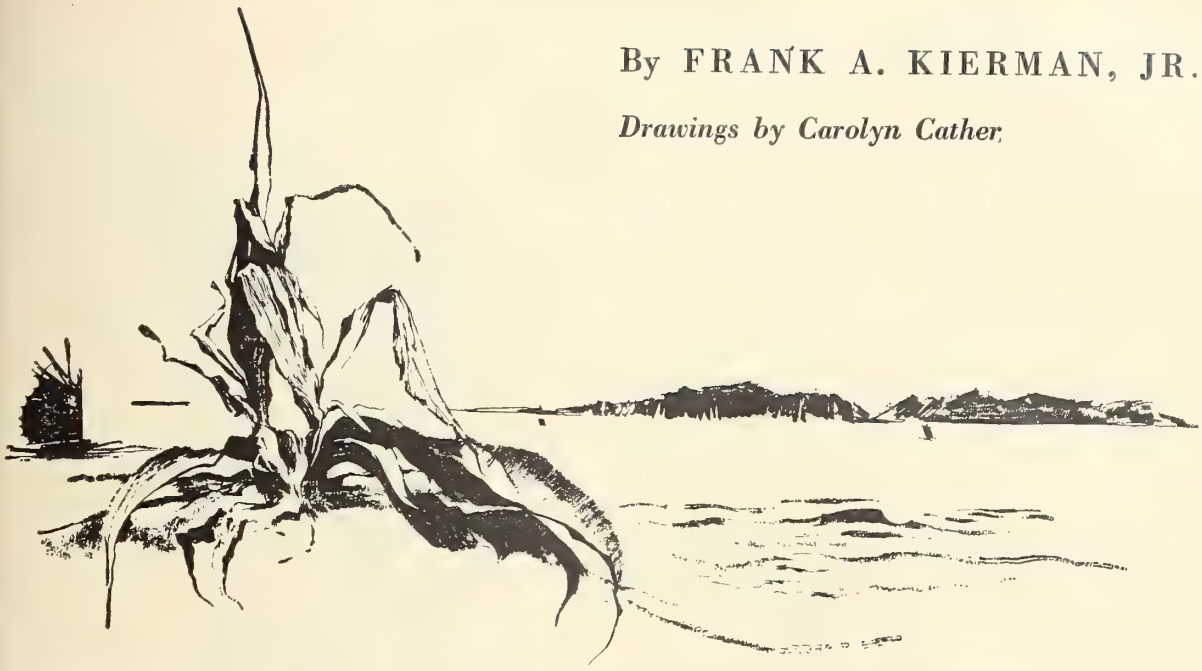
Edgard Varèse, Complete works, Vol. I, EMS 401. This record contains four of M. Varèse's most characteristic pieces. A "must."

Ben Weber, Symphony on Poems of William Blake, CRI 120. Moving vocal music, revealing conservative applications of the twelve-tone method, and a good demonstration that works of that school will not necessarily sound harsh, dissonant, or strange, even to uninitiated ears.

Hugo Weisgall, The Stronger, Columbia ML 5106. A dramatically convincing opera in one act, based upon a somewhat bizarre play by Strindberg. There is only one sung part, and Mr. Weisgall brings this off with entire success.

By FRANK A. KIERMAN, JR.

Drawings by Carolyn Cather



THE BLOOD FLUKE that saved Formosa

A tiny, arrow-shaped parasite turned out to be a precious ally of America and Nationalist China, stopping a Communist invasion that might have changed the history of the Pacific.

LATE in December 1949, the two overlords of world Communism—Stalin and Mao Tse-tung—met and agreed on their next targets. One, as we all now know, was South Korea. The other prong of their drive—fated never to be driven home—was Taiwan (Formosa). The fact that the Nationalist Chinese stronghold was neither attacked nor conquered in 1950 was due almost entirely to a fluke. A medical rather than a military phenomenon, it nevertheless frustrated a military campaign.

But for the fluke, early 1950 would have been the perfect moment for the Chinese Reds to invade Taiwan. All but a few scattered remnants of the Nationalist armies had fled the mainland, their ranks thinned, their morale, equipment, and organization enfeebled. The natives of Taiwan had been sullenly hostile to the mainlanders since the riots of 1947. The nations of the West were weakening the Nationalists' valuable claim to legitimacy by publicly debating the advisability of recognizing the Communists; after the U. S. White Paper of August 1949, even the American position seemed uncertain.

The turbulent waters of the hundred-mile wide Formosa Strait and the island's rugged coastline are strong defenses. But the Nationalists' position was so shaky that the Communists could hope to take Taiwan without a full-scale modern amphibious attack—and indeed this was their only hope, since they lacked almost everything needed for amphibious warfare. Most of the troops would have to be carried in wooden junks. These are seaworthy and hard to sink, though not too steady; but despite their shallow draft, they could not be sure of discharging troops on dry land without docks. Most of the invading soldiers would have to swim a short distance. For the Communists, this logistical problem had political overtones.

In their previous triumphs—the Long March, the war against Japan, and the final mainland campaign, a major weapon of the Red armies had been their display of the vital spirit

and morale which the Chinese call *ch'i*. Just as the ragged armies of the First French Republic swept over Europe to the wild strains of the "Marseillaise" the Chinese Red soldiers overcame opposition not so much by force of arms—they really did not have to fight much—as by seeming irresistible. They played the role of heirs to the Mandate of Heaven: fanatical, disciplined, relentlessly capable. Since they would have to swim, it became imperative for them to swim in a way that would preserve this image. They must swim well.



SWIM OR ELSE

THE Communists selected their finest young stalwarts for the assignment. And as part of their preparatory training, they were given intensive swimming lessons in the canals of southern Chekiang and northern Fukien. It was at this point that the Asiatic Blood Fluke—scientifically known as *Schistosoma japonicum*—entered the campaign.

This creature is a double-parasite, infesting first a fresh-water snail, then a mammal. It incubates within the snail, escapes when it has become a tiny *cercaria,* shaped like an arrow with a huge head, swims around for a day or two, and then burrows into a human or animal host—if it can find one. Inside the body, it migrates to the liver and intestines where it grows into an inch-long worm and lays its eggs. These are excreted in feces and the life cycle starts over again when the conditions are right.

Nothing could better suit these parasites than conditions in the two provinces the Communists chose for their swimming practice. Fresh water snails flourish in the gently flowing canals, which are warm enough to let the *cercaria* survive during its brief swimming escapades. In this area man and beast live closely together, sharing an all-purpose water supply that makes possible an endless round of mutual reinfestation. And in consequence the *cercaria* infest these waters with the extravagance of sperm.

Inevitably, a major epidemic of schistosomiasis broke out among the troops training for the Taiwan invasion, striking an estimated thirty to fifty thousand men. Schistosomiasis is no minor ailment. It is caused by the worms which remain in the human body even though the eggs are excreted. The disease starts with a slight rash caused by the *cercaria* as it penetrates the skin. Headache, some fever, internal pains and diarrhea occur during a month-long incubation period while the worms are maturing. Then all the symptoms are intensified and become seriously disabling. The stiff upper lip treatment—a favorite of the Communist military medico—will not do, since exercise only makes the patient sicker.

After the acute stage, which lasts three or four months, the disease goes underground, becoming a chronic condition and essentially incurable. Years later there may be more serious symptoms such as anemia, loss of weight, dropsy, enlargement of the spleen, or cirrhosis of the liver. Although schistosomiasis can be fatal, it is more often the forerunner of another killer such as pneumonia or intestinal cancer. But even when it does not kill, it virtually incapacitates its victims.

Since treatment of the disease is difficult and complicated, a schistosomiasis epidemic would be a major problem anywhere. For the inadequate

medical corps of the Chinese army it was a catastrophe.

To meet the emergency, doctors, nurses, and medical technicians were drafted from all the hospitals in the lower Yangtze Valley, even from points as distant as Hankow. They faced an almost impossible task. The standard treatment for the disease is antimony tartrate, a dangerous drug which must be administered intravenously at two-day intervals for several weeks. If there is a bad reaction, the intervals must be lengthened and the treatment period prolonged. All patients cannot be cured nor are apparent cures necessarily permanent.

With inadequate stocks of medicine, with no manufacturing facilities capable of meeting the demand, the Chinese Communists—despite the energy and determination which they quite possibly showed—inevitably lost six crucial months. Nor could fresh units be brought in to replace those whose ranks had been decimated by the disease: the Reds had just set up military administration throughout mainland China and could spare no troops, even if it had been possible to transport them to the assault area.

Then in June 1950, the Korean War began. The U. S. Seventh Fleet took station in the Formosa Strait and the opportunity for a cheap conquest of Taiwan vanished.

WHY ASIA'S PLANNERS TURN GRAY

AS THE guns still shelling Quemoy attest, the Reds have not abandoned their plans to dislodge the government of Chiang Kai-shek. But they know that the price will be far higher than in 1950. There has been a steady rise of military morale and civil effectiveness on Taiwan. The Korean War has demonstrated that the United States is no paper tiger—the Seventh Fleet is a visible reminder. The Communists must reserve large forces to see that their own populace remains docile. And the fluke is still in the canals to plague the Red Army.

Indeed, July 1958 seems to have been Schistosomiasis Month on the Chinese mainland. On July 12, the New China News Agency announced that Wuyuan *hsien* (county) in Kiangsi province had become the second *hsien* in China to reach "the standard fixed by the government for wiping out schistosomiasis completely." On July 19, the NCNA trumpeted the fact that research groups for the prevention of certain diseases had been organized in Shanghai "to cover 1,089 subjects"—and lo! the name of schistosomiasis led all 1,089.

On the next day, July 20, the NCNA cried: "Fukien is China's first province to free itself of water snails, the intermediate host for schistosomiasis. It is estimated that the province will basically eliminate schistosomiasis and free people of the disease by next month." From two *hsien* to a whole province in eight days—that is Progress!

One need not be an expert in Communist semantics to recognize that "the standard fixed by the government" and "basically" are synonyms for "not actually, if we were inclined to be perfectly honest."

Schistosoma japonicum is more than a mere fluke. It is a symbol—one of thousands of little-regarded but permanent elements in the Asian scene, each well contained and neutralized within an Asian society at rest. But when a planner starts moving and shaking Asian society, stirring it to effort, especially along complex Western lines, any one of these embedded elements can become a problem quite out of proportion to its individual importance. An obscure nuisance can suddenly find itself front stage center, making and breaking the plans of nations.

FELICIA LAMPORT

SPINAL DISCORD

LET's sing a lay of vertebrae
  Continuously clacking.
Though once dyspepsia had its day
And bouts of gout held men at bay
  The back is now attacking.

Physicians frisk for ruptured disc
  Or signs of spinal failing
Discreetly probing every risk.
The castanet of bones is brisk
  And loud the patient's wailing

As orthopedic fingers plumb
  What once was loose and limber
From coccyx up to cranium
Till from the lumbar regions come
  The ringing cries of "Timber!"

Then flying disc and erring bone
  Encased in stiff regalia
Give legions, strangely rigid grown,
The corset's special wheezing tone.
  Ah! Such a bacchanalia!

By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER
U. S. Senator, Oregon



How Oregon rescued a Forest

An unexpectedly happy ending to the story of a blunder which almost ruined a tribe of Indians, a state's lumber industry, and one of the few remaining natural beauty spots of the West Coast.

THE Klamath Indians of Southeastern Oregon—like most American Indian tribes—have an old history of sorrow. During the first years of the Eisenhower Administration, the Klamaths seemed fated for new disaster—not only to themselves but to the whole state of Oregon. But their story has turned into one of the few almost-bright chapters in what former Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay caustically called "the Indian business." The turn came last summer, at the end of the 85th Congress, when a group of stout-hearted Republicans and Democrats joined forces in a rare bipartisan action to conserve our natural resources.

In 1954 Congress had passed a bill terminating the reservation status of the Klamath people, and in due order the Klamaths, numbering some 2,133 men, women, and children, voted by a 77 per cent majority to withdraw from the tribe and take, each and every one, his share of the assets. According to a surprise provision of the federal bill, every Klamath could collect $58,000 in cash. A family of four might end up with almost a quarter of a million dollars, snugly secure from income tax.

Yet these claims, totaling nearly $120 million, would not only destroy by auction sale one of the world's great forests of Ponderosa pine and endanger a precious and rare waterfowl refuge; they would beggar the timber economy of the state of Oregon. What termination might do to the Klamath people themselves was summed up by Elnathan Davis, stern-faced secretary of the Tribal Council, one of the 23 per cent minority who voted to remain in reservation status:

"It'll be like throwing a steak to the dogs. Too few of us are prepared to handle these things. The money might do us a lot more harm than good."

As matters now stand, the Klamaths will still get their money, for good or for ill, but the forests and the wildlife will be guarded by and

Drawings by Charles Walker

for the American people. Here is how it happened.

When Douglas McKay was appointed as the first head of the Interior Department under the Eisenhower Administration, one of his declared objectives was to commence the process of ending federal trusteeship over the country's 350,000 Indians. This obligation was costing the Treasury at least $150 million annually. Opinions on the effectiveness of the reservation system were, to say the least, sharply divided. It made good political propaganda, along orthodox Republican lines, to be shutting down so expensive an undertaking.

Furthermore, many Indian tribes seemed to be deteriorating under this benevolent paternalism. Alcoholism was on the rise, the general level of education often on the wane. Indians, especially reservation Indians, were rarely able to share in the increased living standards and economic activity which had benefited so many Western states. Indeed, Robert W. Chandler, editor of the Bend, Oregon, *Bulletin,* had said of the Klamaths themselves that only sixteen had graduated from high school during a thirteen-year period, and but one of these had gone on to college. "This is the fault of the system imposed upon the Indians many years ago by the federal government, which is their guardian," Chandler added.

The original Klamath termination bill looked innocent enough. It provided for a long, orderly period in which the Klamaths would be prepared for life in the outside world, beyond the stately tree-stockaded reservation. No specific plan for managing the assets of the tribe could be put into effect until approved by the government. Presumably a private trust, overseen by some responsible bank, would replace the Bureau of Indian Affairs as supervisor of the property—nearly a million acres—which the Indians had been given at carbine point by treaty with their blue-clad cavalry conquerors in 1864.

But, at the eleventh hour during consideration of the termination bill, there was unobtrusively slipped into the legislation a provision allowing any tribal member to claim his proportionate share of the value of the reservation. Records of Senate and House committees leave amazingly vague exactly how this clause got into the bill. Some of us have always suspected that certain lumber operators, eager for a quick financial killing, knew about its origin. A greater mystery is why the Interior Department let the President of the United States sign a piece of legislation which had been so drastically transformed in character without any real explanation on the floor of either chamber of Congress—legislation, too, which held the fate of more than $100 million worth of Indian tribal property.

After President Eisenhower had approved this dubious law, a survey by the Stanford Research Institute revealed that over three-fourths of the members of the Klamath Tribe would elect to withdraw from the tribe under the moot provision and take their cash. But cash could result only if the trees were sold, and speedily. All at once, the timber economy of Southeastern Oregon faced the ugly prospect of boom and bust. And it would not be boom and bust for a few years. It would be for keeps.



THE HIDDEN WEALTH OF THE INDIAN FOREST

IN THE Klamath Basin, many of the Ponderosa pines are as tall as twenty-story office buildings, six feet in diameter. To stand in a grove of Ponderosas is like being among the Corinthian columns of some cosmic temple. Because of careful management by trained foresters of the Indian Bureau, the prodigious Indian forest had survived in a region where much of the other privately-owned timber had long since vanished. Over the years logging operators, bidding competitively on the stumpage, had taken 4.6 billion board-feet of finest-quality pine off the reservation. This was enough lumber to house all the residents of the Pacific Coast metropolises of San Francisco, Portland, and Seattle. Each tribal member collected $1,100 annually, tax free, from the sale of this timber. Yet prudent harvesting of only the ripe and mature trees had left some 4.2 billion board-feet of pine still standing. Patroled by the same wise policies, 80 million feet of logs could have been taken off the Indian reservation each year in perpetuity, keeping Oregon sawmills in operation and Oregon lumberjacks on the payroll.



Their paychecks would ring the cash registers of merchants in Klamath Falls, Bend, Medford and other nearby communities.

But now this had come to an apparent end. With at least 75 per cent of the Klamaths pulling up stakes from the tribal society, a minimum of 3.3 billion feet of the Ponderosa forest had to be liquidated virtually overnight to satisfy the legal claims of the withdrawing Indians. Oregon's lumber market was already as shaky as aspic because of the adverse impact of stiffening interest rates on the national demand for housing. Unemployment in Oregon had led the country during the previous three or four years. Now, the dumping of 3.3 billion board-feet of Indian timber could break apart a depressed lumber industry. A few opportunist operators might get the Indian forest for a song, because genuine competitive bidding would be practically out of the question when forty times the normal annual cut was put up for sale in one frantic grab.

But these operators would be the sole beneficiaries. Dr. Richard E. McArdle, chief of the U. S. Forest Service, pointed out that the flooding of the market could cost nearby National Forests in Oregon and northern California some $49.7 million in stumpage receipts. Inasmuch as one-fourth of this amount—about $12.4 million—would ordinarily have been allocated for the financing of schools and roads in ten counties, the chaos might thread all the way down into the classroom and ranch turnpike.

Nor did even this begin to encompass all the possible ravages to the region. The Klamaths' preserve is contiguous to Crater Lake National Park, although five or six times the size of that majestic mountain wonderland. For epochs the high Indian forest had soaked up rain and snow like a sponge, letting it run off gradually into Upper Klamath Lake, largest in Oregon, and through the gorges and canyons of many roaring rivers. The water sustained a huge 303,000-acre irrigated agricultural economy of potatoes, alfalfa, and diversified row crops. The Williamson River was unparalleled for trout fishing, and the Klamath River nurtured the important hydroelectric plants of the California-Oregon Power Company in both states. With the stripping bare of the Indian pine forest, all these beneficial uses could be imperiled by a shortage of water. The rhythmical capillary flow of the drainage from the uplands would be replaced by flash floods—and then choking drought.

The Indian reservation also contained the continent's most intensively used waterfowl marsh outside the refuge systems of the wildlife services of the United States and Canada. Such protection had never been essential as long as it sprawled within the cordon of safety assured by the Indian reservation. Eighty-five per cent of the birds traveling the Pacific Flyway nested and fed on this fabulous marsh. I have seen redheads, canvasbacks, ruddies, and mallards rising from off its glistening surface in undulating waves that made the heart beat faster. But if the reservation had to be liquidated financially in order to pay each migrating Klamath $58,000, it was obvious that the marsh would no longer serve as a sanctuary for waterfowl. Peripatetic ducks and geese carry no wallets. Millions of nomadic birds, finding their nesting place drained for grazing purposes or farmland, might be driven by hunger to foraging on fields and crops. The inevitable out-of-season slaughter by growers would be bloody, and when would the birds come again—if ever?

It was obvious that somebody had goofed, and that somebody had to be the government of the United States—Interior Department, Senate, House, and President.

A SUDDEN REVERSAL

AMID the mounting anxiety, a thunderclap sounded. Secretary McKay had appointed three of his personal friends, all staid and reliable Republican businessmen, to handle the liquidation of the Klamath reservation at a salary of $1,000 monthly apiece. Now the chair-

man and dominant member of the three, sixty-eight-year-old Thomas B. Watters of Klamath Falls, imperturbably announced there was only one solution. The government itself had to buy the Klamath Indian reservation, and fast. Then the marsh could be made a game refuge, and the timber could be harvested under the same perpetual-cutting practices which had successfully guided the operation of the reservation for so many years. Any other alternative, added Watters, would result in "an economic disaster for our area that is too disturbing to contemplate."

Oregon was stunned. With much fanfare, termination of government supervision over the Klamaths had been heralded as a tremendous victory for free enterprise. Immense sections of land—formerly under the quasi-public status of the reservation—of course would be placed on the taxrolls as private timber holdings. The government would be saved millions in Congressional appropriations. The Indian Agency office could be permanently closed. What finer way to please Senator Byrd, then Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, and the Hoover Commission in one fell stroke?

Yet Secretary McKay's hand-picked appointee was proposing that the government reverse the whole procedure and add the entire reservation to the already extensive federal holdings in Oregon—with the U. S. Treasury, of course, footing the bill. For many decades, conservatives in Oregon politics had made a lively issue of the fact that the federal government owned half the land area of the state. But here was the former Republican Mayor of Klamath Falls warning that this government domain had to be increased, or the direst of calamities would occur.

DELAYING THE AUCTION

"AT FIRST we thought Tom Watters might be touched in the head," I was told by Frank Jenkins, exuberant and forceful publisher of the Klamath Falls *Herald and News*. "Yet the more we studied the situation from every possible angle, the more we saw he was entirely right. The clear cutting of the Indian forest would have been a monstrous catastrophe for our state. But who could prevent it except the government?"

And so I introduced a bill early in 1957 to provide for federal purchase of the Klamath reservation, with the funds to be used for reimbursement of the 77 per cent of the Klamath tribal members who wanted to leave their traditional bivouac grounds. The pine timber would be added to nearby National Forests, for sustained-yield management by the Forest Service. The marsh would become a refuge supervised by the Fish and Wildlife Service. In the meanwhile, as chairman of the Senate Indian Affairs Subcommittee, I had secured passage of an emergency measure delaying, until August of 1958, the time when the timber and the waterfowl marsh had to go on the auction block to satisfy the claims of withdrawing Indians. We had that much elbow room in which to save vast watersheds and natural resources in Southeastern Oregon. The patient Klamaths had agreed to the delay. Their sympathy with the white man's plight was truly heroic.

A dilemma was posed for Secretary McKay's successor at the head of the Interior Department, Fred A. Seaton. He could not allow destruction of the Indian marsh, forest, and uplands. Yet he hesitated to repudiate his predecessor's position completely. So Mr. Seaton, with the collaboration of the Agricultural Department, recommended an alternative to my bill. In essence it was this:

The Indian timber first would be offered for sale in huge blocks to private mills, at competitive bids. The successful buyers would have to agree to pay an appraised price which would be fair to the Indians, and also to cut the timber under strict government supervision. This, of course, would mean that sustained-yield policies would keep the yearly cut in balance



with new growth. Any timber not bought by private operators by April of 1961 would be purchased by the government and turned over to the Forest Service as National Forest land. Under this proposal, the marsh would become a wildlife sanctuary.

MY BILL "BY REQUEST"

NOW the dilemma was mine. If I insisted on my own bill and it bogged down in a partisan political debacle, the economy of my native state would suffer grievously. I desperately needed the unified backing of all my colleagues on the Indian Affairs Subcommittee if we were to have any chance of success with the Senate as a whole. And if only one or two large blocks of Indian timber were purchased privately under the Interior Department's bill, its total cost would be $90 million as contrasted with $120 million under my original bill. This was decisive with me, for I knew that many of my fellow Western Senators—rebuffed on relatively small reclamation and public-works projects in their own states—would wonder why scores of millions of dollars were necessary to buy an Indian reservation in Oregon.

I took the bill which Secretary Seaton had sent to me and dropped it in the Senate hopper "by request." If I had not crossed the Rubicon, I at least had crossed Upper Klamath Lake. It was my bill now.

A few weeks later the National Lumber Manufacturers Association began a bitter and abusive attack against even this bill. They denounced it as a threat to the American system of government and to free enterprise in the lumber industry. To its credit, the largest operator in the Klamath Basin, the Weyerhaeuser Timber Corporation, declined to join in this massive assault. Five of my colleagues helped particularly to bring the measure to passage—James E. Murray of Montana, Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, and Frank Church of Idaho, all Democrats; and Arthur V. Watkins of Utah and Barry Goldwater of Arizona, both Republicans.

The crisis came when lobbying by the National Association of Lumber Manufacturers succeeded in eliminating in the House of Representatives all the language guaranteeing sustained-yield management of any of the Ponderosa timber which might be privately purchased. This could have been ruinous. We had to restore the lost language in conference between the two chambers. At this juncture there came to the rescue a man who is not customarily a hero with liberals—Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture. He sent to the conference a strong letter detailing why the Forest Service (which is in his Department) could not accept responsibility for supervising the timber effectively unless it had full legal authority to keep the forest from being recklessly cut. This meant that sustained-yield policies had to be assured. Benson's letter carried the day.

And so, as these words are written, biologists of the Fish and Wildlife Service are measuring off the acreage their agency soon will acquire in the Klamath marsh. Foresters of the Indian Bureau and the Forest Service are preparing for sale some 617,000 acres of the great Ponderosa groves—with $90 million in purchase funds already approved by Congress for National Forest acquisition in the event private buyers do not materialize.

And a valuable lesson has been learned all around—albeit an expensive one. Secretary Seaton now insists that it would be "absolutely unthinkable" for any Indian tribe to be "forced" into a termination proceeding without its full understanding and consent. Mr. Seaton also has said that it would be "incredible, even criminal, to send any Indian tribe out into the stream of American life until and unless the educational level of that tribe was one which was equal to the responsibilities it was shouldering."

Although Oregon is essentially a conservative and cautious state, practically every element of Oregon society had rallied to the cause of federal rescue of the Klamath reservation—press, pulpit, industry, banking, labor unions, conservation and outdoor groups, women's clubs, farm groups, education organizations. Few of these influential citizens believe the Klamaths measure up to the standards prescribed by the Secretary for merging with "the stream of American life." Yet the egg cannot be put back into the shell. Legal rights have been vested and each withdrawing Klamath is entitled to his share of the tribal assets, which might conceivably be reduced to $45,000 because of a new appraisal of the timber that reflects a declining lumber market. The amount of the exact sum due every Klamath may yet end up before the Indian Claims Commission. Fervent thanks are offered daily, however, that neither the $58,000 nor the $45,000, multiplied many times, is to be at the expense of the lumber, water, and wildlife economy on which Oregon is so utterly dependent.

But nobody in our state talks very much these days about getting the United States government out of "the Indian business."



The Man who gave up Pleasure

By HERBERT GOLD

Drawings by John Groth

WHO? Cal Janus and me. What? That war. When? 1943. Where? Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Why?

Why?

We all wanted the pleasure of survival.

Cal Janus wanted only to be good.

On the one hand, there was sweet Cal Janus; on the other, the rest of the world. Together they conspired to teach me something about the fickle dream of pleasure, the fickle dream of integrity, and here is how and why.

Cal was a long stringy old man of thirty who had studied for preacher, lost the call, and then took to peddling high-school textbooks for a living. ("Theodore Roosevelt was unhealthy in his early life, but later learned to carry a big stick and surmounted adversity and thus became President due to his excellent stubborn Dutch forebears. . . ." "*How* many bears?")

This commerce seemed as far from virtue as Cal could fall in one despairing spreadeagled leap. It was a dirty business—you pay the school boards in cigars, unction, and cash. Cal got tense sick, looked as if he were stood up by the tendons of his neck; he enlisted although his wife said she needed him at home with their two kids and her belly swollen up over the third—"You remember that day Claralou had the grippe and you caught me in the bathroom looking for the thermometer, honey?" Frequently these dry sad skinny girls never stop having kids; maybe it's all that ever makes them smile and they claim it's no extra trouble to stir up the waffle mix at Sunday breakfast for one more mouth. You make it with sour milk, and you make the milk by letting it stand on the back porch.

We were still at Fort Bragg in the 100th Infantry Division. That made nobody laugh like real laughing, though Tech Sergeant Stamp hawed. Red sand, chiggers, fungus, Sergeant Stamp, drill, and fatigue were our school. We were becoming marksmen. "Ready on the right, ready on the left, ready on the fi-ring line. . . ."

For our only recess in the soldier's school we went into Fayetteville, which the New York boys called Fagleburg, in order to drink (easy), wench (routinely difficult), and sip coffee at the USO

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(almost impossible). That last moiling effort was for kids like me: the mothers at the USO watched us with misty half-erotic eyes, because we were so young, so soft beneath our sullen carapaces, so tender and lost, while we were wondering how to get in with their daughters. Foxes they were, those sentimental mothers, they sent their nice downy girls to Winston-Salem for purposes of school, learning French and piano and achieving contraception.

Well, in those days I was as busy as a bird which thinks of alighting but does not alight in its nest. I hovered with liberating indecision, I swooped and beadily looked, and the more the Army worked us on the range or in the fields, the more I sympathized with my own labors. Raise targets! *Raise targets!* At eighteen I overestimated everything: love (by which I meant straining dreams of sex with Laura, the girl I left behind at the bus station in Ann Arbor), the war (by which I meant getting into a cloak-and-dagger school, or at least the paratroops), friendship with Mike (I had a friend to confide in—long philosophical letters), and so on. I admit that friendship, love, and the war could have had other objects, too. Fire! At will! FIRE!

CAL showed me how to level my cheek to the stock and play against the recoil on the shoulder. I oiled the wood to bring out the grain, and with my cheek so many times against it, I learned kittenish love for the M-1 rifle of those days.

All these efforts made me pale and tense beneath the dark muscular hardness put on by infantry training under the Carolina sun. In a thin air of abstraction, I floated above the pain of preparing to kill, and my body below absorbed abuse almost without hurt. At present its flittering ambition confined itself to Army matters; the world narrowed toward the red sands of North Carolina—true love on the streets of Fayetteville, where nice girls cowered behind triple locks before being shipped away. I dreamed of saving the life of the green-eyed daughter of one of the town's leading citizens, sensuously kicking her from the path of a runaway truck, rolling with her in the dust, coming to my feet with the kind of decorative spots and wounds with which the make-up artists accent the cheekbones of movie heroes. Her esteemed father would say, "Ah do thank you kinely, suh. Yo-all is a gennleman albeit a nawthunah. Now spread yo legs nicely foh de soldja boy, honeychile. He ain't like that tray-ish, he speak seben languages includin de Sanskrit and also inter alia and postum factory (ah had a fine upbringing in Little Latin and Lesser Greek, suh!)—"

Screech! said Honeychile.

"Remembah," said her pappy the distinguished scholar and leading citizen of Fagleburg, "this heah damyankee done save you lah-eef."

"He read Tolstoy, play strong tennis, have poetic burning eyes set me aflame, too," remarked Honeychile, gradually recovering from the shock of informal introduction. "Here, Yankee, let me take your arm. . . ."

Montage of real, confiding, talkative love; César Franck under. How Laura, who had girlishly practiced at making me jealous, would suffer! I diluted the dream with jokes in order to make it serve for sixteen hours of potwashing.

On the second day of KP, Honeychile failed me; my heroic love of her did not seem energetic enough. I broke open a new box of Brillo and found a new fantasy.

Then down I float-float-floated, by parachute billowing into occupied France. There I was known as Monsieur l'Américain, leading the fanatic maquis warriors in foolhardy but always phenomenally murderous and successful nighttime raids on the gray-green Nazis, sleepless, eatless, my beard growing fierce and black although my actual Fort Bragg beard was thin and reddish and mediocrely stimulated by constant electric shaving. At night, of course, Fillette, the tavern keeper's winsome daughter, black bangs and contralto, crept like a little squirrel into my heart and sack. In this potwashing serial dream, we spoke high-school French until a section which was too sincere for foreign parlez-vous, whereupon Fillette switched over to English with a tart, breathy French accent. Incidentally, that was her figure of speech about creeping like a little squirrel through my ribs. I would never be guilty of such an impractical, morbid, oral-aggressive metaphor. She pronounced my name, Burr Fuller, as if it were "Bair . . . my leetle écureuil, my little wan," and I couldn't have been loved more eloquently in Beverly Hills.

So much for the manly, educated-in-America dream life of a soljur boy. The accepted way to get through an Army is to behave with cunning and be dazed. I was only partly stunned by my imaginary glories, and thus not so cunning as I might have been; but there are advantages. I kept on with my life. A man loses reality to himself if he's dazed (everybody knows that), but also if he is perfectly subtle and efficient.

Back to Cal Janus again.

Cal was a very wild odorous onion, a living



creature more fantastic than Honeychile or Fillette, and thus he drew me gently back into the world. How grateful I am! Fillette refreshed me, Honeychile comforted, but Cal Janus was *there*. He taught me lessons. He looked at me kindly. More and most: he was my friend.

I'm confident that the extraordinary personality—virtuous, excellent, however you call it—is not merely odd. Extreme excellence never wears a proper hat, but the extraordinary personality is not merely queer. He must be an exaggeration of the best in men, of the best in what we have in common. I guess he is the most radical argument for democracy.

But Cal was an exception, something like a saint—he was excellent but both saintly and as wild as a criminal. An abuser of life. His trouble was that he could enjoy nothing.

He took no pleasure.

He had no ease.

The men liked him, the officers liked him, even Sergeant Stamp liked him okay: his physical length and authority might have made him a noncom, had he wanted stripes. There was no embarrassment in the man. He had none of the personal unease (shyness of desire) which bedevils for example me. It was all general, abstract, absolute. There was a war on, and that was a final statement.

He could enjoy nothing.

"Let's take in a movie," I said one day when we went to Fayetteville on pass.

He replied with this question, which I summarize: When men are dying every day, when children are being tortured, when our world is probably coming to an end, how can you pleasure yourself with a steak, a movie, a beer, or a girl? How can you look at the maps in the newspaper, where each heavy line represents thousands of deaths, and then smile at a new joke?

"Hmm," I would say, half convinced by him, "yes, but look how my blister is healing. There's the body. It goes on anyway. The metabolism recognizes health, and good food or fun is healthy for our bodies, no matter what happens in the jungles or on the eastern front—"

"Disloyalty," he said.

"No, Cal, loyalty to the dead who were *unwilling* to give up life."

"Disloyalty," he said mournfully. Yet he was not an angry preacher. He stood too far away to care about our sinning—therefore further than God, who is said to care, I told him, though Cal's body, like human mine, was full of fat and blood and air and quaking with the works of lust and digestion. Ordinarily he said nothing. I dug it out of him. When I argued, "The dead—we continue their desire, we express our solidarity with them by having a good time . . ." he waited until my voice thinned away and my shame caught up with me. It did and does, though I believe more than ever that we must continue to desire. But Cal forced me to see the other possibility for faith, the solidarity of suffering.

We walked through town. I felt like a forgiven thief—really forgiven and emboldened. In the meantime, while the summer shower just over put a mist at our ankles, and the washing shriveled on the lines in the Negro neighborhood through which we passed, and salt marks appeared on our khaki shirts, and the air of Fayetteville had been laved for a time by the rain, Cal condemned himself to a perpetual mourning for all sinning mankind.

"Your way lies vegetarianism," I said. "Implications. Things are always dying, suffering, dying. When you walk, you step on ants. I had a friend had a hobby with earthworms, very interesting. This kind of discussion we had in the college cafeteria last year."

"You want to make me a fanatic," he said. "Why insist? I don't worry about ants or even anthills—they don't have our nervous receptors, if you like those words. I'm talking about men,

about millions of human beings with terrible receptors, about civilization."

"Same thing, brother. Life is ever a jungle. Strength for the struggle and sorrow. I was saying. Forgive my elegance."

"I know you mean it," he said, and brought me down again.

"Yes I do, Cal. But I'm sorry, I'm a little exalted today. GI coffee made of Stamp's shoes."

But I was brought down anyway. I didn't like it. "Struggle and sorrow," I pronounced, kidding, but it came out merely vague mourning.

Cal gave me his careful, sorrowing, struggling look from the great height of his neck. He had a long prickly furrowed stalk out of his collar like a red desert cactus. The pods of alley flowers were spilling onto cracking, steaming mud; we stooped under that ferny bush, green and dusty, which seems to live only in poverty the Tree of Heaven it's called. It showered the last flecks of rain on our shoulders; a black kid had leaned from a window to give it the shake. Cal grinned at the kid, but when he looked at me the grin vanished.

"Don't put me in a box," he said. "I accept as much of life as I can. I'm not even a pacifist —I won't keep myself from killing while others are condemned to kill for me. No, no. But I just can't see wenching while millions of men are groaning for their wives. No, for sure not."

"And when you're on furlough with your own wife?"

He gave me a fierce bloodshot look. With the same brutal and gentle confidence in his justice, he said, "All right, and I can't do it with her anymore, either. How could I? Not while this ugliness and rape goes on."

Boy that I was, shameless as I was, such naked revelation made me blush. In perpetual jealous curiosity about the steady bed luxuries of couples who never worried about being caught, I heard this dizzy confession. To refuse what they had all right to! No tipping porch swing, no dusty garage mattress, no park police to foil! Gee whiz, he was sainted for sure. Cal had it: he was and he really was a saint, though he smelled of sweat like the rest of us, had a row of blemishes where his belt rubbed against his middle, groaned at Sergeant Stamp. My shame and being touched happened also because he suddenly seemed simple as a child—"can't do it"—although he was a longtime reader and almost ten years my senior. Furrows, wrinkles, tired pouched eyes, but: "Did you do it last night? We did it"—that childish word for love. Cal loved with too powerful a generality to do any-

FAIRLIGHT by Robert Brittain

(Sussex coast)

THIS is a place I dreamed when Oklahoma,
red-earthed and rolling, six hundred miles from a sea,
was all I knew; and the only thing white like foam
breaking along the crest of a hummock of salt-water
was a wild-plum thicket in bloom. That, too, breasted
the rises, so that if I could have seen it from the top
of the biggest cottonwood tree it might have looked
something the way the blown froth looks from here.
Oklahoma lifts nothing a boy can climb
to come where chalk downs turn on a white heel
from a wind-run sea. Yet this is a place I dreamed:
the same solidity to stand on (though mine was granite,
as I remember) and the same triumphant distance
above the questionings any sea is full of.

Height is what boys are after. And whether it's branches
or promontories they reach eventually
is no great matter, seeing that ocean lifts
the same profusion of wild-plum blossom as prairie,
and petals float as mackerel scales of foam
where the wind runs in the squid-shaped wake of the breakers.

thing about love in the way of particular yearning action.

A trickle running down a furrow of his neck vanished before it reached his collar. It was as if he gave off a dry heat.

Cal was moral with a bewildering twist—*absolutely* moral. He did not moralize until I drove him to it. He did his soldiering jobs, then sat up nights in the latrine, reading newspapers, unable to sleep and burning out every little spoor of fat still hiding on his scarecrow body. Some crazy fake saints in cafeterias go clipping in the papers for more examples of the perversity of men. Cal simply mourned. When we took up as buddies, Cal was willing to do what a kid wanted, gallop through Fagleburg, drink, watch for girls. He had headaches and took aspirin like air, but he didn't complain.

He knew how to laugh, too. I like ham sandwiches with cole slaw on it. At a delicatessen in town I asked for one and got a ham sandwich with a dish of cole slaw. With the stubbornness of a new enlistee upholding the policy of unconditional surrender in North Carolina, I sent it back.

"*On* the sandwich," I said.

"On the *sand*wich?" the waitress drawled.

"On," I repeated.

She carried it back to the kitchen, and returned with a haggard expression, having dumped the dish of cole slaw over the sandwich.

A small relief in our life of drill and kitchen duty, but I laughed and so did Cal. Not that he liked to enjoy the incident, but he recognized that it was funny. He was so saintly that he could admit being human. He took it as duty to me. I needed his laughter to ease mine out, and he showed me an interior possibility of ease when he howled, half in pain, like an Arab singer. Within this dry bean lay soft plump mouth parts, folded.

SULLEN shoving trainees filled the streets; there was no strolling (don't you know there's a war on?); we went into a bar. This was something my saintly friend could accept—anesthesia. That is, he didn't enjoy it, but it gave him relief from his constant headaches and from the great headache of war and suffering. He took a whore on his knee and made general love to her, with words only, chink of bottles and hollow cough of empty draft-beer spigot, while she bounced on his lap to take his mind off conversation and give him surcease of cash.

"Ah honey," said the girl. "You-all want to go with me?" She was a tired, thin, very young girl with tiny, unformed, childish nose, mustached mouth, and sweet hardening eyes, lipstick on her healthy yellowish teeth, an imperfectly bathed wenchy country smell. There were seeds in the smear of jam hardening on her blouse. She was dead-ending fast. She pretended to need men, but really did. She was fit subject for Cal's pity and I wondered how he would pity her. "Y'all *don't* wanna go with me, honey?" she asked.

"As the compass yearns to the north," he said.

"Your boy homesick for the nawth?" She looked at me puzzled. "He crazy-ass crazy or only nuts? Your buddy-boy a soldier or ain't he?"

Being a bit imbued myself, I answered her with a song I had been reading in the splits and serrations of the table:

> I love you in the evening,
> That just alcohol talking,
> Just talk.
> I love you in the morning
> And tell me your dreams, I'll tell you mine,
> And help me my trouble, I'll help you yours—
> That *love.*

"You're no good," she said. "You getting fresh, I can tell. I like yore buddy. He *nice.*"

What impressed this girl was that Cal was polite, he was friendly, he was tender; but in fact he was indifferent to her as a specific, sad, camptown whore. He did not see her—this she took for gentlemanly charm and dignity, and crooked her little finger to be worthy of him. Cal had no sense of his wife, he had no sense of her, he had no sense of me. Like the girl, he was fast losing his self. In the meantime he sweated and anguished, glistering with drink and a closing light. He smiled, he was kind, the girls liked him although they felt that he didn't care; he made no pretense, he talked at them and bought drinks but that was all. A hungry pain in his head. The quickest element was being husked and eaten.

This happened many times. Then he went back to camp, took an aspirin, fell asleep, woke up, took another aspirin, and if it was Sunday morning read the papers. Death, death, death. If it was Saturday he took his aspirin and went out to duty. No hangover, no pleasure, nothing. But the war lay on his brain like an eating sore. Murder.

Cal was my friend. He felt my ignorance as innocence and we were joined by our varieties of absolutism—mine passing, I think, his coming upon him more and more fully. An addiction to absolute cleanness. This thing about justice and truth is no virtue when it comes on like an undiagnosed tropical fever, unclean,

undefined, and complicated. And worst of all—dejuicing. It feeds; it concentrates; and when it eats through a body, it leaves thickened skin, a pale stiff rind.

Devotion without faith! Pah!

But Cal took care of me. He believed in the idea of evil—also was Xtian—good. Despite headache and fever, he even wanted to sneak over and fill my place on the KP roster when Sergeant Stamp was furloughed, but I would not let him wash over me all the way with his saintliness. No, no. Strong virtue, yes, but down with the sublime—it is not of this earth. Let him be Jesus if he insisted, and die for my sins; *let him not wash my pots and pans.* He would not receive my co-operation in this enterprise. It was bad enough to have him stand by me, saying, "Are you willing for things to go on like they are?"

"Why ask the question, Cal? That's one for the girls who listened to Berlioz up at college. 'Are you happy, Dotty-Jean?' "

"But I want to know."

"Sure you want. But still you can't get a quick yes or no between changing the records. It isn't up to us to give final answers."

"I know," he murmured with a smile suspending his long, glistening, unhealthy jaw. "Still, it's got to stop. They've earned a rest. Everybody. Me too. Sometimes." And the smile was almost peaceful on that thrilled, troubled face.

There was no need to ask if now he was happy. He was not. Nor content to be alive. He had no place in his metabolism for the misery of this world of murder, hatred, war, spittle on mouths. We had seen a photograph of an SS man cutting off the beard of a fierce old Jew. The German who points his scissors at the Jew's mouth has a handsome heavy face under his helmet, he smiles, his skin is good, his teeth white, regular; other soldiers stand nearby, some laughing, a very young one with glasses and a dreamy look—he could be thinking of his mother or his girl. But there is spittle on his mouth.

Cal could not give the fact of bestiality anything but exclusive sovereignty over his own will. He did not exactly complain. He smiled, griped like a friend. He passed back the clipping to the worried boy who folded it into his wallet. He went along, drank like a good soldier. He did as he was told, only slept less.

The authority of his contempt for life was felt, however, but not as contempt. His sleeplessness was a wonder. He powered himself by fever. He was liked. He wanted nothing from anyone, so they made him corporal at last. He sewed on the stripes because it was expected of him. He accepted jealous congratulations as if they were generous expressions of good will. Then he forgot and everyone forgot. He carried a Browning Automatic Rifle. It killed faster. It made no difference.

So he didn't care about eating, but ate.

He didn't care about drinking, but drank.

He didn't care about women, but was a good fellow to them.

He also didn't care about you or me, but was kind.

His headaches got worse. The war got worse. His worries got worse. He took more aspirin.

"Does aspirin make it better?" I asked him.

"No, but I can stand to think about it," he said. "I feel the war behind the fuzz if I take enough aspirin. Without aspirin, I don't have the fuzz."

He began to have very pink eyes. The straight, strong, soldier's calm passed. The glistering sweat that I noticed when he dandled the whore on his lap kept him busy during training, too. Not a heavy sweat of drill under the Carolina sun. It was a thin, slippery nerve sweat. He didn't complain. "I don't feel well," he said, but it was not complaint. "How many dead today? How many tomorrow? How many dying every single day of this war?"

"No one wants to kill them."

"We do."

"We have to."

"Fools. Some like it. I wish," he said, and I listened to him without diagnosis because he was my friend. I saw pain without thinking disease because: how else to see a man? "I wish I were in the lines." A sensible person would have received enough signs already, but not me. His eyes were filmed over with an eye equivalent of his sick sweat.

WE WERE out for a field problem on a day of pure heat. The shadow of pine down the ravine seemed white with sun. Every foot in the company was swollen in its boot; our heads were cooking in helmet ovens. Even a carrion bird would have given up, closed shop on such meat. There were no birds, no rodents; pinching beasties, flies, ants, mites, chiggers aplenty. Ten minute break. Feet on packs, head in dust. Shuffle, scratch, undo canteens.

"Nobody drinks the water! Nobody drinks till the command! Nobody drinks the water! Captain's orders!" This yell went up and down the ranks. Groans. "Everything by the numbers," someone said. "Goddamn chickenshit

captain. He don't know I got the tonsillitis, he won't listen."

"*He* only carries a carbine. Empty pack, no gas mask, no M-1."

Our legs were tired and our eyes were gritty and our backs were hoisted out of shape and our self-respect was covered with wounds, and with difficulty we put ourselves together enough to wish rare Oriental diseases upon the captain. "He should have the tonsillitis and see what I would do for him," Logan said after a long thoughtful silence. "I'd—" But he decided to give the captain more thought. In our various voices we all called him by that favorite military epithet—Oedipus Rex.

"They had baked Alaska at the officers' mess hall last Saturday. We had prune pie," Fred Brand said.

"What the hell is baked Alaska?"

"Cooked crutty ice cream."

"Poo. No wonder he ain't thirsty."

I crawled next to Cal and said, "It helps if you suck a pebble. Captain's playing funny."

Cal opened his canteen and spilled his water on the ground. "Who wants to drink anyway?" he asked me.

I watched it rustling into the red sand, twice the speed of gravity, straight humming down, vanishing. I bugged with an effort to draw it up by pure eyepower. Our tongues swollen and coated, we were waiting for the order that would permit us to drink.

Cal had a worried, thoughtful line between his eyes.

"Why did you do that?" I asked him.

"What do I deserve it for? The captain is correct. What right have we? The boy shot in the stomach is dying of thirst, I know, I know. Cal Janus does not need to drink the water."

He was quiet and undemonstrating now. Finally I thought of going to somebody and saying, I'm worried about Corporal Janus. Whom could I tell? What could I tell? That he denied himself comfort? That he refused to screw a whore, enjoy whiskey, drink the water? That the war troubled him so he lived on aspirin? Go jerk off, they would have asked me please to do. If Sergeant Stamp had raised a question, okay; but at last some of the sergeant's dislike for me was beginning to spread toward my buddy, Janus, that old man of thirty. The sergeant couldn't find a hold for working him over, of course; Cal simply paid him no mind. He cared for nothing. He gave up pleasure. He no longer had dreams, he said, neither good nor bad ones. They suggested the possibility of pleasure, even the bad ones. He stayed awake. He stopped writing to his wife.

He thought only of the inexorable crunch of



war, the murder of men upon the murder of men.

"But people are always dying!" I protested. "Disease, age, accident—"

"Abortion, crime, the waste of nature—"

"Yes! Stop your bleeding!" I said. I felt like the gypsy who made the nails sharp so that they would hurt less as they penetrated the palms of Jesus. "Get wise! Get with it!"

And a secret smile crossed his face. "It's unjust," he said, "I won't admit it."

"*Admit* it?"

"I know it happens. I won't allow it."

"But it doesn't depend on you, Cal!"

And again that secret smile across the sick estroyed face of a soldier who no longer wrote to his wife because of the joy it gave him to hear from her. He had no rights. Other soldiers were dying without hearing from their wives.

"Think of her!" I protested. "Think of your children."

And for the third time in a few minutes there was that sneaky whiplash of smile striking my friend in the face, a smile from elsewhere. What was happening was a partial, worser death. A soul which was in some way present with you no longer answers, *"Here!"* when you call to it. He was transformed that day into a debris of suffering, suffering without cry of pain, a twisting and crawling of the nerves. The long face grew as greasy as that of a fat man. Beads of sweat ran off the grin, ran into the black glare of bad teeth; he spoke nonsense, grinding a broken stump of tooth, saying, "Nothing, nothing, nothing"; he was led off to sick call.



"Tell me what's the matter," I pleaded with him. "Do you want some water?" What else could I give him?

"I'm sick, Burr, I'm sick sick sick sick."

"What hurts, Cal? Where do you hurt?"

"Si-ick!" he shouted, and paused, cocking his head to listen for an echo off the dispensary walls, and then there was no echo and he laughed. It was a laugh, but it was not an ordinary laugh—it trailed thinly up his crevassed neck, it was a lighter than air spirit slipping away, a retreat by ascension. This laugh had no mouth parts in it. I shivered. He chuckled and whispered to me, "But my head still hurts."

There were orderlies taking him. He had been noticed by someone; he had made himself seen by authority at last.

"Oh my head. Oh my poor little headache."

A FEW men watched as he was led from the dispensary to an ambulance. They would not let me go along, but I ran after to the hospital. They had given him a sedative by the time I got there. He lay curled and groggy on a cot. The shadow across his face was met by death's darker shadow soaking from beneath the skin. The doctors were watching him with the baffled, slightly angry, bureaucratic look of interns faced by something not in the books. Or not in the books they had read. An orderly stood by, but Cal made no trouble.

"Poor poor poor little headache," he was crooning to himself. He was bent as if he wanted to put his head between his knees.

"How do you feel, Cal?"

"I had no right. The war took it away. I had no chance."

"No chance for what, Cal?"

No answer.

"We'll have lots of fun yet, Cal."

"No, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing."

He was slimy with his inward shock. There was nothing to see on his face but the black fixed stumps of grin and the headache. I thought of his fear of pleasure when the doctor later told me brain tumor. They operated; they found a rapid fibrous mass like a split carrot over that magic sponge; he died. This created a new problem for me. Some of the men who had noticed him now said that his enthusiasm for peace and brotherhood, his self-sacrifice, his inability to take pleasure while others were suffering, were merely an unruly mass of greedy cells feeding on his brain. In other words, this nutty idealism was mere nuttiness.

Is idealism a brain tumor? Does it necessarily kill a man?

I had the chance to try its opposite, the no-brain tumor, once we fought up to Paris.

In the meantime, poor Cal, he died of it. He died of what killed him, but he was a good soul, and have we the right to turn our backs on his symptoms of virtue for being so irregularly caused?

ARTHUR A. COHEN

WHY I CHOOSE TO BE A JEW

A young publisher and Jewish scholar explains his faith in the God of the Old Testament—who has, he believes, unfolded history "from the Tower of Babel to the Cold War" and chosen the Jews as a special instrument to bring all men to redemption. He warns American Jews (many of whom will find his beliefs unacceptable) against the dangers of ignoring the ancient fundamentals of their religion.

This is the third in a series on modern religious beliefs. "The Faith of a Heretic" by Walter Kaufmann appeared in February and "What a Modern Catholic Believes" by Philip Scharper in March. An article on new currents in Protestant thought will follow in the May issue.

UNTIL the present day, the Jew could not *choose* to be a Jew—history forced him to accept what his birth had already defined.

During the Middle Ages he was expected to live as a Jew. He could escape by surrendering to Islam or Christianity, but he could *not* choose to remain anonymous. In the nineteenth century, with the growth of nationalism, Christianity became the ally of patriotism. The Jews of Europe were compelled to prove that their religion did not compromise their loyalty to King, Emperor, Kaiser, or Tsar. But no matter how desperately they tried to allay suspicion by assimilation or conversion, the fact of their birth returned to plague them. Finally, in the Europe of Nazism and Communism, the Jew could not choose—on any terms—to exist at all.

In the United States today, it is at last possible to choose *not* to remain a Jew. The mass migrations of Jews from Europe have ended and the immigrant generation which was tied to the European pattern of poverty and voluntary segregation is dying off. Their children, the second generation, were as suspicious of the gentile American society in which they grew up as they were condescending toward the ghetto world of their parents. The second generation, however, made the Jewish community economically secure and fought anti-Semitism so effectively that, though still present, it is no longer severe. *Their* children—the third generation of Jews now in its twenties and thirties—are able to choose.

For this generation the old arguments no longer hold. It was once possible to appeal to history to prove that Jewish birth was inescapable, but history is no proof to those who are—as many Jews are—indifferent to its evidence. Loyalty to the Jewish people and pride in the State of Israel are no longer enough to justify the choice to be a Jew. The postwar American Jew no longer needs the securities which European Jewry found in Jewish Socialism, Jewish Nationalism, the revival of Hebrew, and the Zionist Movement. *Fear*—the fear of anti-Semitism and *hope*—the hope for the restoration of Israel—are no longer effective reasons for holding onto Jewish identity. The fear has waned and the hope has been fulfilled.

The irresistible forces of history no longer *compel* the Jew to choose Judaism. In many cases, moreover, he is choosing to repudiate Judaism or to embrace Christianity. I do not say the numbers are alarming. That they exist at all is, however, symptomatic. It is only the exceptional—those who are searching deeply or are moved profoundly, who ever reject or embrace. The majority tend more often to undramatic indifference—to slide into the routine of maturity without asking questions for which no meaningful answers have been offered.

Given the freedom to choose I have decided to embrace Judaism. I have not done so out of loyalty to the Jewish people or the Jewish state. My choice was religious. I chose to believe in the

God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; to acknowledge the law of Moses as the Word of God; to accept the people of Israel as the holy instrument of divine fulfillment; to await the coming of the Messiah and the redemption of history.

SCAFFOLD OF UNREASON

MANY Jews will find my beliefs unfamiliar or unacceptable—perhaps outrageous. The manner in which I arrived at them is not very interesting in itself, but I think two aspects of my experience are worth noting because they are fairly common: I come from a fundamentally unobservant Jewish home and my first religious inclination was to become a Christian.

My parents are both second-generation American Jews whose own parents were moderately religious, but, newly come to America, lacked either the education or the opportunity, patience, and time to transmit to their children their own understanding of Judaism. My parents went to synagogue to observe the great Jewish holidays—Passover, the New Year, and the Day of Atonement—but worship at home, knowledge of the liturgy, familiarity with Hebrew, concern with religious thought and problems, did not occupy them. Their real concern—and they were not unique—was adjusting to American life, achieving security, and passing to their children and those less fortunate the rewards of their struggle.

It would be ungrateful to deny the accomplishments of my parents' generation. They managed to provide their children with secular education and security. But although the flesh was nourished, the spirit was left unattended. When I had finished high school and was ready to leave for college I took with me little sense of what my religion, or any religion, involved. I knew only that in these matters I would have to fend for myself.

When an American Jew studies at an American university it is difficult for him not to be overwhelmed—as I was at the University of Chicago—by the recognition that Western culture is a Christian culture, that Western values are rooted in the Greek and Christian tradition. He may hear such phrases as "Judaeo-Christian tradition" or "the Hebraic element in Western culture," but he cannot be deluded into thinking that this is more than a casual compliment. The University of Chicago, moreover, insisted that its students study seriously the philosophic sources of Western culture, which, if not outspokenly Christian, were surely non-Jewish. I soon found myself reading the classics of Christian theology and devotion from St. Augustine and St. Anselm through the sermons of Meister Eckhart.

It was not long before my unreligious background, a growing and intense concern with religious problems, and the ready access to compelling Christian literature all combined to produce a crisis—or at least my parents and I flattered ourselves that this normal intellectual experience was a religious crisis. The possibility of being a Christian was, however, altogether real. I was rushed, not to a psychoanalyst, but to a Rabbi—the late Milton Steinberg, one of the most gifted and profound Jewish thinkers of recent years. Leading me gently, he retraced the path backwards through Christianity to Judaism, revealing the groundwork of Jewish thought and experience which supported what I have come to regard as the scaffolding of Christian "unreason."

It was extremely important to me to return to Judaism through the medium of Christianity—to choose after having first received the impress of Western education and Christian thought. Since it would have been possible to become a Christian—to accept Christian history as my history, to accept the Christian version of Judaism as the grounds of my own repudiation of Judaism, to believe that a Messiah had redeemed *me*—I could only conclude that Judaism was not an unavoidable fate, but a destiny to be chosen freely.

ACT VERSUS THOUGHT

MY OWN conversion and, I suspect, the conversion of many other Jews to Judaism, was effected, therefore, through study, reflection, and thought. What first seized my attention was not the day-to-day religious life of the Jewish community around me, but rather principles, concepts, and values. I had first to examine the pressing theological claims of a seemingly triumphant Christianity, before I could accept the ancient claims of a dispersed, tormented, and suffering Jewry.

This may sound reasonable enough to a gentile, but I must point out that it is an extremely unconventional attitude for a Jew. Historically, Judaism has often looked with disfavor upon theology. And today, despite the fact that traditional emotional ties can no longer be relied upon to bind the third generation to Jewish life, American Jewish leadership has not seen fit to encourage the examination of the theological bases of Jewish faith. In fact, the leading rabbinical seminaries teach little Jewish theology

as such, give scant attention to Jewish philosophic literature, and have allowed the apologetic comparison of religious beliefs to become a moribund discipline. Even practical problems involving some theological insight—the nature of marriage, the Jewish attitude toward converts, the life of prayer—are dispatched with stratospheric platitudes, or not discussed at all.

Why this distrust of theology? I suspect that some Jewish leaders fear—perhaps not unjustifiably—that theological scrutiny of what they mean by God, Israel, and Law might reveal that they have no theology at all. Others no doubt fear—again not unjustifiably—that their unbending interpretations of Jewish Law and life might have to be revised and re-thought. Theology often produces a recognition of insufficiency, an awareness that valid doctrine is being held for the wrong reasons and that erroneous doctrine is being used to rationalize right action. But the major Jewish argument against Jewish theology is that it is a Christian pastime—that it may, by insinuation and subtle influence, Christianize Judaism. In this view, Christianity is a religion of faith, dogma, and theology and Judaism is a religion which emphasizes *observance* of God's Law, not speculation about it.

For me this argument is a vast oversimplification. Christianity is not without its own structure of discipline, requirements, and laws—the Roman sacraments and the Lutheran and Anglican liturgy, for example—and this structure does not move with the Holy Spirit as easily as St. Paul might have wished. Judaism, on the other hand, is not tied to the pure act. It has matured through the centuries a massive speculative and mystic tradition which attempts to explain the principles upon which right action are founded. Judaism need not, therefore, regret the renewal of theology. It already has one. It is merely a question of making what is now a minor chord in Jewish tradition sound a more commanding note.

THE SMOKING MOUNTAIN

AS A "convert" who thinks that theology must come first, what do I believe?

The convert, I must point out, is unavoidably both a thinker and a believer—he thinks patiently and believes suddenly. Yet belief, by itself, cannot evict the demons of doubt and despair. As a believer I can communicate my beliefs, but as a thinker I cannot guarantee that they are certain or will never change. As all things that record the encounter of God and man, beliefs are subject to the conditions of time and history, and the pitiable limitation of our capacity to understand such enormous mysteries. As I shall try to show, however, the four beliefs which I have already set down lie at the center of my faith as a Jew. They depend upon one another; they form a whole; they differ profoundly from the substance of Christian belief.

First, I chose to believe in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. This is to affirm the reality of a God who acts in history and addresses man. Although this God may well be the same as the abstract gods formulated by philosophers, he is still more than these—he is the God who commanded Abraham to quit the land of the Chaldeans and who wrestled with Jacob throughout the night.

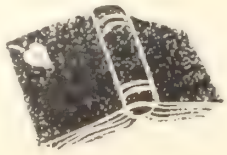
The philosopher and the believer must differ in their method. The philosopher begins by examining that portion of reality to which reason allows him access. The believer, however, must at some point move beyond the limits which reason has defined. He may rightly contend that reason points beyond itself, that the rational is real, but that much in human life—evil, suffering, guilt, and love—is terrifyingly real without ever being rationally comprehensible.

Reason may thus push a man to belief, and it is inaccurate to speak of the believer as though he had deserted or betrayed reason. Informed belief demands philosophic criticism and refinement. The believer is bound to uphold his faith in things he cannot see or verify; but he is foolish if he does not try to define what that belief is and clarify the unique ways in which it makes reality meaningful for him.

For me then to believe in the Biblical God, the God of the Patriarchs, the smoking mountain, the burning bush, was not to surrender reason, but to go beyond it. More than accepting the literal words of the Bible, it meant believing in the Lord of History—the God who creates and unfolds history, and observes its tragic rifts and displacements—from the Tower of Babel to the Cold War; who, in his disgust, once destroyed the world with flood and later repented his anger; who, forgoing anger, gave to the world counsels of revelation, commencing with the gift of Torah to Moses and continuing through the inspired writings of the ancient rabbis; and who finally—through his involvement with the work of creation—prepares it for redemption.

It may seem difficult—indeed for many years it was—to consider the Bible, which is the source of this belief, as more than the unreliable account of an obscure Semitic tribe. But gradually

I came to discover in it an authentic statement of the grandeur and misery of man's daily existence—a statement which I could accept only if I believed in a God who could be addressed as "Lord, Lord."



THE EXALTED AND THE PICAYUNE

MY SECOND belief is an acknowledgment that ***the Law of Moses is the Word of God.*** The Bible tells us that the Word of God broke out over the six hundred thousand Hebrews who assembled at the foot of Sinai. That Word was heard by Moses—he who had been appointed to approach and receive. The Word became human—in its humanity, it undoubtedly suffers from the limitation of our understanding—but it lost none of its divinity.

The Law is always a paradox: it is both the free Word of God and the frozen formality of human laws. But the Law of Moses was vastly different from what we usually understand law to be. It is true that in the days before the Temple was destroyed by Titus in 70 A.D. divine law was the enforceable law of the judge and the court; but later the great rabbis who interpreted it conceived of the revelation of God to Israel, not as law in its common usage, but as *Torah*—teaching.

Torah is a fundamental concept for the Jew. Narrowly conceived, it refers to the Pentateuch—the first five books of the Bible which are the pristine source of all Jewish tradition. In them are the laws of the Sabbath and the festivals; the foundations of family and communal morality; and the essentials of Jewish faith—the unity of God, the election of Israel, and the definition of its special mission. But, broadly conceived, Torah refers to *any* teaching which brings man closer to the true God, who is the God of Israel and the Lord of History.

Torah has two aspects—the actual way of law and observance (the *halachah* as it is called in Hebrew) and the theology of the rabbis which interprets that way (called the *aggadah*). By means of both, according to Jewish tradition, God proposes to lead *all* of his creation to fulfillment, to perfect its imperfections, to mend the brokenness of his creatures. The Jewish people —the guardian of the *halachah* and the *aggadah*— has been elected to be pedagogue to all the nations of the world, to become on its behalf "a kingdom of priests and a holy people."

Jews can achieve holiness—the primary objective, I believe, of their religion—neither by prayer nor meditation alone. Judaism values prayer only in conjunction with the act; it praises study only in relation to life.

God does not propose or suggest ways to achieve holiness; he commands them. According to Torah, he lays upon each Jew "the yoke of the commandments." To observe the Sabbath is as much a commandment as is the obligation to daily prayer; the grace which accompanies eating as essential as the study of sacred literature. Although tradition distinguishes between practical and intellectual commandments, it considers both to be equally the expressed will of God. The arbitrary and the reasonable—the dietary laws and the prohibition of homosexuality for example—both proceed from God.

Judaism begins with an explicit fact: the revelation of Torah. Many of its commandments may seem trivial. But it should not be expected that God will leave the trivial to man and concern himself only with the broad, general, and universal. The corruption of man takes place not only in the province of principle, but in the small and petty routine of life. The Torah is therefore exalted and picayune, universal and particular, occupied equally with principle and the details of practice. It tolerates no separation between the holy and the profane—all that is secular must become sacred, all that is profane must be kept open to the transforming power of God.

The exact degree to which Jews should fulfill all the commandments of the Law is one of the most difficult and perplexing dilemmas for modern Jews. Orthodox Jews are in principle obligated to observe all of Jewish Law, Reform Jews have cut observance to a minimum (though there is a movement to increase it), Conservative Jews stand somewhere in between. I will not attempt it in this space, but I believe it is possible to show that the fundamental question is not whether the Jew performs the required acts of observance, but whether he is truly aware of the sacred intention of these acts. One can, for example, recite the blessings over the food one eats and feel nothing of the sanctity of food; on the other hand one can silently acknowledge the holiness of eating, and fulfill the command of God. Both are needed—the blessing and the inner acknowledgment, but the former is surely incomplete without the latter.

ODD OF GOD

THE third of my beliefs is, as I have indicated, simply an element of God's revelation in Torah—that ***the Jewish people has been chosen as a special instrument of God.***

The Jews did not request the attentions of God. There is significant truth—truth moreover which the rabbis of the Talmud endorse—in the popular couplet: "How odd of God, to choose the Jews." Odd, and unsolicited. The ancient rabbis disclaim particular merit. If anyone possessed merit, they repeat, it was not the generation that fled Egypt and braved the wilderness for forty years, but the generations of the Biblical patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. They had no organizer such as Moses, nor strength of numbers, nor the miracles of the well, manna, and quail. They made a covenant with God on sheer trust. The generation of Sinai was *compelled* to become the people of God or perish. A God of History grows impatient with delay. The God of Israel was profoundly impatient on Sinai.

This tradition of election should not be confused with racial pride or an attitude of arrogant exclusion toward others. The Jew believes neither that the truth flows in his blood nor that the gentile cannot come to possess it. Judaism is exclusive only in the sense that we affirm we possess important truth which is available to all—everyone can join but only on our terms.

The election of Israel is not a conclusion drawn from history—the survival and endurance of the Jews through twenty centuries of destructive persecution could be no more than blind accident. At best it could be construed as a compliment to the resiliency and stubbornness of the Jewish people. Judaism has insisted however—not as a declaration after the fact, but as a principle of its very existence—that it is both a holy nation chosen by God to be his own and a suffering nation destined to endure martyrdom for his sake. God announces not only that "Ye shall be holy unto me; for I the Lord am Holy, and have separated you from the peoples, that ye should be mine" (Leviticus 20:26) but that "You only have I known of all the families of the earth: therefore I will visit upon you all your iniquities" (Amos 3:2).

Israel is thus called not only to be the example to the nations, but, being the example, is tried all the more sorely for its transgressions. To be sure, this is not a doctrine for the uncourageous. No one even slightly familiar with the agonies of Jewish history could claim that the election of Israel has brought with it particular reward and security. It is however precisely the fact of Jewish suffering which makes its election and mission all the more pertinent to the modern world. To have believed and survived in spite of history is perhaps the only evidence which Judaism can offer to the accuracy of its conviction that it is called to be a holy community.

WOLF AND LAMB

IN THE face of Christendom and the obvious success which its claims have enjoyed, it may seem foolish or presumptuous for Judaism—a small and insignificant community of believers—to assert my fourth belief: that ***Jesus is not the Messiah of which the Bible speaks,*** that Christianity has conceived but one more imperfect image of the end, and that ***a Messiah is yet to come who will redeem history.***

But there are enduring reasons why Jews cannot accept Jesus as the Messiah. Both Christian and Jew begin with the conviction of the imperfection of man. The Christian argues, however, that creation has been so corrupted by man as to be saved only through the mediation of Jesus. The Jew considers creation imperfect but, rather than corrupt, he finds it rich with unfulfilled possibility. The role of man is to bring creation to that point at which the Messiah can come to glorify man by bringing him the praise of God—not to save him from self-destruction, as Christianity would have it. According to Jewish tradition, Moses died from the kiss of God. It would be fitting to conceive the advent of the Messiah and the Kingdom of God as the bestowal of a kiss.

This does not mean that God congratulates man for his good works but rather that he shares both in the agony of history and in its sanctification. Judaism does not imagine that every day we are getting better and better, and that finally we will reach a point where the Messiah will come. As likely as not, it seems to me, history is coming closer each day to suicide. The mission of Judaism is not to stave off disaster but to enlarge man's awareness of the Divine Presence.

Jews believe, if they are to remain Jews, that the Messiah has not come. They can accept Jesus of Nazareth as little more than a courageous witness to truths to which his own contemporaries in Pharisaic Judaism by and large subscribed. Jesus was, as Martin Buber has

suggested, one in the line of "suffering servants" whom God sends forth to instruct the nations. It is to the dogmatizing work of St. Paul that one must ascribe the transformation of "prophet" into "Christ"—and it is therefore St. Paul who severs Jesus from the life of Israel. The rejection of Jesus must now stand to the end of time.

The role of Israel and Judaism, until the advent of the true Messiah, is to outlast the world and its solutions—to examine its complacencies, to deflate its securities, to put its principles to the test of prophetic judgment. This is an aristocratic and painful mission, for though Judaism may address the world and lay claim to it, it does not seek to convert it.

Judaism does not say "The world is not changed—therefore we do not believe in the Messiah." This is only partially true, for the coming of the Messiah will mean more than a reformed world in which the wolf and lamb shall share bread together and war shall cease. This social image of salvation is true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. The Messiah is not a handyman or a plumber—his task does not consist in "mending" a world that is temporarily faulty but is essentially perfect. The world is to be transformed—not reformed—by the Messiah.

This transformation will come to pass, Judaism believes, only when the world wishes it so deeply that it cannot abide itself more a single moment. At that moment the Messiah may come. This moment of expectancy has not yet arrived. The rabbis have taught us that I, and all of the House of Israel, prevent him from coming. Of this there is no question, but we cannot avoid concluding that he has not come.

FOR the Jew who comfortably repeats the rituals of his religion without confronting the principles of faith which they express, and for the Jew who was not aware that Judaism had any principles of faith at all, this personal statement may seem shocking. But I do not think my position or my background are by any means unique. If, as I have argued, the present generation of American Jews is indeed the first generation of Jews in centuries who are free to choose to believe as Jews, then, in my terms at least, my argument is important. Now as never before it will be possible for the Jewish people and the State of Israel to survive, but for Jewish *religion* to perish. For me, and for other believing Jews, it is crucial for mankind that Judaism survive. The mission of Judaism is not completed nor the task of the Jewish people fulfilled. If the Jewish people is an instrument sharpened by God for his own purposes, it must go on serving that purpose, sustaining its burden, and keeping that trust which alone can bring all men to redemption.

HOW DEEP ARE THE ROOTS?

THE disappearance of . . . anti-Semitism in its classic meaning has had most beneficial consequences for the political and material situation of the Jewish communities, but a very negative effect on our internal life. The great challenge to our existence which has brought forward great defensive and constructive forces in our people no longer exists, or has been reduced to very insignificant forms. . . . If the status quo continues, a process of silent assimilation will continue, destroying the roots of our existence and undermining the foundations of our survival. . . . To maintain identity and Jewish consciousness, especially among the young generation, must become the central issue in Jewish life.

—Dr. Nahum Goldmann, president, World Jewish Congress, Geneva, July 23, 1958.

CLARENCE L. COLEMAN, JR., re-elected president of the American Council on Judaism, told the closing session that he was "against every force or influence at work in the lives of American Jews which tends to separate and segregate them, in areas other than their religious beliefs, from their fellow-Americans."

—The *New York Times*, January 26, 1959.

By ALLEN KENT

Associate Director, Center for Documentation and Communication Research, School of Library Science, Western Reserve University



A machine that does Research

A new kind of electronic brain, now being developed in Cleveland, can pick out a sliver of vital information from a haystack of unwanted papers—and may save millions of dollars and countless hours of labor for American scholars and businessmen.

NOT long ago the director of a large engineering organization was chagrined to discover that his research staff had spent $50,000 and a year's time in repeating an unsuccessful design program for building military trucks that he himself had rejected ten years before. For a decade the original research report had lain buried in the company library. . . .

An official of Pan American World Airways heard about an unclassified 85-page report on air cargo that had been prepared at the Stanford Research Institute in 1956. He wrote to Stanford to get it and enclosed a Pan Am purchase order.

"Sorry, we did this for the USAFHQ, DCS/D," Stanford replied. "Why not write them?" (Stanford's reports are the property of its clients, he learned later.) He wrote again, with a new purchase order, to the Air Forces HQ, DCS/D, requesting a copy of the booklet.

"Sorry, they're all distributed; don't have any. Try ASTIA," came the reply.

He wrote a new purchase order and letter to ASTIA in Dayton.

"Sorry, you're not qualified to receive this report. Try OTS."

Another letter, another purchase order, this time to OTS, Department of Commerce in Washington. To that, he received no reply whatever.

I agree with the man who told the story that Pan Am had a need and a right to know how to solve this problem. But whose responsibility was it to make that report available? . . .

In 1950, an article on the application of Boolean algebra to electrical circuits appeared in a journal of the Soviet Academy of Science, and though an English abstract was later published in *Mathematical Reviews,* it was not "discovered" until five years later—after several teams of mathematicians in a variety of American industrial concerns had spent more than fifteen man-years in unsuccessful attempts to solve the problem. . . .

American industrial and scientific research is littered with examples of inefficiency like these because obsolete library methods can neither keep track of the mounting volume of scientific and technical research, nor make it accessible in a hurry. An executive of a large steel company has insisted that it is cheaper to repeat an experiment if the cost does not exceed $100,000 than to pay for a search to determine whether it has been done before. And Thomas Vaughan, vice president of Colgate-Palmolive, has guessed that if better library methods could cut only one per cent of the research worker's time, they would save American industry something like $20 million a year.

This torrent of new knowledge comes from government agencies, universities, and industries

here and abroad. Internationally, there are about 50,000 journals in the natural and physical sciences. *Chemical Abstracts,* an American publication, indexes some 100,000 articles a year, and special libraries throughout the country draw on over three hundred various abstracting and indexing sources. The U. S. Patent Office admits to being almost four years behind in searching applications for patents.

In 1955 Vannevar Bush urged the Patent Office to explore the techniques of automation for speeding up their work.* In that same year, with a similar but broader objective in mind, Western Reserve University in Cleveland initiated a far-reaching program to improve library methods, in its new Center for Documentation and Communication Research. Western Reserve has natural assets for the job: its School of Library Science, which fosters the Center, is one of the oldest, best known, and most progressive in the country; and Cleveland's industrial and research facilities offer a rich source of support. The Center's chief outside sponsor from the start has been the American Society for Metals, and scores of sponsors and customers for its various services now range from firms like Union Carbide Corporation and General Electric Company to Duke University, the U. S. Army, and the U. S. Air Force.

The program began small but it has rapidly gained momentum. From the beginning, it has been closely integrated with the School of Library Science, and the School's Dean, Dr. J. H. Shera, is the Center's spokesman and a national leader in the new field of documentation. But in view of the magnitude and complexity of the research needs of modern science and technology—and of the caution with which responsible government officials are obliged to come to decisions—the Center's main advantage is a human quality. Its men and women—from Western Reserve's President John S. Millis to the part-time graduate assistant—are dedicated to the idea that a reasonable approach to the staggering problems of scientific communication can be found. Important tangible results have come much faster than we ever expected—when a few of us used to get together a short five years ago and talk. James W. Perry, who is now Director of the Center, was then a Library Fellow at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and I was associated with him there.

*The Office now has a long-range program dealing with the use of electronic equipment in its searches. It is called "Haystaq."

But Western Reserve—and the nation's research effort—have a long way to go; and in this field no organization can go it alone.

CAN WE SPEED UP THE LIBRARY?

THE focus of the rapidly expanding program of the Center for Documentation is its electronic research machine—called the Western Reserve Searching Selector—designed and nurtured by J. W. Perry. The machine is now installed in the bare second-floor master bedroom of a converted brick and stucco house on fraternity row where the Center is housed, and it rattles along noisily eight to ten hours a day. With the assistance of human operators and a Flexowriter which is wired into it, the machine scans the encoded abstracts of scientific articles and produces in typewritten form a bibliography of existing knowledge on a given problem. It can work on ten questions simultaneously.

Early next year, the present Selector will step down to the status of student-trainer, and a new high-speed machine now being built by General Electric will take over. With transistors instead of tubes in its innards and magnetic tape instead of paper tape in its craw, the new machine will hum not rattle, and will flash the red light indicating a fruitful connection five thousand times as often. But even this new electronic searcher will be only part of a pilot project for a greater design.

The Center's staff of about fifty, many of them women, is sprinkled liberally with graduate students in a new branch of library science, working part-time—for pay, for love of research, and for master's and doctor's degrees. The Center's first Ph. D.s hope to graduate this September and will be qualified professionally as "documentalists" to take jobs in industry, government, and university libraries, at salaries a third higher than those of the usual doctor of library science. For the library of the future will not be a cloister, presided over by a kindly spirit withdrawn from the turmoil of the outside world, but a throbbing nerve center of commercial, scientific, and industrial research.

I am well aware that this picture may be horrifying to conservative scholars—but the historical and linguistic implications of this intellectual experiment are exciting too. Because much of the work of any research and communications center depends on translation and language analysis, a foreign tongue and symbolic

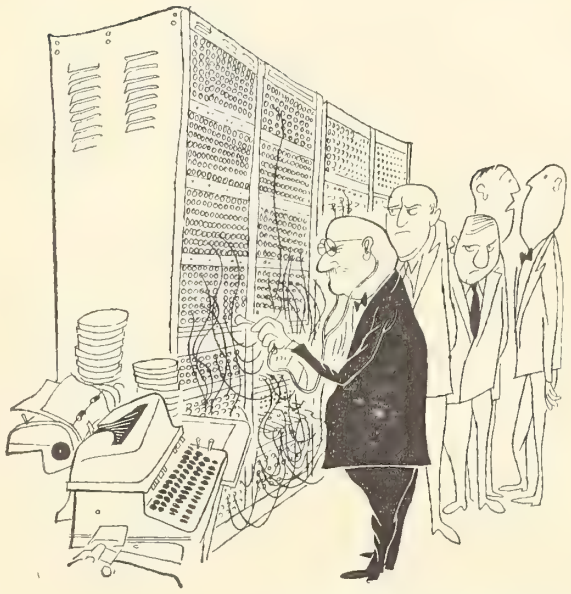
logic may be more useful tools for some specialists than electronics.

At present, the program at Western Reserve centers mainly on metallurgy. Through the cooperation of the American Society for Metals, we receive journals from all parts of the world. Graduate students, acting as subject analysts, prepare detailed abstracts of the important articles, encode them into "machine language," much as a clerk codes messages for transatlantic transmission into "cablese." Punched into standard IBM cards, these abstracts are then automatically checked against a "code dictionary," which is also on IBM cards. One of the Center's tasks is to develop this dictionary of punched cards, whose terms and phrases bring in related generic concepts and broaden the reference which the research machine will produce on a given question. For example, the code for "induction furnace" will permit searches not only for that term, but also more generically for "electrical heating equipment" or "electrical equipment" or "heating equipment" or "heating."

Once the "dictionary" meanings are transferred to the punched cards of the metallurgical abstract, the units are transferred (automatically) to punched paper tape. These rolls of tape, each covering about fifty abstracts, are stored in small paper boxes (5 x 6 x 1½ inch in size). Stacked on a table or lined up on a shelf, a hundred of these boxed rolls of tape contain the basic findings, encoded in machine language, of thousands of scientific journals. These rolls constitute the "library." The WRU Center also keeps the *un*coded abstracts and copies of the original articles, filed in the traditional manner and identified by the serial number of the stored code version.

HOW TO FIND THINGS OUT

WHEN a request for a search comes in, the human operators encode the question, wire (or "program") the Searching Selector for that question, and insert the encoded "library" tape in the Flexowriter, which transfers the impulses by wire into the selector. The machine then rattles through its noisy routine of response and rejection (flashing white or red lights on its switchboard front to indicate misses or hits), and the Flexowriter (unmanned) types out on ordinary manuscript paper the serial numbers of the relevant abstracts. Obviously, the results can be sent anywhere, and the laboratory technician or inventor who asked the question can study the material at his own convenience.



Drawings by Stanley Wyatt

During the past year—under a test sponsored by the American Society for Metals—trial "customers" ordered more than a hundred machine searches. Many of these would have taken a corps of librarians weeks or months to duplicate by conventional methods. For example, one company, working on a jet airplane, wanted to find a high-temperature-resistant metal possessing the optimum combination of fabricating properties. The inquiry was expressed as a request for all the literature on "the formability of the sheet form of as many of the high-temperature alloys as have been tested." In this case, the Center staff clarified the question, encoded it, programed it, fed the "library" through the "reading unit" of the Selector, and eventually sent the results to the customer in the form of abstracts of the relevant articles.

Since January 1 of this year, the Center has been supplying a "current awareness" service to ten industrial, university, and government organizations—keeping them up to date on the current world output in metallurgy. This service not only guarantees nearly complete coverage of the field but cuts down on the time lag in library processing of journals.

The next step for Western Reserve will be to install the GE high-speed machine. Western Reserve is also looking for about $350,000 to "stock" the new library and train competent subject specialists. Such an investment would underwrite a model center for pilot searching operations of a convincing variety and size and would serve as a foundation for a national litera-

ture exploitation center. Small pilot projects in the main scientific fields (biology, biochemistry, chemistry, physics, mathematics) will require trainees with an undergraduate major in science, a master's degree in librarianship, and preferably some experience in the field in which they will be abstracting.

DO WE WANT A NATIONAL CENTER?

IN THEORY, at least, automation in library procedures makes possible a national system of information facilities that will increase the efficiency of the research worker and safeguard our scientific and industrial progress. But strong disagreement exists among government officials and professional experts in the field as to the degree of centralization that is desirable and as to the estimated cost of launching any national program. Whenever the subject comes up (as it came up in Congressional Hearings last spring, in a pioneering conference in Cleveland three years ago, in discussions—both public and private—by the National Science Foundation and the National Research Council), wild differences arise in the guesses about costs (one can't call them estimates) which are aired by the various experts talking at the moment. And as always in matters of technology and science these days, someone makes comparisons—in awe or horror—with the Soviet Union, which has a centralized research service employing 2,000 staff members.

On the question of costs, I believe that a budget of $36 million—to be expended over a period of ten years—would suffice to create an effective national center of scientific information. (I have heard estimates that go up to $300 million.) At the end of this period, I think, these services would become financially self-supporting. In effect, the Center would be handling a new form of "publication"—encoded on magnetic tape or other easily reproducible storage medium—and the returns would amortize the costs of machine searching among a large number of clients.

The existence of a national center would not prevent the formation of other, specialized processing centers, like many publishing houses, whose output might be purchased or rented by organizations wishing to operate their own research machines. At the present time many large industrial organizations—such as duPont, Union Carbide, and Smith, Kline, and French—independently process their own materials at enormous costs in duplicated effort. A well-planned network of specialized centers would make possible a blend of centralized and decentralized processing and use of research literature. At the present time, American industry and government are paying no less than one billion dollars a year (15 to 20 per cent of the total national research expenditure) for the existing antiquated and uncoordinated system of information "services." A few millions of dollars a year to launch an efficient national center would be modest.

It is difficult to clarify just where our responsible national authorities stand on this question. At the time of the Congressional Hearings in 1958, the National Research Council announced that it was going to establish an advisory board on information and documentation in science, to be aided by a small full-time professional staff. But this program has not yet been implemented. This winter, on Pearl Harbor Day, Dr. James R. Killian's Science Advisory Committee released a report on scientific information problems which proposed to expand and formalize one of the National Science Foundation functions under the name of "Science Information Service." The *New York Times* (one of the very few newspapers that attempted to cover this piece of nearly inscrutable news) headlined it "President Authorizes Formation of a Science Information Service." Rejecting the Russian centralized information system, Dr. Killian's release said that the new Science Information Service would assist, cooperate with, and supplement the many existing scientific information activities but would assume responsibility for none of them; it would be acting in "the best American tradition of private enterprise and government working together for the national good."

The reluctance of the National Research Council, the National Science Foundation, and the Killian Science Advisory Committee, to *act* with respect to their several responsibilities in this field may result from their having been established at widely different periods of time, largely without reference to one another, and without any clear directive from Congress as to the authority of each. Be that as it may, excessive fear of centralization is as destructive as any other fear—and the chaos of our present no-system is all too real.

"...REALLY SHATTERING..."

WITH neither awe nor horror, we ought to take notice of what the Russians are doing; for—putting aside the Cold War and weapons race—the problems of communication in science, technology, and other fields of knowl-

edge are international, more today than ever before. If the Russians are finding answers where we are groping, it is compounding our stupidity to ignore them.

Last fall I spent four weeks in the Soviet Union (as part of a longer European trip) finding out what I could about the activities of the Soviet All-Union Institute of Scientific and Technical Information in Moscow (called VINITI). This vast enterprise, which now has a staff of 2,000, was set up in 1952 for the purpose of acquiring, analyzing, abstracting, and disseminating to scientists and engineers the world output of technical periodicals. It now receives 15,000 periodicals and processes nearly 500,000 articles a year; and it pays abstractors enough money to encourage competition for such part-time jobs. Russian abstractors get five times as much as American professionals, for whom abstracting is mostly a labor of love. By the end of 1957, a British scientist returning from a visit to the Institute called its activities "really shattering . . . no other agency in the world is doing this job."

During those weeks in Moscow, I spent a good deal of time at the Institute. I visited the editorial offices of the abstracting journals and express bulletins which they put out, saw the products of their Laboratory for Electro Modeling which is designing and building a machine to be used for storing and searching chemical information, and talked with government planning officials and with linguists, logicians, mathematicians, chemists, and engineers. Finally, in a meeting with some two hundred members of the staff, we batted the subject back and forth for three hours—the audience shouting the words that the interpreter and I could not get out.

Their response confirmed my impression that Russian scientists are keenly interested in the problem of creating a common "machine language" and a novel information machine for translating, searching, and correlating scientific literature by automatic means.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

THE United States has abstracting services galore—special librarians have listed 312 of them—but they are completely independent and uncoordinated in coverage, quality, and form of publication.* And their editors are in no mood to surrender their independence. There is considerable scattered research directed toward documentation, machine searching, and machine translating; but the programs of only two or three of the 45 organizations listed by a National Science Foundation survey show any real evidence of a coordinated attack on the problem. The Killian report mentioned above makes no clear recommendation on how a balance between centralization and decentralization of information services can be achieved.

The strong centralized system of the U.S.S.R.—which undoubtedly has economic advantages—is not, I believe, practical or desirable for this country; we are too far along on our own way. For us, it seems to me, the only reasonable course is the creation of a new type of "library"—a library of encoded information, prepared and stored on the spot, but available for searching, duplication, and distribution anywhere by machine methods. Many separately staffed abstracting services and libraries will operate; but there should be coordination on a national scale.

Internationally, a coordinated program for processing scientific literature is a technical possibility today, if technicians of the various interested countries can agree on philosophy, principles, and detailed codes. Western Reserve is planning a conference to be held in Cleveland next September which will bring together specialists in "machine documentation" from a dozen nations to work toward this kind of agreement. Scientific information processed by automation should not be any nation's monopoly.

As I see it, the plan that our government should follow is threefold:

(1) We have to work with other nations in formulating a common machine language. (We should encourage the Institute in Moscow to translate their abstract services into English and sell or exchange them in the United States simultaneously with the Russian editions.)

(2) We should develop a series of integrated national and regional information centers in the United States—to translate, encode, and make available the world's scientific research reports.

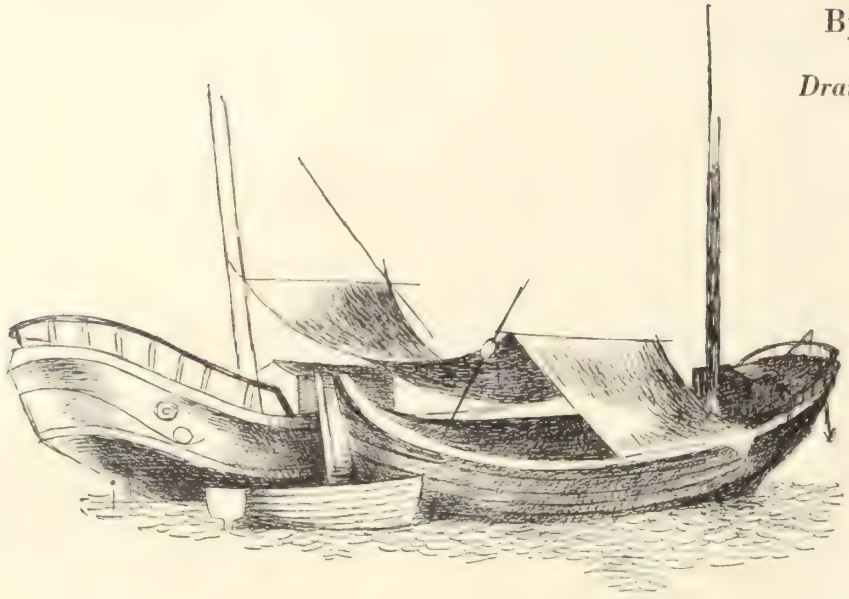
(3) We should increase government and private support of these efforts.

In any crash program, it is necessary to work simultaneously on several courses until the best one seems clear. In this program, the ultimate course will be the one that the research man—the industrial or scientific user of technical information—finds best. In the competitive American market place, the customer is right. It is an expensive way to make progress—the way of the rich—but let's get on with it.

*J. H. Shera, A. Kent, and J. W. Perry (eds.), *Information Systems in Documentation*, New York, Interscience Publishers, 1957, pp. 539-59.

By ALEXIS LADAS

Drawings by Bernard Perlin



The Isles of Greece

Thousands of Americans are discovering that the little islands in the Aegean Sea offer opportunities for enchanting, uncrowded—and inexpensive—vacations. Here is how they look to a Greek who has sailed and fought among them all.

IN THE summer of 1944 an American war artist accompanied us on one of our commando raids on enemy positions and communications in the Aegean. Sitting on the armed schooner's deck, our first night out, I asked him what he expected of the Greek islands we were approaching in the darkness.

He was a perceptive and educated man, but he responded as predictably as one of Professor Pavlov's dogs.

"The isles of Greece," he quoted, "the isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sung."

"No," I said quickly, "I mean what do you think they look like?"

He didn't really know but it eventually turned out that his idea of the archipelago was a strange hybrid—soft images of the South Seas grafted onto a Hebridean savageness. There also seemed to be a gap of some two thousand years in his historical conceptions of the islands, and modern notions were directly superimposed on an ideal classic scene. In his imagination, a kilted *evzone* hobnobbed with a philosopher in a white toga, and blocks of flats rose from the ancient ruins. More than a thousand years of Byzantine Christianity and their effect on the islands played not the slightest role in his romantic expectations.

I told him he was wrong—but found myself hard put to conjure up an image which would respect each island's individual character and yet convey their essential sameness, till I remembered what in fact they were: the tops of submerged hills and mountains, identical in that they sprang from the same range, and yet were as different as the bare peaks above the timber line are from the pine-clad foothills. What set them apart from other hills was that the sea had risen round their feet so that they stood now, as it were, up to their tawny shoulders in an expanse of sparkling, ultramarine blue.

And yet they'd never lost the feeling of being highlands. A cove on an Aegean island is not an indentation of the coast line; it is a flooded mountain gorge, an inundated valley in the hills. And even on the lowest-lying islands the villages that climb away from the seashore in dazzling tiers of white are always conscious of their highland heritage. The steep streets, the

loaded donkeys in the square, the shepherd at the waterfront strange among the fishermen, are of the mountain.

But the mountain is also of the sea. The wind that blows across the naked hillcrests carries a hint of spray caught from the crests of waves—a faint damp scent of watermelons. The stone walls that crisscross the high ground are caked with salt to windward, to be licked by the small cattle of the islands.

PIRATES IN THE COVE

THESE things, and many others, the islands have in common. But what they share above all else is their collective history—not simply in the sense of things which happened to them in the past, or even of a chain of circumstances leading to the present, but like a play, as yet unfinished, being acted on a stage whose sets are still unchanged.

Unlike the Parthenon—which now rises above a sprawling city with trams and buses and policemen, and which will never witness any more the splendor of the Panathenaean procession—a sheltered cove in the Aegean is the same today as it was that night twenty-four centuries ago, when the Athenian trireme *Salaminia*, with orders for the fleet fighting in Egypt, feathered her triple banks of oars to let her fierce, brass-bound prow slide gently up the beach; the same as it was when the Venetian captain put his men to building the small fort at the harbor mouth, or when a band of Saracen pirates huddled in the hold of their galley, waiting for dawn below the unsuspecting village.

The sailors of the trireme, bronzed and naked to the waist, hauling their long ship up the strand were much the same as the fishermen who yesterday hauled in their nets onto that self-same spit of sand. The pale green water round their knees was just the same, the smoke of their driftwood fires was just as bitter and nostalgic, even the rhythm of their work songs cannot have differed much.

The Venetians have gone, so have the Saracens, but their memory lingers in a hundred family names and half as many places called "Venetiko" or "Sarakiniko" or "Cavo d'Oro." The forts are mostly heaps of ruins now from which rock pigeons rise in fright, as they rose centuries ago at the sound of hostile oars and alien voices. Otherwise the cove is unchanged.

For the commander of a raiding schooner during the last war, the cove was just the same. It offered shelter from this or that wind, was near or far from human habitation, had or did not have fresh water.

Phormio the Athenian—commanding twenty warships in the Peloponnesian war—waited for the sea breeze which rises on a summer afternoon to throw his enemy into confusion. I, too, a latter-day Athenian of doubtful pedigree but nonetheless his heir, often relied on that same wind to help the schooner in her longer crossings. For in the Aegean even the engine has to comply with the quirks of a more ancient tradition, that of Greek shipbuilding. The speed which an engine can give is strictly limited by the shape of the boat which she serves, and in Greece that shape has changed very little in three thousand years. Sailing ships in our country are not built from blueprints, but on the wooden patterns which pass from generation to generation, so that the boat which I commanded and the enemy's supply vessels which we attacked differed only slightly from the Corinthian transports which Phormio's squadron sank that summer afternoon 430 years before the birth of Christ.

For the trading captain in 1958, the challenge of the Aegean is much the same. Just as the ancient captains used the "etesian" gales to carry wheat from Scythia to the southern ports of Greece, he too has to consider these strong winds that blow out of the north in mid-July and August, and try to work to windward before they



start. In fact his judgment is so similar to that of his predecessors through the centuries that it is difficult to separate him from them. It is as if throughout the history of the Aegean the sailing captain is a single, continuous, almost symbolic personage. And it is fitting that it should be so, for without him the islands would be deserted rocks cut off from all the world by an inhospitable element. It is the sailor who transformed the sea from a dividing to a uniting medium.

This man who holds the wheel and looks to windward has been of many nationalities and races—Phrygian and Cretan, Greek and Genoese, Venetian, Arab, Catalan—but his mind has been one and his language that of the sea.



STAMPED IN STONE

IN GREECE today the basic language is that of the New Testament, less altered in the last two thousand years than was the classic speech of Attica on the untutored tongues of Alexander's Macedonian soldiers in that incredible decade when Greek was carried from the Indus to the Nile—to serve for centuries as common medium of communication to Syrian merchants and Egyptian priests, Persian officials and the Lord's Apostles.

It is this language which through Byzantium has returned to Greece to fuse with the ancient speech and be revitalized. "Kyrie" we say in Greece today for "Mister" and we forget that it means "Lord." But on the sea another element has left its mark: the lingua franca, the free tongue of the Mediterranean sailors—a language principally developed by the seamen of the maritime republics, incorporating into a basic Italian corrupted forms of Greek, Arabic terms, and the swear words of Catalan freebooters.

Nor is this tongue the only mark that all these sailors have bequeathed to the Aegean. Their passage often has been stamped in stone, or even more permanently in custom.

In Siphnos for example, one of the smaller of the Cyclades—that crescent chain of barren peaks stretching from Attica southeast to the Ionian coast—there is a village called The Castle—Kastro—a clutch of houses huddled on a cliff which juts out into the sea. The houses stand shoulder to shoulder around the eminence—a ring of solid stone unbroken save by guarded gates and secret posterns. Inside the walls the village is a warren of crooked medieval streets and covered passages which often pass through people's houses. The place, which stands on the ruins of an ancient Greek town, was fortified for protection from the Saracens in the eleventh century when Byzantine sea power was at its lowest. It served its purpose till the nineteenth when Mr. Jefferson smoked out the Barbary corsairs from their lair in Tripoli. Though the pirates are now long dead, the hill is still inhabited by dour, suspicious people who only recently gave up locking the village gates at night.

On Skiathos in the Sporades (which are the gentle wooded outposts of Mount Pelion on the Thessalian shore) there is a similar fortified village with the same name. But this Kastro is deserted now. On almost every island one can find old houses built like fortresses with windows only in the second story and those heavily barred.

On Rhodes, of the Dodecanese, three towns a few miles from each other stand for three cultures so far apart in time and origin that in their prime they never met. Lindos with its impregnable Acropolis is Greek of the Homeric times. Cameros, resting like an amphitheater in the hills above the sea, was built by the Phoenicians. And on the ancient town of Rhodes itself the Knights Hospitalers of St. John have heaped the massive towers and battlements of a medieval city.

In Herakleion in Crete the marble lion of St. Mark is embedded in the masonry of the great fortress. But in the Aegean the most characteristic and universal edifice is the Byzantine church in innumerable white light-hearted variations. In the single village on Mikonos there are 365 churches—one, they say, for each day of the year.

Remembering these things as the schooner sailed silently through the hostile sea, I told my American artist friend that the islands were sea-girt hilltops—half wild as they were in the beginning, half tamed by centuries and centuries of human labor. All bear the marks of many waves of history whose spray has turned to stone of church and fortress, temple and village.

"That's very nice, but what do they really look like?" asked the American, turning the tables on me.

"From afar they look blue or purple like all mountains," I replied. "When you come closer the Cyclades are camel-colored, the Sporades are turtle-colored, and the Dodecanese are the color of rust.

"When you come even closer the Cyclades are the brown of baked earth, green of myrtle, tamarisk, and thyme, with ash gray of bare rock and gashes of red clay. Scattered all over them like sea gulls resting on a rock are churches, monasteries, and houses. The villages are brush strokes of white paint.

"The Sporades are gray and green and terra cotta: granite and pine and tiles. The houses there have roofs. They aren't like the white cubes of the Cyclades."

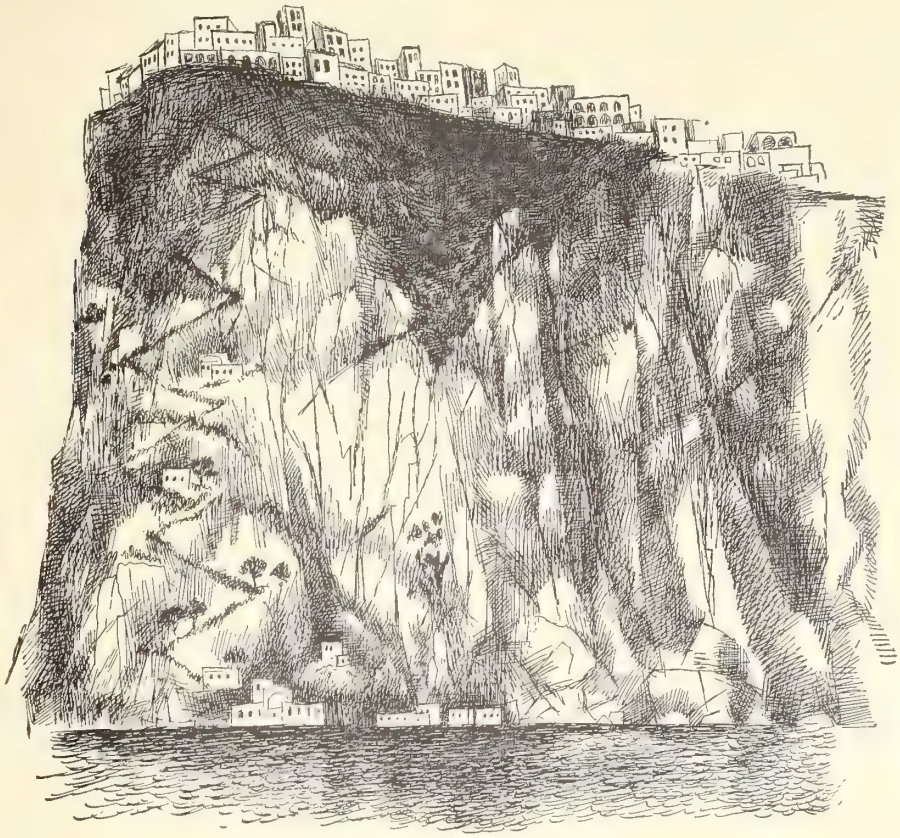
In the Dodecanese to the south close to the shore of Anatolia, the houses are in pastel shades against a rusty background of bare hills.

"Mmm," said the war artist thoughtfully, "they sound easy to paint, but I bet the result would be cockeyed."

"That's what I've been told," I concurred, "something or other about the quality of light being too limpid to render on canvas."

"I'll have to get the feeling of them before I can tell for certain," he said.

To keep from thinking too much of the dangers lurking around us in the night, I tried to evoke the feel of the islands for his benefit. I told him about hot white walls in the afternoon sun and the cool of flagstoned courtyards with the scent of sweet basil and verbena . . . of fig trees growing among the rocks . . . the bare brown hillsides with the wind blowing across the terraced fields of stubble . . . the unexpected lushness of a gorge with running water, vegetable



gardens, and the tables of a coffee house under the plane trees.

I told him of the blue sea glimpsed from a hilltop and of the sky through the arches of a white belfry, and of a village seen from above with tomatoes, figs, and grapes drying on the square roofs in a patchwork of red, purple, and green. I told him of the excitement of the fishing boats returning and of the peaceful iconed gloom of church interiors; of goat bells on the hills at dawn, and church bells in the evening, of the boom of the waves, and the singing of the cicadas in the silent heat of the afternoon; of the loom of the mountains at night and of the red flower of the shepherd's fire in the darkness.

I don't know whether my American was touched or just a bit embarrassed by my lyric flight. Perhaps he too was a little nervous. All he said was "That's very nice."

A LITTLE BIT CRAZY

THEN after a while he asked, "What are the people like?"

"Very nice," I said in the same tone and added, "but a little bit crazy. You see they've had so much time to do it in. More than three thousand years on those blessed rocks. It's a wonder they aren't all raving lunatics."

The war artist seemed to doubt that people had such long memories, that history left such lasting scars on a community, so I told him of the case of Siphnos (where, with God's help, we hoped to hide below the cliffs during the fourth day of our expedition).

All the islands are clean, but in Siphnos cleanliness is an obsession. They constantly whitewash the streets and even the trunks of trees. To say that you could eat off the floor is an understatement. This passion is not a quirk. In ancient times Siphnos had gold from its mines and a respectable merchant marine. A contingent of its triremes fought in the battle of Salamis. The Siphnian treasury housing the island's gifts for the oracle at Delphi rivaled that of Athens, and every year the people of Siphnos also sent a solid gold egg as an offering to Apollo on the sacred isle of Delos.

But as the years passed—human nature having been then what it still is—the Siphnians thought to economize by sending the god a silver egg covered with gold on the outside. The priests of Delos discovered the fraud, and branded the Siphnians "unclean" before the gods and the whole of Greece.

For two and a half millennia the Siphnians have been trying to prove the charge unfounded. The gods have gone and Greece has had other preoccupations, but—like a dog still running in its dreams—the Siphnians have persisted in cleansing that which is already clean, much as a raccoon will wash a fish it has just snatched out of the water.

Perhaps another reason is that the gods have never really gone from the islands, or rather that the islanders have the same intimate, almost personal relationship with the Christian saints as they once had with the pagan deities. They pray to them, but they also pamper them.

Each island has its patron saint as it once had its patron god. St. Simeon has replaced Apollo. Venus has made way for St. Katherine, but many of the ancient customs have been brought along into the new religion. Good manners (and a desire to be on the safe side) led the Athenians to erect an altar to The Unknown God lest they unwittingly fall into sacrilege. When St. Paul told them this was none other than the Christian Deity, they found little difficulty in accepting his statement without offending the Olympians.

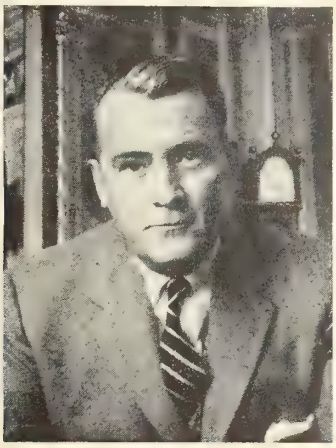
In much the same spirit, the islanders have been reluctant to cast off the pagan customs and beliefs which once found favor in divine eyes. In Greece, and especially in the Aegean, a house is never built without a cock being sacrificed on the foundation stone; but a priest is also present to say a prayer and bless the house with holy water. At funerals the mourners are given boiled wheat sprinkled with sugar to eat. Two thousand years ago this same dish was buried with the dead to sustain them on their way to Hades.

In Icaria, the wildest of the Aegean islands, people go about in fear of fairies still called Nereids, who with their beauty and their enchanting voices will lure a man to his death over the edge of a precipice. Anyone traveling alone at night will cross himself for safety at almost every other step—but it is considered just as effective and less exhausting to take along a dog with two spots on its forehead. This extra pair of eyes, as they are called, permit the dog to notice that the fairies' feet are turned backward and to give the alarm.

"Don't tell me," I concluded, "that all this isn't slightly crazy. On the other hand, perhaps a little madness is an essential part of sanity. And come to think of it, isn't that the supreme message of Greece?"

"I'll wait and see for myself," the American replied, looking ahead into the darkness, where the darker shadow of the first island could be more felt than seen.

BY *William S. White*
HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT


Arnold Newman

MacLeish

and the broken major

A defense of the professionals who are brave enough to try something big . . . in the face of almost certain failure, and the inevitable criticism of the lint-picking amateurs.

WASHINGTON—One of the unforgivable affronts of our times to taste, and to what ought to be the natural order of things, is the number of amateurs-in-life who chatter and clack and poke about over the national landscape.

Worse yet, these smiling, decent, but quite useless amateurs are, by our current standards, actually allowed to look down upon their betters, the professionals-in-life.

Ours is a society where the posturers are often more valued than the performers. We are cursed with hordes of self-appointed critics in every field who simply haven't a clue about what they are criticizing—whether it be running a political party or putting on a drama. Usually they seem to find attentive listeners roughly in ratio to the degree of pretentious ignorance and insensitivity that they exhibit.

Thus is raised a question of that divine justice which orders our world. And in the smallest possible way it might accompany the immense Question that has been thrown up before our eyes by Archibald MacLeish. Somewhere in some theater I hope that his new play, "J. B.," is still running when this column reaches print—with luck in a theater still attracting a few lonely pros to its audiences. But even if it has already died, or faces that imminent death which from the start MacLeish was man enough to contemplate without shrinking, there will always be the great, wretched, compassionate, terrible work of art upon which it was based, the poem "J. B."

They are of course, book and play, one man's effort to suggest (and not to "penetrate") the mystery of God and the infinite paradox of good that is evil and evil that is good. They speak, of course, of Job of the Bible, the innocent sufferer before the Unknowable God. In them Archie MacLeish has, with measureless gallantry, turned his attention to the most unrewarding and unfashionable study in the world today: the study of man's relationship to God—whether he exists or not.

Like Pasternak in Russia, MacLeish has tried to become a big literary figure, a gold florin, so to speak, at a time when two-bit figures fill so many books and so much of the stage. For the most part, let's face it, they are writing about bosoms and thighs (and who is opposed to these, for that matter?) and scrabbly little "social problems." MacLeish, for his part, is writing about the endless sigh of the human spirit before intractable mystery. Is it, truly, a madman God? Or is it a God who—inevitably, since if he is anything he is infinite—simply does not trouble to explain himself in simple, finite terms? Is it really very perceptive to complain that God is not *clear?*

MacLeish has put the light of his mind upon what is awesomely and really wrong here below—far more wrong than any imbalance of missile power or even such cosmic troubles as the low rate of teachers' pay and the high rate of juvenile delinquency. He has shown that most of this country (and particularly most of its intellectuals) lack the courage to look straight at those harsh enigmas which have capital importance for mankind.

It is not only courage that they lack. They lack the true gentility of those who are able

to confront, in full religious faith or in its total absence, the plain fact that this is, most of the time, simply a hell of a life. It is a hell of a life alike to those who accept and those who reject the notion of the existence of That Place. The first and most universal mark of the gentleman is that he does not hide his eyes from this truth, like some teen-ager running away from the military draft, in order to avoid the cold, dreadful blast of things as they really are.

So MacLeish has dared failure; for most people do not care to contemplate Job's filthy boils and the foredoomed hopelessness of his search for meaning. And he dared it again by refusing to "make things clear."

THE AFFRONTED WASHINGTONIANS

I ATTENDED the fairly posh Washington opening, months ago now, of MacLeish's play. This experience produced (if the *Reader's Digest* will pardon the expression) some of the Most Unforgettable Characters I ever met, in the audience as well as on the stage. And so, later on, did my reading of some of the reviews. For those awful lines (. . . "not even the consciousness of sin to comfort him" . . . "your sin is simple; you were born a man" . . .) cut through that well-fed and well-dressed theater like a dirty kitchen knife tearing through a frosted cake from the very best catering firm in Washington.

The bitter dialogue on stage—between God and the Devil, or simply between Mr. Zuss and Nickles, if one prefers—produced at the first intermission and at the end, a hardly less bitter dialogue in the lobby. Those who understood the play (or rather who grasped that by definition it could not *be* wholly understood) were a thin, half-stunned band. Most of them were rather apologetic for liking something which actually spoke right out loud about the mysticism of God.

The larger part of the audience—the majority side, which in our national legend is necessarily the better side, since even those who do not believe in God know that he has put his special imprint upon the majority—was fastidiously repelled.

"What is he *trying* to say?" they demanded of one another. (Poor MacLeish, a shy and humble man about his play, had absented himself from all inquiring friends. He had fled with an inherited Scottish prudence which was as unconscious as was his feat of having written, among other things, a profoundly understanding commentary upon the orthodox doctrine of original sin—although he is wholly without orthodox religious training.)

"But it's so *ugly*. It is so—oh, I don't *understand* it! *Why* didn't he *clear it up some?*"

To most of this audience, if the play was not too complicated it was too unsophisticated. If it was not too sentimental it was too horrible. And it was too much of a *simple repetition* of the Book of Job and thus not *really creative*. And if this was not wrong with it, then something else was.

So too with some of the professional critics. Those who claimed to understand the play hinted that they could have done it much better. The burden of young Mr. Kenneth Tynan's review in the *New Yorker* (as I no doubt imperfectly grasped it) was a protest that MacLeish had brought in no *Oriental* characters. This was a peculiarly arresting complaint, for to have introduced, say, Confucianism and Zen Buddhism would have been a little difficult in a treatise upon a part of a Book that purports to deal with the Jewish-Christian tradition. The common views upon "J. B.," in short, have proved that the man who merely creates—and therefore has no time to strike the wise and balanced attitudes of the dilettantes—cannot possibly win.

The greatest of all MacLeish's shortcomings was that he did not *explain* everything; he did not even explain what made Job act as he did, and why God did all those dreadful things. MacLeish ended the whole thing with *no real answers*.

Of course, it is possible that he didn't know the answers, and had a hard enough time putting the immense Question. He *did* try; he had a character say, for example, "You wanted justice and there was none—only love."

In raising these angry cries I am not taking up an unconstitutional position against free speech; I am not even trying to start a Society for the Suppression of Those Who Did Not Like "J. B." I am trying to express, through a kind of incredulous horror, a disappointment at the attitudes of the simon-pure amateurs. Nobody can be a professional at everything. It is no crime not to be able to write like a professional, to paint like a professional, to talk like a professional, or even (returning momentarily to my accustomed bailiwick) to be an unprofessional politician. But it is a crime, against life itself, not even to be able to read a great book or see a great play on such a subject as MacLeish's without fretfully calling upon the author to

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"clear up" the mystery of all time. For this is the ultimate, the intolerable amateurism; the upstart's way of putting himself above the pro.

Why, in God's name (using the expression in both its common and its reverent connotation) should these self-pampered *amateurs* call upon a great professional to explain to them what God himself has not explained? Who do they think they are? And where is this pettifogging place in which they live? If there is no paradox, then there is nothing beyond reports on freight-car loadings.

I recall reading from an Italian Cardinal—and a gentleman, he was—a line saying he had always gloried in the fact that Shakespeare walked about drunk in the night. Why did this Prince of the Church say this unclear and untidy thing? Was he not abetting drunkenness and sloth?

Well, why not that, too? Nothing, surely, is so bad as to be tepid, to be prissy. Denounce MacLeish's play, by all means. Call in the censors and the police. Take up the hatchets and smash the scenery. Picket the joint. That at least would give it some kind of dignity. But don't patronize it.

Realize that here is a line that divides the men from the boys. Hate the theme; hate the whole thing, if you will. But say so. Say simply and honestly that you don't care to look into ugliness, into death and worse, into the plain fact that man suffers and will go on suffering wherever man can feel at all. Admit that you would rather pretend that the Universe is as bland as a girls' finishing school, and as disengaged as the murmuring half-world of the ensign-grade sophisticates who run out their lukewarm days congratulating each other on their unwritten monographs, the little biting critiques that if only they had time they could do so well.

THE DEFENSELESS MEN

IN A hotel room in Washington I had a talk with Archie MacLeish after "J. B." had opened here. A sandy-gray, squarish sort of man of sixty-six with an oddly youthful cowlick at the back of his head, he was, emotionally, a bit out of breath at what had happened to him. He dislikes those who have all the answers. And with an almost painful tolerance and kindness he tried to explain that he himself had never claimed to have them.

He was enormously generous toward his critics and toward "that great and wonderful man Kazan," who worked with him on the play. He hoped, of course, that it would be commercially successful; of this he made no bones at all. Then he said: "But anyhow, a man warms himself most of all with what he has done . . . and I know now that it is a good job of work."

I went away with a deep respect for this man, and a realization that for too long I had been seeing the professionals kicked around by the pinch-praisers. Somebody ought to say something for those who do things and cannot really answer back when the non-doers raise their pompous and empty caveats. MacLeish's work—and the work of all the MacLeishes in the various fields of our national life—will defend itself in the end. And all the pros everywhere—who do better jobs for us than we deserve, while many of us stand and squint wisely as though we could have done better—will need no defense from such as me.

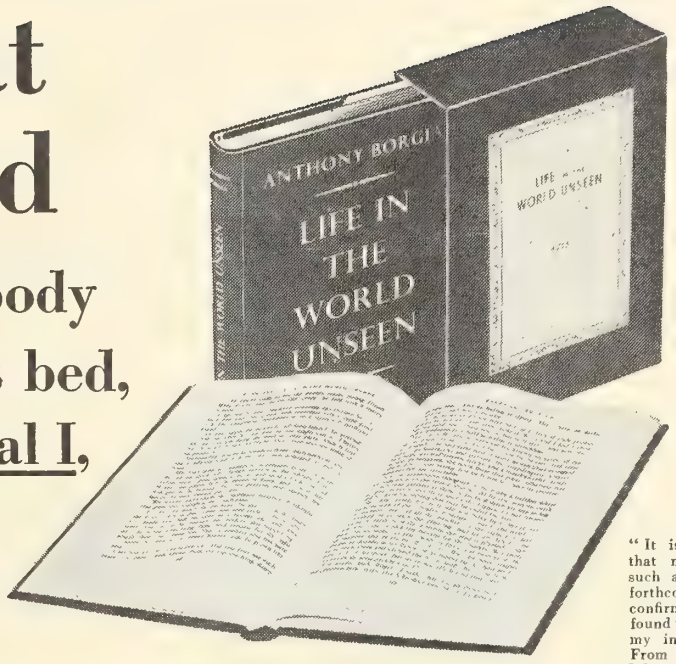
All the same, I felt an old sense of guilt and a need to do *something*. I remembered a time, long ago, when I took from the edge of the Huertgen Forest in Germany back to an Army rest camp in Belgium a friend, a major of infantry. This major had been in the line nearly all the time since the early days in North Africa. At last he had broken up, quietly, in the face of all that he had seen and all that he had done (and was doing) to the men under his command. My friend at that point was a boozy major and there were, in the strictly GI sense, many things wrong with his deportment and dress—and no doubt his "morale." A little amateur, an MP second lieutenant fresh from the States with his leggings still drawn up high and clean, was an eager critic. He pointed out to the major that he was wearing only *one* gold leaf, when his unarguable duty was to wear two. (Some have pointed out, too, that there are *several* lines in "J. B." that really ought to have been improved.)

Front-line people everywhere—in war, in art, in all the rest—are oddly and pathetically vulnerable to the safer people back in the Zone of the Interior. For actually the front-line people are the gentler and the more sensitive of the two sets. And the major was vulnerable; before the disapproval of this second lieutenant he collapsed in a way he had never collapsed under German mortar fire.

I did nothing to help the major; I could not think what to do. But it comes to me now that this much can be done: To support the front-liners, the combat pros, in every small way one can—even when, beyond the slightest doubt, they have overlooked the uniform regulations here and there.

"I knew, at once, that I had died

I saw my physical body ing lifeless upon its bed, ut here was I, the real I, alive and well."



"It is to be hoped that more literature, such as this, will be forthcoming. . . . It confirms what I have found to be true during my investigations." From Introd. by *Sir John Anderson, Bart.*

ral months ago, travelers from Lon- brought news about a book *recently en* by a man long dead — the son former Archbishop of Canterbury. two-volume work — so much dis- d in London, Oxford, and Cam- e, and so important for our under- ling of what tomorrow may hold for us, is called LIFE IN THE WORLD EEN.

t manner of revelation is this, that hanged the thinking of believers and ics, the frightened and the hopeful? is the secret of its compelling in- ce on the minds of those who read

uthoritative international journal *Two Is* describes LIFE IN THE WORLD UNSEEN *. . one of the most amazingly detailed nts of the after-life ever to reach the nd ears of the world."* These volumes ou evidence of a world beyond that in many important and unexpected from what you may have always im- t. They relate the experiences "after " of a widely respected clergyman, t Hugh Benson, whose father, Edward n, was Archbishop of Canterbury.

Is the best of life waiting beyond death?

is testimony that the next world is hat we have been taught, but rather we have instinctively hoped it might nthony Borgia, who acted as Robert Benson's scribe, relates that the clergy- great desire in communicating with as "to correct the wrong impression xists of the life to come, and to try ove from people's minds the fear of death" by recounting his detailed, first-hand description of the next world.

If you are one of those people who exercise the right to question what others blindly accept, if you believe that evidence from the world beyond should not be ignored until "science" is ready to explain it — if you like to make up your own mind about life *and death* — you will want to read LIFE IN THE WORLD UNSEEN.

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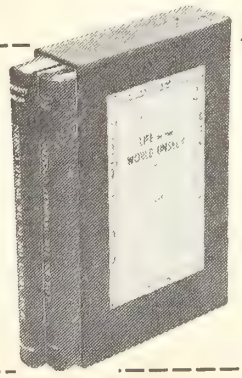
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Pablo Casals dedicates his third San Juan Music Festival to Puerto Rico's "Operation Serenity"

SAN JUAN'S third Festival Casals begins on May 1st. Pablo Casals will play. And he will also conduct.

Music-lovers will rejoice at this news. But Don Pablo hopes that this year's Festival will have a significance beyond his own beloved world of music. He is dedicating the event to Puerto Rico's *Operation Serenity.*

The purpose of *Operation Serenity* has been clearly stated by the Governor of Puerto Rico himself.

"Serenity is the ultimate aim of our self-help program *Operation Bootstrap,*" says Governor Muñoz. "We want every Puerto Rican to know that rising prosperity is not an end in itself. It is the servant of a *spiritual* purpose. You can see the signs already. After little more th ten years as a Commonwealth, a new creati upsurge is being felt in Puerto Rico. Our peo are no longer despondent. They are proud

Our photograph shows Pablo Casals taki his early morning stroll on a San Juan bea where he goes to find his own serenity. Shor before his eightieth birthday, this man of gen manner and fierce principle was asked to g the world a message.

"My message is always the same," he s "My wish is for happiness. And for people have courage. And for people to manifest t courage in their love of liberty."

In the serene island of Puerto Rico, Pa Casals is now watching his wishes come tr

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For information and tickets, write Festival Casals Inc., 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19— or Mayfair Travel Service, 119 West 57 St., New York 19. You can also book through your own local travel agent.

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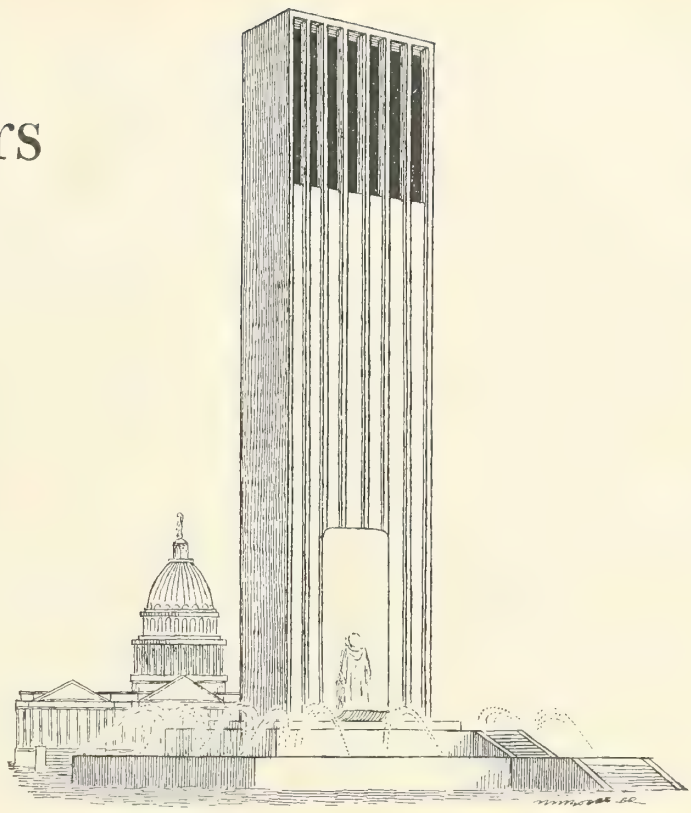


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After Hours



THE UNFORTUNATE TAFT MEMORIAL

"MY GOD," the Senator said. "I had no idea it was going to ɔ big." He stood looking up at towering Taft Monument right to the Capitol. He looked in ce for a full minute, let his eyes w the shaft down to its base, and turned to walk away, the Sena- hook his head slowly and mut- l—more to himself than to any- present—"And I thought it was going to be a little statue for Taft."

his month the first memorial erected on the grounds of the ed States Capitol in honor of rmer Senator or Congressman, ervice rendered in the Legisla- will be dedicated. The event be greeted with enthusiasm by ublicans. It will be greeted with thing less by Democrats. The ght of little children being ght by the hundreds of thou- s each year to the shrine of the Mr. Republican is almost more a Democrat can bear.

ne monument, designed by glas W. Orr of New Haven, Con- icut, is, in my opinion, a hand- structure. It has a 55- by 45- base of Minnesota granite 15 high, surrounded by a low hedge benches at the corners. On each ne four sides and extending 12 beyond this platform is a water n with a series of spraying jets. platform is paved with marble s set in pebble concrete. Walks, steps in two tiers, provide a ual approach. The bell tower is ngular, 11 feet thick, 32 feet , and 100 feet tall—giving the ument an overall height of 115 The upper portion of the shaft ains twenty-seven bells that can be seen through the tone openings between the supporting piers. At the base of the towering shaft of Tennessee pink marble is a sculpture of Robert Taft and a scroll. The cost of the monument will be in excess of a million dollars—all subscribed by private funds.

To understand why many Capitol Hill dwellers are upset, one must know that the government has always been extremely reluctant to scatter monuments around the Capitol and the Senate and House Office Buildings. In fact, only three such monuments have ever been erected.

The first was the Naval or Tripoli Monument, which was purchased by Navy officers to memorialize Navy losses at Tripoli. The second was a statue of a half-clad George Washington by Horatio Greenough, which now reposes in the Smithsonian Institution.

The third memorial, a seated statue of Chief Justice John Marshall, was unveiled in 1884. It weighs two tons—the largest of the twenty-seven bells in the Taft tower weighs six and a half tons.

How, the anti-monumentites want to know, does Taft rate a grand monument on the Capitol grounds? What did he do to gain a place never before accorded to one of the more than 10,000 Senators and Congressmen who have held office since our country was founded? Republicans point out that the monument was built with private funds, at no cost to the government. Not true, say the Democrats. The land is of infinite value and is just about the only area that remained where a memorial could be built. Is the criterion of who is to be immortalized on Capitol Hill based upon the ability of one's friends to pay for an edifice?

While the opponents of the Taft Memorial know they are fighting a battle lost long ago, they insist that now is the time to pass legislation to prevent the hurried type of action that authorized the memorial to the Ohio Senator. One of the most avid supporters of such a proposal is, oddly enough, a Republican Senator. He is a man with a grasp of history who holds the Capitol and its grounds in near reverence. The Senator said to me, "I think it is important that before such a memorial is authorized, we ask ourselves: 'What did the man do for our *country?*' What did he do in his lifetime so that the citizens of a foreign nation could look at his monument and remember not that he was a great

Republican or a great Democrat, but that he was a great *American?* Too much of Taft's career was spent in being a partisan."

The Senator thinks that legislation should be passed to provide for a lapse of twenty-five or even fifty years before a monument of this nature be authorized on the Capitol grounds. "History is a grand judge," he says. "I think we should let the accomplishments of a man age a bit."

I have encountered sentiment such as this again and again but not a voice was raised in protest when the measure passed the Senate in 1955. Only time will reveal whether a waiting-period bill will be introduced and passed, but indications are that it will. Only then can we be certain that we will build monuments to men and not men with monuments.

Nonetheless, while the silent battle goes on, the Taft Memorial will be dedicated and its great bells will sound every fifteen minutes. One somewhat ancient Capitol employee is so much a Democrat that he has never visited the Lincoln Memorial —simply because "Mr. Lincoln was a Republican!" "But it looks like they got me now," he said. "Not only do I have to look at the Taft Monument on my way to work, but after I'm here they are going to make me listen to it a hundred times a day. Do you think I could sue for invasion of privacy?"

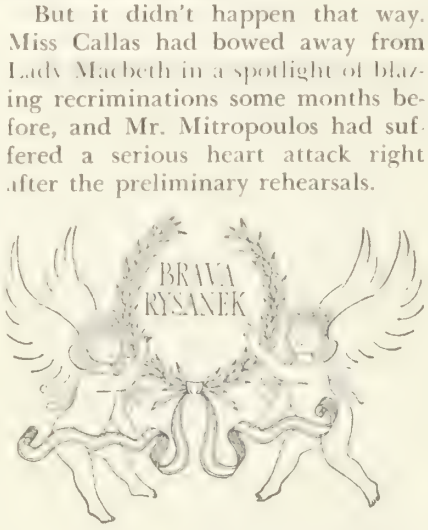
—**Howard E. Haugerud**

MACBETTO

A YEAR or more ago, when the wheels were irrevocably set in motion for the Met's first production of Verdi's early opera, "Macbeth," everything had run as smoothly as a watch. But by last January, when it went into final rehearsal, the plans had gone somewhat awry.

It had looked like a natural. The title role is written for a baritone, and "Macbeth" would give the Met a showcase for one of its most valuable assets, Leonard Warren, possessor of the world's freest, most supple, and most musical baritone voice. Lady Macbeth fit Maria Callas like a glove. The Met had been trying for years to persuade Carl Ebert, boss of the West Berlin Opera and of Glyndebourne in England, to come stage an opera in New York; "Macbeth," which had gone unperformed anywhere for a quarter of a century before Ebert revived it in Berlin in 1931, was the one work certain to draw him across the ocean. And Dmitri Mitropoulos, whom the management was disposed to regard as a great Verdi conductor, was free to direct the music.

But it didn't happen that way. Miss Callas had bowed away from Lady Macbeth in a spotlight of blazing recriminations some months before, and Mr. Mitropoulos had suffered a serious heart attack right after the preliminary rehearsals.



The result, however, was anything but awry. Leonie Rysanek, who a year earlier had been just another Viennese soprano, made a personal triumph of the premier performance as Lady Macbeth. Erich Leinsdorf, who had taken over the baton with only two weeks of rehearsals to go, conducted the opera in tempi so much livelier than Mr. Mitropoulos's that it was possible to restore some fifteen minutes of cuts previously taken from the score. Meanwhile, Mr. Warren and Mr. Ebert dueled vigorously, but started and ended their collaboration with great respect for each other. If anyone can be said to have won, it was Miss Rysanek.

Mr. Warren, who had not envisioned such a first night for "Macbeth," was gracious as could be about Miss Rysanek's blindingly brilliant debut. During the uproarious first-act curtain calls, to the lady's great surprise, he bent over and kissed Miss Rysanek's hand in tribute to her success.

When I first spoke with Mr. Warren about his forthcoming role as Macbeth, three months before the performance, he was deep in a study of the Thane in history—Shakespeare's sources, what Shakespeare had done to them, and what succeeding generations of actors had done to Shakespeare.

"Bill Appleton, who's a profe[ssor] up at Columbia and an old frien[d of] mine," Mr. Warren said, "told m[e to] read up especially on Macklin [and] the theater of his time. Until arou[nd] that time, you know, they'd alw[ays] played Lady Macbeth in black, [but] on a tour some religious fan[atic] burned down the theater with [all] the costumes and they couldn't f[ind] a black dress. They sent a messen[ger] off to buy a dress in a nearby to[wn], which happened to be Dunsin[ane], and the people told him that L[ady] Macbeth's ghost still walked the r[oyal] parts of the castle every night. [So] they decided to use a white dr[ess], which is how *that* tradition starte[d].

Mr. Warren had spoken with [Dr.] Mitropoulos about "Macbeth" in [the] spring, and had studied the part t[hat] summer in Rome with Ricca[rdo] Picozzi. "I made a literal translat[ion] of the score, line by line," he s[aid], "and read it and boiled it [down] cooked it—what sort of characte[r] this? He has a great fear of his w[ife] as she becomes sick his strength [be]comes more and more. We're [so] fortunate Verdi made that clear [he] went through motions of mom[ents] in the opera—not full scenes—n[ot] ousness, strength, facial expressi[on]. I got a mental picture of what [the] make-up should be, and then I [put] some make-up and had a photo[g]pher take pictures of me." Mr. W[ar]ren showed the pictures with g[reat] satisfaction.

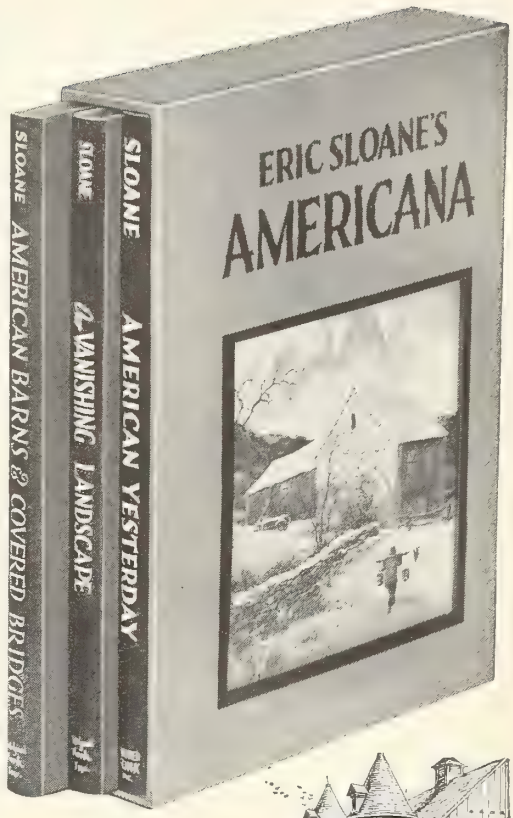
"Of course," he concluded, "[this] culmination of all my worry will [be] merely a nucleus, a foundation. A[fter] one hundred performances, you [get] some idea of what a part is re[ally] like. Not until then."

The stage rehearsals themse[lves] were dominated, inevitably, by [the] personality of Mr. Ebert, a sto[ut] ex-actor with a wonderful head [of] white hair, an old man's stump [and] walk, but a young man's loud vo[ice]. It is a wonderful voice for a direct[or], rich and friendly, but with [an] undertone of humor threaten[ing] sarcasm should instructions be r[e]lected. Mr. Ebert sat in the mid[dle] of the theater, just watching, with [not] so much as a notebook in which [to] jot remarks, interrupting from [his] seat when there were orders to [be] given to lesser fry, hustling down

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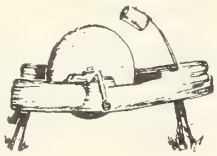




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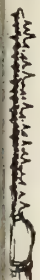
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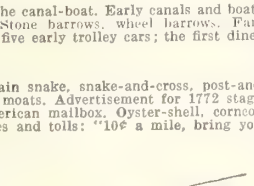
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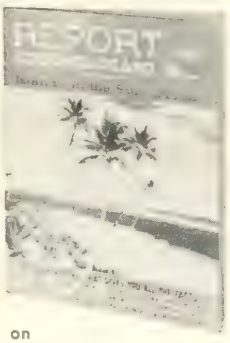
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aisle and over the wooden trestle bridging the orchestra pit to discuss matters with the stars on the stage itself.

Mr. Ebert labored with the principals privately on the roof stage before the production moved downstairs. His work during the stage rehearsals was punctuated by occasional fresh gunfire in his war with Mr. Warren, and he paid great attention to the exact placement of Mr. Warren and Miss Rysanek at the beginnings and ends of their beautifully conceived duets. Mostly, however, he concentrated on the concerted numbers, especially on the long choral finales of the first and fourth acts. After one rehearsal of the first-act finale, Mr. Ebert uttered his only public threat: "Everyone must look to the center of the boxes, straight out. If I see you looking at one another, I will shoot you."

Mr. Warren strode the stage as though he owned the theater; he is the most nearly indispensable artist at the Met, and he knows it. As an actor, Mr. Warren suffers from an almost ineradicable belief that what he does on stage matches exactly his mental image of what he is doing. He is no good at the conventional gestures, especially those expressing physical violence (significantly, his greatest portrayals are Rigoletto and Iago, both schemers rather than warriors). Mr. Warren grows into his parts through complicated interaction of his own study, directors' urgings, and the suggestions of his wife, who is a musician and a first-class critic of opera. Mr. Ebert was baffled by this process and unable to assist it. He had, for example, dispensed with the prop dagger which Macbeth says he sees before him, and Mr. Warren sang the aria at rehearsal staggering around the stage and grabbing unconvincingly at the empty air. Finally Mr. Warren stopped the music and called to Mr. Ebert, "I don't *see* it." Mr. Ebert replied, "That's all right: the audience will *see* it."

Miss Rysanek was easier to work with. She is a "schooled" actress, with a complete command of stock motions—which became stock, after all, because they were effective. A tall, handsome girl with a good figure, she moved with unusual grace on the stage, and as the rehearsals proceeded I found myself concentrating more and more on what she was doing with her spectacular, fearfully difficult role. The problem was her voice, which at the rehearsals was simply nonexistent. She intoned her part *sotto voce,* saving her strength for the performance, except for three or four moments when she sang out most unexpectedly and not at all well. She was, in a word, flat. One of these moments came during an early rehearsal of the first-act finale, when her voice rose over the chorus *fortissimo,* and she was a semitone off pitch. A young Met singer sitting in the row in front of me turned to a friend, a coloratura soprano, and said, "What note was *that?*"

"Verdi wrote a B," said the coloratura in the accents of an irritated cat. "A B-*natural.*"

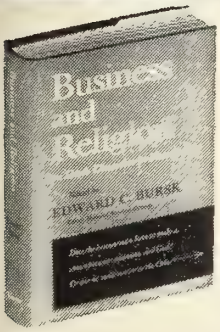
In the dress rehearsal Miss Rysanek sang her sleepwalking scene full voice, and made the worst imaginable impression on the assembled critics, singers, and friends of the house. "She's awfully tired," said a friendly observer, and those who heard him hoped he was right.

Fifty-four hours later, Miss Rysanek came down the short flight of steps at stage right, reading Macbeth's letter about the witches to a packed house. Her bearing radiated certainty; her voice as she soared into her first, near-impossible aria was forced but true. She filled the house with sound, and after the first bars the hearing she received was almost reverential. At the end of the sleepwalking scene, one of the intolerable floral tributes descended onto the stage from the Guild box, and nobody was even annoyed by it. She took a dozen curtain calls, after which the last scene—which contained Mr. Warren's one lyrical aria of the opera—was anticlimax.

For Miss Rysanek, of course, the evening could not have been improved upon. The Met could comfortably with its knowledge that when you plan and spend for the Met what you get will be very good even if your plans fall through. Mr. Warren could console himself with the knowledge, gained through his study of history, that none of others before him had played a Macbeth only to see their lustre dimmed by the fireworks of the Lady.

—**Martin M**

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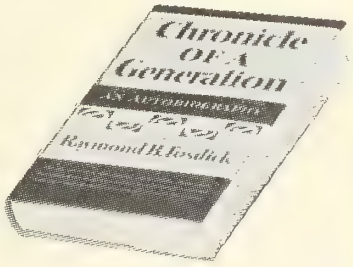
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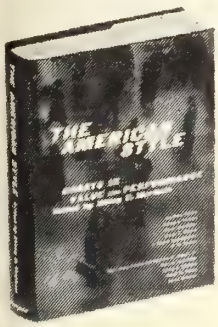
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Questions of Identity

ANGUS WILSON'S new novel, **The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot** (Viking, $4.95), is so different from his previous work that at times it hardly seems to have been written by the same man. In his earlier stories and novels--of which the best and best-known is *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*—Wilson has written chiefly about people whom it would be generous to call eccentric, people living on the neurotic or even criminal fringes of normal human experience; and he has written about them in a brilliantly critical, sometimes waspish style, with most of whatever sympathy he felt for them masked by wit and irony.

But in *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* Wilson has dropped his old manner almost entirely, in favor of a more sympathetic and direct approach to his material; and he has chosen as his central character a charming, intelligent woman in her early forties who is as nearly "normal" as anyone is likely to be. But the book is a less complete break with his earlier work than it seems at first, for Wilson is still concerned with the strangeness of life, with the sudden opening up of unexpected possibilities, with the interplay of the personal and the social in the shaping of character.

REVALUATION

WHAT happens to Wilson's Mrs. Eliot, very briefly, is that her husband is killed, and killed in such circumstances as to destroy or call in question everything that she has thought of as valuable about herself. There is an ambiguity about Mr. Eliot's death: it may have been an act of heroism, or it may have been an act of carelessness, the throwing away of something he no longer thought worth hanging onto. In the months after the event Mrs. Eliot has to face these implications. She has thought of herself as a good wife, unusually happy in her marriage; now she realizes that her husband has sacrificed the work he found interesting in order to enable her to play the role she wanted; she had not realized how heavily he was gambling, or how desperately bored he must have been in his work and marriage to need the cheap excitement provided by bookies, or how different her life as an impoverished widow would be from her life as a well-to-do matron.

At bottom *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* is a study in the problem of identity. Mrs. Eliot's sense of her own identity, of who she is or what she amounts to in the world, is a mixture of unexamined assumptions and ready-made props —a certain house, a certain income, certain people who come to the parties that her house and income enable her to give, certain deferences from those who have smaller houses and incomes. All these props give way with her husband's death: a shopkeeper who had praised her taste when she was building up her collection of porcelain is considerably less enthusiastic when she tries to sell it back; the director of a social-service agency who had flattered her when she was a member of his board bluntly tells her why she would not make a good social worker; people who had been glad to come to the beautifully managed parties of the rich Mrs. Eliot are less interested in having the unescorted Meg Eliot around the house. Thrown into the world of middle-aged women without men or money, she has to start all over to discover who she is. In the past, marriage, money, "society" have furnished her with a series of costumes by which she has known herself and been known; the question is whether she can achieve that sureness of her own identity that Queen Elizabeth boasted of when she said she could go anywhere in the world in her petticoat.

In the end it remains uncertain that Mrs. Eliot has done it, but she has come through a series of relationships in which she has been dependent on others with enough sense of self to realize that none of the relationships will do and enough power of decision to move on to solitary independence.

The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot is a very solid achievement. It takes a situation that sounds like pure soap opera and treats it with a fine in-

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telligence, great shrewdness of observation, quiet patience with the psychological issues involved, and impatience with the easy, sentimental solutions that suggest themselves. Some readers will miss the brilliance of style in Wilson's earlier books, and their assortment of weird characters; both the language and the people in *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* are all prose—good prose, intelligent and serviceable, but prose, and one or two of the characters cross the line and become prosaic.

There is something a little wrong with the shape of the book; it begins a little too early and ends a little too soon. In the first part, before Mr. Eliot's death, Wilson not only attempts to portray a happy marriage—never the easiest thing for a novelist to do—but he also attempts to portray it in such a way that the reader can subsequently be convinced that it was not, after all, so very happy. This is not completely successful. In the end Mrs. Eliot is abandoned before she seems quite ready to be left alone—but perhaps it is only a sign of a good novel when the reader would like to know more about what happened to a character. The story is necessarily full of false starts, because Mrs. Eliot's effort to rebuild her life is, but sometimes the scenes seem to illustrate rather than to advance the narrative. But these are minor reservations about a novel of great distinction.

CAUGHT IN THE MIRROR

IN Mountolive (Dutton, $3.95) Lawrence Durrell portrays a character whose sense of his own identity undergoes a change of a very different sort from Mrs. Eliot's. At the beginning of the book Mountolive is a decidedly junior member of the British High Commission in Egypt; at the end, after many years' absence, he returns as ambassador. What happens to him in the course of the novel is that he becomes what the world expects him to be; the callow, ingenuous, passionate boy of the opening scenes becomes the suave functionary; the face he prepares to meet others becomes, if not his real face, as real as any other face he has; the man is lost in the official.

The story is framed by Mountolive's two encounters with a woman called Leila, the wife of a Copt (a member of a very ancient Christian sect in Egypt) who owns a large estate near Alexandria. The husband is old and sick; Leila has two sons about as old as Mountolive, but she takes him as her lover, and in the many years he is away from Egypt she continues to be a part, the best part, of his life through her brilliant correspondence. Her mind is alive to the intellectual and artistic and human events of her time; she reads widely, thinks about what she reads, responds to everything. Then her beauty is destroyed by smallpox; she becomes a recluse, and when Mountolive returns to Egypt she cannot for a long time bring herself to see him again. When they finally do meet—the woman to whom life has happened and the man who has become an official—it is not a pleasant occasion.

Mountolive is the third of four novels Durrell is writing about the same group of characters in modern Alexandria. The reader who like me has not read the earlier books (*Justine* and *Balthazar*) will have no trouble in following the story of this one, though he will have a sense of its being part of a larger design that is beyond his grasp. A good deal of the novel is concerned with Leila's two sons, one of whom, a man of immense primitive vigor, stays on his father's estate and seeks to recall Egypt to the grandeur and barbarism of its feudal past, and the other of whom—westernized, English-educated, a rich and citified businessman—endeavors to build up a vast alliance of all non-Arabs in the Middle East to cope with the dominant majority.

Durrell is a brilliant writer with marvelous powers of description, which he uses to the full. The effect would be too lush if there were not such variety in the scenes described; they range from a kind of prayer meeting in the house of a corrupt but devout Mohammedan to a brothel full of half-starved little girls, from the harsh grief of ancient Coptic funeral rites to the idyllic beauty of a fishing party at twilight. The characters are no less vividly presented than the scenes. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

SEARCHERS

The Fugitives by Robert Gutwillig (Little, Brown, $3.75) is a novel set in a private psychiatric institution and chiefly concerned with two of its patients: Walter, a middle-aged man, and Stevie, a college boy on leave from higher education. Both are confronted with the problem of identity, but in different ways. Walter has to learn to accept who he is—a painter of modest talent overprotected by a rich wife and her parents. Stevie has to find out who he is; he has grown up in a family where he has felt excluded, of no account, a cipher; he has been assigned no role to play and cannot find one for himself. By the end of the book Walter has done a pretty good job of accepting himself, though the grounds of his acceptance seem to me too slight to augur well for the future. Stevie, on the other hand, after an attempt to live on "the outside," is still failing; he re-enters the psychiatric institution under a false name, apparently an attempt at a new identity.

The Fugitives is an interesting book, but it is not a successful novel, largely because Gutwillig has failed to decide at what level he wants to deal with the suffering he portrays, or (to put it in another way) because he has



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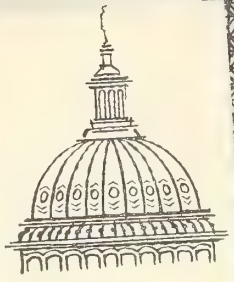
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not decided what kind of clarity he wants to achieve. The book is sometimes fuzzy where it ought to be clear (even a careful reader may be uncertain whether the chief female character is a patient in the institution or a member of the staff, and some aspects of her behavior seem equally inexplicable whichever she is). More often the book is too clear; it attempts to explain what it should render. Not that there is anything wrong with an author's "explaining" the psychology of his characters, but Gutwillig's explanations are so inadequate to the situations and so inferior as writing to those passages where he simply renders the feelings of his characters that they seem a misuse—and a diminution—of his talent.

Uneven and often unsuccessful as *The Fugitives* is, the best parts are excellent. There are unforgettable scenes—a boy suddenly getting out of bed in the middle of the night knowing that he has to get away; a nervous mother, confused and ashamed, knowing that she is mishandling the situation but with no idea of how to do better; the last days of Stevie on "the outside" when he is increasingly aware that he is not going to make it. Unfortunately such scenes are set down amid a good deal of claptrap, but when the book does come alive, the author's talent is unmistakable.

CHARLES BRACELEN FLOOD'S new novel, **Tell Me, Stranger** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), is a book that is almost entirely claptrap; it reads like the scenario for an old Rosalind Russell movie. The "male lead" is a young man bored with analyzing securities who applies for a job as assistant to a glamorous female photographer, a woman a few years older and infinitely more worldly than he is. Needless to say, he is hired, and the two of them set off on elaborate travels through Europe and Africa. The reader tags along waiting for that moment when, if Miss Russell were playing the role, she would remove her horn-rimmed glasses and reveal to the young man how fully, behind all her professional severity, she too is aware that they are not merely employer and assistant but "a man and a woman who care deeply for one another."

Flood's characters get to Por[t] before the symbolic horn-rim[med] glasses come off. There they [have] their brief happiness, and then [the] novel tries to get serious. Since [the] woman photographer has been [di]vorced and the young man [is a] Roman Catholic, marriage pre[sents] them with a real moral problem [but] since neither character has any [more] depth than celluloid, the solu[tions] they reach is a celluloid solu[tion]. The proceedings are not notice[ably] enlivened by the presence in the [story] of the young man's uncle and a s[ec]tor living in France, but good [char]acter actors might be able to [make] something of these parts.

ANTHONY BAILEY'S **Y[ou]ng Progress** (Dial, $3.50) is an[other] very lightweight novel, but with [one] difference from Flood's that B[ailey] knows he is carving in cork [and] never attempts anything unsuit[able] to the buoyancy of his medium. [The] book is all surface, but the sur[face] is witty, agreeable, civilized, a p[lea]ant blending of Evelyn Waugh [and] Graham Greene in their more [eu]phoric moods.

Slater, Bailey's unheroic hero, [is a] young man of Anglo-American b[ack]ground (like the author's) who [wins] $25,000 on a sweepstake ticket [and] trots off to Switzerland to see w[hat] will happen to him. There he m[eets] a mysterious Middle Eastern ge[nt]man, Morkaba, and his hands[ome] blonde mistress, Miss Genev[ieve] Grant. Soon Slater is drawn into [the] employ of Morkaba, and that [asso]ciation in turn makes him very [in]teresting to the British For[eign] Office, since Morkaba is collec[ting] arms for a Middle East upris[ing]. Naturally the beautiful Miss G[rant] does nothing to simplify mat[ters] when a young man as susceptibl[e as] Slater is involved.

The book has something of [the] tone of the 1920s, when Middle E[ast]ern politics were still considered [a] game for the writer of musical co[me]dies and young Englishmen on [the] make marketed their charm ra[ther] than their anger. It could hardly [be] less consequential, but a good m[any] readers should find it entertain[ing] as I did.

The Seesaw Log by William Gib[son] (Knopf, $3.95) is one of the m[ost]

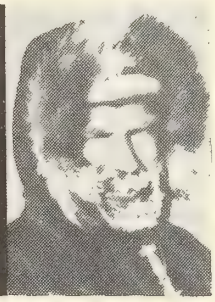
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interesting books of the month and one of the most unusual. Gibson is the author of the immensely successful play "Two for the Seesaw," and his book is an account of what he went through to get his play produced and while it was in production. The text of the play itself is also included.

Richard Bissell has given us a much jollified version of the same sort of experience in *Say, Darling!* (which he has since thriftily turned into another play); Meyer Levin has written a much less merry account of his troubles in *not* getting his dramatic version of *Compulsion* produced; and a certain amount of random complaining by playwrights about the way their work fares in the theater drifts into print from time to time. But Gibson's seems to be the first orderly, straightforward account of what a playwright goes through, and even he acknowledges that he has toned down the truth.

In a sense *The Seesaw Log* is another work about the problem of identity, for it is essentially concerned with Gibson's struggle to hang onto himself and his play under the enormous pressure of agents, producer, director, and star—his effort to preserve what he wanted to say through endless rewriting, to take advantage of the intelligence and imagination and theatrical experience of the highly gifted men he was working with without surrendering his private vision to a committee. He started to keep the diary on which the *Log* is based, he says, as a place where he could withdraw and lick his wounds, an exercise in self-preservation, but it also became a record of self-discovery, because in the intense struggle he went through he found out a good deal about himself.

I, NOT WE

"TWO for the Seesaw" is a play for only two characters, a Jewish girl from the Bronx, too good-hearted for her own good, and a lawyer from Nebraska who is in process of being divorced because he cannot stand to go on taking everything he has from a rich wife and father-in-law. They meet in New York, have a wistful, up-and-down sort of affair, and then, the lawyer from Nebraska having learned about love from the [illegible] from the Bronx, goes back to [illegible] wife.

The main problem of the p[illegible] throughout the time Gibson and [illegible] colleagues worked on it was [illegible] man's character. The first job [illegible] to build up the character to prov[illegible] a better balance for the girl: [illegible] Gibson seems to have thought [illegible] necessary as anyone else. The n[illegible] question was how sympathetic [illegible] character should be. Gibson wan[illegible] the man not entirely sympathe[illegible] Henry Fonda, who created the pa[illegible] wanted him much more sympathe[illegible] the producer wanted Fonda, beca[illegible] it was the magic of his name wh[illegible] had made financing of the prod[illegible] tion possible in the first place. So t[illegible] play was rewritten right up to t[illegible] opening night in New York in [illegible] atmosphere of increasing tensen[illegible]

Unfortunately, Gibson's account[illegible] not (and probably could not be) f[illegible] enough to enable the reader to jud[illegible] for himself the advisability of any [illegible] all of the changes that were ma[illegible] and the text as printed is an am[illegible] gam of what Gibson liked best [illegible] various versions, neither the play [illegible] first wrote nor the play that w[illegible] finally produced. But the reader [illegible] the play is likely to conclude th[illegible] there *is* something wrong with t[illegible] man's part, though the problem m[illegible] not lie in how sympathetic or u[illegible] sympathetic he is.

It could be argued that the g[illegible] is fundamentally just that old stan[illegible] by of the sentimental theater, t[illegible] whore with the heart of gold, t[illegible] girl of the streets who is stancher a[illegible] truer than many a fine lady. But s[illegible] is so accurately observed, her spee[illegible] and her pride and her generosity a[illegible] so well recorded that she is co[illegible] pletely localized and individualize[illegible]

Nothing like this has gone into t[illegible] man's character. Probably he com[illegible] from Nebraska rather than Penns[illegible] vania, for instance, only because Ne[illegible] York theater audiences think N[illegible] braska is funnier than Pennsylvani[illegible] He has no word or trait that mar[illegible] him as Nebraskan; he could just [illegible] well come from Bridgeport or Sp[illegible] kane. He is not observed as the gi[illegible] is; he serves as the vehicle for certai[illegible] of the playwright's feelings that a[illegible] genuine enough, but he is use[illegible] rather than created.

The moral of Gibson's book, a[illegible]

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he sees it, is that the modern American theater is not a place "to be serious, but to be likable." Here he makes more sense out of the topsy-turvy world he portrays than I can. His play is a slight thing, sometimes charming, sometimes funny, at the end moving, but hardly a great play by any standard. It might never have been produced if a famous star had not agreed to do it in an off moment—a star who later seems to have found his own role thoroughly uncongenial. Yet it had cost about $100,000 by the time it opened in New York; the screen rights have been sold for $600,000; it has made several people, if not rich, decidedly prosperous; it has been, is being, or will be translated into most of the major languages of the Western World. When an art becomes roulette played for this kind of stakes, how can it be "serious"?

ANOTHER new book that may appeal first to theater-goers is a novelette called **The Pledge** (Knopf, $3), because the author, Friedrich Duerrenmatt, is a writer heretofore known in this country chiefly as the author of "The Visit," the play in which Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt have appeared so successfully.

Inspector Matthai, the chief character in *The Pledge*, is a brilliant police officer who is dissatisfied with the official solution to a crime, the sex-murder of a little girl, and makes a pledge to the victim's parents to find the real criminal. He gives up all other commitments in order to fulfill his promise, and he works out a logically impeccable scheme to trap his man. But the scheme traps him rather than the criminal; he becomes the victim of his own logic, and in the end the true criminal is revealed only through the foolish muttering of an old woman; he could never have been caught by Matthai's brilliant plan.

In the original German (Duerrenmatt is a Swiss who writes in German), *The Pledge* has a subtitle which I inexpertly translate as "Requiem for the Detective Story." It is a useful guide to the ideas he conveys in his book. The usual detective story is based on a very simple view of reality; it assumes that, however misleading appearances (clues) may be, reality is simple (the criminal can be identified) and clever man who uses his wits ca discover it.

Duerrenmatt's point is that reali is infinitely more complex, mult form, unidentifiable, "absurd" tha that: the clever man is likely to mi it entirely and to end up with not ing to show for his wits but a sta and limiting abstraction. Identi for the individual lies not in fixe ness of ideas but in openness to e perience; to stay the same is to dead-alive. The book seems to ha a political dimension too, as *Th Visit* did; it seems to be an exposu of the corruption that all ideolo works in the lives of men.

The Pledge is less a novel than fable, stripped down to nothing th is not necessary to its argument. Co sequently it is very spare but a lit obvious, and Duerrenmatt in a w exemplifies what he attacks, for in hands not to have an ideology is danger of becoming a doctrine. H argues his case very well, but it central to his argument that should not have a case, and I am n sure that a novel is a very good ve cle for argument.

THE new book by the Irish-Indi satirist Aubrey Menen, **The Fig Tr** (Scribner, $3.50), is not one of happier efforts. One of Menen's tr bles is that he scatters his shot; one brief book he takes on the cient Greeks, the Roman Cath Church, and modern science as jects of his satire, and the combi tion is too much even for a wri of his talents.

The main figure in the story i naïve but ambitious young Brit scientist who goes to Italy to gr figs of extraordinary size. He p duces the figs he wants, but they h an unexpected side-effect: they an aphrodisiac, and when the entist and his listless American ne bor eat the fruit their charac undergo rapid if predictable chan

Perhaps this little narrative co have been taken seriously as an tack on modern science if Menen allowed it to speak entirely by direction, but instead he gives opinions directly in passages seem to indicate no very profou examination of the relation betw science and morality.

Nor is the story any more succ

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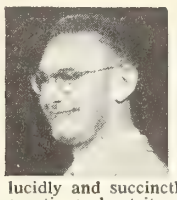
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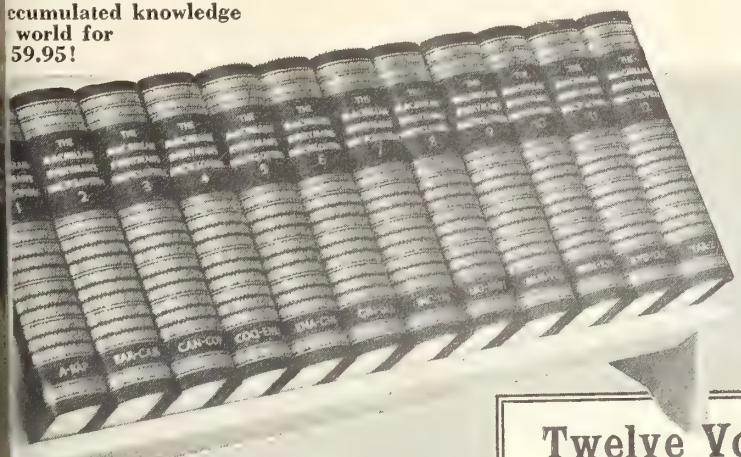
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ful simply as entertainment. Aphrodisiacs are, of course, an old and tried source of dirty jokes; but the least (and perhaps the most) we can ask of a dirty joke is that it should be dirty and it should be funny, and Menen's story is neither.

NON-FICTION NOTES

IN **Havelock Ellis: Artist of Life** (Sloane, $4) John Stewart Collis pays tribute to Ellis on the occasion of the centenary of his birth, but it is not very easy to see what the tribute accomplishes. The book is too sketchy to be satisfactory as biography; and the author's unbounded enthusiasm for his subject precludes any useful criticism (at various times he speaks of Ellis as the greatest critic of literature and religion of his day, one of the widest-ranging minds of all time, and the most learned man that ever lived). Yet Collis is scarcely interested in what is usually regarded as Ellis's chief accomplishment, the *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, and he so often claims to be incompetent to deal with one or another aspect of Ellis's work that in the end most readers will be convinced of the validity of his claim. What really interests Collis in Ellis is his mysticism, which may well be the most undiscussible aspect of his character.

Yet *Havelock Ellis: Artist of Life* is a rather charming book, largely because of the personality of the author. Collis seems to be a completely guileless man in the grip of unbounded enthusiasm, as unconscious of his absurdities as a puppy chasing a butterfly. There is pleasant contrast between his rather stately, old-fashioned essayist's style and his ingenuousness of presentation (he sometimes introduces an idea or a quotation with the candid excuse for its irrelevance that he has found no other place for it). The chief thing the book proves is that hero-worship is not dead.

The Sawbwa and His Secretary by C. Y. Lee (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $3.75) is a series of sketches set in Mangshih, a province on the Chinese-Burma border where Lee, then a recent graduate of a Chinese university, went in 1940 to be the "modern secretary" to the local chieftain or Sawbwa. The Sawbwa had



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decided that his little state should be modernized, and he began by marrying a lively Eurasian girl named Ida and building her a house in the Western style. Then he hired Lee at a salary of thirty dollars a month to help him bring his country up to date.

Lee's stories concern the Sawbwa's problems in dealing with the ebullient Ida and with his first wife and their weakling son, the conflict between the Sawbwa as temporal ruler and the local Buddhist monastery, the disruption of life caused by the Chinese truck drivers on the Burma Road who stopped by in Mangshih looking for girls, the too-extended visit of an ambitious young Chinese Communist organizer, as well as with the general difficulties of initiating Mangshih into modern times.

The sketches are fairly mild stuff, and they are not made much more pointed by the author's tendency to call attention to how "comical" they are. The book is at its best when it settles for pure description. Then it becomes a minor but engaging chapter in the far-flung story of the encounter between ancient societies and modernity.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Watch That Ends the Night, by Hugh MacLennan.

This is a novel about a woman, Catherine, and two men who loved and married her. It is an exciting novel first because the author has a superlative narrative gift. It is an intellectually absorbing one because he is preoccupied with the mystery of the life force—which he calls not character but spirit. And he makes his preoccupation so integral a part of the story that one's own emotions become deeply involved. The novel begins in the present in Montreal, goes back to the childhood of the three protagonists, and comes to one climax in the '30s. He recreates the hopelessness of young people caught in unemployment and the depres-



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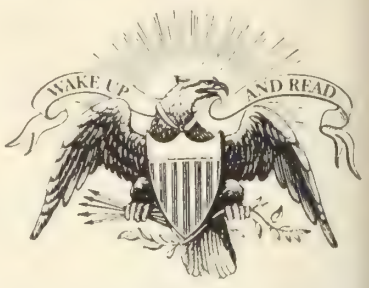
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; the temptation of Communism
way out; the flaming belief of
e of them in the Spanish Civil
r. And he recreates the mood so
vincingly that one accepts it as
ivation. He says of the '30s:

'his was a time in which you were al-
'ays meeting people who caught poli-
ics just as a person catches religion.
t was probably the last time in this
entury when politics in our country
'ill be evangelical, and if a man was
nce intensely religious, he was bound
) be wide open to a mood like that
f the 'thirties.

explains his theory about politics
her in an interesting passage
ut the present:

ut now I believed that nearly all
ie real history was being made by
ie scientists and that the politicians
ierely held posts and inherited situ-
tions.

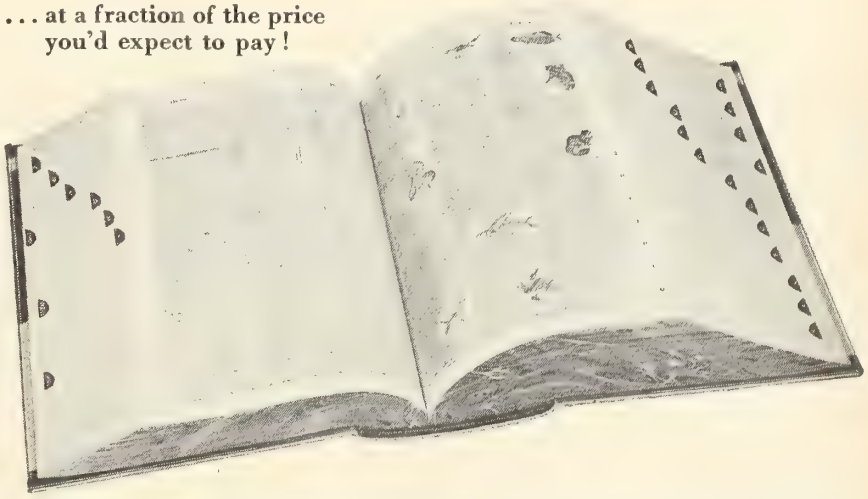
: second climax comes at the end
he book, in the present, when
me, a doctor—Catherine's first
)and, believed dead for twelve
s—suddenly reappears from be-
l the Iron Curtain to find her
ried to one of his dearest friends.
amazingly vivid and vital book
it good and credible people
ght in the strange human dilem-
the last fifty years have made us
to. One more thing. Universal
s problems are, it is the first novel
I have read whose background
flavor are proudly, self-con-
usly, and very effectively Cana-
. Scribner, $3.95

nd at Shadow Creek, by Geoffrey
erell.

sense of country pervades this
l too. Mr. Cotterell, whose *The*
nge Enchantment was a Book-of-
Month selection now writes a
/ of a long voyage by ship to
ralia and of a young (well,
y-three) man's adventures when
ets there. About half the book is
n up with Charlie Anderson's
aboard ship. He is a personable
ne'er-do-well young Englishman
having lost several jobs and a
has taken what money he has
nd decided Australia is for him.
boat trip has its minor excite-
ts and major or minor romances
otherwise the very monotony and
tition of the days which are so
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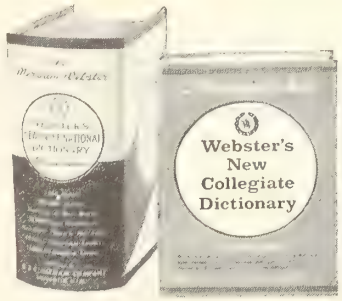
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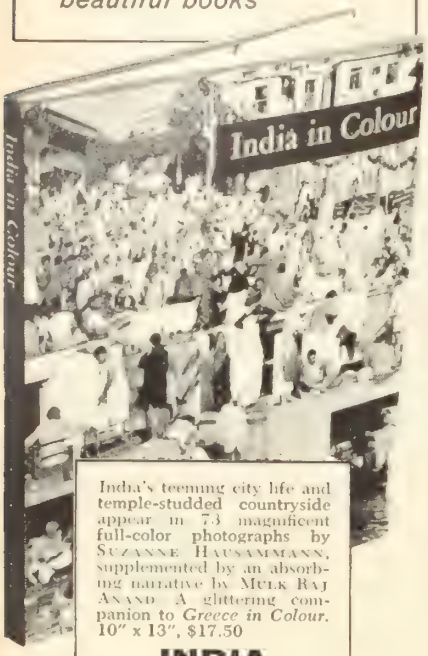
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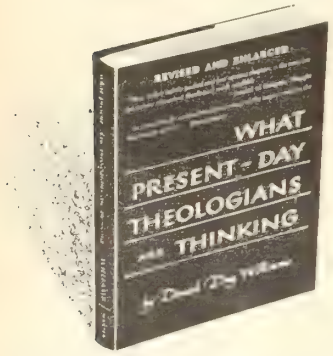


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them, can result in boredom for one who listens or reads, and I'm afraid this part of the book has tendencies in that direction. But it does establish the relationships that give excitement and tension to Charlie's Australian adventures. And excitement and tension there are, not a little furnished by the magnificent sense of the vital north-Australian country which the author makes palpable to a degree. If this seems as much a journey as a novel, it is a very rewarding one. Lippincott, $3.95

Young love was never so articulate. Two very different literary versions of it have just appeared, one American of Italian descent, the other entirely French.

The Burning Air, by Eugene Mirabelli.

A twenty-seven-year-old author writes of a summer weekend when a young romance comes to a climax at the home of the girl's Italo-American parents. The characters are well drawn and some of the scenes are real and touching, but perhaps because the young have so little confidence in themselves and their love, one only feels that they are, indeed, not even acting their age and have rather been imposing on our sympathies. Houghton Mifflin, $3

The Bride and the Bugatti, by Nicole de Buron.

A lighthearted record of a French honeymoon spent in Italy with a Bugatti car of vivid personality. The novel (?) is written by one of the participants as narrator. If not altogether unpredictable, it is spiritedly young, very gay, and wryly wise.

Norton, $2.95

NON-FICTION

Five Ideas That Change the World, by Barbara Ward.

In a series of lectures delivered in the new state of Ghana at the invitation of Prime Minister Nkrumah and the President of Ghana's university, Miss Ward examines nationalism, industrialism, colonialism, Communism, and internationalism, in that order. With lucid simplicity she traces the history of these movements —the misconceptions about each; their good points and their bad; though of course it is their futu interrelations in terms of individu freedom and world peace that co cern her most. This clear, thoug ful, provocative series ends on personal note of hope:

> My faith is that the shaping for of social justice, humane concern, a Christian compassion, which M dismissed as worthless bourgeois w dow dressing, represent on the c trary the essential expression of t free spirit. . . . These forces c quered the citadels of self-inter and irresponsibility inside Weste society. They must now work to c large our vision to include the wh family of man. I confess that it to them, and not simply to the n row dictates of interest, that I lo for a better, richer future and for peaceful home for all mankind.

By the author of *Faith and Freedo* and *The Interplay of East and We* Miss Ward is also a former editor the London *Economist*.

Norton, $3.

The Face of War, by Martha Ge horn.

The author might have called th book, *Lest We Forget*. It is a lected collection of Miss Gellhor war reports beginning with the fi one that she did for *Collier's* duri the Spanish Civil War, through F land, China, and the second wo war, ending with her story of comi into Dachau with the America She was everywhere that matter The reporting is always quiet, ev when it is heartbreakingly vivid a deeply compassionate. Her repo on the first hospital ship returni wounded from the beaches on D-D (she was on it all the way); on t arrival of the first German prison in England on D-Day-plus-One; h report on a visit to the hospital the faceless burned men of the RA and her final report on Dach would all be unbearable if they w not so magnificent in their reporti and their superlative restraint in t use of the first personal singul Everything is "we" even when y don't know who the others are, a it has the strange effect of maki the reader a participator in expe ences far beyond one's own capac for courage or comprehension. writing this, a book she hopes will its part in preventing nuclear w

BOOKS IN BRIEF

says: "I believe that memory and
agination, not nuclear weapons,
the great deterrents." Her im-
nation provokes our perhaps will-
y sluggish memories to excellent
pose. Simon & Schuster, $3.75

e Leaf and the Flame, by Mar-
et Parton.
n the year that Gandhi was mur-
ed, Mrs. Parton was a correspond-
for the New York *Herald*
bune in India. She was also ex-
ting the birth of her first child.
perceptions, always acute, seem
have been sharpened to an un-
al awareness. Her journal is a
py mixture of the reporting of
portant events; of comment on
t living in India today is really
; and of the small personal reac-
is of an obviously charming
nan. Delightful reading.
Knopf, $3.95

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you have missed David Ha-
th's *(We Die Alone) D-Day: The*
Day of June, 1944 which came
in March and is currently being
lized in the *Saturday Evening*
—the story of "the greatest ar-
a (5,333 ships, 9,210 planes), the
st invasion ever launched," the
of one day from dawn till dark,
still have other versions to look
ard to. In June Putnam will
lish *Invasion '44,* another minute-
inute story of the Normandy
ings by John Frayne Turner,
in the same anniversary month
n and Schuster will release *The*
gest Day in History: June 6,
, by Cornelius Ryan. As a foot-
and prelude to these books
e is also the story of another no
heroic armada, *The Nine Days*
unkirk, by David Divine which
on is publishing in April.

Happy Hammocks

he novels of this spring are really
thing to look forward to. They
y seasoned performers like Pearl
—*Command the Morning,* from
Day in April; and, in May,
an Wyck Mason—*The Young*
n, from Doubleday; and Robert
Warren—*The Man Below,*
Jean Stafford—*Parliament of*
ien, both from Random House.

It Is GOD'S PEACE Shining From Their Eyes!



You may not see any merit in confessing your sins to a priest, as Catholics do.

Perhaps you think, as some do, that it is a humiliating practice which Catholics themselves would not observe if the Church did not require them to do so. And you may well wonder what effect if any, such confession has upon the spiritual life of the individual.

We suggest that you turn the pages of your Bible to John 20:21-23 and read Christ's commission to the Apostles: *"Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained."*

We might cite the fact that Christ, in this command, instituted the Sacrament of Penance, or Confession, and that Catholics all over the world have been going to Confession for the 1900 years since. We might point out that *ALL* Christians observed this Sacrament for the first 15 centuries of Christendom.

But instead we invite you to look into and study the faces of the throngs of people coming out of Catholic churches everywhere in the dusk of a late Saturday afternoon. The sense of guilt which may have clouded their features going in is no longer there . . . for their sins have been forgiven and the light of God's peace shines from their eyes!

Confessing our sins to another human being may indeed appear to be a humiliating thing. But if only a question of personal pride were involved, we should have to admit that the sins themselves are surely more humiliating than the confession of them. For Catholics, this inward humiliation—this sense of guilt—is overcome by God's promised forgiveness, conferred through the Sacrament which His divine Son instituted for that purpose.

If you are not a Catholic and have never been to Confession, you cannot appreciate the joy that a true Confession can bring to the heart of a human being. You cannot imagine the load it can lift from a tortured mind. You cannot realize the influence it can have on your life in every phase.

Nothing in Holy Scripture is more specific, more positive than Christ's instruction concerning confession and forgiveness of sin. And even though you may not wish to follow the example of your Catholic neighbor in this respect, we think you will be tremendously interested in a pamphlet on this and other Sacraments. We will be glad to send you a copy free on request—in a plain wrapper. And nobody will call on you. Write today—ask for Pamphlet No. D-5.

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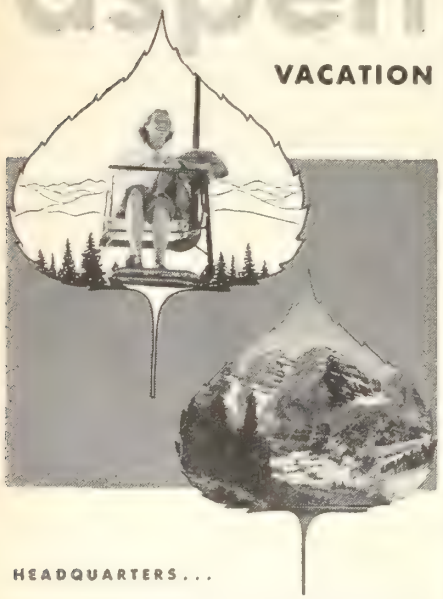
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One thing we are learning by listening to records is that the best way to hear a country's music—contemporary or in the living tradition—is in performance by its own nationals. Old Sir Thomas Beecham has always followed this principle, doing his French opera with French singers and even hiring an occasional French orchestra for his Berlioz and Bizet. Our own opera houses and our orchestras usually run on the opposite theory—and some of us wish they'd learn better.

In singing especially, the native-trained voice is important. The vocal instrument is wonderfully flexible in growth and can be brought out into an amazing variety of tonal production; our singing today is utterly unlike that of past centuries and of other cultures. But national traditions change slowly and training takes half a lifetime. If you want a singer to sound French, get one from France.

French

Pierrette Alarie sings Debussy. Pierrette Alarie sings Ravel. Allan Rogers, Piano. Westminster XWN 18778, 18789.

At first, this top-rank French singer may not appeal to you; her style, as with the greatest singers, is a quintessence, in a way mannered—though by training, not affectation—and the untried ear must adjust itself to it. But after five or six numbers on either of these splendid discs you are bound to be carried along by the persuasive French intelligence, the perfect musicianship, the superbly controlled voice production, in that curiously nasal, "white" French style, like no other singing.

Alarie's only faults are a vibrato occasionally too pronounced and a certain instability, oddly enough, in her lowest tones—the high ones are superbly accurate and clear. It was perhaps a mistake to start her Ravel disc with items in Spanish and Italian; she is so incontrovertibly French. Her best is in the Debussy, superb in the better known concert songs, even better in the unusual and difficult ones. Her Ravel is not quite as sure-footed—but Ravel's songs are difficult both in execution and in the keen musical ear required. The pianist in both, Allan Rogers, is one of the finest in the business for this m and the piano recording is unusu good, too, beautifully balanced aga the voice.

Leopold Simoneau sings Duparc. A Rogers, piano. Westminster X 18788.

This is another in the Westminste ries but neither the music nor the s ing is as interesting as in the Al discs. Simoneau's high tenor voic earnest, very musical, somewhat lim in its expressive range and rather the tense side in tone quality. He as always, a curious way of sudd slipping in intonation on some to as though through lack of muscular trol. As for Duparc, he is as perfu and misty as ever, lovely in his way tame after either Debussy or Ravel

English

Vaughan Williams and Others: Eng Songs; Sea Ballads. Richard Stan bass; Frederick Stone, piano. W minster XWN 18710.

How extraordinary is the British ta for writing not very profound m full of conventionalities, in a ma that is somehow all spotless nobi earnestness, and sincerity! Even respected Vaughan Williams did it attested by his earlier songs here. Li to them as sung by this impec British basso and you will underst how Elgar and Delius can still be ish favorites to a degree quite imp ble here in America.

The major part of the Vaughan liams side goes to songs on texts b L. Stevenson—set over many years judge by the sound of the music. noble music, darn it, and wonderf British (even to the folk-song eleme I'd be tempted to call it great—unt Brahms, Schumann, or Gershwin along.

The Sea Ballads range through eternal "Drake's Drum" (does the lish heart really throb to it?) and J Ireland's "Sea Fever" (Masefield), thence on to several bits of lusty ring-do (" 'Now up my lads,' the Cap cried . . .") that reek ever so fa of the British music hall.

erman-Austrian

nubert Songs. Dietrich Fischer-Dies-u, baritone; Gerald Moore, piano. ngel 35624.

ıcher-Dieskau is an astonishing singer, nan with every talent imaginable that lps in song. His is a big voice, but o a little one; he has power, bril-nce, edge—but he can sing in a tone distant mysticism just as well. He is mboyant (when need be) and just as en reserved, lofty. His vocal control fantastic, his delivery utterly easy, his diction and dramatic emphasis not lack force thereby. On top of this, the man has two enormous ets—he is young and he is utterly sical.

Thus the sound of this same voice ging songs for a half-hour at a stretch not monotonous, as are many male ces of more limited color and ex-ssion. You'll enjoy the range of ısual Schubert here, to the accom-ıiment of the ever-competent Gerald ore—who could almost be Schubert ıself now after thirty years of play-the music.

hms: Seventeen Songs. Hilde Roes-Majdan, contralto; Erik Werba, no. Westminster XWN 18787.

re is what is often called a fine, big ce—opulent, somewhat dark, supple heavily colored—a good one for hms, who in his songs is a lyricist ve all.

he is primarily a mainstay of the Vienna opera, this singer; she thus knows the German-Viennese tradition to perfection but has a somewhat bigger voice than is best for the German lied —even Brahms. Most of her singing is beautifully controlled and lovely in color and expression but on the soaring high notes she lets go with too-glorious tones, stretching Brahms toward Richard Strauss. A perfect sense of pitch and good, natural German diction are fine assets, just the same.

Scandinavian

Kirsten Flagstad sings Norwegian Songs by Arne Dorumsgaard. Gerald Moore, piano. Angel 35573.

These unusual songs raise some fundamental questions of artistic validity. Though the composer is young—I met him a couple of years ago in Paris—his composing style can be "located" in time as far back as 1850; most hearers would hazard the 1880s as a better guess. There is much of Grieg in the music and perhaps a hint of Sibelius.

And yet these are lovely songs and good ones, too. The "style" is unimportant; the shape, line, expressive content, is what counts. Dorumsgaard is obviously a gifted and expert master of musical expression; his only quirk is this odd (to us) preoccupation with a seemingly out-of-date language.

Is it? Not really. If an echo of Grieg is there, it is merely a superficial and natural resemblance. So with other music that comes to mind; it recedes again in the face of Dorumsgaard him-



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THE NEW RECORDINGS

self and Flagstad's beautiful singing of songs that are clearly among her favorites.

Kirsten Flagstad sings Sibelius Songs. London Symphony Orch., Oivin Fjeldstad. London OS 25005 stereo.

These songs are in Swedish; a large part of Finland speaks it as the native language. A neighborly Scandinavian, Flagstad has no trouble with her Sibelius diction.

The music is unusual in being written for orchestra, yet in relatively brief song form. When Mahler wrote songs with orchestra he somehow enlarged the concept of the form, often joining songs together—or incorporating them into his vast symphonies. Sibelius writes short songs, fourteen of them on this one record. They date mostly from around 1900 or before, are over before you expect it, and display a typically Sibelius complexity of instrumental effects within their short span. There isn't much of the atmosphere of "Swan of Tuonela" here—the vocal requirements make for more action and less moodiness.

Russian

Shostakovich: From Jewish Poetry (Song Cycle). Mussorgsky: The Nursery. Kabalevsky: Shakespeare Sonnets. Dorlyak, Doukhanova, Masslenikov, Reisen; Kabalevsky, Richter, Shostakovich, pianists. Monitor MC 2020.

This is a spotty but extremely interesting record of Russian song, featuring soprano, mezzo, tenor, and bass voices as well as three pianists.

"The Nursery" of Mussorgsky, that highly original and poignant bit of child's monologue, is wonderfully well sung by the soprano Nina Dorlyak, wife of her accompanist, the great pianist Sviatoslav Richter. Couldn't be better. Kabalevsky's Shakespeare music is for a big, wobbly Russian basso (Reisen); I found it conventional and oddly British as well, with a faint echo of Vaughan Williams!

The big item on the record is the quite remarkable cycle of Jewish songs by Shostakovich. Is it the collective way of thinking that dictates a collection of voices here, instead of the traditional solo voice of most other "art songs"? In any case, these songs have a Jewish poignancy of line and an oriental flavor that lifts them above much of Shostakovich's usual busily conventional work. The opening duet, for soprano and mezzo, makes an especially striking effect, very Russian as well as Jewish. Top singing, with top playing from the composer himself at the piano. Everything on the record is in Russian, of course.

JAZZ note

Eric Larrabee

HISTO

Jazz is distinct from other forms of music in that it has—and has through all but its early years—the m of self-preservation in the phonogra This has meant that performers need depend on a fragmentary tradition, pupil getting no more than what master could remember, but that had available the whole sweep of repertory, from the beginnings to latest competitors.

The effect on musicians is to accele the process of stylistic change. If want to make your mark, after all, cannot merely do better than ever has been done many times before— this, in an art that emphasizes impr sation and performance, is all-import Yet for the listener it has a complen tary result, in that every consume the music now has the opportunity experience for himself its histo growth—and to hold the present acco able for its debt to the past.

Once, in the benighted days of inch singles, this was a privilege stricted to the fanatical collecto calling for which many of us lacke true vocation. But now the excuse been removed. An anthology like tha Ethnic Folkways (noted below) re sents a collection—at probably hall price, and undoubtedly half the eff that would have done credit to an ar jazz fan of, say, twenty years ago. (ters pointing out that one track on 11 was made in 1945 will not be fa ably received.)

Perhaps part of the answer is there used to be a distinction in ha an original Gennett of the N. O. R. "Milenburg Joys" that is now ope the *canaille*, and gone forever. M so, but for those whose interest is m and not exclusiveness, there is no lo any obstacle between yourselves these once-unimaginable riches. An who finds this too much to take, wants to go slow, might start with 3, 6, and 11.

Jazz: Vol. 1, **The South.** Vol. 2, **Blues.** Vol. 3, **New Orleans.** Vol **Jazz Singers.** Vol. 5, **Chicago No** Vol. 6, **Chicago No. 2** (Alternate). 7, **New York (1922-1934).** Vol. 8, **Bands (1924-1934).** Vol. 9, **Piano.** Vol **Boogie Woogie—Jump—Kansas** Vol. 11, **Addenda.** Ethnic Folkw FP 53, 55, 57, 59, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71 and 75.

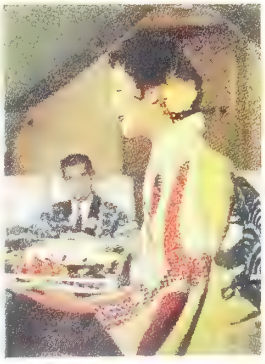


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I Call Myself a Protestant
by William Warren Bartley, III

Socialized Medicine, Ten Years Old
by Don Cook

The Teamsters: Corrupt Policemen of an Unruly Industry
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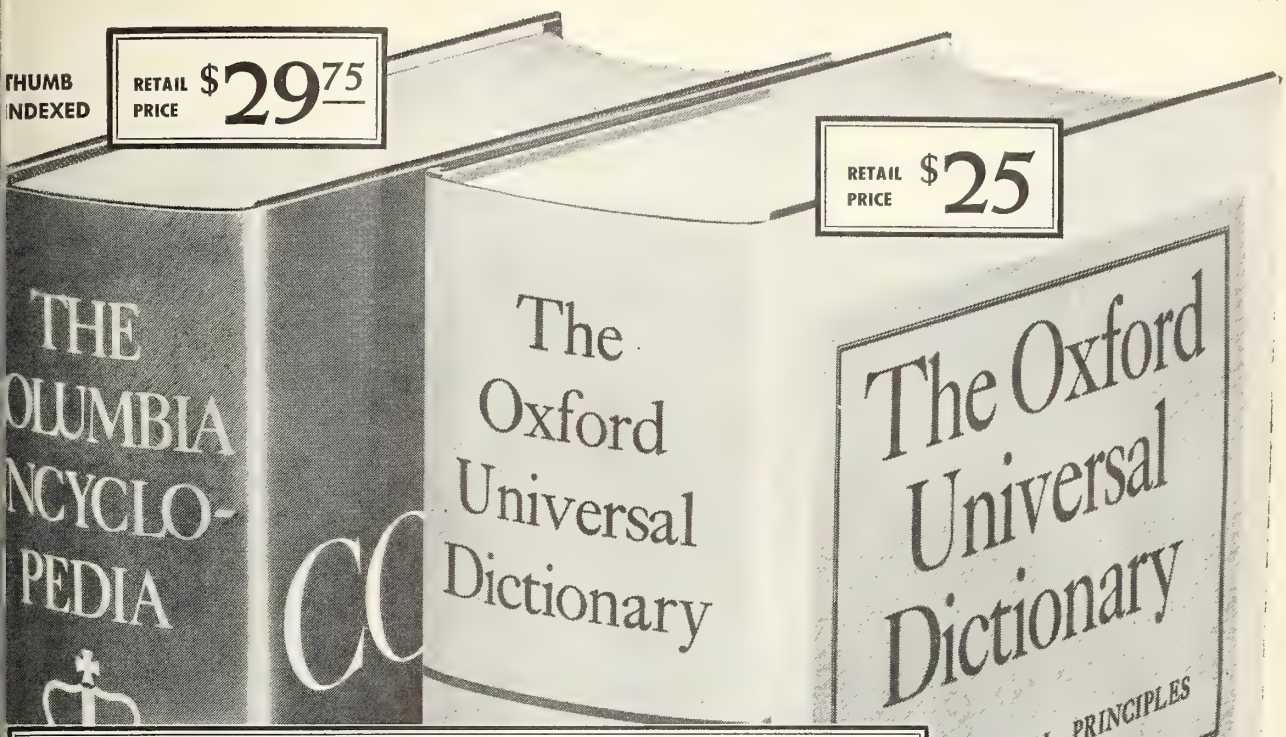
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Chapter IX

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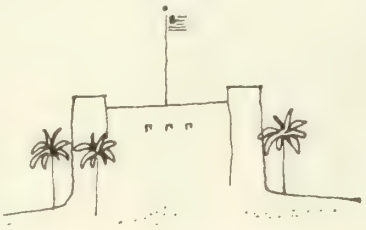
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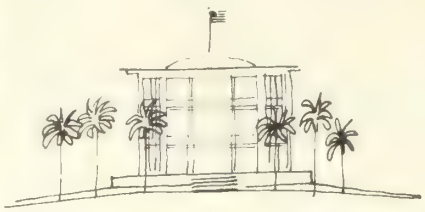
To the Editors:

I observe in *Harper's* for February the hapless pulings of one Mr. Starbuck ["Cold-war Bulletin from the Cultural Front," a poem inspired by the ultra-modern glass U. S. Consulate in Algiers]. The building at which he pules was designed by our office. Our Poet Laureate, Robert F. Olwell, replies as follows:



If Mr. Starbuck's point we get
What's wanted in Algeria's
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But times have changed—
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John Lyon Reid
San Francisco, Calif.

Slobs and Non-slobs

To the Editors:

I enjoyed John A. Kouwenhoven's thought-provoking article ["Waste Not, Have Not," March] but cannot agree with his statement, "If we did not have abundance we could not be wasteful." In England where society is still divided into fairly distinct social levels, the so-called working class is notoriously wasteful. . . . Waste is the real cause of our being behind the Russians in space vehicles since our best brains are wasting their talent designing automobile grilles. . . . I do not believe that a properly educated man with a sense of true values would throw even an empty beer can onto a highway, but Mr. Kouwenhoven seems to imply that it would be bet for democracy if we chucked away so full ones too (after piercing the top course).

Patrick M. A
Montreal, Que

When I lived in static, non-democ Germany I observed the mess the G mans left in the woods around Ber they did nearly as well in that rest as Americans. On the other hand Bermuda I once came upon a man had stopped his truck on a highwa night to pick up, piece by piece, shards of a bottle he had accidenta lost. There were no witnesses (I quite invisible to him); he had to gr in the blackness, taking the risk of ting his hands. But . . . he was character that owned the joint," and cleaned the mess up. . . .

Peter C. Mu
Asheville N

Transplanted Americ

To the Editors:

"The Pretty Americans" [Ha Cleveland, March] convinces me that Senior Citizens—those unwanted from 40 to 60 years of age—could hav civilian jobs in foreign countries far better than youngsters, many whom have never been outside t native states. . . . Sending young diers to handle our occupation as ments is bad enough. Operation Dia is a ridiculous waste of money. . .

Nola B. Ha
Santa Cruz, C

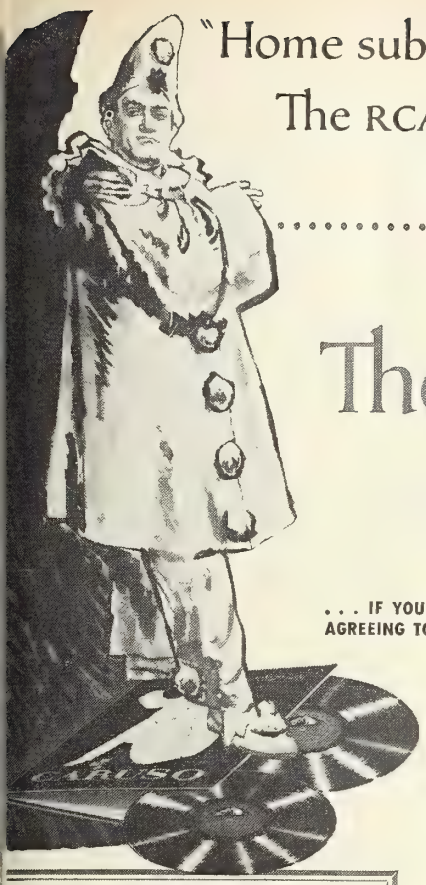
As an American married to a Mex citizen, I have little in common the wives of Americans living in for countries. In six months I have not a single American socially. . . . It is considered bad taste here for a wo to be idle. I found this a particu abrupt change, having been accusto to a sixteen-hour day including teac studying, and working in the h . . . Perhaps those of us who never to return to the United States hav even greater influence as ambassa since we associate less with Ameri and have to adapt permanently to a way of life.

Beverlee Corzo
Mexico City, I

For Canada-bound American wiv offer the following tips:

(1) Be prepared to meet polite i ference or subtle resentment.

(2) Be able to explain American



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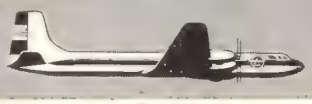




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BERYL R. JOHNSON
Cooksville, Ontario

Catholics in the World

TO THE EDITORS:

Philip Scharper ["What a Modern Catholic Believes," March] has made a fresh and magnificent statement of his Catholic belief. . . . His theme is the intensely personal relationship of each Catholic to his Saviour in the Mass and Holy Communion. The average Catholic apologist approaches this with such awe that he tends to mistrust his own competence, and usually falls back on the hackneyed vocabulary that is all but unintelligible to those outside the Church. But Mr. Scharper has brought his own terms to the task. He has done a rare job of "affirming," and I am thankful that *Harper's* gave him the opportunity.

CLARENCE M. ZE
Managing Ed., *Catholic Standard*
Washington, D.

Protestantism denies to any specific institution the authoritarian and redemptive role claimed by the Church of Rome. This makes us chaotically individualistic. . . . Yet in a score of denominations and in spite of different forms and deviant accents are multitudes of people whose Christian experience could be described in the very terms Mr. Scharper uses—sin, repentence, redemption, the deeply personal encounter with Jesus Christ, renewal and vocation. . . . Mr. Scharper's article is a blow to Protestant stereotypes and a reminder that none of us has a corner on Christian experience. . . . Is it too much to suggest that when we are truest to our heritage in its fundamentals we are closest to each other?

REGINALD W. DE
Lutheran Theological Seminary
Gettysburg.

Philip Scharper's off-and-on-again frame of mind is anything but Catholic. Even a Catholic child knows that Papal infallibility extends only to "a v



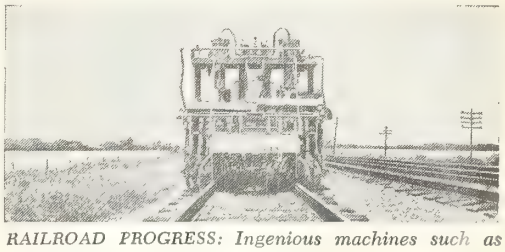
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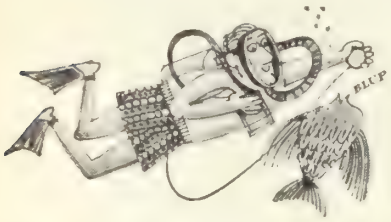
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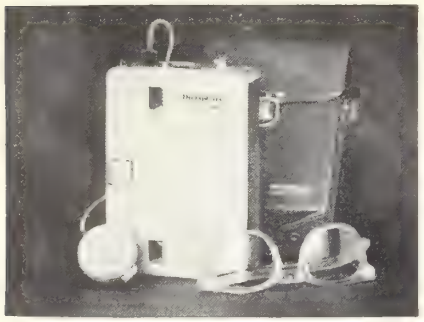


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LETTERS

restricted area" . . . described in the paper-bound catechism from which Mr. Scharper fled as a spiritual juvenile delinquent. . . . It is true that certain Catholics democratically acquiesced in New York's contraceptive issue. This is as modern as Pilate who acquiesced in the demands of the crowd for the paltry reward of civic acceptability.

JOHN J. LEITNER
Union, N. J.

The Church's insistence that her moral laws (such as the banning of information on birth control) should apply to all, fills a non-Catholic with dismay. It is heartening to know that an individual Catholic can in good conscience reject this belief.

RAY ROBERTS
Washington, D. C.

DePauw's Secret Weapon

TO THE EDITORS:

John Brooks says ["The *Wall Street Journal* Woos the Eggheads," March], "The secret of DePauw . . . is something many publishers would undoubtedly like to know."

[In answer] an obscure instructor at DePauw in the 'twenties and 'thirties would say:

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(2) Students chosen for scholarship through scholarships were not collegiate in the popular sense.

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(4) In the composition department—headed by Dr. R. W. Pence—students gave severe attention to details of communication—punctuation, sentence structure, paragraphing, and revision—the drudgery that compels accurate thinking and respectful reading.

LLOYD B. GALE
Rochester, N. Y.

The Tell-tale Mink

TO THE EDITORS:

John Fischer's lady and the ferry story ["Three Valentines," Easy Chair, February] reminded me of this one—

This couple were going to celebrate their tenth wedding anniversary by a trip to Europe. At the last minute the lawyer-husband was unable to go, but he urged his wife to go alone. Reluctantly, she went, enjoyed the cathedrals and museums, wrote him glowing letters. Then, at one of the Italian lakes, she met an urbane, dashing young man, a Count and also a superb dancing partner. One thing led to another, and she found herself involved in a romance beyond the dreams of women's maga-

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A personal report on the use new drugs and medical techniq —and the emotional impact of t disease.

By Senator Richard L. Neuber

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How an American business periment is helping to change Latin American society, to t pleased surprise of everybody c cerned.

By Daniel Jan

GAS AND GERMS:
Our Untried Hope for Humane Warfare

Because Washington is afraid talk about chemical and biologi weapons, even our top poli makers seldom realize that th might be more effective th atomic bombs — and far m merciful.

By Brig. Gen. J. H. Rothschi U. S. A., R

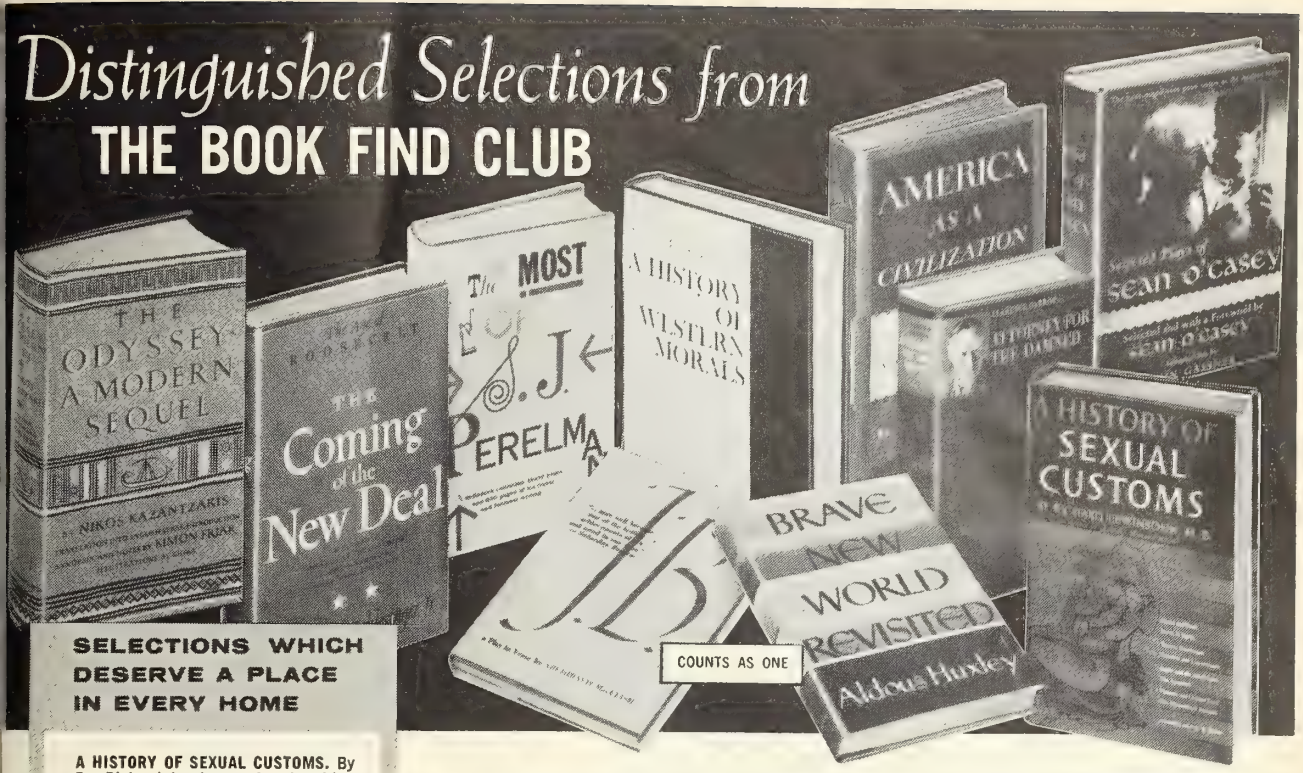
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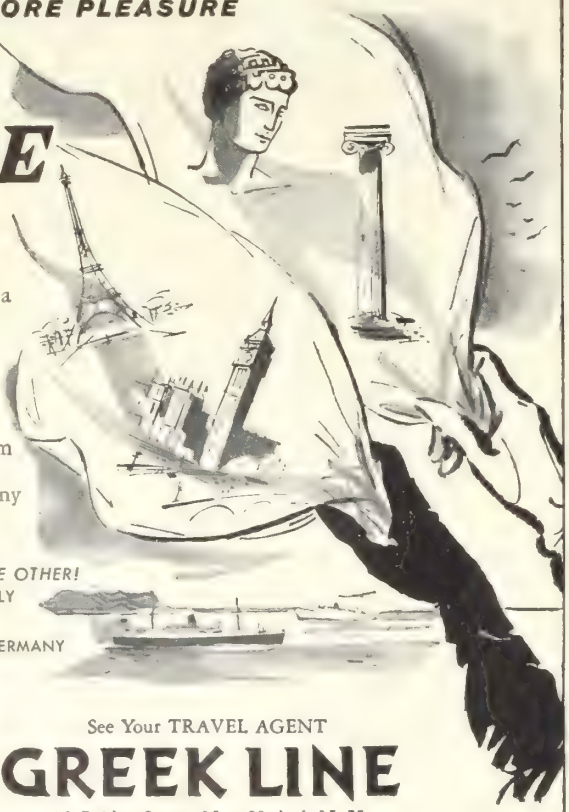
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zines. She managed to write her husband daily about the beauty of the Italian lakes. And she managed her ravaging guilt by the usual rationalizations.

When the time came to leave, she bade the Count good-by and turned her face and heart homeward. In her stateroom she found a large box and a card from her lover; inside was a magnificent mink coat. She was delighted, then appalled. Her husband knew she had no money for this lavish thing. But what to do with it? The ship was well on its way when she evolved a scheme.

In a ship-to-shore call she urged her husband not to waste his time meeting her at the pier. On her arrival she went coolly through customs with the coat over her arm [label ripped out] and took a cab to a pawn shop where she left it. That night when her husband came home she was deeply touched by his welcome, determined to be henceforth the best of wives.

About a week later she showed her husband the pawn ticket.

"I picked this up in the street yesterday," she said. "Do you want to stop on your way to lunch and see what it's for?"

When he came home that evening he handed her a decrepit umbrella with a fake silver handle.

"Here's your pawn ticket prize," he said, rumpling her hair in the loving way he had.

She could hardly wait for daylight to rush to the pawn shop and find her coat. On the way she decided to stop at her husband's office and mention casually that she was curious about why anyone would pawn anything so worthless as the old umbrella.

As she walked into the office she met her husband's secretary on her way out for a coffee break. She was wearing the mink coat. HELEN HARRIS PERLMAN

Chicago.

Dealing with Russ

TO THE EDITORS:

"A Deal with Russia?" [John Fischer, Easy Chair, March] has given me the satisfaction of knowing how come, i am destined to be a radioactive cinder . . . During the past few years I have come to think little of statesmanship. If one represents a nation with a powerful military force, one is a great negotiator; on the other hand if one represents such as Bongo-Bongo—a country whose culinary skill includes boiled mission meat—it is very difficult to get a reputation for statesmanship. . . . Since both [the U. S. and the U.S.S.R.] have the capacity to erase each other, the best thing for each is to save his skin, and not try to show off for the benefit of a lot

LETTERS

o-bit countries such as England, ance, Italy, Spain, etc.

LOUIS FOSSIER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Russia is quite right in fearing a re-litarized Germany. We should fear it o. All Germany's neighbors do. So the German people themselves. . . . Chancellor Konrad Adenauer has been ging exploration of the possibility of ng the West Germans into a perma-nt Atlantic political framework by eir own consent. This would apply e principle of free elections in that rt of Germany where it can be applied the moment. It would be a move ward strength for NATO and the lantic Community—toward strength m sources other than arms. Are not odds better from [such] exploration . than from exploration in the direc-n of weakness with the untrustworthy llenging despot?

MRS. CHASE S. OSBORN
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Engineer Bites Poet

THE EDITORS:
n reference to "Well, That's That" Hilbert Schenck, Jr. [March]:

This poet was courting his Muse
And found that he couldn't produce
In flippant defiance
He ridiculed science.
(His Muse had no use for abuse.)

RANDALL GARDNER
Columbia, Mo.

P & O, p. 22, on Mr. Schenck.

Critic's Critics

THE EDITORS:
obert Brustein's scorn of theatrical tations ["The Theater of Middle ousness," March] shows naïveté. . . . s particularly irritating to read im-ure comparisons of "J. B." and the k of Job. Hasn't Mr. Brustein ned yet that the play never ends like book?

HAROLD E. DEMUN
Dept. of Humanities
Rose Polytechnic Institute
Terre Haute, Ind.

r. Brustein's pungent remarks also he Old Vic's current production of mlet." . . . Its concentration on us aspects of incest replaced Shake-re's heroic conception with a thor-ly mixed-up young man whose chief edy seemed to be that he was born e hundred years before Freud.

CHARLES RALSTON
Berkeley, Calif.



Chantilly

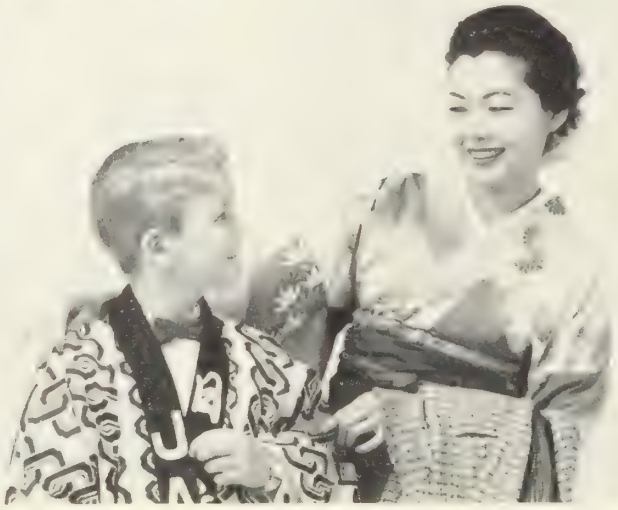
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LETTERS

A Little Latin . .

TO THE EDITORS:

It was jarring to find in your Apri issue ["Et Tu, Americus," Personal & Otherwise] that *Harper's* has, in fact less Latin than Shakespeare's famou paucity. *Americus,* of course, shoul be in the vocative case . . . *Americ* . . . Further on we come to "American brought up on 'Kickero' instead of 'Si ero' or 'Chicerone.'" . . . It takes n longer to pick up the Italianate pro nunciation of Latin than for an educate Texan to approximate a London accen "*Chicerone*" is not Latin or Italian b any system of pronunciation. . . . Ther is an Italian word, *cicerone* (pronounce "chicheroney") which means, besides th familiar "guide," a "wise guy."

JOHN APPLETO
New York, N. Y

Three Raw Gem

TO THE EDITORS:

Harper's simply doesn't publish poem like Winifred Welles', Edward Wei miller's, and Edna St. Vincent Millay any more. Times change and so d poetry models. Not to be outdone, have tried to write in your new mod The accompanying poem is the best have been able to do.

I
am a
poem for
a magazine
for modern readers
in form a gem
but at heart
just a
joke

My
value
varies with
the way you look
at my constructions—
one way diamond
the other
just a
square

Yet
all you
poets who
write haughty verse
no-one will publish:
look on my smirks
you haughty
and de-
spair.

ALFRED HARDING MAR
Dept. of Engli
Ball State Teachers Colle
Muncie, In



Three to one

"... the return realized by producing countries from banana exports is extraordinarily high. . . . Acre for acre bananas yielded to the local economies at least three times the average return from croplands as a whole ..."

Facts about Latin America's productive farmlands are an important feature of the comprehensive study of United Fruit Company operations, which was made by Sr. Galo Plaza, ex-President of the Republic of Ecuador, and Stacy May, well-known economist, for the National Planning Association,† an independent research group.

†Series on United States Business Performance Abroad, NATIONAL PLANNING ASSOCIATION, 1606 NEW HAMPSHIRE AVE., N.W., WASHINGTON 9, D.C.

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ROGER BURLINGAME

the Easy Chair



The Analyst's Couch and the Creative Mind

The guest in the Easy Chair this month has written more than twenty books of fiction, biography, social history, and verse. This essay is adapted from his next book—I Have Known Many Worlds, *to be published in October 1959.*

I HAVE not called myself an artist though in much of my writing I have worked with artist's materials and in the artist's framework. I believe, therefore, that I have what is known as a creative mind and though circumstances have not always permitted it, I like to write from the inside out. And, from my own long and kaleidoscopic experience and from the experiences of some true artists whom I have known closely I am convinced that, however much good it may do the business executive, the physician, the politician, or the housewife, the psychoanalyst's couch is not for the creative mind. In testimony I offer case history.

If, for instance, the theses of the psychiatrists and psychoanalysts are applicable to me, I should be, if not a gibbering idiot, at least a model of chronic maladjustment. According to late theory, my parents—indeed my entire family including my Irish Nanny—did everything wrong from the moment the doctor shook the breath into me.

First of all, I was an afterthought. I came along eleven years after my parents had apparently decided that enough was enough. Later, when it was supposed that I could understand such things, I was told that I was planned and I believe it. A year or so before my birth, the family's economic condition improved and this, added to Mother's nostalgia for babies, moved the uninstructed parental minds toward the belated impulse. And, in those primitive days, insufficient exploration had not yet proved how dangerous afterthoughts can be—especially when the progenitors are past forty.

During the fateful years zero to five, my nurse indoctrinated me with every variety of morbid fancy. She had, for example, a passion for funerals. Often when she took me walking in the city she would detect a funeral blocks away and seizing me by the hand would run me breathlessly to the scene so that she could count the carriages behind the hearse. I became so fascinated with the pomp of death that once, when asked what I wanted for Christmas, I replied a toy cemetery, please, complete with plumed hearse, corpse, and practicable coffin.

Nanny also exploited my precarious constitution. Born in what was known as "the grippe year," I was frequently on the threshold of death, from which I was saved by a series of miracles. In the intervals between the crises, Nanny surrounded me with fears. Everything that I must not do I must not do "for fear" of the consequences: bronchial pneumonia, for example, if I went out in the rain. Nanny was entranced by the long names of diseases and I too grew to mouth and love their resonant beauty. Starting with the sonorous "pneumonia," my sallies into the poetry of medicine have led me into rapture over the rhythm and melody of "insomnia," "arteriosclerosis," and, best of all, "electrocardiogram."

The "sentence of silence" so abundantly con-

Will he take away an American steelworker's job?



eet Vladimir Petrov, Russian steelworker. He rns about 56 rubles a day.

American steelworkers earn about $24.00 a y... four times as much as steelworkers of estern Europe, over four times as much as adimir, and seven times as much as Japanese elworkers.

So what?

So this: Many foreign countries have zoomed ir output of steel — they're selling it all over world—and in increasing amounts even in the S.A. For instance, more barbed wire is being ported here from abroad than American mills producing.

Soaring costs in this country are hurting the nerican steelworker as he tries to compete with counterparts all over the world... European d Japanese steel producers are even now under- ing American steel right here in this country. ne American steelworkers have already lost ir jobs just for this reason; foreign steel- rkers have gotten their jobs.

Certainly it will not help America if the spread ween U.S. and foreign wages is increased. It l only serve to export jobs.

sn't it time to stop this inflationary rise in ge costs that is undermining the job security American workers?

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Drawings by Leo Summers

demned in the palco-Freudian days was strictly imposed upon me. Every scrap of information about sex was withheld from me notwithstanding my insistent questioning and the fact that my mind was, from my first consciousness, profoundly occupied with the subject.

Far from the teachings of "progressive" upbringing, my behavior was geared to a set of absolutes. Reason rarely intervened between me and parental authority. I did things because they were right and they were right because Mother or Father or my grown-up brother or sisters or Holy Scriptures said so. (Nanny also got in on this act.) In my consciousness, moral relativity was a stranger though I know now that it governed much of my father's thinking.

Finally, my strenuous religious training brought me into a vivid and daily awareness of sin. I don't think the reality of sin would have impinged much upon Mother's clean and extrovert mind except that her prayer book was so jam-packed with it. But to me the abstraction inherent in all the resounding Anglican prayers was troubling indeed and, in my introspective hours, as I grew older, I even became fearful that I might have sinned without knowing it. On my knees in church, my small head buried in my folded arms, I sometimes put the question to my Maker but I was never quite sure of any response.

My earliest memory is of weaving my way through a forest of legs. Unlike most children, I had five parents instead of two. All—even my still adolescent sister—had equal authority, at least when the others weren't around. They could all say Don't to me and they all did. Sometimes there were jurisdictional disputes conducted in whispers which I heard or in French which I understood. I hugely enjoyed the conflicts between my sisters, sometimes involving slammed doors or ending with that final thrust, "All right for you," which was so popular in those days among the young.

The only time no one said Don't to me was when I was sick. Then they hovered silently near my bedside so imbued with the belief that I was going to die, I wonder they did not kill me with their thoughts. I did, indeed, sometimes suspect the incidence of my demise. I was deeply impressed by that macabre prayer they used to teach children to say:

> If I should die before I wake
> I pray the Lord my soul to take . . .

I could see the Lord's hand coming through the darkness and grabbing my small soul. I then thought myself into a white coffin with my disembodied spirit hovering over my bereaved family and happily observing their tears.

When it wasn't too painful, I really enjoyed being sick. To lie in a darkened room with Mother's countless petticoats rustling about and a fragrant inhalant cooking over an alcohol lamp was quite pleasurable. I liked the taste of the paregoric—the universal remedy for everything that could not be cured by castor oil—the frequent doses of which, by another miracle, I survived. Nanny, in these times, was relegated to the background and Mother took full charge. Is it surprising, then, that I acquired that most devastating of all fixations for the growing male, a "silver cord" attachment?

THE SECRETS I KEEP

COULD a combination of Doctors Freud, Jung, and Adler—not to mention John Dewey and the progressive educationeers—imagine a more blighting background? Yet I have eluded breakdown, compulsive criminality, perversion, and the Death Wish. I have spasms of self-pity but so do my younger acquaintances whose psychiatrists are just around the corner. My suicidal impulses are rare and fleeting—subject to diversion by almost any bright object. Rape, homosexuality, and sadism have appeared interesting but not compelling. My impulses toward murder have usually had rational motivation. It is true that I often treat my wife with extreme mental cruelty but so do the graduates of the progressive schools.

I take no credit for having licked, with my heroic character, all of the grim conditioners I have described. Indeed, I have never wanted to lick them. On the contrary, I exult in every one. Far from frustrating me they have been largely responsible for every worthy thing I have done.

Take, for example, the reticence about the so-

lled facts of life. The silence was ghly stimulating to what I like to ink was my incipiently creative ind. Had I been told, I should ve been deprived of the delight as ll as the constructive exercise of scovering them for myself. Does e child from whom nothing is lden get more fun out of life? ill the creativeness of new genera- ns be enhanced by absence of stery? Is the imaginative child ose stories are all told him on the evision screen any better equipped n one who devises his own plots d people, albeit with a certain crea- e agony? No; I cherish the secrecy which I was so early introduced d I have practiced it happily.

What I have withheld has given more joy than what I have ex- ssed because it has helped build a rehouse, a potential of great preg- ncy. Secret after secret I can now e birth to in sublime pain. The nfessional to priest or analyst is norrent to me. If you keep your oes or fears, your chimeras, the trums of your conscience inside n, you can still make use of them; d, they leave you empty, sterile, l impotent. Confession, except in ation, is exceedingly bad for the ative soul.

And how about the other mental emotional ingredients of my ld life? To the artist, morbid ught is a pigment. To be there dy at any moment to be dipped o for the creation of a painting or ory it must be squeezed early on palette of the child's mind. If child is an incipient artist, it will stand there alone. Brighter colors l probably be juxtaposed. The ld need not be preoccupied by rbid thought but if he is to be an st he must be aware of its exist- e. It is cruel to protect an imag- tive child from the sense of death the taste of grief. To an artist a ny with her funerals may be nensely useful.

Nor are the feminine pressures tful to the male artists. If he is novelist he must be, in himself, n, woman, and child. The mother o runs frightened by the shadows Oedipus had better consider care- y whether her son is a potential st or bond broker.

s to the unreasoned dicta about at and wrong, these established a code like the multiplication table which catches you up when you make a mistake. Yet it may also, to change the metaphor, be a spring- board from which to take off. Of course I have departed from some of the formulas but how could I have departed if there was nothing to de- part from? The shore you leave stays in your mind however far you swim away, but how about the child who has known no shore, who has been taken out in a boat in the dark and dropped into an unbounded sea?

There is a truism which says you must know the rules in order to break them, and who breaks more rules than the writer unless it be the painter or composer?

I have left behind most of the religious concepts that were so im- portant to my mother and I have sometimes said that my strict re- ligious bringing up threw me, on maturity, into agnosticism, yet in my heart, I also value that memory. Once the sin ingredient evaporated there was a residue of beauty. My doubts about a personal God cannot filter that out. But how constructive that knowledge of faith, of the faith of others if not my own, of the intel- lectual fact of God, however skeptical I may be of his tangible existence! The best book by far that I ever wrote was based on what I heard in those solemn hours when Mother prepared me for confirmation.

THE LEGACY OF THE COW

I ONCE knew a true artist—a painter of transcendent talent—who had been brought up on an austere New England farm, a desire-under- the-elms sort of place where morbid thought abounded. His own ran to cows. For hours, as a child, he would sit on a fence and reflect on the suf- ferings of cows. The cow, to him, was a symbol of exploited femininity; her entire existence was by necessity dedicated to being a female. She was bred, gave birth, and began to nurse her child; then both child and milk were stolen from her. When the milk stopped, the whole sad sequence was repeated. What my friend supposed to be the other enterprises in which the cow might have engaged had she been relieved of the urgency imposed upon her was never quite clear to me or perhaps to him; the point was that



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the grief about the cows developed into other griefs as he matured and he became, so he said, an exceedingly unhappy man. Yet all this time he was painting pictures which were the wonder of the art world. Everything he did had that nostalgic trace essential to any real work of art.

One day he heard about a Swiss pyschoanalyst who could treat those grim neuroses which were a legacy from a morbid childhood. So he laid his painting aside and spent a year in Zurich. I had lunch with him the day after he returned. "I am," he said, "completely happy. The nightmares are gone. I can look back on my obsessions and laugh at them. My slate has been washed clean."

Unfortunately his palette had also been washed clean. From that moment his pictures were commonplace or pretty. He lost his place in the top rank. Perhaps he would have been restored in time because I am inclined to believe that a true artist is, in the long run, indestructible, but not until he had put back some of the things that the doctor had erased. For that he died too soon.

But this is only one story. I could tell others as true and as sad of men and women who have confessed too much. Some have survived because, once on the couch, they have instinctively kicked and screamed or slyly, with tongue in cheek, defrauded their expensive doctor.

I am far from believing that there is pain in all creativity; I have touched the fringe often enough to be aware of its joys—even when they are merely the joys of cool sweat after fever, but I am certain that therapy designed to eliminate suffering from the creative mind is more often destructive than otherwise. I think certain honest analysts have become aware of this. At least two of them who are more interested in the truth than in their bank account told me that certain artists have so resisted the treatment—as if they were being robbed—that the doctors have had to abandon the cases.

THE EMBRYONIC ARTIST

NOW if all this be true, why is it that psychoanalysis may still be good for the industrial executive, the lawyer, the government worker, or the secretary of the woman's club? It is, I think, because these people have o machinery for sublimating th childhood "disasters." They can *use* their traumas as the painter, writer, or the composer may. Us the great anodyne for these wour The use may be painful, but w the chagrin is painted or writte is often gone or its combination w its product mellows it. At any something has resulted, the ro motion has ceased, a tangent been struck. The frustration been embodied in something w may partake of immortality; at l it may transfer the artist's hurt to multitude of those who see or r it. A neurosis is better expresse think, than confessed.

But it has now become fashion to turn adolescents or even child —whose talents may still be un pected—over to persons who prac under the general name of psyc trist. "Send her to a psychiatri or, "Let Doctor X see him," say ents at the drop of a tantrum. many cases neither parent nor c knows what creative potentials be in Dick's or Mary's make-up.

My advice to parents would Try to find out if your child leanings toward graphic or liter or musical creation before you in the doctor. And to the docto would say, impertinently, make you are not removing something uable in your attempt to ease y patient's pain or his family's in venience. If you detect a foreshad ing of the art that may come, f your fee and send the patient ho Usually even the child, if he be embryonic artist, will quickly s his allergy to the analyst's meth

In days past, there was a synth treatment of non-creative pati which was known as occupati therapy. This is still practiced I lieve in the rehabilitation of n tally wounded veterans and in v ous old-fashioned establishme Here, patients are made to exp their troubles in some medium of if it be only a string of beads. T I am told, is looked down upon "modern" practitioners. Yet doe not suggest that the man or wo dedicated—one might almost say dicted—to some all-absorbing c tive endeavor is in little danger f his neurosis and, perhaps, even not do without it?

PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Among Our Contributors

THE WOODS

HE spring of 1958 burst in the Harvard Yard with a stormy ellectual discussion about religion. began as a procedural matter—ether the Harvard Memorial urch could be used for religious ldings by students of all faiths—l rapidly grew into a cluster of stions about faith at Harvard and edom of thought. A high spot was ng essay in the Harvard *Crimson* **William Warren Bartley, III,** a duate student who was (and is) nforth Fellow in Philosophy. In outspoken review of the philohic position of many of Harvard's uential officials and teachers, Mr. tley cited favorably an earlier cle by Professor Raphael Demos. There is no freedom without unstanding," Demos had written. hat makes a choice free is that it ased not on caprice, not on imse, but on knowledge. . . .

Some of us teachers believe in ng the student to the woods and ng him there; the process by ch the student finds his way back stitutes his education. But in the cess he may get confused and led; there is no good education nout some suffering."

Mr. Bartley called himself at that a "one of the students who is still o in the woods, who sees no pros of early escape, and whom ers may therefore regard as lost. prefers to think that he has found east a part of himself there and he will not be lost totally until—the sake of Professor Tillich's rage to Be—he loses the Courage hink."

t "I Call Myself a Protestant" 19) Mr. Bartley digs deeper into lamental issues in Protestant be in America today. Rarely, he has tension on theological ques s been so strong and so widead. Mr. Bartley's analysis of the ent situation will be a subject of ute in itself. Certainly it contrasts strikingly with the more common observations about American religious life in the past, as they were rounded up recently by the sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset.

In an article in the Columbia University *Forum,* he pointed out that religion in America—though always strong in number of adherents and church-goers—has been free and easy about particular beliefs. Anthony Trollope noted in 1860 that fathers believe "a young lad should go somewhere on a Sunday; but a sermon is a sermon. . . . Everybody is bound to have a religion, but it does not much matter what it is."

In this country, Protestantism has been avowedly secular. As Denis Brogan said of nineteenth-century religious life in America:

"Religion became a matter of conduct, of good deeds, of works with only a vague background of faith. It became highly functional, highly pragmatic; it became a guarantee of success, moral and material. . . . 'The proper study of mankind is man' was the evasion by which many American divines escaped the necessity for thought about God."

As compared to these attitudes, Mr. Bartley's philosophic approach to religious problems is new. With him—as with the leading Protestant theologians today—belief itself is the burning issue.

Mr. Bartley, who is now on leave from Harvard studying at the London School of Economics as a Fulbright Scholar, grew up in a traditional Protestant home; his grandfather had constructed many of the "round churches" in the Pittsburgh area (deliberately built without corners "so the Devil couldn't get in"), and there are many clergymen on his mother's side of the family. He took his A.B. and A.M. degrees at Harvard and was editorial chairman of the *Crimson.* He has received the Parshad Award of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. (1952) and the World Council of Churches Fellowship (1958).

. . . The political triumph of the new Governor of New York only began with his defeat of Averell Harriman. In some ways his tax program this spring was an even harder victory, for he had to win it not just by standing up to the attacks of Democrats in the legislature but by beguiling or dragooning his reluctant fellow-Republicans. Surely an important element in his career—as in most men's—has been moral stamina. In the lead article this month, **William Manchester** explores the question of how much of that quality he owes to his family background. Mr. Manchester drew his article for *Harper's* from his forthcoming book, *A Rockefeller Family Portrait,* to be published by Little, Brown in June.

Mr. Manchester acknowledges in the preface to his book that he prefers old John D. to his grandson: "Granted that John D. was something of a buccaneer, he was still a pirate in high style." Mr. Manchester also admits that last fall he didn't expect Nelson to win, and he has plenty of respect for the young Rockefeller who proved him wrong.

Mr. Manchester has written *Disturber of the Peace* (about H. L. Mencken), *The City of Anger,* a novel, and other books. After seven years with the Baltimore *Sun,* he joined the staff of Wesleyan in Connecticut three years ago.

LOADED WORDS

. . . Appraisals of "socialized medicine" after its first ten years in Britain have begun to make a dent in the American doctor's fear of anything like it for this country. As **Don Cook** points out in his article on England's flourishing experiment (p. 32), the British believe they have something to teach the world.

The depth of the dent in American medical opinion (which of course has never been as monolithic on this subject as the official utterances of the American Medical Association would suggest) was clearly indicated recently by Dr. Norton S. Brown, newly inaugurated President of the Medical Society of the County of New York. In an interview with a reporter for *Medical Economics* who asked about "socialized medicine," Dr. Brown commented:

"We're in the midst of a mammoth and complicated social change. Medicine used to be a private con-

cession operated *by* doctors *for* doctors. It's now becoming a public utility operated by doctors *in cooperation* with other segments of society. . . .

"Medicine is, and should be, a private enterprise; but it must be operated in the public interest. . . . I don't think we need ever come to a system as regimented as the one in Britain. But let me say this: we could learn much if we'd stand back a few feet and look at the British pattern dispassionately. Up to now medicine—at least officially—has screamed 'socialized medicine' and seldom explored how the British arrived at their system.

"Britain had to work out a way to give medical care to a great mass of people who'd never had adequate attention. Our situation is less extreme. If we're clear-headed we should be able to work out something much better. . . . We need to develop a working philosophy based on reason, not on inaccurate clichés loaded with emotion."

With 121 million Americans now carrying some kind of health insurance against the cost of hospital and doctor bills, the American situation is indeed "less extreme"; but no single figure tells the whole story any more than any single loaded phrase.

Don Cook's article sticks to the facts of the English Health Service, with which he has become acquainted while working in London for the New York *Herald Tribune*. He first went to London as a war correspondent, and has worked also in Germany and Paris, and traveled from Stockholm to Nairobi. He is now chief of the London bureau of the *"Trib."*

. . . The molecules photographed on pages 38 to 42 are part of "The Smallest World" which is now being explored by the new electron microscope. **Jack Long** is in the Information Department of RCA, sole domestic manufacturer of the instrument, and he edits the magazine, *Electronic Age*. Born in Chicago, Mr. Long went to Harvard, and was a staff writer for *American* Magazine before going to RCA.

. . . **Harold C. Schonberg,** who assesses "What Bernstein Is Doing to the Philharmonic" (p. 43), is on the staff of the *New York Times* and is probably the only music critic in history to have made parachute jumps (First Lieutenant, Signal Corps Airborne, 1942-46).

He is a New Yorker by birth (M.A., New York University) and a good chess player; he studied music with Marion Bauer and art with Kuniyoshi. His latest book is *The Collector's Chopin and Schumann.*

. . . "Krishna in the Location" (p. 58) is the first story published in the U. S. by **Marguerite Pereira,** who lives in Mozambique but spends about five months a year in Johannesburg. Her husband is a director of documentary films. Miss Pereira, who was born in Paris, lived in South Africa during World War II and took a B.A. degree at Witwatersrand.

. . . The enraptured comber of "Turkey's Beaches: The Best in the World" (p. 67) is **David Hotham,** an Englishman living in Ankara. He is correspondent for the London *Times, Economist,* and *Observer.* Educated at Eton and Oxford, he served during World War II in the Middle East. After a postwar try at the textile business, he turned to journalism; he has lived in France and Indochina and has toured Communist China.

. . . The International Brotherhood of Teamsters, whom the AFL-CIO sorrowfully expelled last year, has gone on to grow in force. The reasons for their real power—and for their expulsion—appear in **Bernard D. Nossiter's** study of them as "Corrupt Policemen of an Unruly Industry" (p. 70). Mr. Nossiter is a national economics and labor reporter of the Washington *Post* and he based this article on a series of firsthand reports in that paper.

He grew up in New York, went to Dartmouth, and got an M.A. from Harvard. He served Stateside in the Army in World War II and the Korean War and was on the World-Telegram and New York *World-Telegram & Sun* before going to the *Post* in 1955.

. . . **Jacques Barzun's** short piece, "Intellect and Sex" (p. 78) is one of the perceptive comments from a new book published by Harper & Brothers, *The House of Intellect.* Mr. Barzun, who is Dean of Faculty and Provost of Columbia University, has written many books of history, biography, and criticism, including *Berlioz and the Romantic Century.*

. . . The mice in **John Holmes'** poem (p. 57) were brought home from Browne and Nichols School by his son Evan. Mr. Holmes teaches at Tufts College and has written several volumes of poetry, including *Map of My Country* and *The Symbols.* His long Phi Beta Kappa poem, "The Eleventh Commandment," is one of the most popular poems ever published in *Harper's.*

Anne Sexton ("The Farmer's Wife," p. 60), a New Englander, studied writing with John Holmes and Robert Lowell. She is married and has three children. In about 6 years of writing, she has had poems published in many magazines.

Hilbert Schenck, Jr. ("The Scientific Viewpoint," p. 69) is a professor of mechanical engineering at Clarkson College and has written books on skin-diving.



Ellen Roberts, a California teen-ager, was snowed under by an avalanche of Italian pen pals last fall. Her father described her plight in *Harper's* in February, and the story came to the attention of the Olivetti typewriter company. Being Italian themselves, they couldn't pass up a chance to help a lady in distress. So Ellen received a handsome Olivetti Portable, presented by Pierluigi Alvera, the Consul General in San Francisco, which should be a considerable help in her do-it-yourself experiment in international friendship.

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NELSON ROCKEFELLER'S MORAL HERITAGE

WILLIAM MANCHESTER

His grandfather passed on some traits of character which may prove more valuable—politically speaking—than the family fortune. And old John D. might have enjoyed the ironic spectacle of Nelson's carrying the banner of liberal Republicanism.

IF THERE was one thing John D. Rockefeller hated it was excitement, and he always recoiled, hopping, from the very sort of political razzle-dazzle which in 1958 won his grandson Nelson the right to leave four baronial homes and occupy New York's ugly gubernatorial mansion in Albany. So strong was John D.'s allergy to ballyhoo that he passed it along to successive generations, and down to the present the heirs of the greatest nineteenth-century titan of finance have been known for their sedateness. That reserve received its critical test the night Nelson, the sport of the family, defeated old E. H. Harriman's boy Averell. It met it by dissolving.

There had been omens of this. Nelson's niece Lucy had posted pictures of him on the grounds of her private school in Virginia, and John D. Rockefeller III, the most staid of Nelson's four brothers, had actually unbent his beanpole frame and carefully plastered a political sticker on his car bumper. But no one anticipated the uproar in the Roosevelt Hotel when it became evident that Nelson was going to roll up a landslide majority of half a million. The only semblance of decorum that evening was preserved by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Nelson's eighty-five-year-old father. Junior, as associates still call him, listened to the returns in his quiet Manhattan apartment, and if he cut any capers, none of his sons saw him. They couldn't, because they were all down at the Roosevelt, having a ball in the ballroom.

John D. III was straining against the base of the platform, relaying returns from the big board to shorter Rockefellers around him; huge Winthrop was embracing friends with crushing bear hugs; conservative David was beaming glassily; and Laurance, a precise man accustomed to absolute control over his environment, was hopelessly lost in the boiling mass of humanity on the floor. When Nelson's wife and children also became separated from the clan, she organized them in a file with Roddy, the tallest, at the head, and led them to their father in an extemporaneous snake dance.

John D.'s most extravagant comment would have been "Pshaw." It was a strong word for him, reserved for extraordinary situations—when he was physically accosted by an enemy of his

great Standard Oil Trust, say, or when he had triumphed in a bitter pipeline war. In his prime he knew vicissitudes as rollicking as any political campaign, but most of them were history before his grandchildren were born. He had been dead twenty-one years when Nelson chose to run, so he wasn't consulted about it. He was considered, though. Once you have a John D. in your family, you have him always. Even after death he has a way of intruding himself into familial decisions. At Nelson's campaign kickoff his grandfather's spirit had been visibly present, in the form of the William Couper bust of him that looks out stonily on the family offices fifty-six floors above Manhattan's Rockefeller Center. The bust is remarkably real, because John D. had a graven look in life, and the fact that it didn't flinch when Nelson told his brothers he was going to run for Governor is entirely consistent; in family matters John D.'s tolerance was absolute. Even if he had known that Nelson was going to electioneer in a beanie and hula hoop, he would have kept quiet. The old dynast was shrewd enough to understand his own singularity, content to let a hundred flowers bloom.

THE BAPTIST AND DA VINCI

NELSON'S political career has blossomed in his fifty-first year, which was also John D.'s age when he reached the crest of his remarkable powers. Juxtaposed, the two men appear to have little else in common. The titan lived in stark houses because shutters and curtains might cut off sunlight. The Governor adorned the grounds around his Pocantico Hills, N. Y. home with statuary. John D. absolutely refused to deal with anyone who tried to hurry him. His grandson was ticketed for speeding. The old man declined to honor his membership in the New York Stock Exchange by appearing on the floor because he despised the turmoil. Nelson wallows in campaign hubbub and borrows a band leader's baton to add to the din. His grandfather's palate was so sensitive that he would not touch a hot dish until it had cooled. He himself bolts salami, hot dogs, and green taffy. John D. could find edification only in a Baptist pew. Nelson has the tastes of a da Vinci.

John D., the calculating introvert, won his battles by wile and sheer determination. He would endure anything in the interests of victory ("You can strike me if you will only let me have my own way," he once told an associate) and when the struggle was over the vanquished felt they had lost a contest of intellectual will. As one of them put it, "We felt a pressure brought to bear on our minds." Nelson is the egalitarian extrovert who triumphs by charm and persuasion—who has, in the words of one defeated candidate in 1958, "got magic." The titan believed that a strong man should "get all the money he honestly can" and extend charity to the poor. His grandson is convinced that capital should go where it can do the most good, that it ought to provide everyone with a better life, and that it should be given, not as alms, but as a matter of right.

Two men, then—John D. in 1889 and Nelson taking the oath of office on his grandmother's Bible seventy years later—seem at first glance to be utterly diverse. The perceptive will note, however, that both are instinctive competitors, and that each fits comfortably into his own period. John D. accepted the business cant of nineteenth-century America, and Nelson is as uncritical of current orthodoxy; he shares its abiding faith in public relations, omnipotent experts, and progress by committee. Times have changed—as he reminded hecklers during his campaign, when he was chaffed for distributing rolls of pennies by those who remember his grandfather giving dimes. What he did not say is that in changing, the stream of time has described a curious oxbow around the name of Rockefeller. Our own grandfathers would be flabbergasted to see what has become of it.

JOHN D.'S POLITICAL BOSS

BOSSISM was the charge Nelson flung at Carmine DeSapio last autumn, and he made it stick. It occurred to no voter that a Rockefeller might try to use him. Yet in John D.'s day no one would have thought anything else. He was frankly out to alter the American economy, and though he himself remained aloof from corruption, the role unregenerate Bossism played in his success was immense. The top tiger in American politics then was Mark Hanna, who had been his schoolmate at Cleveland's Central High. From the day Hanna organized the Cleveland Business Men's Marching Club and strode into public life, he was Standard Oil's faithful crony. In a remarkable letter dressing down a Republican attorney-general who had challenged the Trust in the courts, he once declared that, "There is no greater mistake for a man in or out of public place to make than to assume that he owes any duty to the public." He added that Standard's officers had "been most liberal in their contributions to

the party, as I personally know, Mr. Rockefeller always quietly doing his share."

The alliance between the party and the Trust was evident in many ways, all dubious by today's lights. Standard's "Order No. 1," circulated to employees in November of 1872, instructed them to vote for a professional lobbyist who was running for Congress. He won, and from then on the Standard backed friendly candidates and fought its critics, including hostile judges. That was bad enough; what was worse, and more widespread, was the wholesale bribery of authorities. Boise Penrose, Tom Platt, and Joe Foraker were among the Senators on the Standard payroll, and in the House Joe Sibley not only took money himself; he served as the Trust's official briber in both houses and carried a copy of its secret code in his pocket.

Today things are all turned around. Despite their wealth—John D.'s grandchildren are worth a hundred million dollars each—Rockefellers are identified with the aspirations of the majority of the electorate. Their projects parallel those of a benign government, and frequently anticipate them. Nelson's election was in some ways a reflection of this; the family's contributions to Puerto Rican housing, Negro education, and Israel's economy won votes from thousands of poor Democrats who regarded him as one of a clan of unofficial public representatives who use their fortunes to carry out the popular will. Despised fifty years ago as a symbol of ruthless capitalism, the family name today is an asset.

THE BIG MONEY

THE cynical will argue that money can buy anything, even an agreeable public image, but it doesn't follow. The change is genuine, and runs deep. Its origins, indeed, go back to Nelson's boyhood. Shortly after the Supreme Court smashed the Standard Oil Trust in 1911, bloody riots broke out in Colorado mines his father had inherited. Junior hired W. L. Mackenzie King, then a Canadian industrial-relations expert, as his adviser, and acquired a liberal bent from him. One consequence of this was that Nelson went to a progressive school. His education has proved stronger than his tory legacy. If political lines followed blood lines, he ought to be at least as far to the right as, say, Barry Goldwater. Not only was his father's father a Hanna Republican; his mother's father, Senator Nelson Aldrich of Rhode Island, was an ardent protectionist and for thirty years a leader of the GOP Old Guard. Reverence for the past and enlightened self-interest—Nelson is by far the richest American ever elected to high office—would seem to require him to be a fundamentalist conservative. He's not at all.

The truth is that he is probably as close to the left as any man ever to run on his party's ticket. Certainly he is more so than Theodore Roosevelt, whose progressive Republicanism shocked both of Nelson's grandfathers. Nelson is as firm an advocate of benevolent government as Averell Harriman and as dedicated an internationalist. He looks upon private fortunes, including his own, much as Walter Reuther regards the treasury of General Motors. Both believe big money should be spent on little men, and the only real issue between them is how the distribution should be made. It isn't much of a difference, a fact recognized by Dorothy Schiff of the New York *Post,* who switched her support to Nelson in the last hours of his campaign, and by George Meany, who described him as a "dedicated, aggressive liberal."

Like his brothers, he considers himself a modern, or Eisenhower, Republican. Plenty of people in the Administration regard him as a starry-eyed pest, however, and he doesn't like them much, either. Many have wondered why he didn't break with the party long ago, as Harriman did. To questions about a party switch he simply replies that the GOP is more efficient. A more likely reason is that he prefers to work inside established forms. That might intrigue John D.—who was himself a genius at engineering economic revolutions from within—but it would make little sense to an old standpatter like Senator Aldrich. As a Republican about all Nelson has in common with his maternal grandfather is political charm.

Nelson's charm is as striking in its way as Franklin Roosevelt's, and may in time become as celebrated. In one campaign his dazzling grin, his twinkling blue-gray eyes, and his arm-around-the-shoulder clutch established a vivid image of an immensely likable man with enough affability to grease the legislative machinery and sufficient intelligence to see that it ran properly. It was an astonishing performance. This was, after all, his first try. Yet in a way it wasn't. Like most born politicians, Nelson had been running all his life, displaying that peculiar combination of conviction, opportunism, and downright brass that marks the true pro.

His self-confidence has always been supreme. When his first child was born, he became an authority on parenthood overnight. "The other day Nelson gave me a long and most serious

lecture on how I should treat little Roddy," his mother wrote. "I took it, of course, very meekly, but it amused me greatly." A friend who served with him in Washington during the war remembers wistfully remarking that he'd like to see General Marshall, whom he didn't know. "Marshall? You'd like to see Marshall?" said Nelson, reaching for the phone. He made the call and somehow arranged a meeting with the general, whom *he* didn't know, either.

HIS WINNING WAYS



IN THOSE days Nelson was a minor appointee, serving as Roosevelt's official good neighbor to South America. Nobody in the capital thought of him as a politico yet. Friends and fellow Rockefellers, however, knew him better. They didn't blink when they heard that he was nosing around the capital, picking up odds and ends of legislative information that had no real bearing on his duties; he had been curious since childhood, when, wondering what went on in manholes, he had eluded his nurse and climbed down one.

Nor were they startled to learn that he was acquiring a reputation for handling people and getting his own way. His brother Laurance had witnessed that skill long ago in the easy relationship between Nelson and the crew of the 75-foot schooner on which, as boys, they voyaged into polar regions one summer with Sir Wilfred Grenfell. Fellow Dartmouth students, who remembered Nelson campaigning for class office in corduroy trousers and a casual sweater, had also observed it, and so had the embittered real-estate agent who lost his customers to the young Dartmouth graduate with a new real-estate brokerage license. Nelson had been charged with leasing five million square feet of new Rockefeller Center office space in the pit of the depression; he achieved it by buying up clients' leases in other buildings. The agent sued for ten million dollars, but didn't collect. "Wild Bill" Donovan also failed to score when he took a wartime dispute between his agency and Nelson's to Roosevelt—even though Roosevelt's son Jimmy argued Donovan's case.

South Americans explain Nelson's winning ways as arising from his *simpatia*. They were introduced to it in 1937. Rockefeller Center was pretty much of a going concern by then, and a business trip for the Creole Petroleum Corporation took him south of the Rio Grande. He has been there off and on ever since, in various roles - as a representative of his government, as a landowner, and as an economic Simon Bolivar intent upon introducing modern technology to lands he has found delightful, but backward.

His interest in them is more than benign. He wants them to have more of the world's goods, but he also recognizes that if they are denied them, the ultimate loser may be the United States. He thinks his countrymen are altogether too preoccupied with Europe, and he points to a Defense Department study which concluded that there are only two areas in the world with the potential for modern war—the Soviet Union and North America *plus* South America. If Nelson moved into the White House, United States policy would be dedicated to removing the bitterness which lay behind the mauling South Americans recently gave his chief rival for the next Republican Presidential nomination.

A Rockefeller Administration in Washington would be marked by much else not conspicuous there now. It would be strongly led—Nelson's first months in Albany have demonstrated his talent for command. It would be more youthful —he himself looks younger than his age and thinks younger than he looks. It would be candid—asked whether his nomination was a draft, he told an interviewer, "I'd like to think I was drafted, but to tell you the truth I never worked so hard for anything as I did for that nomination." It would effervesce with new ideas, for Nelson is himself a man of quicksilver imagination, who likes imaginative advisers around him. And it would fairly sing with enthusiasm. Presiding over all the young, candid, burbling men would be the greatest advocate of the strenuous life since the last Republican Governor of New York successfully charged Capitol Hill. Nelson's Republicanism might not be recognizable to T. R. in other ways, but it would be stridently bully.

No one who watched Nelson pursuing delegates over fences and into barns the months before his nomination would have been under any illusions about a draft. Not since T. R.'s son tramped New York's back roads thirty-five years before had upstate Republicans seen so vigorous a candidate. He covered all of the state's sixty-

two counties, and he wasn't running scared; even after his nomination was assured he kept right on going. The answer, incredible to less adrenal folk, is that he enjoyed the exercise. He has always enjoyed it. In college he was a hustling soccer player, and he still dashes around on the balls of his feet. "If you're going to walk," he explains over his shoulder, "you might as well get some good out of it."

"In a glandular way," a Democrat said to him, "this guy is the male equivalent of Eleanor Roosevelt."

Weekends on the family estate in Pocantico Hills near Tarrytown, New York, he likes to move trees or build stone walls. In his twenty-seven-room triplex apartment overlooking Central Park, he is constantly on the prowl. He has some of his collection of 1,500 pieces of primitive art and 1,000 oils there, and he keeps changing them around. His wife, Mary Todhunter Clark, known to the family as Tod, tells somewhat wearily how he lugs canvases up and down stairs, up and down, just to see how they will look here or there. When fire broke out in Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, of which he is chairman, it wasn't enough for him to go watch; he had to borrow a fireman's suit and race in to inspect the damages. Arriving at his Venezuelan estate after a gubernatorial campaign that had exhausted everyone else in New York, he instantly mounted a horse and climbed a 5,000-foot mountain to visit a rain forest at the top. He had, he said, always wondered what was up there. The trip took him five hours, and when he got back he took a swim.

Not surprisingly, he likes to make snap decisions. Usually he's right, but like Fiorello La Guardia, when he makes a mistake it's a beaut. As a little boy, he happily collected fish. The more fish, he reasoned, the happier he'd be, so he crammed the bowl, cracked the tail of one of his old pets, and killed it. At Dartmouth he and Walter Chrysler, Jr. developed a classy magazine which failed because other students simply couldn't afford to subscribe, and his interest in art stems from his purchase, on his honeymoon, of a fancy statue that turned out to be a fake. He learned to tell the real thing, came to admire the work of Diego Rivera, and commissioned him to paint what was to be the chief mural in Rockefeller Center. Unfortunately, Rivera wasn't checked out politically. Junior balked at his painting, which included a heroic head of Lenin and a girl with VD who was supposed to stand for life under capitalism. Because it was painted on plaster, it had to be destroyed, at a cost of $21,500 and much embarrassment.

More recently, Nelson's impulsiveness nearly led to disaster at the opening of a Rockefeller housing project in Norfolk, Virginia. On a whim, he leapt into a great crane and started playing with the controls. It was some time before he noticed that the wildly swinging crane was driving spectators to cover. On still another occasion his friends thought he was working too hard and sent him off to rest. Being Nelson, his idea of rest was to hunt Kodiak bear in Alaska. He had been warned not to approach an animal until he was sure it was dead. He thought he'd take a look at one he had, it happened, only wounded. The bear charged from twenty yards. "Luckily the Indian guide dropped him," he recalls, "or I wouldn't be here."

If he is impetuous, he is also cool in a jam. In 1953 he was cruising with some friends off Greece when, ten miles from shore, the motor blew up. It was dark; the boat was burning. Nobody thought they had much of a chance until Nelson calmed everybody, led the men below, and put out the fire.

A CHAT WITH F.D.R.

NELSON made his bow in Washington nearly twenty years ago. It was 1940, and the capital fairly swarmed with prosperous, public-spirited citizens eager to do their bit in national defense. His bit was to rid the hemisphere of a subversive infestation. On his trips for Creole Petroleum he had seen a lot of Germans lurking south of the border. He wanted them out. The White House, hearing of his anxiety, invited him to drop in for a chat with F. D. R. Out of that talk came the Rockefeller Office, which drew up a blacklist of some two thousand South American firms playing ball with the Nazis, and out of the Rockefeller Office, four years later, came Nelson's appointment as a Truman Assistant Secretary of State.

Eight months after his investiture he was out of a job. He had successfully supported the principle of regional defense which ultimately produced NATO, and his official career had been coming along nicely, when he got trapped in the uproar over Argentina's admission to the United Nations. As a creature of Administration policy he was obliged to back the junta government, but as a bureaucrat he was expendable when the public howled. Making the best of things, he joined his brothers in setting up a private agency to cultivate hemispheric friend-

ships. Naturally enough, that led to his chairmanship of Point Four, but he still wasn't satisfied. His policy recommendations kept getting stuck in the machinery of government. Since the engineers were Democratic and he wasn't, Nelson concluded that the trouble was with them, and when Eisenhower's GOP shift came on, he couldn't join it fast enough.

From the opening kickoff he was one of the most active members of the shift, or Team, as the Republicans were calling it. At first he captained a team within the Team. Together with Milton Eisenhower and Arthur S. Flemming he drew up a list of suggestions for overhauling the machine; one of them proposed that a Department of Health, Education, and Welfare be created, and when it was, Nelson became Under Secretary. In 1954 the President appointed him his special assistant on foreign policy, with duties so broad that a colleague said it made him "an assistant to God." It gave him no godlike powers. He was still only an assistant, a $15,000-a-year helper who could urge action but not take it. He was close to eminence, however. The vast authority of high office lay just beyond his outstretched hand. He could see its possibilities, and they excited him. Being Nelson, he could scarcely keep his thoughts to himself. In White House policy sessions, and at the Summit in Geneva, he kept up a drumfire of recommendations, propositions, motions to do this, do that. The Team listened. And went back to its game.

His three years with Eisenhower were not a complete washout. He did get a new cabinet office established, and his unfailing instinct for drama gave the Administration some of the brightest phrases of its first term: Atoms-for-Peace, Open Skies, the Peace Ship, the Aswan Dam Plan. Even if they remained only phrases, he had at least sparked them. Furthermore, many of his ideas crept back in the second term and were adopted. His proposal for regional economic authorities was revived, and although his service on a committee to reorganize the Defense Department bore no fruit in 1953, many of the suggestions in the Rockefeller Brothers report on defense appeared in Neil McElroy's plan to shake up the Pentagon. Nelson's record wasn't startling, but it was something. Any Washington panjandrum might have shelved his dispatch case with pride. After all, an appointed official can do just so much.

Nelson knew that. But he didn't like it, and he didn't accept it. He remembered, not the ideas that caught, but the ones that got away. There were a lot of them, and he knew who had jiggled the hook. Repeatedly he had gone to the White House flushed with enthusiasm, to be humbled by standpat teammates. Time after time his pet programs had been torpedoed by those constables of thrift known as the 4-H Club—George Humphrey of the Treasury; John B. Hollister, director of the International Cooperation Administration; Herbert Hoover, Jr., Under Secretary of State; and Rowland B. Hughes, director of the Bureau of the Budget. As they saw it, Nelson wanted the federal government to adopt the philanthropic practices of the Rockefeller family. Most of his quarrels with them did involve money—most quarrels do, in Washington and elsewhere. He wanted an imaginative aid program in Asia and more health, education, and welfare at home, and they were thinking of the taxpayer.

THE DO-GOODER BRAND

BUT there was another issue. Behind his rebuffs, behind the brutal scoldings he took from young Hoover, was the irreconcilable liberal-conservative conflict of our time. Nelson didn't just want bigger appropriations for other countries; he proposed that the United States send more economic help abroad and fewer guns. His educational plans were undeniably expensive. But his proposed health reinsurance fund, to spur wider coverage by private insurance firms, was more controversial, because it raised in GOP councils the dread specter of Oscar Ewing. As Nelson's schemes went, this one went surprisingly far—it almost reached Congress—but in a fogyish government it was doomed. Once the AMA had called it bad medicine, it was shot. If the man who had backed it hadn't been so rich, he would have been branded a radical crackpot. As it was, he was obviously a do-gooder.

Nelson could only plead guilty to that and gracefully retire. In the last days of 1955 he threw in the towel, got the expected "Dear Nelson" letter from the man whose star he had followed to Washington, and moved back to New York. The Democratic engineers, it turned out, hadn't been to blame after all. Nor was the machine defective. He had been over it, part by part, and he knew it would work. The trouble was that he hadn't been at the controls. Like Arthur Miller's Willy Loman he hadn't been noticed—he had merely been "there to do work," as he later put it. "All the really important decisions," he concluded, "are taken, in the end, by elected officials."

It was in this frame of mind that he attended

a Republican fund-raising session several months after his return to Manhattan. As the meeting broke up he found he had some time on his hands, and he killed it talking politics on the sidewalk outside with Judson Morhouse, New York's Republican state chairman. They broke up after thirty minutes, but the conversation wasn't over. It still isn't. Its first consequence was Nelson's appointment to the state legislature's commission on a constitutional convention, its second his election as commission chairman, and its third Morhouse's announcement that public opinion polls showed Nelson to be the strongest man the GOP could run against Harriman. That enraged the other candidates, who argued that Morhouse should be impartial, but he was unruffled. With the deliberate inconsistency of a skilled tactician he answered that he was reporting facts, not expressing a personal preference. No one was deceived. By now he was as devoted to Nelson's political career as another state chairman, Jim Farley, had been to F.D.R.'s thirty years before.

Party tags aside, the parallels between Nelson's election and Roosevelt's to the same chair in 1928 are remarkable. Like Nelson, Roosevelt in his early years was regarded as a rich playboy dabbling in politics. Like Nelson, he went to Washington as an appointee and looked askance at old-timers in the cabinet—Bryan and Daniels—of whose policies he disapproved. F.D.R. never served in Republican administrations, but in matters of national security he sought Theodore Roosevelt's advice, as Nelson was to seek his in 1940. Both Nelson and Roosevelt won the governorship of the country's most heavily populated state in campaigns which saw the opposition triumphant elsewhere, and as a consequence both became prospective Presidential nominees, hounded for comments about their ambitions. Neither could say more than that he hoped to do a good job in Albany, because each was opposed by the massed professionals of his own party. Roosevelt's goblin was Al Smith, who had led the Democratic ticket to national defeat while F.D.R. was carrying New York by 25,000 votes. Nelson's, Richard Nixon, had presided over a national Republican disaster while Nelson was taking the state by 557,000 votes.

Walter Lippmann has observed that about fifteen years after every major war the wartime leaders reach senescence, a younger generation comes along, and political upheaval results. Most of our strong Presidents, including Roosevelt, have been swept into office on such tides. World War II's fifteen years are up in 1960. The Democrats have groomed half-a-dozen likely candidates, but the Republicans have just two, and Nixon, despite his youth, is identified with the Old Guard. He has inherited control of the Taft clique, which has been defeated in every convention fight since John D. took his final trip to Florida wearing a Landon sunflower.

THE Eastern argument has always been the same—a conservative can't win. Less than a month after Nelson's election it began to be heard again when a Gallup Poll suggested that independent voters preferred him to Nixon. Whatever the sentimental ties between party regulars and the Vice President, they know that they need more than Republican votes to win. He himself has told them so. Moreover, they are painfully aware that in 1958, for the first time, they suffered a marked drop in white-collar support. The lesson is painfully clear to the ranks, and there is every reason to believe that if Nelson wants the nomination in 1960, they will give it to him, as they gave it to Willkie, Dewey, and Eisenhower.

Such speculation is risky, but irresistible. For should Nelson carry the convention as a liberal, the story of the Rockefellers would be crowned by an historic irony. Its dimensions were suggested by two incidents the week after Nelson's victory. Meade Alcorn issued a statement deploring the identification of the Republicans with Wall Street, and Harold Stassen, bane of the Old Guard, began stumping for Nelson. The implication was clear: Nelson was the man to remove the stigma of the vested interests.

If a majority of convention delegates believe this, the party, in its determination to divorce itself from Big Business, will have selected a man who rose to distinction with a fortune spawned by that very marriage. It will have chosen the one candidate whose family's debt to Mark Hanna, maker of the alliance, is undeniable. And if the American electorate votes as the convention expects it to, and Nelson moves into the same house on Pennsylvania Avenue to which his father was a furtive, side-door visitor during the Taft Administration, history will have been confounded. Moreover, since it was a hundred years ago this August that a former railroad conductor named Drake struck oil in Pennsylvania, and the following year that Nelson's grandfather discovered the first petroleum refinery was a paying proposition, the whole business will have taken an even century. The coincidence may seem irrelevant, but it would have pleased John D. He liked things tidy.



SOCIALIZED MEDICINE, TEN YEARS OLD

what we can learn from England's experiment

By DON COOK

Drawings by Michael A. Hampshire

TEN years after the establishment of the British National Health Service it is difficult—in fact almost impossible—to find an opponent of "socialized medicine" left on this island. There are plenty of critics of the Health Service. There are doctors who are discouraged and bitter, and there are patients who complain loudly and frequently. There are individuals who would not dream of accepting free state medical treatment, and there are physicians who will have nothing to do with state-paid medical practice. But "opponents" who would turn back the clock ten years and return to the old medical system in this country are really non-existent.

Certainly there are none among the 49,850,000 Britons (97 per cent of the population) who are registered patients of National Health Service doctors and never pay any medical bills. Among the doctors themselves, out of a total of about 19,000 in the United Kingdom, there are still a gallant 600 or so general practitioners who ride through the valley of death relying solely on fees from private patients. But even these physicians are not exactly "opponents" of socialized medicine. In fact, their practices have probably gained from improved snob appeal.

On the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the Service, the British Medical Association *Journal* was full of praise of it from leaders of the medical profession.

"From the point of view of the 'consumer' it has been an enormous benefit and success," wrote Dr. H. Guy Dain, who was chairman of the BMA Council during the crucial negotiations between doctors and the government which preceded the take-over of private practices by the state in July of 1948. "The absence of any financial barrier between doctor and patient must make the doctor-patient relationship easier and more satisfactory."

Lord Moran, personal physician to Sir Winston Churchill for many years and one of the elder statesmen of British medicine, wrote: "If consultants were asked whether they desired to go back to the old days, I believe the overwhelming majority would prefer the conditions of today."

Iain Macleod, who was appointed Minister of Health by Sir Winston after the Conservatives came back to power, is even more sweeping and forceful about the success of socialized medicine and its soundness as political and social policy

in a democracy. Now the Minister of Labor, Mr. Macleod was the son of a small-town doctor, and watched him struggle in the depression years to help poorer patients.

"I believe in the National Health Service with all my heart," he said to me. "Indeed, I believe some sort of National Health Service, whatever it may be called, will come in every country in the world. Not necessarily our model; it might not survive export. If we were starting again we might have based it more on insurance than we did. But other countries, including the United States, can and will benefit from our experiences, our successes, and our mistakes."

The National Health Service has, in fact, become a source of genuine national pride—like the Royal Navy or the Monarchy. Britons know that there may be more spectacular examples of medical skill or research or treatment in the United States or elsewhere. But in their country more of the population get better medical care than in any other major country on earth. Their pride is far from uncritical. But as the second decade of the Health Service begins, the emphasis is entirely on "How can we make it better?" Strikingly, the system itself, the structure, is almost universally judged to be sound.

FREE CARE WITHOUT RED TAPE

THE Service originated in the early days of this century, when the Liberals under David Lloyd George put through the first compulsory health-insurance act in the country. The law was amended and expanded constantly for the next forty years, as successive Liberal, Conservative, and Labor Governments endorsed and reindorsed the principle of a state medical program. The Labor Government of 1945-51 finally hammered out the legislation, made the basic decisions, and devised the system of free medical care for all the people as it exists in Britain today. The final architect was that dynamic left-wing Welshman, Aneurin Bevan, the Labor Minister of Health of that day. Ten years later, doctors, administrators, civil servants, and politicians of all shades of experience and opinion agree that the structure which he established was basically sound.

Perhaps the key to its soundness is its administrative simplicity so far as the patient is concerned—as I discovered in abrupt personal experience shortly after I returned to London to live three years ago. Running to catch a double-decker bus—I slipped on the pavement and came down heavily on my outstretched left

State medicine is surprisingly satisfactory, says the London correspondent of a leading Republican paper . . . after a close look at the system as both a reporter and a patient.

arm. I was helped up in considerable pain, and realized at once that this was more serious than a bruise or sprain, although no fracture was apparent. I got into a taxi and asked to be taken to Charing Cross Hospital not far from my London office. I walked in and explained to a receptionist what had happened. She asked only four questions: name, age, address, and whether or not I was registered with a National Health Service doctor. I had no doctor in London, but that did not matter. I was not asked my nationality, or whether I had any kind of registration card, or whether I had paid any contribution to a fund, or whom I worked for, or even if I had paid my British taxes! I was simply handed a card and sent in to the emergency ward.

After about five minutes' wait, a young intern took a quick look at the arm and sent me upstairs to the X-ray laboratory with a form specifying the picture he wanted. The X-ray technician was ready almost immediately, and in twenty minutes I was handed the developed plate to take back to the emergency ward. A fracture specialist took a look at the film and found I had a chipped elbow. It could, he said, heal up on its own in a sling, but I should return to the regular fracture clinic next morning. When I showed up for this second examination the pain had become intense. The head of the clinic ordered the elbow placed in a cast, and the pain stopped almost at once.

Two weeks later the cast was removed at the clinic and another X-ray taken. The next week a third X-ray was taken. After each reading the specialist assured me that although I could not yet straighten the elbow fully, it was healing all right. Special treatment, he said, might merely "seize" the joint rather than speed its return to normal—which, with time, it has done. At no time was anything I might have needed for the elbow not forthcoming. Perhaps the emergency clinic doctor should have ordered a cast immediately instead of letting me wait until the next morning; but that was a matter of medical opinion. On the whole the care I received free could not have been simpler or better.

To an American, the most refreshing thing about my treatment was the fact that I was never

asked to pay for it. I know, of course, that virtually any hospital in the United States would give a similar kind of emergency care; but the problem of money would come up sooner or later. In Britain you don't pay, no matter who you are or how complicated your problem is or how long you have to stay in the hospital. Anyone who has a heart attack or appendicitis or an automobile accident can walk (or be carried) into any hospital and receive complete care free.

"Free treatment for foreigners" has been one aspect of the National Health Service frequently criticized by Conservatives in Commons. No doubt there have been some abuses, like Frenchmen coming over from Calais to get free false teeth or eyeglasses in Dover. But the simple fact is that once having decided on "free medical care for all," it is cheaper to treat anybody and everybody than to set up a complicated screening system to make sure each patient has a "right" to Health Service care.

The French, for example, have a monstrously clumsy state health insurance scheme whereby (after endless bureaucratic forms and records and payments) you pay your own bills and then claim restitution from the state. The British pay the whole cost out of taxes, provide the Health Service free, and have managed to keep bookkeeping and administrative records at a minimum.



HOW SOCIALIZED MEDICINE WORKS

TO ACQUIRE a family physician in Britain, you go to the local post office for a list of Health Service doctors practicing in the area. You may sign up with any of them, and you can change if you aren't satisfied. Likewise the doctor is free to turn you down if he feels he already has enough patients on his panel list. When he accepts you, your name goes to a central registration file maintained to see that patients are signed up with only one doctor at a time. If you should need hospitalization, surgery, or special consultations, your doctor will make the arrangements for you to receive these services just as he would in private practice.

A physician may have a maximum of 3,500 patients on his panel. The average is about 2,200. He is paid a capitation fee of 18 shillings a year (about $2.65) for each patient plus an extra 12 shillings ($1.68) for every patient from Number 501 to Number 1,500. Hospital surgeons, consultants, and specialists are paid salaries graded according to skill. There is a system of "distinction grants" for particularly qualified men. Grants or interest-free loans are also made to individual physicians or groups to get started in practice or improve their offices. All National Health Service doctors, consultants, surgeons, etc., are equally free to take private fee-paying patients along with their state-paid patients.

The average net income after expenses of general practitioners in Britain is about £2,500—or around $7,000 a year. Before the war it was less than £1,000, though taxes were much lower and the pound then worth $4 as compared to $2.80 now. By British standards, physicians are fairly well paid today. Nevertheless they are dissatisfied with the Health Service salary structure, and a Royal Commission is now investigating it.

There is no registration system for free dental care. You simply make an appointment with a National Health Service dentist of your choice. He is paid a fixed fee by the state for routine work and passes you on to a specialist for complicated dentures or oral surgery.

Utopian as it sounds, this is exactly how the Health Service works in Britain today. For the patient, of course, the ultimate test is not how smoothly the system works but how good the medical care turns out to be.

To this question there is no easy answer. There have been plenty of bad experiences frustrations, tragedies, and tempers shortened by the problems of conforming to a state machine. But to begin with, paying a doctor a fee does not automatically make him a good doctor—any more than free medical care makes bad doctors.

THE QUALITY OF CARE

IN A sense the National Health Service has created difficulties for itself by giving people the right to demand and expect medical treatment they never would have thought of buying out of their own pockets. As a result many of the criticisms of the Health Service have nothing

to do with the merits of "socialized medicine *versus* private medicine." In the old days of medical charity, most people were not in a position to complain about their doctors. Today, however, in the House of Commons question hour Members of Parliament regularly belabor the Minister of Health on behalf of aggrieved citizens seeking redress of Health Service mistakes.

For example, there was the case of a middle-aged man with rheumatoid arthritis in Pembrokeshire in the extreme west of Wales. His doctor decided that hospital treatment was required and arranged for an ambulance under the Health Service to drive the patient—a stretcher case—to the nearest hospital specializing in arthritic ailments. It was two hundred miles away. But when the man arrived the hospital refused to admit him, on the ground that they only handled ambulatory cases, and that the doctor had made a mistake in sending them a bedridden patient. So he was driven all the way back to Pembroke and became violently ill on the way.

His MP took the matter up with the Ministry of Health. In due course, the Minister wrote that "frankly the National Health Service let the patient down and we offer our sincere apologies and sympathies. While it will not be of much comfort to him, I am sure you will wish to know that steps have been taken to prevent such a mishap in future."

This incident was typical of many—a patient desperately in need of care and a heartlessly rigid interpretation of the rules by a hospital. However, it is also a fact that ten years ago a poor Welshman far out in the Pembroke countryside would never have dreamed of hiring an ambulance to take him two hundred miles to a special hospital.

Herein is the dilemma in assessing the quality of medicine under the National Health Service: once it is accepted that a modern democratic society has a responsibility for providing free medical care for all its citizens, certain standards inevitably change. They will fall for some people but will rise for many others.

The analogy is state-supported free education (which, incidentally, nobody today calls "Socialism"). Obviously private schools can offer smaller classes, greater individual attention, less standardization, and wider curricula. Private education is open to those who want it and can afford it. But the state goes on trying to improve its own system of education—and so it is with health and medicine in Britain today.



WHAT IRKS THE DOCTORS

IN TRYING to sort out the main lines of dissatisfaction with the National Health Service, I find that they revolve around inconveniences or frustrations rather than a basic indictment of the system or the principle. Physicians complain chiefly about "frivolous calls from patients." This was best described to me by a doctor who is one of the 600 who stayed out of the service in 1948. He still has a successful private practice in London, although he knows the problems of many of his professional colleagues who, of course, practice under National Health.

"The worst of it is what I would call the 'aggressive attitude' of patients toward the doctor," he said. "Because a patient does not have to think twice about his condition before getting on to the doctor, he is at the doctor constantly to do all sorts of things which would perfectly well work themselves out. Then if he doesn't get a prescription or something he thinks the doctor isn't looking after him properly.

"This crowds the doctor's office, and leads to very superficial examination. The leisurely and thorough examination of a patient who may genuinely be in danger has broken down under the National Health Service. Instead—because any doctor can prescribe the most expensive sort of antibiotics free under the Health Service—there is a tendency simply to have a quick look and then let the umbrella of antibiotic drugs take care of the rest, partly in order to satisfy the patient that he's being well looked after.

"After a day of this sort of routine, when a doctor is bothered by frivolous night calls from patients expecting him to come running for no really good reason, his own patience and temper are ready to snap—and the whole process of medical care, and of good doctor-patient relationships breaks down."

This pretty much sums up the chief complaint of general practitioners in Britain (though it does not mean that doctors and patients are constantly snapping and snarling at each other here).

An independent analysis of doctors' grievances was made some months ago, by an American professor of economics from the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Paul F. Gemmill. He spent seven months in Britain probing the Health Service like a good old-fashioned leg-work reporter. His study of the Health Service was, he explains, "not for it, or against it, but *of* it." There was no official sponsorship of his inquiry, and as an American he might well be expected to hear all the gripes as well as the good. His method was simply to drop in unannounced at doctors' offices, and sit with the patients until all had been seen (observing waiting time as he waited), and then present himself and his questions to the physician.

He saw almost 400 doctors, and if there was no time for discussion he left a questionnaire to be returned to him in Philadelphia. He also left questionnaires with 1,500 National Health Service patients. The results, it seems fair to say, are about the most straightforward survey to date of the private opinions of doctors and patients about the Health Service.

On the question of frivolous calls, he found that 49 per cent of the doctors said they "often" had time taken up with minor ailments, 30 per cent said "occasionally," and only 21 per cent said "almost never." On the other hand, he also asked if prompt visits and early examination enabled them to catch disease early, to which 11 per cent replied "often," 60 per cent replied "occasionally," and 29 per cent "almost never." In summary, 79 per cent thought they were bothered by frivolous calls, while 71 per cent found that early visits helped to head off disease.

Paper work under the Health Service has been another doctor criticism. Dr. Gemmill found that only 39 per cent found it "burdensome" while the other 61 per cent said it was not. Both sides agreed that the National Health Service had increased certain kinds of form-filling, but that it was largely offset by no longer having to make out bills and prod patients for private fees.

As to the burden of practice, with an average of 2,200 patients each, 59 per cent of the Health Service doctors find it "reasonably easy" to give adequate care to their panel lists, 38 per cent find it "difficult," but only a minute 3 per cent said it was "impossible."



THE HOSPITAL BOTTLENECK

THE patients' complaints fit mainly under the heading, "We wait, wait, wait." If fewer people went to the doctor with "frivolous calls," waiting time would be cut and doctors would have less to complain about. But there is no real answer to waiting time except more facilities, and this again is not so much a complaint *against* the National Health Service as it is a *result* of it.

Of the 1,500 patients Dr. Gemmill queried, 37 per cent said they were getting better medical care than they did before 1948, 50 per cent said it was about the same, and only 13 per cent found it worse.

The greatest problem of waiting has been in the hospitals, which is essentially a matter of government policy. In the first five years of the Health Service, all its resources went to improve existing hospital facilities, or other priority needs. In 1955, the first new hospital in England for seventeen years was completed; ten more are now being built and six are in the final planning stage. In addition thirty hospitals will be modernized and expanded in 1959-60. Thus after a very long lapse, a hospital program is now under way.

The hospital waiting-time problem has led to the rise of private health insurance which pays for special hospital beds, insuring, as it were, preferential treatment at extra charge within the National Health system. Since 1948 the number of people covered by such schemes has soared from 84,000 to 834,000.

For the doctors, a main trend of the last ten years has been into group practice—which the

Ministry of Health encourages with special grants to build and equip clinics, and which, with the increasing complications of modern medicine, is regarded as the answer to the problem of the over-worked general practitioners.

There are now 13,000 physicians in group practice in Britain—or 67 per cent of those engaged in general medical work. They may include a general practitioner and colleagues specializing in heart, ear-nose-throat, or other combinations. They pool their panel lists and fees and the expense of secretarial help, and in the aggregate can probably give better collective service to their patients than they could individually.

The cost of the National Health Service is a major target of its critics. Certainly it has far exceeded the original estimates, and certainly it has risen steadily, even astronomically. Partly this was due to the general inflation in Britain. In any case, it has now leveled off and is budgeted at a lower figure this year than last. Moreover the cost has fallen each year in terms of percentage of gross national product (less than 3.5 per cent this year), and in terms of cost per head of population it is ludicrously low.

This year the Ministry of Health estimates that about £750 million will be spent—partly by the national treasury, partly by local health authorities, partly in charges to the public such as the nominal one-shilling (13-cent) service charge on prescriptions. With just over fifty million people in England, Scotland, and Wales, this works out at £15 per head—or less than $50 per person for complete medical and hospital care.

DOCTOR BILLS ARE GONE FOREVER

PERHAPS the most impressive achievement of the National Health Service after ten years is in "provision of care." For example, in 1948, with private practice pulling doctors into more prosperous areas, 60 per cent of the people of Britain were living in what the Ministry of Health regarded as "under-doctored areas." Today a doctor gets the same fee whether he treats a coal miner or a bank manager, and only 18 per cent of the people now live in under-doctored areas. In this decade, the total number of doctors in the United Kingdom has increased from 36,500 to over 49,000. Even though hospital building is only starting, 30,000 hospital beds have already been added through enlargement and improvement of existing facilities.

Nobody would claim that the National Health Service alone is responsible for improved health and mortality statistics. New drugs and medical discoveries would have produced improvement no matter what the system.

Nevertheless, deaths from tuberculosis in Britain have dropped from 23,076 in 1947 to 4,784 in 1957. Notification of TB cases has fallen from 47,000 to 33,000. In the same period, infant mortality per 1,000 live births is down from 41 to 23.1, while infant mortality after four weeks of life has fallen from 22.7 to 16.5 per 1,000. Life expectancy has risen to sixty-nine years for men and seventy-four years for women.

But beyond statistics there is the conviction (Conservative Iain Macleod is one of the most convinced) that the country is simply *healthier*, that far less time is being lost from work, that energy and vitality are much improved, and that in terms of man-hours of production the Health Service has a value to the nation which can never be measured or defined. Granting that food and living conditions are much improved as against ten years ago, Mr. Macleod still believes the Health Service has played a large part.

Still another intrinsic social gain has been made by the British people. A medical tragedy can no longer become a financial disaster. In Britain the shadow of medical bills has been removed from family life, forever.

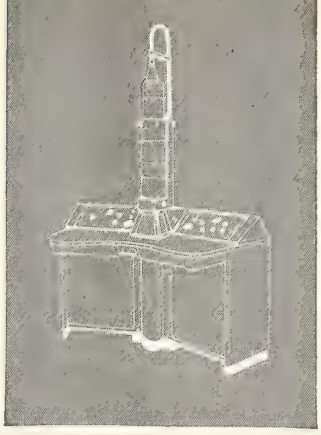
For the middle classes here—with narrow budgets and little opportunity for increased incomes—this is perhaps the most significant result of the quiet social revolution which the Labor Government carried out in Britain from 1945 to 1951. The rich could afford any kind of medicine and the poor were always taken care of. The middle class, which could not plead poverty and could not stand great medical expenses, faced the worst problem when serious illness struck.

The National Health Service as it is working in Britain today affords a maximum of individual freedom to both doctors and patients. Most of the settled families of the country are signed up with the same doctor they had in the old days—only now he is paid by the state and they have no more doctor's bills. The middle class needed the Health Service the most, and the middle class has profited the most. An American cannot live in Britain today and see the Health Service at work without coming to a simple realization: what has been done here by democratic processes in a free society is a great step forward and an object lesson for democracy throughout the world.



Zinc oxide smoke crystals, enlarged 41,000 times by the electron microscope. *(Micrograph made at RCA Laboratori*

Peering into the smallest world



JACK LONG

ONE fall day in 1956 a lanky biology professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. Cecil Hall, turned the knobs on a control panel in his laboratory, peered at an image on a fluorescent screen, and flicked a switch. The result was a historic photograph of a single, life-controlling molecule of nucleic acid, magnified 185,000 times larger than life size.

The object in Dr. Hall's picture looked like nothing more than a bit of thread—yet it was as important in its way as the first splitting of the atom in 1942. The long twisted strands of the nucleic acid molecule revealed the shape and size of the material which is believed to contain the key to cell growth and determines, for example, whether a single cell will eventually grow into a man, a woman, or a cabbage. It is something like a tape recording that carries genetic information from cell to cell.

The instrument which enabled Dr. Hall to take his pioneering picture of an object only one ten-millionth of an inch wide was an electron microscope, one of the most important scientific tools in existence today. Although few persons who work outside a laboratory have ever seen one, about one thousand are now in use in American universities, foundations, and industrial research centers. Neither physical chemistry nor biology would be advancing at their present rate without this device, which provides investigators with something like a television view of a hitherto unseen universe as complex as the vast worlds of outer space.

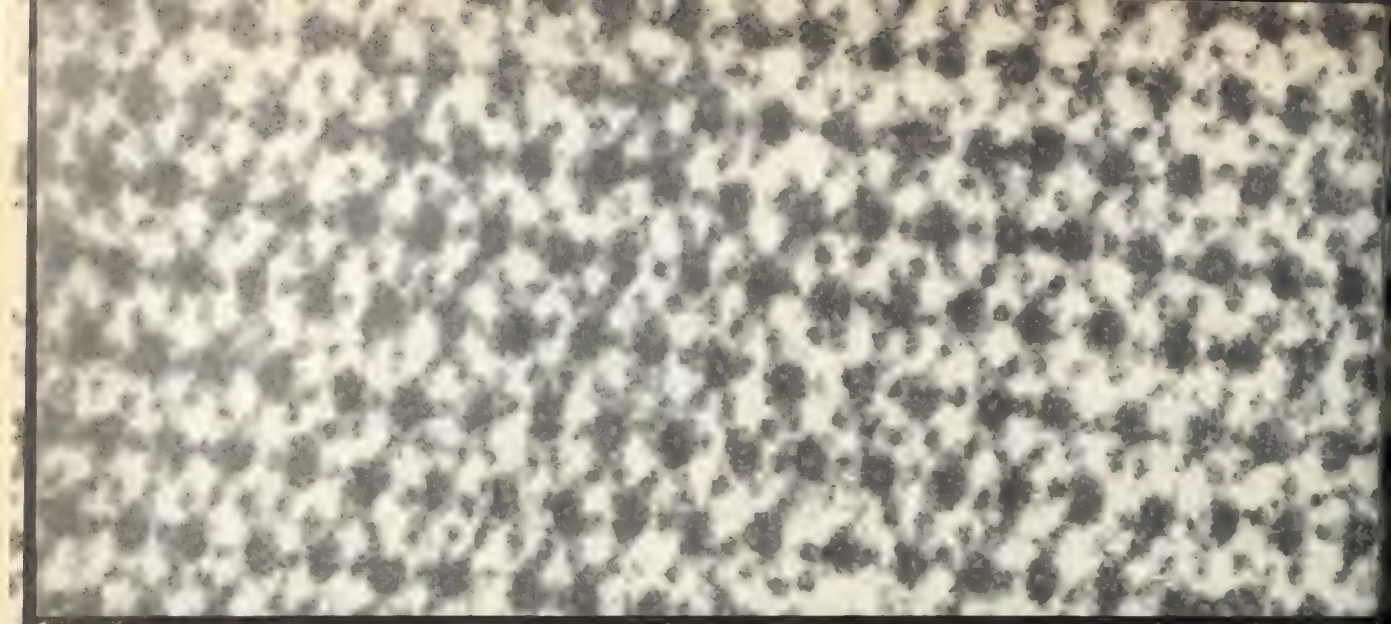
The electron beam of the super-microscope has become a basic tool in research on disease. It is essential in producing the Salk polio vaccine, and is providing clues which may lead to the conquest of cancer. It revealed the influenza virus for the first time and produced the first picture of nerve-cell damage caused by multiple sclerosis. And—possibly most important of all—it is leading to an understanding of heredity and mutation in all forms of life.

The electronic super-scope is about 150 times as powerful as the best light microscope of the kind familiar to high-school biology students. The most powerful light microscope can blow up a specimen to about 2,000 times life size, whereas the electron microscope can magnify more than 300,000 times. (At this degree of magnification, an ant would become a monster big enough to span half the island of Manhattan.)

The electron microscope can take a picture of an object that is forty billionths of an inch wide, or about a million times thinner than a single human hair. Under the super-scope various types of bacteria become as different as animals in the zoo—some wearing a kind of protective armor, others with long tubular arms. The windpipe of a mosquito looks like a huge double coil of springs. The polio virus is a fuzzy tennis ball. (The electron microscope is not likely to replace the light microscope, however, for its deadly beam cannot be used on living specimens.)

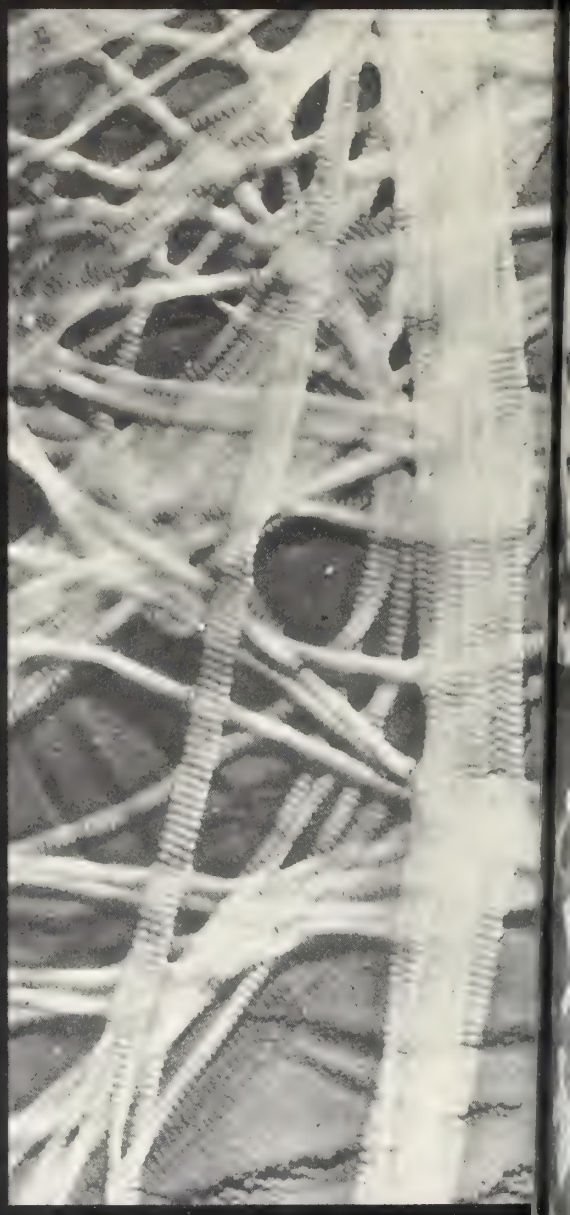
The big attack on polio was begun in the 1940s, but the appearance and structure of the virus were unknown until revealed by electron microscope studies in 1953. Now major producers of Salk vaccine use the electron microscope as a visual check on the process of growing and inactivating the virus.

The electron microscope is also working in the attack on cancer. In one of the leading research organizations in this field, the Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York, two electron microscopes occupy windowless chambers on the sixth floor. Here, in the spring of 1956, Dr. Etienne de Harven, electron microscope specialist, and Dr. Charlotte Friend, a virus researcher, focused a super-scope on a pin-point-size fragment of cancerous mouse tissue. On the five-inch-square viewing screen, a single malignant cell became clearly visible. The result was a history-making photograph of a leukemia virus

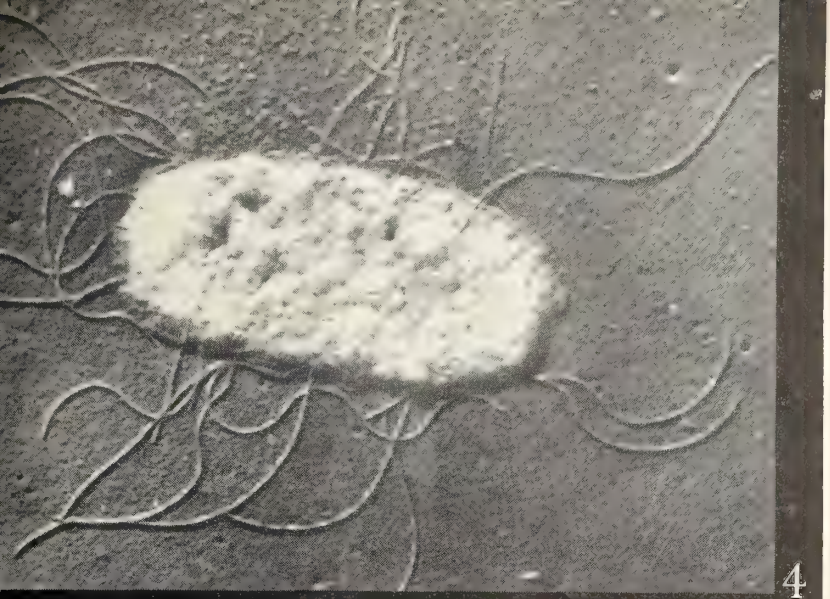


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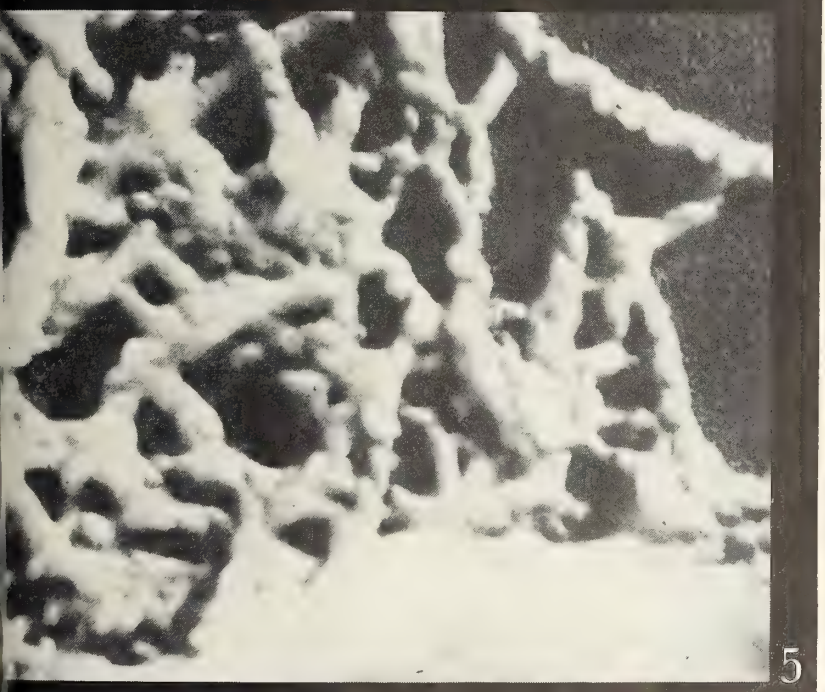




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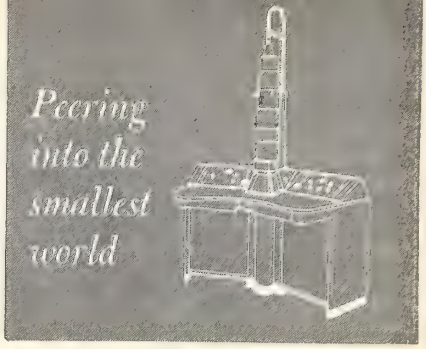
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1 The ultimate structure of matter is often found to be unexpectedly regular and geometric in form, as in this cross section of a housefly wing enlarged 350,000 times. The regular arrangement of filaments accounts for the tremendous structural strength of the wing. At the same degree of magnification, the fly itself would be about one and a half miles long. *(Micrograph made at the Institute for Muscle Research, Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, Woods Hole, Mass.)*

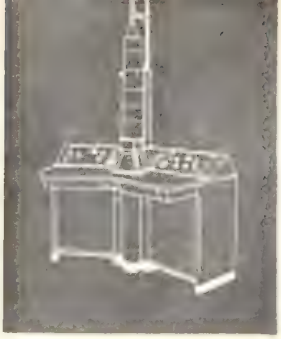
2 This is the first electron micrograph, made by Dr. Cecil Hall of M. I. T., of the threadlike molecule of desoxyribose nucleic acid taken from calf thymus. The large round particles are latex spheres of a known size, used as an aid in checking the size of other substances. In this picture, magnified 185,000 times, the thin filaments are about one-millionth of an inch in diameter. *(Photo RCA)*

3 Magnified 18,000 times, human skin becomes a network of white connective tissue fibers, called "collagen." *(Micrograph made at M.I.T.)*

4 Proteus bacillus is a common bacterium living mainly in stagnant water. The electron microscope revealed, for the first time, its many flagella, or long tubular arms. These arms are apparently able to move and propel the micro-organism. *(Dr. Ralph Wyckoff, National Institutes of Health, Bethesda, Md.)*

5 Ordinary lubricating grease is revealed by the electron microscope as a suspension in oil of twisted string-like soap crystals. The fibers hold the oil between them by capillary attraction. This fundamental research has led to the production of improved lubricants. *(Micrograph from Esso Laboratories)*

6 Polio Virus, magnified 79,000 times, shows how round virus particles tend to crystallize in clumps. Each particle is an individual protein molecule. Picture detail and shadow effect were achieved by spraying the specimen with a dense metal such as platinum or uranium, vaporized in a vacuum. The viruses are suspended on a plastic film that is thinner than the wavelength of light. The holes are flaws in this membrane. *(Courtesy Parke, Davis and Co.)*



Peering into the smallest world

inside the cell. Magnified 111,000 times, the virus particles showed up clearly as tiny spheres with a dense center and lighter surrounding membrane.

If it proves to be true that human leukemias and other cancers are virus-caused, a vaccine which will provide immunity to many types of cancer becomes a possibility.

THE electron microscope is a fantastically complex device which bears little resemblance to an ordinary light microscope. It is a polished steel tube standing seven feet high, with a viewing screen on a desk where the operator plays the controls like an organist at his console. At the top of the tube, which is pumped to a high vacuum, is a tungsten filament something like that in a light bulb. When heated, this filament emits electrons which are accelerated to nearly the speed of light. The electron beam is controlled in its downward course by a series of magnets which act as lenses. It passes through the specimen, as X-rays pass through flesh, and is then enlarged and focused on the viewing screen and photographic plate to make a picture.

The first American-made electron microscopes were built just in time to render valuable scientific service during World War II. Chief credit for their development belongs to Vladimir K. Zworykin, leader of a research team working for the Radio Corporation of America during the 1930s.

Research in this field was also going on in Europe and Canada. At the University of Toronto in 1937, James Hillier, a graduate student in physics, chose the construction of an electron microscope as his Ph. D. project. Working in the physics lab with improvised equipment, Hillier and several young associates assembled an improbable collection of high-powered transformers, batteries, coils, and pumps, with which they experimented. Using 50,000 volts of electricity, they blew dozens of fuses and narrowly escaped electrocution. Finally they took a picture of a particle of carbon black magnified 40,000 times—or about twenty times beyond the limits of the light microscope.

In 1940 Dr. Zworykin brought Hillier, then twenty-four, to the RCA laboratories at Camden, New Jersey. Working with Arthur W. Vance, a brilliant young electrical engineer, Hillier designed a new safe and practical super-microscope which could enlarge specimens as much as 100,000 times.

The latest model, after years of simplification, still has 6,800 separate parts and requires 2,000 blueprints for its construction. It contains 50 tubes, 80 miles of wiring, sapphires, platinum, and other rare metals in its watch-like movement. RCA is the only American maker of electron microscopes, and their models range in price from $19,000 to $27,000. Similar instruments are manufactured in Germany, Japan, and Holland, and the Russians have their own adaptation of an early RCA design.

The electron microscope has many practical uses—some of great national value, some commercial. During World War II, for example, it became necessary to develop synthetic rubber as speedily as possible. The wearing quality of rubber depends on the size of the carbon particles used in manufacture—and these are too small to be seen through an ordinary microscope. By photographing and measuring the particles with an electron microscope, it was possible to tell how well a finished tire would wear without giving it a 10,000-mile road test.

Today many of the essential materials which go into an automobile are subjected to inspection by its penetrating beam. At laboratories of Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors the steel, paint, rubber parts, and brake linings are examined to determine their structure and analyze their resistance to wear. Under the super-scope, a superior paint surface appears as smooth as the Sahara Desert, while an inferior or badly worn one resembles the craters of the moon. Even the foundry smoke belching from Detroit chimneys is examined under the microscope to determine exactly what is being wasted and what may be saved by better combustion.

Scientists agree that the greatest mystery which the electron microscope can help them solve is the basic life process of cell growth and change. Only in the past five or six years, as a result of improvements in the microscope and especially in the difficult technique of specimen preparation, has it become possible actually to see and study protein synthesis. This is the method by which cells are nourished, grow, reproduce—and sometimes go berserk and cancerous. Because every disease involves cell changes, the new knowledge being accumulated today will inevitably lead to new controls and cures tomorrow.

HAROLD C. SCHONBERG

Drawings by the author

What Bernstein is doing to THE PHILHARMONIC

How much glamor and popular build-up can serious musicianship survive? A cool appraisal of Bernstein's hotly successful first season by one of the leading New York critics.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S first full season as musical director of the New York Philharmonic is drawing to a close, and this young man, now rapidly turning gray, has completely won over the overwhelming majority of his public and—much more difficult—achieved the respect of the overwhelming majority of his orchestra. It is the consensus of the critics that not since Toscanini has the orchestra played with such togetherness, with such a rounded tone and clarity of attack. Sir John Barbirolli, who returned to the orchestra for the first time since 1940, kept on saying "Wonderful! Wonderful!" during rehearsals, and Herbert von Karajan privately told a friend that he was greatly impressed with the technical improvement and higher morale of the players.

Until recently, like a collection of sullen prima donnas, the musicians used to go through a rehearsal aslump in their chairs, listening to the conductor when they felt like it, as often as not completely ignoring his wishes, and sometimes even sassily talking back. Now even the rehearsals are full of electricity and once again the Philharmonic has pride in what it is doing. During the season some of the men were so disturbed at what they considered an unjust review by a leading New York critic that they held a meeting and decided to send a letter to the offending wretch. Cooler heads talked them out of it.

Nearly all of the players in the Philharmonic have great admiration for Bernstein the musician. A few dissenters among the older men sourly point out that Toscanini and Mengelberg did things differently. But every orchestra since Gabriel put together a trumpet section has always had its quota of members to whom no living conductor was any good. By and large, the Philharmonic today is a happy group, and they will admit that the change is due to Bernstein. An economic consideration, to which musicians are most sensitive, enters into the picture, for Bernstein is a good provider. The members of the Philharmonic have always claimed that they were the worst-paid of any of the major orchestras. Bernstein is leading them out of the lean years. The men are making more money than they ever did before, what with a longer season, greater activity in the recording studio, a dozen or so television shows, and other odds and ends.

"It's a positive honeymoon!" chortles one member of the orchestra, rubbing his hands. "As long as Lenny treats us good, we'll treat him good."

RESPONSE OUT THERE

THE front office is more than satisfied. David Keiser, president of the Philharmonic, expresses the attitude of the board of directors with two words: "We're delighted." Bruno Zirato, the Philharmonic's managing director who retires at the end of this season, figures out that there will be an over-all attendance increase of about 20 per cent. The Thursday night preview concerts,



inaugurated by Bernstein, have proved a howling success and are 99 per cent sold out. Carlos Moseley, who heads the Philharmonic's press department, has one infallible index for the orchestra's popularity at any given time: requests for free tickets. This season, he says, he is going crazy trying to keep his customers happy. Requests are coming in from people who have loftily ignored the Philharmonic in recent years —important members of the town and country set, society, and even what Virgil Thomson used to refer to as "the intellectual audience."

Subscriptions are highest in the Philharmonic's history, and officials of the orchestra say that the public response to Bernstein's first year has been one of frantic approval. The fact that Bernstein has created for himself such a fantastic extra-musical press does not hurt. It all bounces back to the greater glory of the Philharmonic and means more dollars at the box office. Even the toughest TV critics roll over and play dead when reviewing a Bernstein show. Jack Gould, in the *New York Times,* wrote that Bernstein's lecture-broadcast of the Beethoven Ninth gave television "one of its moments of supreme grandeur," and John Crosby reported of the same program that it was "a musical thrill, the like of which television affords only rarely."

These critiques and opinions are echoed throughout the country. Teen-agers in cities that carry the telecasts of the Young People's Concerts have formed clubs to watch en masse. Requests flood the Philharmonic offices for copies of the Bernstein scripts (not available) and kinescopes of the programs (also not available). The Saturday evening broadcasts of the Philharmonic's regular concerts are picked up by about two hundred stations throughout the country; seventy of them came into the fold when Bernstein did.

Letters from the public reinforce the Philharmonic officials' belief that there is a renaissance. For every negative letter ("I was all set to send my check for $5. Then Mr. Bernstein played one of those horrible modernistic things, so I am enclosing a check for $2") there are fifty in favor of the Philharmonic's new look. "After an absence of several years I have renewed my subscription as a regular attendant and am delighted with the new vigor of the orchestra." Or, accompanying a first donation, "My wife and I have been attending the Philharmonic for our thirty-ninth season. It is our pleasure to enclose a check as a contribution in recognition of the musical organization under the leadership of the dynamic young conductor. . . . I must confess that, because we were somewhat old-fogyish when the announcement of his appointment as conductor was made, we seriously considered relinquishing our subscription. What a mistake it would have been!"

Keiser, as president of the Philharmonic, does not normally get mail from the public addressed directly to him. But he gleefully tells of a personal friend who complained bitterly in a letter, threatening to cancel his subscription because of the large amount of modern music on the programs. Keiser answered mildly, merely pointing out that if the subscription were canceled there were many on a waiting list who would snap it up. By return mail he got an answer: "Hold that subscription! I've changed my mind." Midway through the season, Keiser says, "there already was a big demand for 1959-60, and this is unprecedented." Many who have not contributed to the Philharmonic for years have suddenly returned to the fold. The Philharmonic can never operate at a profit (the 1957-58 deficit was $331,916.69), for operating expenses are simply too high for any major orchestra to be able to run in the black. But Bernstein's presence will be quite literally worth his weight in gold, with a subsequent easement of the Philharmonic's financial position.

The New York music critics have, on the whole, expressed satisfaction. In this they are following a traditional policy of extending a helping hand to a newcomer. But in any case Bernstein has been careful to show himself to best advantage. His programs have concentrated on music for which he has a tremendous flair—the moderns, mostly, with a leavening of popular

romantics. Generally he is content to let his guest conductors fill in with the standard repertoire. This year he built his programs around a survey of American music. Next year he is considering a fourfold theme: the "twentieth-century problem," each program in this series to contain an important contemporary work; the concerto, in which standard virtuoso pieces will be supplemented with unusual concerto combinations; a Mahler festival in observance of the composer's hundredth birthday (Mahler was born in 1860); and a five-week series entitled "Music for the Theater," in which Bernstein is toying with the idea of presenting concert performances of such works as Kurt Weill's "Mahagonny."

FEELING HIS WAY

THUS Bernstein is wise enough to concentrate on the music he knows best. His is a very sophisticated musical intelligence, and sophisticated music affords the best outlet for his intellectual and emotional make-up. Whether or not he will ever develop into an ideal interpreter of the classics is anybody's guess. Up to now the prognosis has not been favorable. His Mozart is either mannered or too straitlaced, and in music of the nineteenth century he seems to be feeling his way, approaching the same piece differently on different occasions. Obviously he has not solidified his point of view about this segment of the repertoire. And the more he thinks about a particular piece in the romantic repertoire, the more he is apt to doll it up and fuss with it.

A case in point is Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony. Just about a year ago he conducted it with the Philharmonic, and it was a beautiful performance—lively, magnificently co-ordinated, without eccentricity, simply glowing in tone. This writer had not heard anything like it since Koussevitzky was around. Then, about four months ago, his recording of the same piece was released, and it could have been a different conductor. Tempos were flabby; there were unnecessary heavings and pointless underlinings; the interpretation was dripping with sentimentality. And small wonder. Bernstein's initial Philharmonic performance took forty-one minutes and forty seconds; the recording lasts forty-six minutes and forty-three seconds: about five minutes longer. Those five short additional minutes spell disaster in the interpretation.

If this is the direction Bernstein is heading, he will forfeit the respect of his more knowledgeable listeners. And yet his ability is such that there is the ever-present hope he will straighten out and approach his Mozart, Tchaikovsky, and Brahms without attempting to glamorize them. Bernstein the musician, as opposed to Bernstein the conductor, knows better than most the necessity of keeping musical style where it belongs. He has pondered over style, talks very articulately about it, and is consciously trying to mold the Philharmonic into a body of players that will have complete stylistic command in all periods of music. The Philadelphia Orchestra, for example, with its superhumanly burnished tone and its impersonal proficiency, has a tendency to play Bach and Haydn much the same way it plays Franck or Richard Strauss (this is not Bernstein's observation; he can be a very tactful man at most times). Bernstein will have none of this kind of approach.

"I want the Philharmonic to have a Philharmonic sound, the way people say there's a Philadelphia sound or a Boston sound," he says. "But most of all I want the Philharmonic to be able to play lush *and* spare, heavy *and* light, glowing *and* unglowing, depending on the music —but always something that can immediately be recognized as a Philharmonic sound. When you play Bach it should be Bach, and Ravel, Ravel, and they demand two different types of tone. One of the elements of style in any orchestral work has to do with the actual sonority of the orchestra. For instance, a program may open with a Berlioz overture, and an orchestra will play it with a juicy tone, and then comes a soloist in a Mozart violin concerto. Most orchestras will carry over the Berlioz sonority to the Mozart for a good ten minutes or so. I want the Philharmonic to start the Mozart and immediately make it sound like Mozart."

Bernstein is fully aware of the changes his regime has brought, and he feels that he is creating a new audience. "I can sense when new listeners are in the hall. Take the Saturday night series. The hall is packed for almost every performance, and it's not the regular Philharmonic crowd." He is especially happy about the reception of his preview concerts, which he feels has "worked in spades." The idea was to give the orchestra an extra rehearsal, though a public one, and thus take some of the pressure off its heavy schedule. When Friday afternoon comes around, the orchestra is prepared to greet the critics with a polished performance. "There's nothing like playing a work once before an audience." Naturally the preview concerts will be continued next year, and Bernstein will continue talking at them, even if other conductors

consider it beneath their dignity or are afraid to. (How far would the idea of previews have gone without a Bernstein music-appreciation-cum-demonstration side show at each of his appearances? Not very far; the gimmick, which capitalizes on Bernstein's personality, was exactly what was needed.)

The previews show Bernstein at his best and his worst. He is, as are most performers, an extrovert and an exhibitionist, and sometimes he carries on in a way that causes a great tut tutting among more reflective members of the audience. He talks, plays the piano, occasionally sings, does some dancing. His articulateness and glibness sometimes carry him into statements that he would not be guilty of without the heady stimulus of an adoring audience to prod him on. At one of his previews—the program that contained sections of MacDowell's "Indian Suite" and Gilbert's "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes"—he could scarcely conceal his scorn and distaste for the music. He said the pieces were not "American," implied that they reflected a sterile post-romantic German tradition, and in general gave the impression that they were second-rate pieces of music (which, indeed, they are). But he lamely ended up saying that he was programing them because, "American" or not, they were "great" pieces of music. The statement about their greatness was entirely unconvincing, if not hypocritical, and one walked out of the hall wondering why Bernstein had bothered to program them in the first place.



As a matter of fact, many of the programs in the series sounded better on paper than they sounded in the concert hall. He did come up with some important material, including several of the remarkable unpublished symphonies of Ives. But only to often to fall back on music played again and again whenever an American retrospect is given—the Gilbert and MacDowell pieces, to mention two; some tired-sounding works by Chadwick, Paine, Gershwin, and the like (Bernstein played the piano solo in the "Rhapsody in Blue" and, at the preview concert, at any rate, obviously had not practiced as thoroughly as he might have done). One had hoped that Bernstein would look into some unexplored Americana—something by Gottschalk, say, or the ineffable "Santa Claus Symphony" by William Henry Fry that Howard Shanet resurrected this season and conducted with an orchestra of Columbia University students.

DOES HE SCATTER HIS FIRE?

IT IS, however, something of a miracle that the programs came out even as well as they did, for the Philharmonic is but one of the irons in Bernstein's fire. Bernstein's fire has been busily burning since November 14, 1943, the day he pinch-hit for Bruno Walter at the Philharmonic. Almost unknown up to then, he suddenly took off like a nest of atoms in a cyclotron. Soon he had his own orchestra, the New York City Symphony. His first musical, "On the Town," established him as an important Broadway figure. His serious music began to be picked up by orchestras. At Harvard (Class of '39) and then at the Curtis Institute of Music he had been recognized as a very talented young man, and he had been a protégé of Serge Koussevitzky at the Berkshire Music Center, but nobody had expected such a sudden rocket-like ascent. Broadway and his television appearances, of course, established Bernstein as a public figure infinitely more than his work as a conductor. His good looks helped, and when television producers found that Bernstein was a musician who could talk volubly and entertainingly, they just about went crazy. What with the success of his last musical, "West Side Story," and the high ratings his television shows get, Bernstein is currently one of the hottest items in the entertainment industry.

When Bernstein took the Philharmonic, he assured one and all that the orchestra was "it," and that he would cut all other activity to a minimum. In a sense that is true. He has composed little music in the last year, and he has had fewer guest-conducting dates. But he still pursues a schedule that would kill the average man. Most of his activities, true, relate to the Philhar-

harmonic—his TV shows, recording dates, and even appearances as a guest speaker. During one week last season he felt it obligatory to accept four awards, including one presented to him in Washington by Vice President Nixon in behalf of the Institute of International Education. Among his citations in the last twelve months have been the American-Israel Cultural Foundation Annual Award, the Sylvania Award, a citation from the Institute of High Fidelity Manufacturers, one from the City of New York on his return from his South American tour with the Philharmonic, the Alice M. Ditson Award for 1958, and a citation from ASCAP.

Bernstein these days looks tired and confesses that he feels the way he looks. He admits that he won't be able to carry the same kind of schedule next year. "Working on eight television shows and writing the scripts for them is a full-time job in itself. The Philharmonic alone is more than a full-time job." Even on vacation Bernstein finds it impossible to rest. He is studying new scores, or worrying about an oncoming script, or dreaming up ideas for Philharmonic programs. But he also seems to find it impossible to cut down on his activities, and he manages to find a good reason why each one is important.

He has been accused of doing anything that will keep him before the public eye. "Lenny give up those children's concerts?" sneers a young musician-about-town. "What? And lose all that lovely TV time?" He has been accused of many other things: of spreading his talent too thin; of playing down to the public; of sensationalism; of superficiality. But most of the members of his orchestra will say, and mean it, that beneath it all Bernstein is a sincere and hard-working musician. Outsiders who have worked with the orchestra say that he has managed to convey those qualities to the players. "In recording sessions up to this year," a Columbia official says, "the men would get their break and drift away to play poker or chew the rag. Now they crowd into the booth to listen critically and are upset if the playing is not up to their highest standards."

WHAT THE PLAYERS THINK OF HIM

As A maestro Bernstein is demanding but unfailingly polite. He never loses his temper at rehearsals. He also is willing—and this is a revelation to some members of the orchestra—to take advice. "Last year, in the David Diamond Symphony, I think it was," one player reports, "Lenny walked over to the trombone players at the end of a rehearsal. 'Did I give you a wrong cue?' he asked, kind of worried. The idea is, Lenny was not afraid to admit that he might have goofed. Brother, that ain't insecurity. That's *security!*"

The players are grateful that he does not rant and rave. Earlier this season, one of the musicians who had a solo passage in a Ravel work let his mind drift and completely missed his cue. Bernstein said nothing, and the player spent the night wondering if Bernstein simply had not realized the omission. The next day the player was specially careful to come in on the beat. "Bernstein cocked an eyebrow at me," he says, "as though to ask 'Where the hell were you last night?' That was all."



The musicians feel that with Bernstein they are going somewhere, and they don't mind putting up with a few of his unconventional ideas. They think he is as good as any baton technician alive. They have reservations about the way he conducts some of the standard classics, but since he has largely avoided the classics he does not get on their nerves. They greatly respect the accuracy of his ear and his ability to balance the choirs of an orchestra. They also admire his ability to convey a point. One member of the orchestra, who likes to talk about conductors in general and Bernstein in particular, says, "There's something very powerful about him in the flesh. When he explains something in rehearsal or on the air, it all sounds very plausible, and I'm not saying that Lenny isn't right most of the time. But even when he's wrong you tend to believe he's right as long as you are in his presence. He's so damn *sincere!* It's when you get away and reflect on what he has said that you wonder why you automatically went along with him while he was saying it. You think this is a bad trait for a conductor?"

Bernstein has at least three attributes that his predecessors lacked. He has had a thoroughly

academic college background, is American-born, and is a formidable public figure. As a public figure he tends to have fans rather than mere listeners: an indiscriminating group of idolaters to whom he can do no wrong. More than any conductor in American musical history he has become a symbol to the lay public. Only Toscanini could match him in this regard; and Toscanini lived shrouded in mystery, making



almost no public statements. Bernstein, on the other hand, with his ability at popularization, his liking for jazz, his boyish good looks, and his typical American urban background, has achieved some sort of identification with the American psyche. He uses just the right amount of slang, his speech is seldom complex, and he makes people feel that long-hair music is not so long-hair after all. He symbolizes musical culture with a capital C, and even his offhand pronouncements are taken for gospel in many quarters. As his mentor Koussevitzky once said, on being told that he had conducted a concert like a god, "Yes. And what a responsibility!"

How Bernstein will take that responsibility is a question that bears directly on his future as a serious musician. Popularization is one thing; dedicated music-making another. Can Bernstein avoid being too cute or too much of a personality in his interpretations of the great works of the Western repertoire? Is he spreading himself much too thin, frittering away much of his time and energy that should be devoted to mastering repertoire and expanding his musical culture (this is the big worry of some of his close friends)? Can he develop a style without becoming mannered, as he is in his recording of the Tchaikovsky Fourth? Right now it is doubtful if he has a recognizable style. He seldom conducts anything poorly, and he can handle certain works with the utmost brilliance; but listening to him over the air or on records one would be hard put to say "This is Bernstein" the way he would say "This is Koussevitzky" or "This is Toscanini."

In short, Bernstein is far from being the complete conductor. But it safely can be reported that no conductor is. No musician who ever lived excelled in all phases of the repertoire. Guest conductors with the Philharmonic can fill in the elements that Bernstein neglects; they are chosen with that in mind. Bernstein shows no apparent signs of jealousy or insecurity in suggesting guest conductors. For two seasons now he has been trying to get the great Otto Klemperer for a Beethoven cycle. He has welcomed a potential young competitor like Thomas Schippers, and his general attitude suggests that he is sincerely trying to get the best man for a given repertoire.

As for himself, he is lucky in that he is allowed to do things that no other conductor can do because he is Bernstein the glamor boy, Bernstein the educator, Bernstein the man who can fill the house. Because Bernstein is what he is, he can program an adventurous type of repertoire and still attract an audience. Nothing succeeds like success; and as long as Bernstein can pack them in he will have a home with the Philharmonic.

One might go so far as to say that as musical director of the Philharmonic, Bernstein's conducting plays a secondary role. Many people are not coming to the concerts to hear music but to see Bernstein, and they would come if he were the worst conductor alive. Fortunately he is a gifted one, and a by-product of his popularity is the fact that he is building an audience. No matter what Bernstein's detractors may say, no matter what the gaps in his present equipment (he is, after all, only forty-one years old), no matter what the old guard thinks, the fact remains that attendance at the Philharmonic is once again an event. Bernstein stimulates audiences as much as he is stimulated by them. No longer are the concerts a haunt of polite, elderly ladies and gentlemen. There is an air of adventure and vitality around the Philharmonic these days. By cannily mixing old and new music, by bringing glamor and excitement back to the Philharmonic, by being willing to experiment and introduce new ideas, by making the old orchestra a national institution (thanks to the telecasts) and by bringing it to a healthy running condition, Bernstein has helped revitalize musical life in the nation as well as in New York City.

William Warren Bartley, III

I CALL MYSELF A PROTESTANT

A young philosopher traces the intellectual steps which led him to reject the beliefs of most of the leading Protestant theologians, and finally, to leave the church of his birth for one more liberal.

This is the last essay in a series on modern religious beliefs which has included "The Faith of a Heretic" by Walter Kaufmann (February); "What a Modern Catholic Believes" by Philip Scharper (March); and "Why I Choose to be a Jew" by Arthur A. Cohen (April). Like the rest of the contributors, Mr. Bartley does not claim to speak for anyone but himself. A great many Protestants will disagree with him. This series, however, was not intended to summarize the dominant currents of thought in churches today, but to show how a group of able and serious young thinkers (none of them professional clergymen) have confronted religious alternatives and arrived at their own personal commitments—whether these commitments are popular or not.

An unusually large number of letters has been received in response to the series, some of them severely critical of the contributors. In addition to those regularly appearing in our Letters column, a sizable selection from them will appear in a special section of the July issue.

IN 1880, the Russian novelist Dostoevsky placed on the lips of Ivan Karamazov, the atheist, the famous legend of the Grand Inquisitor, Cardinal of Seville, who deceived his flock for their own sake.

According to Ivan's tale, Christ had reappeared in Seville and had been promptly imprisoned by the Inquisition. Late at night, the Cardinal—whom Ivan describes as also an atheist—visits Christ in the dungeon and attempts to justify to Him his suppression of intellectual and religious freedom in Spain. Describing the believers whom he and those who shared his priestcraft had deceived, the Cardinal insists:

> All will be happy, all the millions of creatures except the hundred thousand sufferers who have taken upon themselves the curse of the knowledge of good and evil. Peacefully they will die, peacefully they will expire in Thy name and beyond the grave they will find nothing but death. But we shall keep the secret, and for their happiness we shall allure them with the reward of heaven and eternity. . . . Judge us if Thou canst and darest. . . . I too prized the freedom with which Thou hast blessed men. . . . But I awakened and would not serve madness. I turned back and joined the ranks of those who have corrected Thy work.

Four hundred years after the Grand Inquisitor, and three quarters of a century after Dostoevsky, a man who is often called the twentieth century's greatest Protestant theologian—Paul Tillich—has endorsed a similar kind of priestcraft. Like the Grand Inquisitor, Tillich does *not* believe in the popular "God of Theism," the God who answers prayer and offers men a life beyond the grave. Frequently he has emphasized the contrast between his own theology and faiths which hold to a more literal interpretation of the Biblical teachings. In his *Dynamics of Faith* (1957), for instance, Tillich writes [italics mine]:

> The primitive period of individuals and groups consists in the inability to separate the creations of symbolic imagination from the facts which can be verified through observation and experiment. *This stage has a full right of its own and should not be disturbed, either in individuals or in groups, up to the moment when man's questioning mind breaks the natural acceptance of the mythological visions as literal.*

Tillich contrasts this stage with

> the second stage of literalism, the conscious one, which is aware of the questions but represses them, half consciously, half uncon-

sciously. The tool of repression is usually an acknowledged authority with sacred qualities like the Church or the Bible to which one owes unconditional surrender. *This stage is still justifiable, if the questioning power is very weak and can easily be answered.* It is unjustifiable if a mature mind is broken in its personal center by political or psychological methods, split in his unity, and hurt in his integrity.

Tillich and the Grand Inquisitor seem agreed on a number of points. Both believe that it is better to let *innocent* ignorance prevail. When doubts do arise in an individual, they leave it to his minister to decide whether his doubts are weak enough to be "refuted" or whether he must be made one of the "hundred thousand sufferers" who inhabit the inner circle of the broken myth. Where Tillich and the Inquisitor most clearly *disagree* is over a positive program of enforced ignorance: Tillich would never conduct an inquisition.

I have brought these two passages together neither to condemn Tillich nor to suggest that his motives are identical with those of the Inquisitor. Much as he hated the position championed by the Cardinal, Dostoevsky could not help portraying him sympathetically as one who "all his life loved humanity." At least as much must be said for Tillich. Indeed, it is ironical that such a comparison can be made at all, for in his intellectual autobiography Tillich specifically mentions his personal *fight* against the figure of the Grand Inquisitor as "a decisive element of my theological thought."

My aim, rather, has been to bring home two points which anyone who is to understand modern Protestantism must grasp. In Protestant Christendom today, as in Dostoevsky's Seville, the beliefs and religious expectations of those learned in theology are very often not only different from and more complex than those of the average man in the pew; *they contradict them.* Agreement is no longer over *beliefs,* but over *passwords,* passwords which one may take literally, symbolically, or in some other way, depending on one's theological sophistication.

Nor are the theologians at all eager—and in fact they are rather worried—about communicating their beliefs to the "believers." They have only added to the breakdown of real communication by using various circumlocutions which make their break with traditional Christianity seem less serious than it is: we get different kinds of "truth," different kinds of "belief," different kinds of "knowledge."

"Well, yes," the theologian nods when pressed, "I don't believe that there is an afterlife, but the notion of an afterlife is *symbolically true*, you know."

"Yes, Virginia, there is a God."

The church services which result are weird pantomimes. Kneeling before the same altar in the same service, saying the same creeds and singing the same hymns, one man worships the God who acts literally, another worships the God who acts metaphorically, a third worships the God who acts symbolically, and yet another worships the God who doesn't act at all.



"Nice deploring."

LET'S PRETEND

SERIOUS division among Protestants over matters of belief is, of course, nothing new. Rarely, however, has it been over such fundamental issues. Past arguments usually have focused on matters like evolution, the nature and number of the sacraments, the form of baptism, the organization of the clergy. Atheism was largely left to those outside the church. Today the disagreement *within* the churches is over whether the traditional God exists and whether there is an afterlife.

The new disagreement, unlike past disputes, is not one among the various sects and church groups. Closer interchurch co-operation on organizational and political levels has, in fact, accompanied the growth of the newer series of disputes. For a superficial agreement over formulas, words, and symbols has helped to make co-operation on such peripheral matters possible.

The personal tensions and anxieties hidden under this surface unity are widely known. It is no secret, for instance, that there has been a rising number of nervous problems among younger ministers. Many denominations now administer psychological tests beforehand to all ministerial candidates.

Whether such tests are directed at the root of the trouble is quite another question. Yale Professor Wesley Shrader has attributed ministerial high tension not primarily to the initial psychological troubles of the clergy, but to the multiple "roles" they are expected to play *after* ordination. His remarks about role-playing are supported by many recent reports. For example, former Congregational minister Thomas S. Vernon, now teaching at the University of Michigan, has sorrowfully described the churchly game of "Let's pretend." The church members confide to each other that they no longer believe their church's doctrines, but "would not dare to let their minister know they felt that way." And the minister tells *his* confidants (when he dares to have any) that he doesn't believe the doctrines either, but "would not dare to say so from the pulpit"!

It is due largely to situations like these that the leading question among the thinking young members of the church today has become this: If I believe that *the most fundamental doctrines* of a church which I deeply love are false, what shall be my policy in regard to that church? Shall I withdraw to the Unitarians, or to the somewhat troubled indifference of non-affiliation? Or shall I remain within the fold and play at believing?

This is certainly the question in terms of which my own religious development took place. And it is a question which was bound to arise with particularly compelling force in Protestantism rather than in one of the two other main religious divisions of the Western World. Roman Catholicism effectively retreated from the problem in 1907, when the papal encyclical *Pascendi Gregis* condemned "modernism." Within Judaism, which contains an old tradition stressing action and the religious way of the communal life more than credos, the question—although it bothers many Jews—has never reached the urgency with which it challenges and confuses the members of a doctrine-ridden and Bible-centered Protestantism.

BABY OR BATHWATER?

THERE is no denying that the attitude I have described—a combination of a type of atheism with sympathetic membership in a religious body—exists among many young church members today. But it was not until last September that a personal experience forced me to realize vividly how widespread this attitude is, even within the most solid bastions of the church. I was attending—at a camp on Lake Michigan—the annual conference of a graduate fellowship program sponsored by one of America's great educational foundations. One of the main requirements for appointment to these fellowships is a conviction that the study of religion, and especially of the Christian tradition, is a vitally important element of a liberal education. Ninety-five per cent of the fellows are church members.

After one of the meetings a random group of eight of us gathered for an evening of conversation. Before it was over, we found (to the surprise, I think, of all of us) that each of us was an atheist in the traditional sense of the term—we denied the existence of "The Living God" of historic Christianity. We disagreed somewhat about whether the various "philosophers' Gods" of recent invention—such as Whitehead's "ground of concreteness" or Tillich's "Being Itself"—existed or were even meaningful conceptions. But we were agreed that even if such things were more than definitions, and did "exist," they were not the Gods that were being worshiped by most of the people in Christian pews. Twice more during the conference I participated in similar discussions with altogether different groups. Each time the result was the same!

While I share this attitude, I doubt that I arrived at it in a typical way. It was much more difficult for me to accept this position because my strong religious background had *not* been a repressive one that I would have wished to react against.

I grew up in a devoutly religious home of traditional Protestant belief. By the end of the second grade I had finished reading the entire Bible for the first time. It seemed a splendid and exciting mystery story with which my Oz stories couldn't compare. Before finishing gram-

mar school I had read the Bible another half dozen times and was fetching books on theology from the library. I remember quarreling with my cousins over evolution in the fifth grade and lying awake nights over the problem of transubstantiation while in the eighth grade. (I was *for* both evolution and transubstantiation.)

Throughout high school, the study and practice of religion were an exciting quest; I was left completely free to come to whatever conclusions I thought correct; no attempt was ever made to "correct" any erroneous belief. I stress this early development simply because during the past few years a number of people have insisted to me that my present rejection of traditional theology *must* be the result of a repressive religious upbringing against which I am revolting.

When I entered Harvard College I encountered all the Big Questions in the lecture hall and naturally faced new problems about religion. But my religious background was so strong that the common freshman and sophomore reaction to religion never touched me. I assumed that one should expect to modify and to develop one's religious beliefs, to grow in religion as one grew older. I assumed that any problem *I* might have was all explained in some theological system *somewhere*. I had learned very well the theologian's vivid warning that "one must not throw out the baby with the bathwater." Since then I have learned that one man's baby is another man's bathwater.

Having put away my doubts, I also gave up really active consideration of theological problems: there was too much else to do and to learn at Harvard College. One by one, however—and unconsciously—I was undermining the foundations of my belief. While majoring in history, I had become deeply challenged by certain problems in the methodology of history. In order to solve them, I found—much as I at first disliked the task—that I had to learn some philosophy, and to study contemporary analytical philosophy, especially philosophy of science. So, at the beginning of my senior year, I dropped my program in Renaissance and Reformation history in order to enter the department of philosophy, where I wrote my honors thesis on a problem in the logic of explanation in historical discourse.

During my senior year, however, my religious beliefs and my new acquaintance with philosophy remained in separate compartments. As on one level I became more and more the devotee of contemporary philosophy, so on another level my Episcopalianism was becoming more and more High Church.

Immediately after graduation from Harvard I had a chance to reread some of the theological writers who had interested me. Now, however, with some philosophy behind me, I began to see things in a different light. The more I read in the writings of Tillich, Niebuhr, Barth, and other leading contemporary theologians, the more exasperated I became. Repeatedly I found them missing the crux of the arguments they were trying to refute, distorting the positions of their opponents, or selecting the worst representatives of a viewpoint for examination. Many times, in exasperation, I cried out to myself, "What kind of people do they think we are?" On every side new problems about religion arose.

As I had once turned to philosophy to help me solve my problems about history, so I now turned again to philosophy to help me clarify and solve my problems about religion. After a while, I became aware that a great change had come over me. I had never simply rejected one or two of my old beliefs; I had begun to look at the world in an entirely new—and exciting—way.

Whether or not my own development is typical, intellectual considerations like the ones I encountered have brought many of my contemporaries to similar conclusions. I shall mention a few of these briefly in what follows.

DEVIL'S DARLING SIN

NOT long ago the *New Yorker* magazine printed a Whitney Darrow cartoon in which several Earth people, debarking from their space ship on a foreign star, find history about to repeat itself. As Adam and the Serpent watch, an interspace Eve is about to taste the Forbidden Apple which gives the knowledge of good and evil. The cry of the Earth people is "Miss! Oh, Miss! For God's sake, stop!"

The cartoon reflects an attitude which is influential among contemporary theologians and many other members of our society: Adam the Knower is a *sinner,* tasting forbidden fruits in defiance of God's will. But another powerful part of our tradition is better characterized by a very different tale. Prometheus, who defied the gods to bring fire to the Greeks, is regarded not as a sinner, but as a *hero.* In this tradition, discovery, knowledge, and criticism of authority despite their dangers—are good things.

At the beginning of the present century, under the impact both of science and Biblical research, the leading Protestant theologians were definitely thinking in terms of the second myth. One

could no longer accept the words of Scripture literally; one was forced to pick and choose, to use one's mind to find what one could salvage. Many sermons and essays discussed "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity," and evoked the "Christian ethic"—a vague and often inconsistent amalgam of the Sermon on the Mount, nineteenth-century liberal principles, the social gospel, and some strands of the "Protestant Ethic."

Most of these liberals shared two basic attitudes: (1) Christianity should be concerned primarily with building the Kingdom of God as quickly as possible *on earth;* (2) doctrinal differences were comparatively unimportant. What was more vital was a tolerant sharing of religious experience.

The movement which dominates Protestant thinking today—known as "neo-orthodoxy"—can be understood as a reaction to these attitudes. From the ultra-conservative followers of Karl Barth to the relatively liberal supporters of Tillich, the neo-orthodox share the warning that man *cannot* achieve salvation—either personal or social—by his own efforts, and the conviction that Christianity is in some sense the true religion.

The first neo-orthodox or "crisis" theologian seriously to connect certain weaknesses in liberal religion with the practice of modifying Biblical thought in the light of modern science and philosophy was the Swiss theologian Karl Barth, whose famous *Römerbrief,* a commentary on St. Paul's *Epistle to the Romans,* was published during the latter part of World War I. Men must not go to the Bible to pick and choose the words that will support their desires, Barth admonished. To do so is an example of prideful reliance on reason. Men—the descendants of Adam—should let the Bible speak to them and heed its authority in an attitude of awe, trust, and obedience—whatever the devilish promptings of contemporary thought. "It cannot be otherwise than that Dogmatics runs counter to every philosophy no matter what form it may have assumed," Barth warns in his *Credo.* If the philosophy and science of the past three hundred years seem to conflict with the Word, let the philosophy and science go. Kierkegaard has aptly called this a "crucifixion of the intellect."

As Barth "threw the Revelation at men," Reinhold Niebuhr, in America, began to try to fit them with catchers' mitts. As a young minister of the Evangelical Church (now a part of the newly-formed United Church of Christ) in Detroit, Niebuhr had been a social-gospel liberal,

How to Win Friends for Organized Labor

REPORTING yesterday afternoon to the Grand Central Terminal engine house, an engineer noted the condition of the window in the engine for the 5:23 P.M. for Larchmont and Rye.

Since it is not his duty to clean the window, he waited until a workman of the proper classification arrived to do the job. Meanwhile, 1,000 commuters, many staring vacantly through their windows, waited twenty-three minutes for the train to start. . . .

A New Haven spokesman said later that [the engineer] was within his rights, since it was not his duty to clean the window. But he added that the engineer showed something of a "lack of spirit" in not doing his own polishing when it became apparent that the train would be delayed.

—*New York Times,* February 21, 1959.

later supporting his thinking with a theoretical Marxism. Using certain Christian concepts, such as that of "Original Sin"—which taught the inevitable sinfulness and corruptibility of men, as illustrated in the story of Adam's original defiance of God's command—Niebuhr eventually came to abandon his hope for an earthly utopia. Without this hope, he had to leave his Marxism.

Niebuhr now began to launch violent polemics against simple Christian idealists, injecting into much of the wishy-washy social thinking of Protestants a healthy note of realism and self-criticism. His shrewd remarks on social ethics commanded the respect not only of Christians, but of politicians and political philosophers as well. Most of his criticisms were variations on the same, well-chosen, theme: Christians could not expect to build a utopia on earth; nor could they expect to keep entirely innocent in the effort to construct such a paradise. Final justification, therefore, would have to wait for Eternity. The redemption of Man must come "beyond History," the work of a God who is also beyond History. And here, of course, is where Barth's supernatural theology fitted in.

I, for one, found this invitation to "forget" the thought of the past three hundred years,

whose objections to Barth and Niebuhr's supernatural metaphysics have never been answered, both impossible and immoral. For ethics is surely not limited to questions of personal and social conduct. One's decisions on philosophical matters demand rigor and realism too. Here, however, Niebuhr's shrewdness comes to a dead halt: he has even admitted his "boredom" about such matters.

As a result, he is put in an extremely curious position—one paradox seems to have escaped him—he is willing to subject his *ethics* to worldly demands, but *not* his supernatural *metaphysics.*

Niebuhr would say my objection is an example of "prideful reliance on reason." I suppose he is right. But how humble is Niebuhr's request to reject the hard thinking of three centuries in order to embrace his particular interpretation of the "Word of God"? More than *one* apple has a worm at its core.

> And the Devil did grin
> For his darling sin
> Is pride that apes humility.

BREAKING BROKEN MYTHS

FOR one who rejects the neo-orthodoxy of Niebuhr and Barth, as I did, Protestantism's most popular alternative is an approach similar to Paul Tillich's. For two main reasons, Tillich's theology provided no alternative for me: I deplore his method of argument, and I question his Christianity.

Tillich is quite unable to accept the "supernatural." His aim is to "heal" the old Christian ideas and stories by calling attention to what is still *acceptable* in them and by disarming those aspects which are no longer tenable. His first step is to *redefine* the old terms, so as to eliminate their supernatural features, and to reinterpret them as myths and symbols. The system which results is a radical revision which retains the *appearance* of orthodoxy.

Following Tillich, it would be possible, for instance, to reinterpret Niebuhr's favorite doctrine of Original Sin somewhat as follows. The Genesis story of Adam's original sin—for which God is said to be punishing the following generations of men—can be understood as a primitive explanation of the fact that there is already evil in the world when any of us arrive here: evil that is "there," beyond our control. Each child that is born this year, for instance, will grow up in a world already torn by war, which he is in no way responsible for bringing about, but which will condition his daily life and perhaps even bring him to personal destruction.

Other children will inherit the diseases of their parents; still others, their economic plight or unhappy married life. Even when the original situation can be corrected externally, scars often remain in the form of psychological neuroses. We are unable by ourselves to cure all the ills we are born with. Where healing does occur it is often more a matter of luck—the theologian would say "grace"—than of our own efforts. The result of such a reinterpretation is, for Tillich a "broken myth," symbolically true.

Tillich's practice up to this point has won him many admirers, and, thus far, I was able to accept his procedure. Right here, however, an extremely important problem arises for Christian apologetics. Other faiths—not to mention literature, such as Shakespeare and Greek tragedy—also possess symbols and myths embodying important truths about the way men should confront life. How then can Christianity preserve its claims to religious superiority?

Tillich tries to answer this question by defining "objectively true faith" in such a way that Christianity will be the only faith that satisfies the definition. Tillich decrees that the symbols of an "objectively true faith" will imply their own "lack of ultimacy." Briefly, this means that such symbols will indicate that they themselves are not permanently valid, and that what is most important is something beyond themselves to which they are "pointing." Jesus, for example, by sacrificing himself on the Cross, indicated his own "lack of ultimacy," as an historical figure. Hence, for Tillich, the religion whose central symbol is Christ's Cross is (when properly interpreted) the "objectively true" faith.

Any serious reader of Tillich must protest at this point, "How does Tillich *know* that the symbols of the objectively true faith will be the ones that imply their own 'lack of ultimacy'?" The answer is, "Tillich simply defines things that way."

But if this is so, *the whole issue of Christianity's "objective truth" rests on a very arbitrary verbal definition!* Tillich's gamesmanship is, admittedly, a way in which one can save a system. If the meanings of the terms of one's system of belief can always be redefined to meet any objection, then, of course, the system can never be refuted. Likewise, in a game of chess where one player is allowed to change the rules of the game any time he is in danger of checkmate, the second player is unlikely ever to win. And Tillich is hardly the only one who plays this

way. Communists use similar gambits when they talk about "democracy."

It is a good measure of the intellectual shoddiness of Tillich's system that—even with this enormous advantage—he is still unable to win his game. His criterion, certainly, cannot validate Protestantism. It can be shown that the death of Socrates (a man who sacrificed his person for the Good beyond himself), the present Russian state, and many other things are "objectively true" symbols if we use Tillich's definition. Far from "healing" the Christian concepts, his cure seems more damaging than the disease.

But suppose for a moment that he had succeeded; that he had shown that Christ's Cross was an "objectively true" symbol. Would he then have proved the superiority of Christianity? I don't think so—for I believe Tillich's theology is Christian in name alone. Far from re-establishing the Christian symbols, he is asking us to accept *his* philosophy and *his* religion understood in terms of reinterpreted Biblical concepts. The result is not Christianity; it is a new religion.

Whatever new truth Tillich may be able to inject into the traditional Christian terms, they have a very different history. Compared to his radical new proposals, Roman Catholicism and fundamentalist Protestantism, for all their differences, are really quite similar. For me, Roman Catholics and fundamentalists seem to be playing solitaire. But at least one expects that their cards are all on the table.

IMPALED INTEGRITY

THIS has been a personal statement. What has been my personal solution? As I have indicated, my acquaintance with contemporary philosophy was a decisive influence in my rejection of contemporary Protestant theology. I do *not* believe, however, as did the early "logical positivists," that statements must be either scientific or "meaningless."

This view persuaded many philosophers and scientists in the 1920s, but it has since been shown to be sadly inadequate. Professor Karl Popper, of the University of London, gave the first thorough refutation of logical positivism in the early 1930s. Later on, even Ludwig Wittgenstein, one of its founders, came to abandon it.*

*See Karl R. Popper, *The Logic of Scientific Discovery*, Basic Books, New York, 1959, and "The Status of Science and of Metaphysics," *Ratio*, December 1958; and Ludwig Wittgenstein, *The Blue and Brown Books*, Harper, New York, 1958.

My own thinking has been more influenced by Popper's critical rationalism than by the thought of any other single philosopher. He has argued conclusively, I believe, that—on many philosophical questions—it is often necessary to make interpretations of the world which might be called metaphysical and cosmological.

How is it possible to *choose* one's "ultimate" metaphysical approach to the world? This is an area where there will always be room for argument. For philosophical theories, unlike scientific hypotheses, cannot be conclusively refuted by empirical test.

Such theories, however, *can* be discussed rationally. Popper's suggestion—which is the best I know—is that they be confronted with the problems they are supposed to solve. Then we can ask questions of a theory, such as: "Does it solve the problem? Or does it merely shift the problem? Does it solve it better than other theories? Does the theory contradict other philosophical theories needed for solving other problems?"

My own opinion is that all contemporary philosophical expressions of Christianity raise far more problems than they solve, and that most of them ignore the most pressing problems. I recognize, however, that other people may evaluate the current Christian philosophies differently. For in any such situation where a free decision is involved, two people may remain at loggerheads.

None of us, for instance, can convince the neurotic that he's ill if he doesn't want to accept our diagnosis. I cannot prove that two plus two is four to the person who fervently believes that one is equal to zero. I cannot convince Hitler that murder is wrong. For we disagree about the value of human—or should I say "non-Aryan" life. And I am completely nonplused by the English canon who last summer urged that the people in the mental hospitals are not ill but are *really* possessed by evil spirits!

In the old story, the Pennsylvania Dutchman says to his wife, "Everybody is crazy but me and thee, Hanna, and sometimes I wonder even about thee!"

Anybody, from the neurotic to Reinhold Niebuhr, can play Pennsylvania Dutchman and ask us to "take the leap of faith" to his position. And that position beyond the chasm may have its own consolations. But if we look before we leap, some of us will be unable to crucify our intellects without impaling our integrity.

Rationalists, however, make mistakes too. That

is why—provided neither of the disputants is a Hitler—I think the best solution may be the one my former teacher at Harvard, Professor Morton White, once beautifully recommended by endorsing Hamlet's reply to the Queen:

> My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
> And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
> That I have uttered. . . .
> Mother, for love of grace,
> Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
> That not your trespass, but my madness speaks!

For each of us plays Pennsylvania Dutchman at some time of his life. And sometimes the Pennsylvania Dutchman is right.

"THE ABILITY TO LOVE"

BUT what has been my *religious* solution? Although my philosophical views are quite opposed to traditional and contemporary theology, I still love the church, appreciate the beauty of the personal lives of many of her members, and am awestruck before the moral genius of Christ. I am also able to appreciate the mystical confusion—as well as the urgency—of a feeling both philosophers, such as Wittgenstein, and theologians, such as Tillich, have spoken of: an amazement that anything at all should exist.

In this predicament, I have not taken the obvious step of leaving the church entirely. I decided to make the much more ambiguous—but I think reasonable—move of joining the Society of Friends. The Friends have, or try to have, two virtues in religious matters: the courage to think, and the ability to love. Although they hope that after re-examination of a moral issue one's personal decision will accord with the feeling of the group and the ethical injunctions of the Bible, the final criterion remains one's sense of personal integrity, not an outworn creed or symbolism.

This is, indeed, what many of the neo-orthodox theologians revolted against: a simple sharing of private religious experiences; but it is deliberately so. The Friends show their ability to love and their concern for this world not by wallowing in despair over its hopelessness, but by positive work to alleviate its troubles. As their general stand on warfare (a position I cannot agree with at all) shows, they are not interested in simply adjusting their ethic to the prevailing mores of the culture. They are often silly and naïve, but they are desperately honest. They are seekers after truth, not purveyors of the one true Truth, Church, Scripture, Symbol, or Country Club.

Membership in this society had the same attraction for me, I think, that Buddhist affiliation, less practically, has had for many of my more adventurous contemporaries. It is a society within which, with kindred spirits, I may carry on my personal quest for ever deeper understanding. And it provides a place where I may candidly discuss religious issues that concern me with those who are similarly concerned, and without those who already know all the answers.

Is this a solution I would recommend generally? Hardly. Each man must make his own decision after a good deal of excruciatingly difficult thought. Even for the person who shares many of my opinions there are many alternatives.

I did feel that in all integrity I would have to leave the Episcopal Church. And for similar reasons I knew the doors of the Lutheran, Presbyterian, Methodist, and other more confessional churches were closed. When I say "closed," I do not mean that I think these churches would have kept me out. I am completely sure that (at least as far as the creedal qualifications are concerned) I could be accepted into the ministry of any of them, if I were to employ Tillich's conception of truth and his reinterpretation of Christian statements when the time came for the creedal examination. The doors were closed by my own conviction that it would be wrong to use such misleading philosophical tools.

Twenty-five years ago my choice might have been for the Congregational Churches. Today—because of their new emphasis on centralization and organization and their efforts to force some of the member churches into an uncongenial merger with a confessional church—I am afraid they are going in a different direction. I am sure that I could have joined the Unitarians, the Universalists, or the Ethical Culturists, but personal experience brought me to prefer the Society of Friends. This choice is only one approach in one man's personal quest for philosophical health. It is one which is both possible and appealing for a person who combines sympathy for religion and just a touch of mysticism with rejection of traditional theology. It is also a choice which is compatible with profound resignation, hope for the best, and eagerness to work for the better.

THE courage to think, and the ability to love. These gifts, plus a modicum of strength, are all I care to ask for in this life. And I do not believe that there is any other.



ON A CAGE OF MICE

brought home
for the week of school vacation

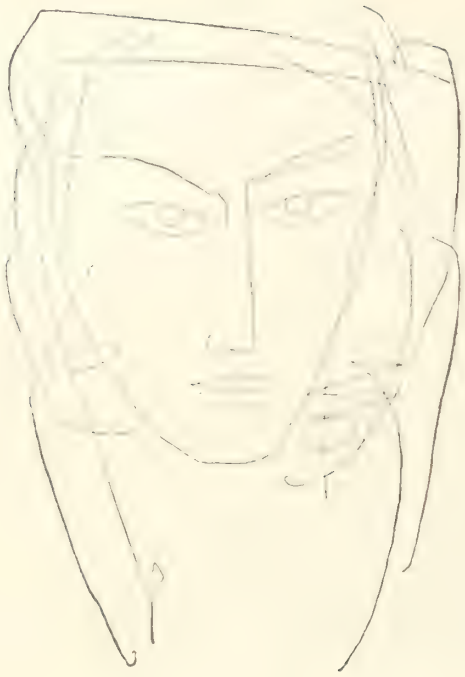
JOHN HOLMES

I KNOW people who enjoy going to the zoo.
I believe the exhilaration they seek and find.
It shines in their eyes, they gesture freely,
And laugh from some uncaged place in the mind.

But about animals, any animals, I cannot feel
That admiration or envy or pleasurable fear.
They move suddenly. They make rank smells.
Some animalophiles are connoisseurs. I hear
The London Zoo compared with the one in Vienna,
And oh the French zoos! Ah Berlin in the old days.
This is twice foreign to me. I would not turn
To see buffalo on my neighbor's lawn graze.
By as much as it is out of place I am outraged.
The parakeets, mice, and spaniels of my friends
Are not my friends. Let cats keep their place,
Lest equality be where acquaintance ends.

The worst about animals is that they cannot talk.
For guessing what they think we get no thanks.
I was not born that I might be physician,
Stable-hand, and conscience to fish in tanks.
The next worst is that some look a little human,
Have five toes, or baggy behinds, or white teeth.
Amusing, but unimportant, and whatever
Their place in order, it is still beneath,
Unless man mindlessly unbloods himself, a man.
The animals are objectionable in the least
When their life-cycles are not prolonged.
Useless or used, there is no noble beast.

My kind of animal is human and is in me,
The male and the female. Of these, I have known,
From books, da Vinci, Goethe, Ovid, and Montaigne;
In life, hundreds, towers of green leaves blown,
Ladies for marrying, and by them girls and sons.
Women are wonders, but for men I am most proud.
They are not, but know what perfection is,
And words for it, which they articulate aloud.



KRISHNA IN THE LOCATION

A Story by Marguerite Pereira

Drawing by Edward Maffeo

PLEASE ma'am." Mrs. Golding looked up from the dove-gray letter she was writing to her best friend in England.

"Please ma'am, excuse me ma'am. Can the ma'am borrow me one pound and do me another favor also?"

"What is it, Greta?" Mrs. Golding tried to forget about the letter she was constructing. As she always told her husband and friends, if only you tried to understand the wants of the Natives, it was much less likely that they would want to take advantage of you.

"Can the ma'am give me tomorrow off for moving?"

"Moving? Moving where, Greta?" she asked in her most reasonable tone of voice as though it were a purely ethnologic-frontier question. A year ago, fresh from home, she had accorded all favors without question, but there had since been so many telegrams, summoning the servants to a dying father or a sick child and once Selina had never come home, that she now gave herself time to think.

Greta wiped her hands on her starched apron though they were already dry. She said in her rich, fruity voice that sounded ready to break into one of those high, rhythmically sustained chants that came through the dining-room window at washing-up time, "Didn't the ma'am read that all the Native's population has got to clear out of our location tomorrow? The government's making white area there. First they clearing the Natives, then later on afterwards, they clearing the Indians and coloreds."

She waited without anxiety. She had learned in ten years of service that it was almost beholden on people who had servants to be unpredictable. People who liked the blacks to be quiet and respectful could accuse you of cheeky, obstinate silence, and although Mrs. Golding liked her to be friendly and explain what she wanted she had once heard her telling her husband that Greta was getting too clever.

Mrs. Golding finished the sentence she was writing ". . . that the blue agapanthus is out and the little borders of oxalis are delicately thriving."

"But it's your day off today, Greta. Can't you move today?" She played for time.

"I know ma'am, but tomorrow the government is sending trucks to move us. Today I can jes get everything ready."

"Can't your husband get a day off from the factory?"

"No ma'am."

Mrs. Golding gazed out of the window past the aquamarine swimming pool and the rows of cannas to the golden privet hedge which shielded them from the garage and the servants' quarters. Why the girl should need a hovel miles out of Johannesburg when she had a comfortable room and shower and permission for her husband to visit her—! It was probably something the Natives had, some tribal thing to retain a foothold among their own people, which was beyond her.

"You'll still be sleeping here every night, Greta?"

"Oh yes, yes uf cuss ma'am."

But if the trucks were being sent to help, why was the pound needed? Greta explained that there was only one very small shop in the new place. They would get bread and tea as soon as they arrived in Greenacres, but afterwards they must supply themselves. She knew that the interchange was over. No further explanation was needed.

"All right, Greta. We've got visitors tomorrow night, but you'll have to tell Joseph to ask Peter to help him."

She could not be sure that Greta was not taking unwarranted advantage, but then that was the case even with friends sometimes. Look how Girlie had made her drive six miles out of her way yesterday, and she did not like to discriminate.

"I'll give it to you now before I forget."

Her bag was next to the inkwell. She always carried it with her, for although she hated suspicion it was just as well not to tempt them. She rubbed the note between thumb and third finger like a teller to make sure it was single. Greta received it in cupped hands.

Mrs. Golding wrote that the servant situation was far from satisfactory, that the tension was steadily mounting. Whole Native areas were being moved still further out. She did not know quite where and had to finish her sentence at "out." As her pen formulated the situation in neat, unplastic characters the residue of never being quite sure that they were not up to something drained from her, down her arm and out of the concealed gold nib.

AT SIX o'clock Sita, the daughter of the Indian storekeeper at the location, had finished sweeping the floor. She opened the green door of the little store and stood half outside so that she had a full view of the street on either side in case a policeman should appear. On the right at intervals of every five houses stood a truck and all along the red-earth pavement were chairs on top of tables, crates of plates and glasses, and stoves, an occasional Welsh dresser with the scalloped oilcloth or newspaper still tacked to it. Without the iron beds and mattresses it would have seemed that a giant restaurant were moving. There were only the beds and some anonymous bundles on top of them to prove that something other than eating and cooking had gone on behind the iron and brick façades. Not really, because there were even three or four small wardrobes, towering landmarks of prosperity, a few sewing machines, fruits of effort and industry, but the Natives provided by the municipality lifted them onto the trucks with regard only for weight and size.

Sita plaited her thick, dark hair loosely. She would do it properly after her bath, before praying. She called to her mother to come and see. Mrs. Ramalal came out from the back room and draped her sari over her head to confront the crowded street. She shook her head.

"By tonight not one will be left, just us and the Chinee next door." She did not count the Mohammedans down the street or the handful of coloreds or the Tamil family. She shook her head slowly and went to stand behind the counter.

Sita stood alone, her arms crossed against the freshness of the morning air. Her throat and chest felt tight as though she wanted to cry. It was not really because the Natives were moving, not exactly because they would be almost alone in an empty street tonight, not only because there would be no more business and they did not know yet where they were going. She told herself that none of these three things was important because God would look after them. Even the Natives, he would look after them. Even the ants. She could trust Bhagwan, not only that he would look after them but that everything that was happening was right.

Still she felt heavy. When she saw big Jacob, who always came in drunk and stole a banana when her father was at market, she felt nearer to tears. He was peeling a banana now. He carefully broke off half of it for his little boy, who was naked from the waist down, and he ate the rest himself.

She looked down at her black patent shoes. She should be wearing her old ones. When would she get another pair? Only Bhagwan knew. A tear fell on the toe. She wiped her cheek with her sari, and glanced sideways into the shop to

see if her mother was observing her but Mrs. Ramalal was folding a pan leaf.

Sita looked at the Hindu calendar. Her father had marked today with a red penciled ring. Above it Krishna, his body a beautiful bluish color, played with his shepherd's pipe. His long black hair framed his face gracefully. Bhagwan's greatest devotees were always most sorely tried. When Krishna came to earth even his beloved Arjun had undergone trials and tribulations and moments of despair. She uncrossed her arms to fetch a Coca-Cola from the fridge for their first customer, a Native taxi-driver.

"Drink Coca-Cola in darkest Africa and feel as refreshed and cool as a white baas," he suggested and carried his bottle out as though it were the torch on the Statue of Liberty. What of the kings who had been deprived of their kingdoms, and the hosts of great bakhtas who had been torn from families and persecuted and still they clung only to God? What was happening to her was nothing. She unfolded her arms to get a box of Rinso down for her mother who was making up an order.

Behind the Rinso was the new Coca-Cola calendar that the delivery man had given them yesterday. She was face to face with the sun-tanned American god and goddess in bathing costume who were never afflicted by heat or flies or trials or want, yet she was lucky because she had Krishna.

She got down from the shelf and dusted her hands against each other. Though even they had their God on the planks of wood to pray to. Bhagwan manifested himself in as many forms as he was called upon and all those forms were one. She went to stand by the door again. Jacob had just walked past and thrown his banana peel on the steps.

"You bleddy fool. Someone can slip!" she shouted in an angry voice.

A runny-nosed pickaninny came and held out an empty lime-juice bottle. She filled it with paraffin while he stood on one grayish, crusty leg. "Bonsella," he demanded.

"Yes, even last day you don't forget bonsella."

She gave him not one but two overflowing hands of popcorn so that he left a trail of manna behind him.

More and more Natives came in for last-minute provisions for the exodus, and Sita was kept busy between watching at the door and getting things down for her mother. It was a few minutes to seven, official opening time, when they ran out of mealie meal. Mrs. Ramalal went to the back for fresh supplies and Sita came and stood behind the counter. She was so busy with the change and thinking that it would never be like this again that she did not see Greta put her list down on the counter.

"Whose this?" she asked. "No time to read today." Then she looked up into Greta's broad face. "Sorry. I didn't see."

"All right. I can see you busy."

"It's nothing."

They surveyed each other. It was a long moment, agreeable and sad.

"Last time I'm buying here. Hau! it makes me feel too much sad."

"Yes." Sita always exchanged a few words with this big, cheerful black woman. She was never

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ANNE SEXTON

THE FARMER'S WIFE

FROM the hodge porridge
of their country lust,
their local life in Illinois,
where all their acres look
like a spouting broom factory,
they name just ten years now
that she has been his habit,
as again tonight he'll say
honey-bunch let's go
and she will not say how there
must be more to living
than this brief bright bridge
of the raucous bed or even
the slow braille touch of him
like a heavy god grown light;
that old pantomime of love
that she wants although
it leaves her still alone,
built back again at last,
minds apart from him, living
her own self in her own words
and hating the sweat of the house
they keep when they finally lie
unbuckled from their happy bones,
each in separate dreams
and then how she watches him
still strong in the blowzy bag
of his usual sleep while
her young years bungle past
their same marriage bed
and she wishes him cripple, or poet,
or even lonely, or sometimes,
better, my lover, dead.

cheeky and kept her house and children cleaner than some of the Indians, but today she felt constrained. She smiled shyly, "But it's not so bad in Greenacres also. The houses are big. With bathroom I hear." She felt heavy again. Ram Ram Ram she repeated mentally.

"It's not this. I know the houses is nice. But even we moving into a palace, a person feels homesick."

Sita brought down two quarter-pound packets of green-label tea and laid them on the counter.

"Yes, we also feeling funny." She shook her plait back.

Greta suddenly leaned forward in a parting gesture: "Some people trying to be clever. They saying this moving is measures to prevent us buying land." She shrugged from the waist up so that her breasts jogged in her spotless blouse with its fall of white lace. "But we too poor to own land any view you take of the matter, so why cry about spilt milk?" She shook the tea into the bottom of her old shopping bag. "I'm homesick yes, but it cuts both ways. We can be pleased with what we getting."

"Yes," agreed Sita. This girl was a lot more sensible than those irreligious Tamils up the road. "Everything that comes is good." She wrapped up the little pile of groceries in a newspaper and instead of dipping into the bonsella boxes she took a stick of licorice and a sucker from the penny jars. "Here, for your baby."

Greta put the palm of her hand up to her green head-scarf and smiled with broad delight. "Hau! Thank you ma'am. Thank you for your kindness and bless you."

Mrs. Ramalal waddled in and plunked the small bags of mealie meal on the tin shelf. When she saw the licorice and the sucker she asked excitedly in Hindi how they were going to eat tomorrow if Sita started handing the goods out. Sita shrugged her shoulders and went back to the door. The lorries were almost loaded. Nothing was easy here but it did not matter if only one could remember that it was the Lord's play. At four minutes to seven she decided to go and have her bath.

SHE took a pail of hot water from the stove and carried it with difficulty to the bathing cubicle in the back yard. When she had finished, she dressed in clean underclothes, underskirt, blouse, and sari and went to the tiny temple which was a corner of the bed-dining-room partitioned off by three heavy velvet curtains. She had hardly sat down before the pictures of Divine Mother, Shiva, and the other deities when she heard the sound of a truck pulling up the road. She wondered if they were leaving already but resisted the temptation of going to the window to see. She crossed her legs before the altar and with closed eyes and barely moving lips she prayed soundlessly. Ram Ram Ram Ram.... She wondered how silent it was going to be tonight, and how much strength she would have if the tsotsi-gangs broke in. At the thought of tsotsis and their malice a shiver ran through her. Ram Ram Ram. The invocation never stopped threading itself through her mind.

"Sita! Seee-ta . . ." Her mother's call was so high and urgent she hastily joined her hands and sprang up.

A white man, an Afrikaner, was standing next to Mrs. Ramalal in the shop. Greta stood in the corner with her face to the wall. She was crying with hunched shoulders. Sita stood dismayed. She asked what had happened, but she knew. The inspector had his little book out and they were going to be fined for selling before seven o'clock.

"Is this your mother?" He addressed Sita.

"Yes." She hung her head and lowered her eyes.

"Well, she doesn't understand me very well. She says she didn't sell anything to this girl before seven o'clock this morning, but I saw her coming down with her parcel." He scanned his little book. "She had two quarter-pound packets of tea, three pounds mealie meal, two tins tomato paste, six pounds sugar, one stick of licorice, and one sucker. The time was five to seven. She was on her way home. First she said she bought these groceries yesterday. Afterwards she admitted buying them here this morning." Greta began to hiccough audibly.

"Sop open seven o'clock." Mrs. Ramalal shook her head emphatically. Suddenly Sita jerked her head forward like Arjun engaging in battle.

"Yes, she buy. Now what you do?"

"I'll have to take your name and address." The little notebook came up again. Inspector Visser caught the pencil which swung from it. "Now who owns this business? Whose name is it registered in?"

Sita thought of her father and how she would have to break the news to him. "My father."

"Whirr is your father?" This Dutchman with his sandy hair and freckled hands said everything with the minimum of effort as though he were saving his energy for better things.

"He's gone market," Sita answered impersonally and stared sullenly at the calendars. She added, without knowing why, "What you think?

You think he's gone dancing? He get up at four o'clock to go market."

The young inspector let his arms fall patiently and carefully to his sides. "I'll give you dancing. Now you'd better keep a civil tongue in your head if you don want to be in any more trouble than you're in already. No additional information." He brought the little book up again. His words had a ponderous disconcern that did not match his youth.

Mrs. Ramalal, not daring to interfere, kept on pulling her sari further forward over her head as though to efface her completely. It looked as though Sita had decided to keep quiet. Suddenly she broke out again, "You don want information but I give you for bonsella."

GRETA turned round in alarm. "Please Missus be careful. Just talk nice. They many ways of killing a cat."

"I mus speak. Wait. You see all those people standing there. They all got to move from they house. It's your people doing this. Since three o'clock this morning they waiting for trucks. Now they must go new place. No shop. You think they must go without food also. You think they not suffering enough we must refuse them food. You think people don get hungry because they got dark skin?"

Mrs. Ramalal asked excitedly what was happening. Her eyes were almost hidden from view. Sita ignored her and looked straight into the flushed face of this Dutchman as she had never looked at an Indian man. "And we tomorrow. What we do? To who we sell? Indian can stay but how he eat?"

Her mother questioned her again, again was ignored. "And still we must pay twenty-pound fine." Her voice was neither angry nor loud. It was just that everything was coming to an end today so she might as well put an end to her silence too.

"The law's the law. You broke it. I didn't. So I can't help all that!" There was no doubt in his mind about this. No room had been left for such a thing in his training. It was not even as if he despised the Coolies as much as most. He squinted down at his little book. The three non-European women stood dispersed in the small store watching him numbly when with violent unexpectedness, from the back room, came the blast of Indian music . . . drums pounding, cymbals crashing. Sita's little sister had chosen this moment to play a spirited devotional song on the gramophone.

Mrs. Ramalal lifted the curtain just behind her and stuck her head through the little opening into the bedroom. The child, curled up on the bed, laughed at her mother's angry face and threats and the gramophone continued to call ecstatically for Krishna to come and show his face and lotus feet.

Young Visser's brows drew together. The music was weird, like too many of the things he came across in this job. Like the smell of coconut oil from the girl's hair.

Mrs. Ramalal had moved swiftly into the bedroom. Through the opening he watched the mother drag the child from the bed and the blue candlewick bedspread with her. Then she clouted the child's ear. It was exactly the same backhand movement that his wife had used on Piet at breakfast this morning for spitting out his egg. He must tell his wife about it. She might get touchy, if she misunderstood. Absentmindedly he began to take out a cigarette, remembered that he never smoked on the job, put the packet back in his pocket and stroked his throat.

"Ag Wat!" he thought. "I'm not going to fine these people. They're in enough trouble."

Sita watched him methodically slip the pencil into the book and slip it into the inner breast pocket of his suit. The movement brought his bony, freckled wrists right out of their frayed cuffs.

"I'm not reporting you this time but don let it happen again. Don forget this is an exception." He pronounced it "agsaption." He blinked rapidly in surprise at what he had just done. It was certainly not what he was paid for. He had not yet recovered when Sita saw him standing there, his shoulders framed by the tins of boot polish, his head by the card with the spare parts for primus stoves. There was a blue light coming from the shelves behind him.

For a space nobody trusted him not to take his book out again, then Greta clapped a hand to either thigh, bent her knees like a cheer leader, and opened her mouth.

"Hau! Hau! Hau! Thank you Massa for your kindness."

Sita went behind the counter and brought back a Hindu calendar with a picture of Ram, Sita, and Hanuman, the monkey deity. She rolled it up as though it were a diploma and presented it silently. Visser rubbed his neck. "I can't read those numbers."

"Take!" insisted Sita.

"Take," echoed Mrs. Ramalal. "Picture for God. Hanuman monkey love God too much," she explained sagely.

For the first time they all smiled together. Mrs. Ramalal let her sari lie on her shoulders where it had slipped during the bedroom scene. She shook with laughter. "My English is broke," she managed between two gusts.

"The only thing that's broke is the law." The Inspector hit his palm with the calendar as though punishing himself. Greta began to cackle. They all laughed. They laughed so much that Sita's little sister put her tear-stained face through the opening to stare at them while the needle lifted from the last groove and sank to rest.

MRS. Golding took the salad bowls from Joseph and bounced gaily into the dining-room where her two guests and her husband were waiting round the table.

"Really you're going to get a putrid dinner," she assured them again.

"But, darling, this looks delicious," Girlie Meyers said.

They all sat down as she waved her arms at them and sat down herself.

"Well, this I did myself, but I had to leave most of the rest to Joseph. He burnt the *risotto*." She grimaced cynically. "I can't really blame him. He was all alone."

"Greta got the day off to move," remarked Mr. Golding, taking it up. He raised his eyebrows and passed the rolls.

Mrs. Golding unfurled her napkin and looked down at her hands as they rested on the starched, immaculate linen for a moment. "I would also have wanted the day off under the circumstances."

"It's unlikely that you should ever be in the position of being herded off to an area miles away from your work where there's no freehold tenure. And that without being consulted," remarked Basil Meyers, buttering his roll and watching his host uncork a bottle of Nedeburg Stein. "What do you say, Bob? I can't help wondering sometimes how those poor bloody wretches feel about it when I read the paper."

"May not be far off from us, that sort of treatment," grunted Bob Golding as though he were ready for *his* share of suffering. He decanted a little wine into his own glass and rinsed it round his tongue. "Ask Betty what they think. I must admit I can never make out what they're bloody well thinking myself. The other day I told Greta that she shouldn't bother with a house at all. I offered to let her have the kids here. She looked at me as though she had a toothache. . . . This stuff's not bad. Compares with a lot of wine nines, I mean Rhine wines."

Three New Stories About

H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N

ONE of the great mirth-provoking characters in fiction"—as critic Harry Hansen called him—will reappear in the June issue of *Harper's*.

He began to spread confusion twenty years ago in *The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N*, a book by Leonard Q. Ross. It has sold steadily ever since—to the accompaniment of cheers from people as different as Evelyn Waugh ("immensely funny") and *The Southern Israelite* ("the most memorable character since Scarlett O'Hara . . . the funniest book ever written").

The author—whose real name is Leo Rosten, historian, editor, and wartime consultant to the Secretary of War—has now written a new series of stories about the most reckless student who ever attended Mr. Parkhill's night class for recent immigrants. The second and third will appear in the July and August issues of *Harper's*. Together with others, they will be published as a book next fall.

"Best thing in South Africa," declared his guest, sampling his. "The government should be so fine."

"Don't you think any woman has the right to bring up her children in the home she's made for them?" asked Betty Golding, quietly, reasonably.

"This is really marvelous, this dressing." Girlie Meyers hated politics. "You must give me the recipe, darling."

"Pleasure. It's very simple. Have some more." She passed the cucumbers.

"And if you want to know how they feel about being herded off, they bitterly resent it. I can't tell you *how* bitterly they resent it. I had a long talk with Greta yesterday morning. I don't say that she openly admitted anything, but I could see she was *smoldering*. And I suppose that goes for every man, woman, and child that left that location today. The trouble with this separation policy is that it's one big abstraction, and I don't care what angle you look at it from, I'll bet my life that not one good thing came out of this stunt today."

Over his wine glass Basil Meyers watched her with admiration, and she felt the skin tighten with pleasure over her cheekbones. "Not one single thing," she added modestly.

BY *William S. White*
HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT


Arnold Newman

THE SENATORS

move in on our foreign policy

But they are not likely to behave in a hostile and obstructive way, as they did in Wilson's time, for the present leaders of the Foreign Relations Committee are big enough to work out a discreet but effective partnership with Eisenhower and the State Department.

WASHINGTON—The unique, deliberate—and, to me, agreeable—disarray of the American form of government is about to be tested under a strain we have not seen since the last days of Wilson's Administration.

It is, of course, an odd system. The executive and legislative powers are always set athwart each other, by solemn design of the Founders. The third power, the Supreme Court, holds a sword over both of them, and the states as well. Ever since its 1954 decision on school desegregation, the Court has been by far the most dynamic of the three in all our domestic affairs.

The Eisenhower Administration has never challenged this dominance of the Court. Instead of trying to expand its own role, the executive has been preoccupied with the carrying out of its most traditional functions—and the President defines those functions in a highly restrictive way.

Now, however, our main problem is not domestic, but foreign. Only the most frantic reformers can now seriously believe that the really vital job before us is the resolution of issues like Little Rock. We are now confronting a vast and infinitely perilous world issue, and our most acute domestic question is to decide how that issue must be handled. It would be too much to say that nothing else makes a damned bit of difference now. But it can be said that the old civil rights and economic issues—including the mythology of the balanced budget—are trivial in comparison with the simple survival of the United States and the Free World.

So the Court (for the time being at least) has had its day of primacy on the national scene, and will now draw back into the wings. The central place *should* be taken by the Executive branch, since it is responsible for foreign policy. For reasons all too well known, however, the Executive is in no position to handle this responsibility alone (though I, for one, give it full marks for good intentions).

Moreover, the President's term of office is drawing to its close, and his practical influence on events inevitably is shrinking. His party is still in shock from its repudiation in last November's elections, and is hardly able to cope with even the pettiest tasks, let alone a world crisis. Perhaps most decisive of all, the State Department has been shaken to its very center by Secretary John Foster Dulles's tragic illness—and whatever the outcome of his struggle against cancer, the Department is likely to remain less adequate than it was before. Finally, it is now

too late for the President to get a tight, personal grip on foreign policy, such as most Presidents have exercised: he has left too much in Mr. Dulles's hands for too long.

As a consequence, the great task of the time must be largely left to the Legislative branch. In practice, this means it must be handled by the Senate—certainly the most peculiar of all our governmental institutions.

The Senate has two choices:

(1) It could set itself up as a hostile and separate authority, as it did a generation ago when Wilson lay mortally ill, and by obstruction and overweening pride it could destroy all foreign policy.

(2) In the self-denial and largeness of spirit of which it is sometimes capable, it can help guide and support the foreign policy of an Administration which is unable to do the whole job for itself.

If it should again follow the first alternative, the Senate would raise the most serious question about the fitness of the American system to survive in the hydrogen age. (And in an era of Soviet diplomacy which makes Hitler's seem almost decorous in comparison.) Certainly it would no longer be possible to speak of our untidy and competitive form of government as an "agreeable disarray." Indeed, it might then be possible to speak of it only as a memory—at worst, a memory buried under the rubble of a country which no longer exists.

But the second road—and this is the road that will in fact be taken—offers the noblest and best of possibilities. There is great collective wisdom in the Senate—as of course there is also much occasional foolishness. The undeniable fact that some Senators do not really know, for example, who the Kurds are does not mean that they lack understanding of the imperatives of survival.

And in its Foreign Relations Committee, the Senate now has an instrument of perceptiveness, sensitivity, ability, and sense of balance of a sort we have rarely seen. There is good reason to hope that this is precisely the kind of instrument we need to master what might be called our coming crisis in the constitutional exercise of power —set within a world crisis of a magnitude we cannot yet guess.

Note that I am not speaking of a Democratic Senate or of a Republican minority. Merely partisan language is both petty and inappropriate at this hour of history. Moreover, it is irrelevant. For both the Senate and the greatest of its committees are not the slightest bit partisan on the matters at issue here (as indeed the committee has never been within my memory).

The Foreign Relations Committee is made up of men who don't care in the least what certain other committees may think about them and their work in this one connection—specifically the national committees of both Democratic and Republican parties. Moreover, the Senate is now headed by party leaders who are big enough—for all their faults and all their critics—to give the committee the political protection it needs in order to do an unpartisan and objective job. This has long been an obvious fact about Lyndon Johnson, the Democratic leader whose sense of responsibility in world affairs is beyond question.

Happily it seems to be a fact about the Republican leader, Everett McKinley Dirksen, as well. He has a past record marked by mellifluous changes in tune between isolationism and internationalism, but now he gives every sign of having grown up to his responsibilities. Big jobs have a way of helping their holders live up to their most indispensable obligations; and this Dirksen is doing in issues of foreign affairs.

TACT AND PUSH

SO IT is likely that the Foreign Relations Committee can approach its great opportunity relatively undistracted by political considerations. And this is immensely fortunate, because on this committee will increasingly rest our hopes for the proper conduct of our affairs abroad, and also for a vindication of our governmental system.

I do not mean to imply that within a week (or a month) the committee will simply be making foreign policy, and casually informing the State Department what the line is to be. Things don't happen that way in Washington. The nature of the system would not permit such a Congressional usurpation, and the committee would not try it if it could.

What will in fact unfold, I believe, is a creative and eminently constitutional partnership in foreign policy. The Senators of the committee will progressively give the Administration their best ideas and their true support—a support going beyond the traditional and the obvious. They will leave the Administration with the *ultimate* responsibility for the tone and meaning of policy, and with the *total* responsibility for its implementation.

The first (and greater) of these two responsibilities—the making of the grand strategic design —can in fact be privately shared between the Capitol and the Executive branch. That is what

the Constitution's phrase about "the advice and consent of the Senate" means. The second responsibility—the actual carrying out of the strategic plan—cannot be shared, either constitutionally or in workaday fact; and there will be no effort to try.

All this will require a great deal of Senatorial tact. The committee must be careful not to push itself too far or too blatantly. It will also require a great deal of discrimination by the Administration. For the Administration will now receive a good deal more than a mere approval of foreign policies after the fact; it will receive more advice than it is accustomed to getting, and it had better receive it in good spirit. It also will need to be especially careful not to fall into the habit of simply pushing the worst problems up to Capitol Hill.

AN END TO "TREASON"

IN SUM, the association will be a delicate and sensitive one. It will be much better if it can be an unspoken one. This is not the sort of thing to start drawing diagrams about.

For it will make heavy demands upon the qualities of human style and manner, quite apart from those of intellect and resolution. Such subtleties are never easy, but fortunately the Senate is a subtle place and its senior members are well practiced in the art. Indeed, subtlety lies at the heart of our system as it works in practice—and it is the system itself which will be on trial, pending the return to the full, traditional exercise of Presidential power by whatever man we shall elect in 1960.

As it happens the present members of the Foreign Relations Committee are men of remarkably high caliber. Among them they share an impressive amount of professional ability and experience in world affairs. Even more important, the committee almost totally lacks at the moment two types which could quickly ruin the whole show if they were present in considerable numbers. These are the irresponsible headline hunters and the thoroughly honorable fellow who is passionately sure that his course is the only possible one for national safety and decency.

A politician who is, say, a thief (or at any rate has difficulty distinguishing between his property and that of others) is certainly lamentable. But he is immeasurably less destructive of sound public policy than a politician of pristine purity who is also fanatically "principled." These over-principled characters are the sort who would heap faggots around their own grandmother and burn her in the public interest, if she persisted in apostasy from the true political faith. The Senate has its share of them—but not, thank Heaven, on the Foreign Relations Committee.

Finally, the committee is at present made up of men who realize that nobody, and no party, is going to have much future unless we can all come through the dangers that lie ahead. Not a single Democratic member of it—not even those two ill-concealed Presidential aspirants, Senators Humphrey and Kennedy—wants to hurt this Republican Administration in this field. Not a single Republican member has the slightest desire to prove that whenever we get in trouble it is Democratic "treason" which put us there. These are different times from those days when Mr. Truman was fighting the Korean War to the accompaniment of fire on his own positions from some of the home troops.

The chairman, William Fulbright of Arkansas, who used to be consistently in empurpled despair at what he believed to be the follies of John Foster Dulles, is interested now only in finding a way out for the country. In this search he has devoted associates, on the Democratic side, in half-a-dozen still-young but long-experienced colleagues. Among the comparative old-timers are Sparkman of Alabama and Mansfield of Montana. Two unusually strong new men are freshly on the committee in this Congress, Gore of Tennessee and Church of Idaho.

As to the Republicans, Wiley of Wisconsin retains top seniority. But Hickenlooper of Iowa —who is a far better all-round man than his total lack of national fame would indicate—has come up as a solid Republican spokesman. His professional and personal association with Fulbright is excellent.

These men appreciate the curious problem before us even if they could not, in all cases, clearly state it: The country has got to be led, wisely led, against massive threats at a time when Executive leadership alone is not enough, or in any case will be widely thought to be not enough. And the leading has got to be done in such a way as not unduly to inflate the Senate and not improperly to denigrate the Executive.

Upon this committee, if I do not mistake all the signs, will lie a burden the like of which has lain on no agency of Congress in our lifetime. I believe that our system—which in simple truth is far more one of muddle-through than even the British system ever was—will muddle through again upon the backs of these mostly small-town, mostly practical, mostly dedicated and truly responsible Senate men.

DAVID HOTHAM

Turkey's Beaches: the best in the world

Few people know it, but they are beautiful, empty, clean, surrounded by fascinating relics of classical civilizations—and incredibly cheap.

GENERALLY, I can't stand beaches: I find there is no boredom quite like the boredom of a fashionable seaside resort. I would cheerfully work through a holiday rather than frequent the crowded Lidos of Venice or Antibes or Miami. But this deep loathing suddenly disappeared not long ago when I drove down the southern shore of Turkey and saw one splendid, untrodden beach after another sweep by for more than two-hundred miles.

There were sandy beaches, pebbly beaches, rock and seaweed beaches. There were beaches composed of an infinity of tiny stones the size of rice grains which neither pierce your feet nor make them floury with soft clinging sand. But best of all, these extraordinary beaches were *empty*—or nearly so. No humanity, no sun lotion, no lines of cars, no vendors—only a few fishermen and peasants, birds shrieking above the roar of the waves, and some impassive camels staring out to sea. Until the beach-hungry world starts to assault it, Turkey's southern coast—from Antalya on the west to Mersin on the east—is one of the few unexploited and accessible seashore paradises left.

And that is far from the whole story. The southern coast of Turkey and its hinterland are scattered with magnificent relics of classical antiquity and there are few places in the world where a casual tourist can see so much of so many great civilizations. From the Hittites onward, Galatians, Phrygians, Lydians, Lycians, Greeks, Romans, and Byzantines—not to mention Seljuk and Ottoman Turks—have left their mark on this most inhabited of peninsulas. St. Paul and St. Barnabas first landed in Asia Minor at the little coastal town of Perge and it is said that St. Nicholas—otherwise known as Santa Claus—is buried in the hills behind the port of Myra where he was once a Bishop. In Antalya, the principal town on the coast—where the bay is bigger and bluer than the one at Naples—you can find a fine Roman gate ascribed to the Emperor Hadrian; and at Aspendos, thirty miles to the east, stands one of the best preserved amphitheaters of the classical world.

Earthquakes have shaken and reshaken all this country and many of the most beautiful relics lie scattered casually on the ground. At Side (pronounced *Seeday*) some of the best Greek and Roman statuary has been collected in a little museum right on the seashore. And at the delightful little town of Anamur, the nearest point to Cyprus (only forty miles away), an immense Seljuk castle is almost lapped by the tideless Mediterranean waves. One of the more perplexing and pleasant little problems of this coast is that the tourist often wishes he'd packed a guidebook for the monuments along with his lunch basket for the beach—and vice versa.

WARDRESS IN THE PALACE

WHY is so marvelous a place so unknown and so empty? It is not the hostility of the Turks who live there—they are charming and hospitable and like to see visitors. The food is not famous but it is quite as good as it is in much-traveled Greece and often better. The beer is excellent. And the prices are incredibly low: a single room *and* board in a first-class hotel cost only $3.00 a day, a double room $5.00. A recent devaluation makes the American dollar go farther in Turkey than in any other country in Europe.

Perhaps the main reason is that the Turks have never been a very tourist-minded nation and simply haven't invited many tourists to come or built places for them to stay. One of the nicest characteristics of the Turk, in fact, is his relative indifference to money, a quality the tourist is likely to find refreshing after traveling in other European countries to the north and west. A Turkish shipowner, trying to explain it all to me one day said: "Look, this is how we Turks do business"—and then he took three steps backward. Istanbul, Ankara, and such famous beauty spots as the Bosporus and Ephesus have their share of European tourists but it has only been in the last few years that the newly created and energetic ministry of tourism has begun to do something about the southern coast.

A good start, at least, has been made at Antalya. Four new hotels are going up, two of them with over a hundred beds each. At Lara beach, six miles to the east, there will be motels, a movie theater, and a guest house. And Herr Krupp, the German financier, is at least investigating the possibility of building a large hotel on the delightful beach west of the city.

But the Turks admit that the weakest feature of their promising riviera at the moment is the lack of many good hotels along the coast outside Antalya. I cannot recommend the "Banana Palace Hotel" in one town where I spent an unhappy night. The lavatories on the second floor will be graven on my memory forever—on this coast the visitor will find that great seatlessness which stretches through Asia from Izmir to Peking. And I still have nightmares about one tall Turkish chambermaid with the face of a Hittite and an enormous bunch of keys which made her look like a wardress in a dungeon for female giants. She was a kindly soul, I'm sure, but I would dash down the murky corridor and fumble at my bedroom door trying to escape her stare.

In spite of such difficulties, the best hotels are quite comfortable and clean and are altogether adequate for someone who does not insist on a series of Ritzes. But there aren't many of them and an American or European financier could do a lot worse, I suspect, than invest in a chain of first class hotels on the Turkish riviera—or better, perhaps, in a series of comfortable inns modeled on the old Seljuk caravanserai, the medieval hostels whose remains are to be seen all over the area.

There is no problem in getting to the coast. Antalya can be reached by sea, air, and road. The sea trip, which now runs twice a month from Izmir, is a delightful meander through the Greek islands of the Dodecanese. For anyone who has the time (two days) it is hard to imagine a more pleasant trip. The Turkish airlines—equipped now with British Viscounts as well as a fleet of wartime DC-3s—have excellent pilots who make regular flights all through the summer from Istanbul to the large new airdrome at Antalya. To see the Turkish countryside, of course, the best approach is by car, or even bus. If you drive from Istanbul or Ankara—as is likely you leave the dusty plateau of Anatolia, make your way down through the wild scenic gorges of the Taurus mountains, and finally arrive in the Mediterranean world of cotton fields, melon beds, and palm trees. The five-hundred-mile trip from Istanbul can be done in two days but it is better to allow three for easy driving.

Not long ago the only way to travel from one place to another, once you arrived on this lonely coast, was by a boat which moved from cove to cove, or by hiring a mule or a horse. It was an ideal landing area for smugglers and pirates. In recent years, however, a road which runs the length of the coast has been hacked out of the vertical mountain bluffs which stand over the sea; and with the road have arrived enough police and other officials to keep the smugglers away. Most of the road is excellent and you can stop off at superb beaches all along the route. (There is, however, one tricky stretch running from Alanya to the Cape of Anamur which needs sharp steering and a steady hand.) The tourist who drives on the coast road is likely to think himself on the most dramatic coasts of Italy or Spain—Amalfi, or the Costa Brava, for example until the head of a camel or the minaret of a mosque hidden in nearby trees reminds him that this is Moslem Europe. It is not unusual when shopping in a Turkish town to have the storekeeper take out five or ten minutes to complete his daily prayers toward Mecca.

TRACTORS, BEARS, AND POPPIES

ONE happy result of the increased popularity of the southern riviera may be to encourage more tourists to drive through the rest of Turkey. The country's tourist trade has risen swiftly from 16,000 in 1948 to the 200,000 expected this year—but in a country one and one half times as large as France there is plenty of room for more. Conceivably the routes from Ankara and Istanbul to the coast may one day bring visitors to Turkey's interior in much the

same way that the drive from Paris to the Côte d'Azur has provided so many with the opportunity to tour Burgundy and Provence. At present, obviously, auto travel is much less frequent than in France or Italy, but those who take along a guidebook, a Turkish dictionary, and a phrase book—and remember to fill their gas tanks before leaving each big town—will have little trouble.

Americans who make the drive will find, I think, that Turkey is a deeply interesting country—the first Moslem nation to try Westernization and yet far from being completely Westernized. On the broad plains of the central plateau—one of the world's great wheat granaries—a traveler can see enormous new grain elevators which cost over a million dollars apiece and are as good as anything in Kansas. But camped in their shadows may well be a wandering party of Yürüks, one of the country's remaining nomadic tribes which fiercely hold onto their own dialect and customs and refuse to have anything to do with modern Turkish life. And down toward the southern coast it's common enough to meet minstrels wandering along the road with a bear or two in tow, as they have for hundreds of years. The creatures all seem to have the same name—Ninosh—and they lumber through their performances to an outlandish music of flutes and drums.

It is well to remember that less than fifty years ago there was not a lady in all of Turkey who dared to go unveiled in public or anywhere but in the harem. Today a traveler would have to search far to find a veiled woman in harem-less Turkey, but the peasant still tends to follow traditional ways, for all the roads and tractors which are gradually revolutionizing his life. He drinks little alcohol and lives wisely on such foods as plain bread, olives, and *ayran*, the delicious yoghurt drink which is one of the pleasures of the traveler in Turkey. (One result is that he lives long—it is not a myth that the world's oldest men are to be found in Turkey.) He may not be a brilliant conversationalist but he is as honest and friendly a man as you will find on any country road in Europe.

As one travels, the contrasts in the countryside are impressive. Except for its grain elevators, the central plateau is typical of the interchangeable plains of much of Asia—they seem to stretch away to the sky and give the person who passes across them a thrilling sense of space. The coastal fringes, on the other hand—whether on the Black Sea, the Aegean, or the southern coast—are essentially European; they have abundant rainfall, lush forests, and fertile river valleys. The flowers in the south are particularly beautiful, especially the great fields of opium poppies which bloom in May. (Their purpose is not as evil as one might think—the Turks claim they are grown only for the medicinal trade and the fat green pods contain seeds which the peasants use to flavor their bread.)

WHEN to visit? Even in winter the southern coast maintains an equable climate—rather milder than that of Cannes or Nice, although up in Anatolia on the central plateau, the winters can be very rigorous. The best time to come is in the spring or autumn—the high summer can be stifling in Antalya and the other coastal towns.

Ultimately, as the world's population increases and the amount of free seashore diminishes, the beaches of the southern coast surely will become like those of Monte Carlo, Cannes, and Palm Beach. By writing about them, I suppose I am contributing to their eventual habitation. But for the time being, there they lie—quite empty, very sunny, unbelievably clean, waiting for people to come, as the camels do, to rest idly by the sea.

HILBERT SCHENCK, JR.

THE SCIENTIFIC VIEWPOINT

Said ethnologist, Dr. J. Loring,
Who was back from a trip of exploring,
"How I love South Sea life,
Where each man swaps his wife,
While in Norwalk, the same thing is boring."

A professor of marriage named Block
Uses only two texts with his flock.
In the Fall Term it's Kinsey,
And then (Ah, what whimsey!)
In the second semester it's Spock.

BERNARD D. NOSSITER

THE TEAMSTERS

Corrupt policemen of an unruly industry

Why some unions are honest and others are always tainted—no matter who runs them . . . and why many businessmen are eager for types like Hoffa to "stop cutthroat competition."

ON AN eminence near the Capitol in Washington squats a marble, glass, and aluminum structure designed in Miami Beach modern. This is the headquarters of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America. In union circles, it is known as the Taj Mahal.

Inside its third-floor executive suite, wall-to-wall carpeting lightens the burdens of heavy-footed executives. An enormous inlaid mahogany table on the ground floor is said to be larger than that of any corporation board in the world. On the second floor is an intricate, partly automated filing system, a marvel of technology if not of efficiency. (Headquarters doesn't know who among its 1,600,000 dues-payers are in good standing and who are not.)

This triumph of accounting is the outgrowth of a "visible file" system that Nathan W. Shefferman designed for the Teamsters. Shefferman, former labor-relations "consultant" and union buster, was a creation of Sears, Roebuck (for which the company has since publicly apologized). For his filing system and other like services, he collected $61,000 from the Teamsters, less $24,500 which he paid back to his friend Dave Beck, then president of the Union.

In the words of a Teamster board resolution, the headquarters is "a fitting monument to a great organization." Indeed it is. The Teamsters' tradition is as old as the Republic, and from the start it has been remarkable for two things:

(1) It has been pock-marked with crime and violence—extortion, arson, bombings, beatings, and an occasional murder. The first cartmen's group, which was licensed in New York in George Washington's day, had their licenses revoked in 1797 for charging extortionate fees.

John R. Commons, the great labor historian, observed that it was not until 1903 that the teaming industry in Chicago could be studied as an economic rather than a criminal phenomenon. He wrote this in 1905 and he was an optimist. For Al Capone's Prohibition mobsters in the 'twenties shot their way into a score of Chicago Teamster locals and even murdered a union international vice president. And as recently as 1950-51, two Teamster officials were murdered and three were brutally assaulted.

(2) Also, from the start, the Teamsters have been more like a trade association of employers than a trade union of workers. They have been more concerned with setting rates and keeping outsiders from entering the industry than with bargaining for wages.

At the turn of this century, Samuel Gompers and others in the young American Federation of Labor looked askance at the roughneck team drivers who were hardly fit associates for a craft elite. However, John B. Lennon, the AFL Secretary-Treasurer, commented:

"There is no industry today that can successfully carry on their business if the Teamster lays down his reins."

So the Federation held its nose and in 1899, issued a charter to the Team Drivers International Union. Almost at once the TDIU was rent by an internal power struggle which led to the chartering of a successor four years later. The

new International Brotherhood of Teamsters, with 32,000 members, chose Cornelius Shea as its first president. Shea managed to defeat a conspiracy indictment, brush off charges of corruption, and even to win Gompers' personal blessing. But in 1907, another Boston Irishman, Daniel J. Tobin, defeated him for the union's presidency. Tobin ruled in name if not in fact for an unbroken forty-five years.

BULLY BOY AND FRIEND OF F. D. R.

FOR the next quarter-century, Tobin presided over a trifling organization of local baronies, whose leaders guaranteed his perpetual re-election in return for a hands-off policy. Although membership ballooned in World War I, by the depression year of 1933 the rolls had shrunk to 75,000.

Tobin was nevertheless a bully boy in the AFL's executive council. An immigrant from County Clare, he could make grand-sounding speeches about keeping aliens out of the United States; the evils of jazz, whiskey, and college professors; the "Jewish" leadership of the new CIO and the "rubbish" in the ranks of the unskilled. He became a big man around Democratic headquarters and headed the labor division of Franklin D. Roosevelt's election campaigns four times. Tobin never could understand why the President didn't make him Secretary of Labor.

His ultimate doom was foreshadowed in Minneapolis in the early 'thirties. There, a band of Trotskyites—Farrell Dobbs and the Dunne brothers, Vincent, Miles, and Grant—established a beachhead in Local 574. They originated a blueprint that is now transforming the Teamsters into a truly national union. Against Tobin's bitter opposition, they began organizing the "over-the-road" drivers and the warehousemen in storage depots.

Again over Tobin's opposition, Local 574 spread its jurisdictional net to take in all kinds of unorganized workers regardless of their trade. They did this through Teamster warehousemen who refused to unload deliveries unless the goods were union-made and union-delivered. Bitter strikes, another technique disliked by Tobin, backed up the organizing drives. Trucks were now beginning to carve out a big share of the railroad's freight business and the Dobbs-Dunnes team hit on the perfect organizational form to tap the new potential membership. They created a District Drivers Council linking together Teamster locals throughout the Northwest. This was the godfather to the union's four present area conferences.

On the Pacific Coast, Dave Beck watched all this with admiration. So did an up-and-coming Teamster in Detroit named Hoffa. To Tobin's dismay, Beck signed the union's very first area-wide contract for the Northwest in 1936; in 1937, he created the eleven-state Western Conference.

Tobin thought he could get along with the pushy Beck, but Reds inflamed his patriot soul. So he turned to his friend, President Roosevelt. At Tobin's urging in 1941, the Administration indicted the Minneapolis Trotskyites under the year-old Smith Act and a Sedition Act of 1861. In quick order, eighteen of the Minneapolis group—bitterly fought by the Communists in the labor movement—were convicted. Beck, also a patriot, sent in hundreds of huskies to subdue the misguided rank and file, and unionism in the grand Teamster tradition was re-established in Minneapolis.

The new pattern of organization and contract negotiation suited the larger employers who disliked small, cutthroat firms and it raised workers' wages, too. Tobin rode a tide that lifted his organization to 1,120,000 by 1952. But he had long since become obsolete. That year, Beck shouldered him aside with the aid of a decisive block of votes from the new Midwest power, Hoffa. As president-emeritus, Tobin was consoled with two lavish union-built homes; a $50,000-a-year salary; union-paid vacations anywhere in the world; a Cadillac limousine; union-paid chauffeur and maid; and a union-lawyer's job for his son, Fred.

THE SMALL BUSINESSMAN'S BEST FRIEND

THE new president, Dave Beck of Seattle, had hustled from an early age. In his teens, he worked alongside his mother in a laundry ten to twelve hours a day. He went "outside" to drive a truck on a laundry route and by 1925, at the age of thirty-one, was taking in the then sizable sum of $100 a week. Employers were impressed. One offered to make Beck manager of a string of laundries. But Beck had also been spotted as a comer by Tobin, who offered him an organizer's job. Beck, agonizing over the decision, finally took Tobin's offer.

He didn't forget his business training, however, some of which he picked up in night-school courses. Acting on the theory that success lay in working for rather than against business, he began wiping out price and wage competition

in Seattle laundries and also kept the market closed against new gas stations. Later, when a price war broke out among California brewers, he announced, "We are going to those breweries that are cutting prices and tell them we won't let our men work for them."

In brief, Beck was doing for small business what it can't do for itself—eliminating price competition and insulating a market. Backward employers were taught about the Teamsters' local power by way of arson, dynamite, rammed taxis, and overturned trucks. One Leo Lomski, known in the prize ring as the "Aberdeen Assassin," was hired to instruct Beck's staff in the manly art.

But Beck's big break came with the San Francisco general strike of 1934. The radical young labor leader, Harry Bridges, after wresting the West Coast longshoremen from the feeble and corrupt hands of Joe Ryan and his International Longshoremen's Association, announced he was moving inland. This prospect frightened the capital gains out of every West Coast businessman. As a Washington *Post* reporter observed in 1937, employers "literally rushed to sign up with the Teamsters and other AFL unions."

The fleshy Beck, in particular, became the employers' barricade in this strange version of the class war. The number of Beck's dues-payers increased as employers saw the logic of his warning: "If you don't take me, you'll get Bridges." The Seattle Chamber of Commerce respectfully sought Beck's advice. The president of a big utility company purred, "Beck is a top labor statesman. He's absolutely tops. With him we have had peace when it might have been hell."

HOW TO LOOK SORT OF RESPECTABLE

BUT Beck was a driven man. Being a wheel in the labor whirl was not enough. He had a craving for respectability—and that meant winning the esteem of the people that mattered, prominent businessmen.

Getting rich was one way of winning prestige and Teamster treasuries were there for the plucking. Beck sold real estate to the union for a profit; invested union money in mortgages and collected commissions for both buying and selling the mortgages; sold toy trucks and furniture to Teamster locals; and bought $94,000 worth of nylons, shirts, outboard motor boats, Sulka ties, furnishings, a gravy boat, imported binoculars, and the like through Shefferman. Shefferman of course, was repaid to the extent of $85,000 with Teamster dues. In time, the union was to build Beck, for over $160,000, a lavish Seattle lake-front mansion.

But this wasn't enough. Beck had to prove himself to his new friends. So, at a Boeing factory, at a General Motors parts warehouse, and elsewhere, he broke strikes by supplying strike-breakers.

"For every enemy I make in the labor movement," he said, "I make a hundred new friends in the Chamber of Commerce." As for strike-breaking, those are "instances of the clearer heads of labor making concrete contributions to the cause of free enterprise."

Seattle's thankful businessmen made him a grand exalted ruler in the Elks, a figure in the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars, chairman of Seattle's civil-service commission and Seattle's boxing commissioner. He was appointed to the State of Washington's Prison Terms and Parole Board; several times he served as regent on the University of Washington's board and one year was its president. His new friends applauded when regent Beck voted to throw out half-a-dozen professors who invoked the Fifth Amendment rather than disclose their erstwhile left-wing politics.

In 1948, he prevented Tobin from giving Teamster endorsement to Harry Truman, and in 1956 he gave candidate Eisenhower the Teamsters' blessing. Beck led a delegation of the trucking industry to the White House just before the 1956 election and came away with a promise, subsequently honored, that the Small Business Administration would relax its rules to make loans easier for truckers. He was one of the few union leaders to enjoy a stag dinner with President Eisenhower and his intimates at the White House.

Installed as Teamsters President in 1952, Beck began growing slack. He forgot that the power still lay with the locals. He was too busy enjoying suites at the Waldorf-Astoria and other inns. However, Hoffa didn't forget and Beck was being elbowed aside. In 1954, the Internal Revenue Service launched a quiet but extensive investigation of Beck's finances, which led eventually to his conviction this spring.

His downfall in the Teamsters, however, came from an unlikely source, the United States Senate. The old McCarthy Investigations Subcommittee, now under Democratic management with John L. McClellan as chairman and Robert F. Kennedy as counsel, was investigating government procurement of uniforms in 1956. This

wasn't very exciting. But in the spring, the committee's energetic young counsel came across an interesting connection. His investigators found the government was buying uniforms from runaway shops in Pennsylvania that were controlled by well-known if second-echelon gangsters. One of them, John (Johnny Dio) Dioguardi, it developed, had first-class connections with Hoffa and other trade unionists.

A new Select Committee was created in early 1957 with a specific license to hunt down union and management misbehavior. Beck played a foolish cat-and-mouse game. For weeks he ducked the new committee's invitations to testify, and when he finally appeared he invoked the Fifth Amendment.

On Hoffa's orders, Beck then announced his retirement from the union business, and Hoffa promptly took over in October 1957, at the Teamsters' convention in Miami.

AS GOOD AS HE GOT

HOFFA is also a driven man. But his fantasies are of a different order and appear to be more firmly grounded in reality. In fact, he gives a superficial appearance of being completely without illusion. His greatest handicap may be a lack of imagination. For he sees the world only in terms of his own bitter experiences and that world is a hostile jungle alive with beasts of prey. Hoffa's life lesson has been that money can buy just about everything—judges, police, politicians, loyalty, status, and above all, power.

Restless, smart, Hoffa packs 170 well-muscled pounds on a solid five-foot-five-inch frame. Sometimes, he appears to be nursing an unsatisfied grudge against the world. He himself once said, "I learned a long time ago that whatever you can do to me, I can do to you only more."

James Riddle Hoffa, born in Brazil, Indiana, in 1913, was the son of a miner who died early of coal dust poisoning. When Jimmy was twelve, he was earning $2 a day passing out patent medicine handbills to Ford workers in Detroit, where his mother had a factory job. He finished the ninth grade, and left school for good. A 32-cents-an-hour job unloading boxcars at a Kroger warehouse taught him why men strike.

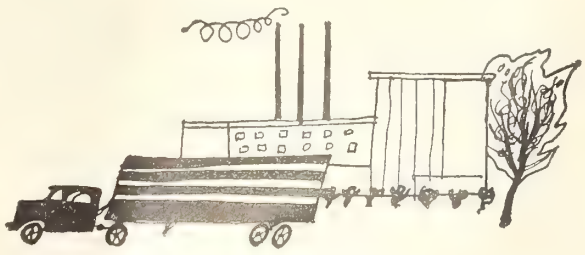
"You stayed as long as they wanted to keep you," he recently recalled. "But you got paid only for the hours you actually worked. The rest of the time you just sat around, waiting for more boxcars to come in."

Hoffa got the point and at eighteen staged his first strike. With four others, he secretly planned a walkout just as a load of perishable strawberries came into the warehouse. Within an hour, the management caved in, granted a small pay increase, and recognized Jimmy's *ad hoc* union as bargaining agent for the produce workers. Hoffa's little local soon picked up a charter from the AFL and then late in 1932 was incorporated into the Teamsters.

But Hoffa was learning unionism the hard way. This was the Detroit of the Ford Motor Company's Harry Bennett; of sitdown strikes; of mobsters in the Purple Gang.

As Hoffa remembers it, "Our cars were bombed out. Three different times someone broke into our office and destroyed our furniture. They hired thugs who were out to get us. The police would beat your brains in for even talking union. If you went on strike you got your head broken. . . . But I can hit back. Guys who tried to break me up got broken up. It was no picnic, but I gave as good as I got."

Some ugly stories cropped up. A former CIO organizer reluctantly identified Hoffa before a House Committee as one of four men who had beaten him with tire chains to keep him from organizing an optical plant in which an AFL official was rumored to have had an interest. Hoffa pleaded *nolo contendere* to a charge of trying to seal off a wastepaper shipment market for a few firms. But as he once said, that "is nothing against a man. Even General Motors has pleaded *nolo.*"



This businesslike approach didn't hurt his Teamsters career. He climbed the rungs rapidly in a union notorious for suspicion of newcomers. The chronology: president of Local 299 (in 1937 at the age of twenty-four); president, Detroit Joint Council of Teamsters (1946); first chairman, Central States Conference of Teamsters linking Teamsters in twenty-three states, and international vice president (1952).

Old Tobin crowed: "He is pretty nearly civilized now but I knew him when he wasn't." But Hoffa helped Beck topple Tobin in 1952 and five years later Hoffa shoved Beck aside.

Hoffa didn't just float to the top. He worked at it and he learned as he went along. He learned that autonomous, local principalities were pointless in an industry that was beginning to centralize. In Hoffa's Midwest preserve, all over-the-road drivers are now covered by a single contract. Even more remarkable, so are the local haulers. His semi-official biography pointedly says: "He has little tolerance for the Teamster leader who wants to build a tiny little empire of his own."

WE SPEND A LOT OF DOUGH

HE LEARNED about the law, and about how to survive under the public searchlight. Senator John Kennedy of the McClellan Committee said: "In Hoffa's scheme of things the law is for sale and a fix is always possible." So, according to Senate rackets committee testimony, judges get hefty campaign contributions and a district attorney prosecuting Hoffa's men is sharply reminded that anyone can be framed.

"There are two ways to play politics," Hoffa once told Paul Jacobs of the *Reporter* magazine. "You either make speeches or else you spend dough. We spend lots of dough. We got connections in the right places. We expect to keep them."

Few men have been subjected to the public pressure applied to Hoffa in the last two years. A Senate investigation has publicized him as a national menace; he has survived two trials, one for allegedly attempting to bribe his way into the Senate Committee's documents and the other for allegedly wire-tapping his subordinates' phones; his union has been thrown out of the AFL-CIO as a pariah largely because he is its president. And yet his hold on the union is still strong—although rumors say the Teamsters' hidden powers are ready to dump Hoffa.

There are several reasons for Hoffa's survival, but only one—contracts—is of prime importance. Among the reasons are these:

• ***He has built a smooth machine by binding Teamster officials down the line with cash, favors, and loyalty.*** Senate investigators charge that the long gray line of convicts, ex-convicts, and convicts-to-be who march on his payrolls bask in Hoffa's protective embrace. He has told the McClellan committee he has more important things to do than get rid of felons.

• ***According to Senate investigators, Hoffa's underworld friends would make any Teamster think twice about revolt.*** Former Senator Irving M. Ives told Hoffa: "You want jailbirds and men like that, crooks, gangsters, racketeers, and that kind. Because you want tough people to make it doggone tough on these people that you are leading."

• ***Hoffa can draw on great gobs of cash.*** Teamsters' monthly dues average $5 a man. That means $96 million a year flows into the locals, joint councils, state and area bodies, and the international. The international alone picks up 40 cents a man each month or $7,700,000 a year. The bank accounts, land, and investments of the 1,100 locals and higher bodies give the Teamsters a net worth conservatively estimated at above $2 billion. As Hoffa put it to Paul Jacobs: "You can't buy loyalty but also you can't keep loyalty if you don't give the wherewithal to maintain loyalty and respect."

• ***Big truckers appear to like him even better than their old pal, Dave Beck.*** Philip B. Willauer, general manager of the Highway Carriers Employers Association, hailed a Hoffa testimonial dinner as "recognition of your contribution to the stability and progress of the industry." The key word is "stability." For, as we shall see, there is no contradiction between the affection of large trucking concerns for Hoffa and Hoffa's ability to win higher wages.

• ***Hoffa has considerable ability, misguided as it may appear to bystanders.*** He is bright, hard-working, and has a great grasp of detail. Few rival his knowledge of the jungle-like trucking industry. He is a tireless worker who probably logs more air miles visiting his locals than John Foster Dulles visiting our allies. Unlike Beck, he is accessible to the ranks. He is too mechanical in manner and his icy blue eyes are too cold for him to claim any charm. But in a union of men who are clannish and view themselves as on the edge of rather than inside society, Hoffa is personally popular.

• ***Scattered rumbles from the ranks are easily disposed of with the help of a long Teamster tradition of anti-democratic practices.*** In Pontiac, Akron, and other cities, entire memberships are disqualified from running for office because the union won't collect their dues on time.

• ***The most important hold Hoffa has is the economic force of the contract.*** In Pontiac in one of the rare revolts in Hoffa's fiefdom, rank

and filers tried to oust their officers because—the rebels charged—the officers were favoring veteran owner-drivers; giving choice routes to their friends instead of following seniority; and failing to enforce the contract. The rebellion was economic, not moral.

HOW WAGES GO UP

HOFFA'S lieutenants may undermine the economic welfare of marginal workers. It is true that Hoffa won't turn his back on Johnny Dio because Dio herded Puerto Rican workers in New York into "sweetheart" substandard contracts (although Hoffa once told Dio, "All you got to do is treat union guys right and they're all okay"). But Hoffa has been able to guarantee the core of the union—its approximately one million drivers and warehousemen—a rising standard of living.

For the first thirty years of the Teamsters' history, the yearly pay for full-time workers in highway freight transportation and warehousing lagged behind the average for all industries. But in 1932, driver and warehouseman pay topped the all-industries average; the next year, their pay overtook the manufacturing average and has stayed ahead ever since. In 1957, drawing $100 a week, the Teamster was doing all right. Hours, traditionally very long, are coming down too, and welfare and pensions are coming up (though Senate investigators say they might have risen more if Hoffa hadn't channeled the insurance business to his expensive friends).

It is not entirely clear what Hoffa wants. Unlike Beck, he does not lust after luxury and status. To be sure, he has made some money through his union card. He has owned (in his wife's name) a profitable truck-leasing company; he has promoted real estate through the union; joined a lawyer negotiating for truckers in an investment company; and has been partners in several ventures with the broker handling Midwest Teamster welfare funds.

But while his business agents wear custom-made suits, Jimmy's are ready-made. White sweat socks are a Hoffa trade-mark. He still lives in the modest brick house in an unfashionable Northwest section of Detroit that he bought for $6,800 in 1939. He has a comfortable summer place on Lake Orion, near Pontiac, but it is not lavish. In Washington, he shares a suite with his executive assistant, Harold Gibbons, in the modish but not plush Woodner Hotel.

He collects $50,000 a year plus expenses from the international: $15,000 more from his Local 299. But he doesn't live up to it. Hoffa doesn't drink or smoke and is running too fast to pursue creature comforts. Even on vacation, he doggedly pursues game and fish. He has a conventional father's pride in his daughter, a bright, twenty-year-old senior at Albion College in Michigan, and his sixteen-year-old son, an all-state high-school football guard last fall. His conversation is not spiced with the rich imagery of a Reuther or a Joe Curran. In fact, Hoffa would be a bore if he were not Hoffa.

*Annual Incomes**

Auto and auto equipment (United Auto Workers)	$5,702
Primary metals (mainly United Steelworkers)	5,683
Highway freight transportation and warehousing (mainly Teamsters)	5,261
Contract construction	4,922
All manufacturing average	4,781
All industries average	4,211

**Latest figures, U. S. Department of Commerce, 1957*

COULD HE STOP THE NATION'S WHEELS?

BUT what does he want? His psychoanalytically oriented friends (and two of his closest are currently on the couch) think he unconsciously seeks revenge for his harsh early life. The more prosaic answer is power.

Power may be the motive behind his goal of a federation of transportation unions. This would be a logical union aim as a means to increase bargaining strength. Much has been written about how his grandiose transport combine has been stopped in its tracks. In actual fact, he has achieved working relationships with the two longshore unions on the three coasts, the airline Flight Engineers and the two East and Gulf Coast seamen's unions. A Hoffa associate claims to have healed the long-standing breach between the National Maritime Union and the Seafarers International. This gave Hoffa considerable pleasure since George Meany, the AFL-CIO president, had been unable to make peace after nearly two years of trying.

Nevertheless, a lot of wild words have been

written about Hoffa's power to stop the nation's wheels. He has no ties yet with the railroad unions. And despite trucking's big advance, it accounted for slightly less than one in five ton-miles of freight transported in 1957. Moreover, common-carrier or for-hire trucks, the heart of Teamster organization, totaled only 1.7 million of the 10.5 million trucks registered in the United States in 1957.

Of these common carriers, the American Trucking Associations figure the Teamsters have organized 90 per cent of the practical potential membership. (This excludes small fleets and owner-driven trucks where the Teamsters do have a few members.) But a government compilation of the industry's work force combined with informal union estimates of member strength by trade indicates that only 67 per cent of this "practical potential" is Teamster.

THE SEARCH FOR STABILITY

DESPITE the haziness of the figures, the Teamsters can be said to be a power in the common carrier or for-hire industry. And it is to this peculiar, mushrooming industry that one must look for the answer to the central question: *Why have corruption, collusion, and violence distinguished the Teamsters Union for half a century?*

In part, the answer lies in the strategic nature of trucking. When Prohibition ended, flush gangsters looked for new investment outlets. They decided to invest in unions, particularly those dealing with comparatively small employers who would be an easy mark. Trucking is an ideal field for this sport because a striking union of drivers or drivers who refuse to cross a picket line can cut off deliveries of raw materials and transport of finished products. So, tens of thousands of firms are subject to a shakedown, while millions of workers can be organized and their dues can provide a hefty revenue.

But this Dick Tracy theory of Teamster corruption is far too limited and doesn't explain the pre-Prohibition history. Moreover, corruption and collusion are a recurring feature in many building-trades unions, retail unions, the International Ladies Garment Workers, baking, and textiles. Along with trucking, these industries have a common factor. They are essentially competitive, made up of thousands of relatively small concerns, vying for shares of an unstable market through price competition.

This is in sharp contrast to autos, steel, aluminum, and oil refining, where a handful of companies account for all production. In these industries, a few producers, within broad supply and demand limits, can make meaningful decisions about prices and output; corrupt unionism in the conventional sense is both unnecessary and all but unknown.

To be sure, not all competitive industries throw up crooked unions. Since the 1920s, there has been barely a breath of scandal about the Amalgamated Clothing Workers; the Textile Workers Union is a model while its shrinking rival United Textile Workers has been a sordid mess; the newly formed AFL-CIO bakers union was created to drive out the corruptly led Bakery and Confectionary Workers. But the relationship between a competitive industrial structure and a crooked union is too clear to be called coincidence. The reason lies in a venerable marketplace maxim: "Competition is the life of trade and the death of business."

Few big businessmen really enjoy price competition (that's "cutthroat") or fighting for customers (in trucking, it's called "account stealing"). "Stability" is their perennial goal. Steel and auto company executives have repeatedly told the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee that there is no point in one firm's cutting a price because its handful of competitors will match this and every firm will then be worse off. So prices are "administered," and, in general, live-and-let-live is the rule.

Truckers, like other competitive businessmen, pine for the stability of steel. In 1933, the American Trucking Associations was formed. Two years later, the Interstate Commerce Commission was given power to approve rates and routes for non-farm, for-hire trucks in interstate commerce. Today, trucking hasn't completely shaken down by a long sight, but it is getting there. A 1957 study for the Senate Select Committee on Small Business concluded that "the big are getting bigger and solidifying their control of the industry."

The ICC is deliberately encouraging this process by approving mergers, especially of large firms, at a great rate. In 1940, there were 26,000 carriers regulated by ICC. This number had shrunk to 18,000 by 1955 despite an enormous increase in business. But 18,000 is still a lot of firms. Even the three biggest companies accounted for only 2.5 per cent of the $6.2 billion taken in by all regulated companies in 1957.

So, helpful as ICC is, the industry always has needed and still needs another "stabilizer." And that's where the Teamsters Union comes in. Through strikes or threatened strikes, it can

discipline rate cutters and customer grabbers. It can give large firms all kinds of advantages in and out of contracts. Teamster underworld allies are available for the messier enforcement jobs. Hoffa has bluntly said, "The future of labor-management relations is big labor and big business. There is no room for the small business or the small union."

"HE UNDERSTANDS OUR PROBLEMS"

IN THE Beck-Hoffa eras, the Teamsters have enjoyed generally cordial relations with the big truckers. All forty-five of the largest general freight firms are organized. Benjamin R. Miller, head of the American Trucking Associations' industrial-relations department put it this way: "You just have to give Hoffa credit for buying the idea that the industry will pay well for work done but must stop paying for work not done. It's at least fortunate for the industry that he understands our problems and is willing to weigh our proposals on what is good for both management and labor."

From the narrow viewpoint of the truck driver in the bigger companies, Hoffa's ultimate constituent, this is all to the good. Small firms and owner-drivers cut rates by cutting pay scales and worsening working conditions. The big firms can more easily absorb demands for higher pay.

But when a union performs this "stabilizing" role, something happens to its officials. They have trouble distinguishing between co-operation and collusion. They see employers living high on company-paid, tax-deductible expense accounts. They long for the confidence and top-down control that their employer friends enjoy.

Some leaders of unions in highly competitive industries rise above the corroding effects of co-operation with employers for a shared goal. Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated did. His successor, Jacob Potofsky does. Both Hillman and Potofsky, however, were deeply rooted in a specific tradition of Jewish-Socialist ethical idealism. David Dubinsky of the International Ladies Garment Workers, too, has a reputation for integrity although rotten apples do turn up in his Seventh Avenue barrel. The Teamsters, however, have no such tradition although a comparative handful of their locals are run along orthodox union lines.

If this analysis is correct, then union reform legislation will simply invite ingenious lawyers to invent outs; at best, legislation will only harass but not cripple the wayward. And replacing Hoffa and his minions will probably produce more of the same.

Of course, if the major firms of truckers, shippers, stevedores, retailers, and other distributors showed any interest in breaking off their convenient relationships with Hoffa-type unionism, this would be a different story. However, organized business federations, like the National Association of Manufacturers and United States Chamber of Commerce have not applied any social ostracism to employers dealing with hoodlums. Instead, the NAM and the Chamber have attempted to exploit the McClellan Committee disclosures and picture employer beneficiaries of racket unions as innocent victims of strike pressure. Organized labor, in the person of the AFL-CIO, has adopted a completely different tack, and exiled the Teamsters and other corrupt unions from the decent labor family; but the discipline has been painful and expensive for the parent organization.

THE COMING SHAKEDOWN

BUT this is no counsel of despair. For it implies that the changing nature of trucking will wipe out the corruption. The industry is being shaken down. When it finally resembles other concentrated industries, its handful of employers won't need the union to rig prices and market shares. They will do it themselves and the collusion will disappear. In time, then, Hoffa and his kind will become as obsolete as Beck, Tobin, and Shea. Of course, this takes place in what economists call "the long run." And as John Maynard Keynes used to say, "In the long run, we will all be dead."

Moreover, this shaking-down process poses new problems for a democratic society. It implies a conscious or unconscious collaboration between big unions and big industry such as now exists in steel. What countervailing power exists to prevent the pair from engaging in an endless cycle of wage increases followed by more than offsetting price increases? Big business and big labor together may create an economy in which the invisible and regulating hand of competition has been amputated.

Our new inflationary economy is an open invitation for new instruments of social control. It is hardly surprising that some of the newer and younger economists—as well as the fresher legislators on Capitol Hill—are now drawing up tentative plans for new ways of safeguarding the public interest—the one "interest" that apparently never crosses the Teamsters' minds.

JACQUES BARZUN

INTELLECT AND SEX

This miniature essay is taken from a chapter of Mr. Barzun's new book, *The House of Intellect*, which is published this month.

UNLIKE the Greeks whom we so admire, with our lips, for their taste and their reason, we make no provision in society for the bacchanalian part of being. We do not know how to laugh or revel. We are serious thinkers or serious alcoholics. We read Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents* and approve but do not heed. The Middle Ages, for all their fits of puritanism and supposed fears of eternal punishment, knew how to wash away anxiety in laughter and make room in civilization for the Dionysiac, as well as for its sublimation in work. We have lost all three forms of release and can only look for "relaxation," wondering why we are timid and tired, afraid of power, and looking for shelter in little huts—art, the home, the religions of the East—like sufferers from agoraphobia.

The relation of work to the Dionysiac naturally suggests another relation—that of Intellect to sex. It can be said that a chief hindrance to the development of Intellect in the young is the incoherence of our sexual morality. It bedevils them by enjoining prolonged continence, yet subjects them also to guilt by tolerating inelegant substitutes and furtive infractions—attaching always, and enforcing at times, dire penalties to the crime of being found out. In a word, we show the young in every way that on this subject mental chaos rules. Science itself, allied to advertising and cultural snobbery, has complicated the fulfillment of the sexual instinct by the pedantry of "technique," only to find this destructive of the pleasure it was meant to enhance; so that after a quarter-century of profitable pontificating and book-selling at the expense of mortified couples, the new wisdom advises the burning of the books.

All this implies a failure to turn the full light of Intellect upon a subject generally conceded to be important. The impression prevails that the twentieth century is liberated from Victorian absurdities about sex, and that science—meaning some physicians, the psychiatrists, and the late Alfred C. Kinsey—has here also achieved its goal of knowledge for control over nature. This is obviously not true, and dumb misery amid the books is rather the rule, especially among the intellectual young.

TO begin with, the connection between sex and Intellect has never been established as a generality. The connection is of course not definable with the last precision, but its existence is known—by introspection as well as by "science."

If Intellect is in some way an expression of sexual appetite, then man is not simply driven, but may gain power over impulse by directing it. He then has the right both to repress and to express his sexual urges, and he acquires as it were a varied and extended vocabulary for doing so. About any manifestation, direct or sublimated, he asks himself a question and makes a choice.

Immediately, the character of the hunted beast seeking dark corners is banished and something like a civilized attitude toward the root passion appears. The atmosphere of catastrophe which now invests it is dissipated, at least for the individual, who takes the risks of legal or illegal gratification knowing what he is doing and on what terms he serves his senses and his mind.

But this internal clarity is only the beginning. For there remains the need to reform the *mores* of the society. Its "views" hardly matter as long

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as its behavior is in its present state of self-contradiction. The very use of the words relating to sex, love, chastity, decency, and marriage is corrupt; it is impossible to square the state of our language and literature, of our public entertainment and professed science, with the social and legal rules that do in fact govern sexual behavior.

One would suppose that under our laws, it would be punishable to incite the innocent passer-by to sexual thoughts. But that is, of course, what industry and business do without cease through advertising. So do our motion pictures, cheap fiction, modes of dress, and table talk; it is, as Mr. Geoffrey Wagner has said, "a parade of pleasure." Is this substitute gratification? Hardly: it is for the eye alone, and a deep deception goes with it.

Like our idealization of youth, our visual lust is a magic mirror: it protects us by a false reflection. From the public imagery one would infer that the modern world is a kind of South Sea Island as the eighteenth century conceived it—simple, healthy, and free in the expression of natural impulse. Unremitting sexual suggestiveness gives the illusion of a primitive happy world, an anti-civilization of loveliness and sensuality. Living up to part of that vision, we go about naked in the sun and resistant to clear ideas: it is a child's paradise.

In keeping with this, custom decrees co-education, precocious courtship and engagements, and marriage on the threshold of conscious life. And, inevitably, the intellectual failure to order our thoughts on sex creates conditions prejudicial to Intellect: young men and women marry during college or graduate study. The men, burdened by new cares, make their intellectual training secondary to domestic duties. To marry these men, the women generally give up college for paid employment and help support the home where the men are housekeepers. The woman's education, an undertaking that shortly before was deemed of great moment, is now thrown away half-used, quite as if it cost nothing to parents, teachers, and the institution.

Yet no adult has the courage to hint that higher education is a privilege the acceptance of which binds the taker; or to say, with even more daring, that the marriage of unfinished minds of equal age stands a poor chance of being permanent.

WHEN THERE WERE NO DICTAPHONES AT STATE

> MOST Secretaries would have been content to discharge, with what credit they might, the duties of the office, and have found those ample to absorb their energy, but Mr. [John Quincy] Adams was a man of a different kidney. . . . One of his expedients for finding time was to rise at four o'clock in the morning. With this explanation it may, perhaps, be easier to understand how he succeeded in writing his report [on a system of weights and measures for the United States] while holding office as Secretary of State at a period of high pressure in public business. For it was during this interval that, among other things, the Monroe Doctrine was formulated, that Jackson nearly brought us into war with England by his execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, and that the despatch to Erving was written. And in those days Mr. Adams had little help even in the commonest drudgery. He had no private secretary, much less a stenographer. He wrote every word himself, often copying the more important papers with a hand palsied by writer's cramp. . . . Doing, besides his own work as Secretary, that of a common clerk, he was at the mercy of such an unconscionable bore as the British Minister, Stratford Canning, who thought nothing of idling three or four hours of a morning, at the Secretary's expense.
>
> —Brooks Adams in his preface to Henry Adams' "Letter to American Teachers of History" in *The Degradation of Democratic Dogma,* 1919.



MR. HARPER'S

After Hours

UPHEAVAL IN POPULAR MUSIC

A FEW minutes of exposure to records with the hammering, high-register piano triplets, the pounding, after-beat rhythmic backgrounds, and the growl-and-gurgle vocal groups prized by teen-agers—and the average adult is convinced that popular music, not unlike the younger generation, has gone completely to the canines. That a basic shift of taste has occurred in popular song is, of course, evident. Current hits are undeniably different from the hits of ten and twenty years ago. The phrase "rock 'n' roll," the new dances like the *fish*, the *stroll*, the *walk*, the *Philadelphia*, and the type of song known as "rock-a-billy" (a fusion of rock 'n' roll and hillbilly)—all show what is happening. But they really do not get to the heart of the change that is rocking the music business and producing the greatest turmoil the industry has endured in its frenetic history.

Look, for example, at the major record companies, of which there are less than a dozen. RCA-Victor, the largest, has over seventy-five pop artists, some of whom have substantial annual guarantees but most of whom are not selling substantial quantities of single records (as distinguished from LPs). Tony Martin, Vaughn Monroe, Kay Starr, etc. occasionally make single disks. But the record-buying public is not buying them and the disk jockeys, except for initial spins, are not playing them. The situation at RCA-Victor is paralleled at Columbia, Capitol, Decca, Mercury, M-G-M—all of whom are unable to make best sellers with those artists who were consistent hit-makers from the end of World War II into the 'fifties. While Columbia frets over the recent no-hit records of Jo Stafford and Guy Mitchell, and Decca worries over "dogs" by Sammy Davis, Al Hibbler, and The Four Aces—small, independent record companies spring up overnight in out-of-the-way places, record completely unknown singers, and come up with winners.

What are the established record companies doing? Instead of relying on the labors of their own well-heeled staffs, they are currently going outside—buying masters from some of the "indies" (who won't always sell), from new artists who cut records on their own, and from anybody who comes knocking with a disk that has a fresh sound. From a technical standpoint, the "indies" have made a plus of something which the majors have labored for years to eliminate. What is jarring distortion to the engineers at the major companies is to the "indies," and to a new record-buying public, salable, exciting sound.

The problems faced today by the well-established music publishers are no less harrowing than those confronting the major record companies. Although few publishers have contract writers (as record companies have contract artists), their sources of supply are the professional writers around New York and Hollywood who have been falling on their faces along with the established recording stars. Accordingly, publishers have had to go hunting around the country for material. With the major record companies buying masters instead of cutting their own, with the "indies" owning the material they record instead of turning to recognized publishers for it, and with the

AFTER HOURS

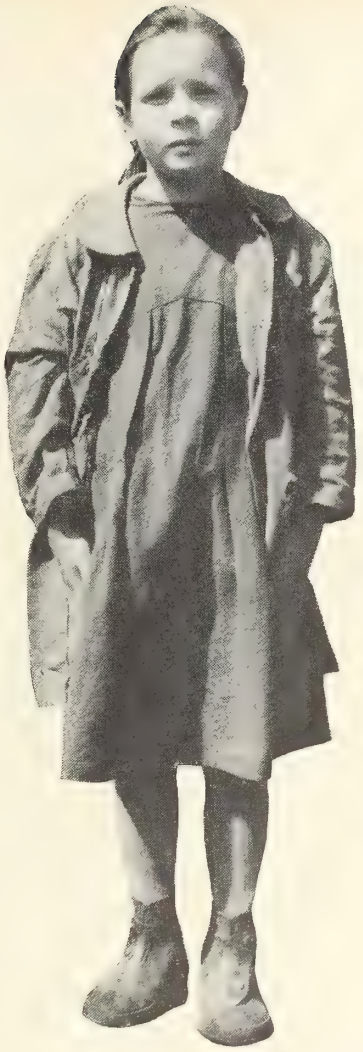
ew "hot" recording artists fre-uently and successfully writing heir own songs—publishers are be-ng compelled to make their own isks, which they in turn peddle to ecord companies. A growing num-er have gone even a step further nd, in order to expose their songs efore the public, launched their wn record labels. Since you cannot ake masters with artists already ontracted to any record company, ie publisher has thus had to add lent scouting to his function as a idge of material.

In the current pop music market, ie role of the music arranger has so become increasingly difficult. ll of the major record companies ive musical directors of the cal-er of Percy Faith (Columbia), ugo Winterhalter (RCA Victor), es Baxter and Nelson Riddle (Cap-ol)—all arrangers with fat musi-l backgrounds. These became im-rtant when there was a demand r large, lush-sounding orchestras at required imaginative and tasty oring. Today, alas, there is little rket for their special talents, ex-ot in the LP field.

Pop single hits of the past four rs rely almost exclusively on small nbos—in most instances, little re than a rhythm section. Pre-ly because there no longer is a l for big orchestras on single rec-is, anyone can make a master ay. The cost is modest since it ossible to use small studios, few sicians, and frequently no ar-gement at all. Many of the cur-t best-selling disks use what are wn as "head arrangements," that rrangements worked out in the lio during the recording date lf.

he predicament of yesterday's nakers is even less hopeful than of the arranger. What was rgia Gibbs' last hit? Rosemary ney's? Tony Martin's? Teresa ver's? Tony Bennett's? Not one earned a "golden record" (a disk sells over a million copies) in ral years or more.

stead, best-seller charts bulge the names of unknown teen-age among them Paul Anka, Bobby n, Bobby Helm, Jerry Lee Lewis, Scott, Johnny Mathis, Ricky on, and Jimmie Rodgers. Also were new young male vocal



help means life itself

Diamanto is Greek, age 9. In a workless area, her parents are too ill to work. "Home" is one small room. There is no running water, no electricity. Bed is the floor. One stremma of rocky soil yields an income of $10.00 a month . . . not enough to live and too much to die. Thin and pale from undernourishment, Diamanto knows only hunger, cold and distress. She limps when she walks for her rubber boots are too small for her feet. She owns no shoes. Her mother and father look with despair on their child whom they cannot feed and clothe. Help to Diamanto means life itself, love and hope.

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groups to fill gaps left by The Crewcuts, The Four Aces, The Mills Brothers, etc. Among these were The Coasters ("Yakety Yak"), The Kalin Twins ("When"), The Four Preps ("Big Man"), The Platters ("Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"), and The Everly Brothers ("Problems"). Only one young female, Connie Francis, added her name to the growing list of new hit-makers.

What is the explanation of all this? Over the years, one artist or another has fallen out of favor with the record-buying public. But the present situation involves a group, a very large group—in fact, a generation. What we have been witnessing is the demise of an entire generation of artists, specifically those who appealed to public taste from the end of World War II until 1954. The turbulent entry of Elvis Presley on the music scene in the fall of 1955 marked the appearance of a thorough-going cleavage in taste that first came to light in the summer of 1954.

At that time a little opus called "Sh-Boom" mushroomed overnight into the country's No. 1 song. What is significant about "Sh-Boom" is that it was originally recorded by an unknown Negro group, The Chords, and released on an unknown label, Cat. Nevertheless, in the Los Angeles area, this particular disk outdistanced the big hit-makers of the day. "Sh-Boom" remained a Los Angeles No. 1 hit until a then-unknown white group, The Crewcuts, recorded the song for Mercury and came up with their first national smash. Thereafter, for about a year, the pattern continued to repeat itself. A Negro group or vocalist would capture a limited audience with a new song, but it would take an established white artist of the day to make it a nationwide hit. In this way, the McGuire Sisters took "Sincerely" away from The Moonglows, Perry Como took "Kokomo" from Gene and Eunice, and Teresa Brewer took "A Tear Fell" from Ivory Joe Hunter.

About the time that Presley took the music scene by storm, along with Fats Domino and Pat Boone, the pattern changed. Established artists lost their power to take hit songs away from the unknowns who had started them. Teresa Brewer tried it with Sam Cooke's "You Send Me" and failed miserably. Georgia Gibbs tried it with Jerry Lee Lewis' "Great Balls of Fire" and made no inroads on his record sales or air plays.

THE natural query is this: What has happened to the older generation of singers that they no longer sell, no longer have an audience? The fact is nothing has happened to them. But a new generation of record buyers has come on the scene. Composed of the babies of World War II, it is a younger public than the previous pop music public, beginning at nine or ten and ending at seventeen or eighteen. Teen-agers are buying teen-agers on wax, and they have turned the content and mood of popular songs toward their own problems, situations, and experiences. Recent hits include titles like "Queen of the Hop," "Born Too Late" and a growing "literature" of teen-age protest. In one song after another—"Why Won't They Understand?" "Young Love," "Yakety Yak"—the older generation is indicted for minimizing and disregarding the feelings and needs of the teen-ager.

Equally important, the new record buyer is looking for new sound. Gone is the taste for polished performance. The teen-age record buyer wants intensity, sincerity, and a big, irresistible dance beat. He isn't put off by crude performance, raucous harmonies, harsh and coarse voices, or monotonous repetition. He likes songs that are vigorous, direct, and intensely personal, sexy rather than romantic or cute; and that deal with strong rather than casual emotions or experiences. This does not mean that he does not believe in basic things. He made an overnight smash of a revival song "He Holds the Whole World in His Hands" (recorded by a young unknown British lad named Laurie London), and marriage is important to him. Down the years, there was a cliché among song writers and publishers that no one ever wrote a hit song about marriage. But "Honeycomb" and "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine" are teen-age hits celebrating married love.

Despite all the animadversions directed against the hit songs and records of the new generation, the fact is that rock 'n' roll and rock-a-billy represent a fusion of two great traditions in popular song—the blues (and boogie woogie) of the Negro and the hillbilly music of white rural folk. Moreover, as in the swing era (1936-45) rock 'n' roll is sung music used for dancing; that is, we have a merging of the streams of jazz and popular music, of vocal and dance music—which accounts in part for the overpowering beat of R 'n' R.

Perhaps it should be added (although it seems self-evident) that just as hot jazz of the 'twenties (then anathema to our grandparents) did not destroy our parents, and swing (anathema to our parents) did not destroy us, it is quite unlikely that rock 'n' roll will destroy our children.

—Arnold Shaw



THREE WINE

THE pleasantest kind of exploration I've ever tried is wine hunting. It involves none of the discomforts attendant on hunting ducks, deer, and grizzlies. Whether you do your searching in California, Ohio, New York, or one of the European wine districts, it will take you through enjoyable country, since the best vines grow on rolling hills in a mildly sunny climate. It also seems to be a law of nature that wine-makers are good company. Those I have met, at any rate—from Rhenish monasteries to the Livermore Valley in California—have had the cheerful dispositions of men who like their work and take pride in the result

Their hospitality is notorious—and when you are tasting your way through a well-stocked aging cellar, it is easy to become overzealous.

But, then, such dedicated research occasionally turns up a real discovery. On such an excursion in the Finger Lakes country of New York, I bagged three trophies which I regard as the rough equivalent of twelve-point bucks.

One is a champagne which is, I am convinced, the best now made in this country. The other two are still white wines which I enjoyed as much as any I can remember. You could, no doubt, find vintages that surpass them among the best years of the great German and French vineyards, but I don't know of any European wines in the same price range that I like as well. The champagne costs about as much as a big prime steak, the still wines less than you would pay for a pound of lamb chops.

All three are grown on the western shore of Lake Keuka, just north of Hammondsport, New York, in what used to be the heartland of the woodthirsty Iroquois Federation. Today it is placid and lovely country, checkered with vineyards and punctuated here and there with winaries of yellow-gray stone.

The most interesting of these, to my mind, is Gold Seal Vineyards. It is one of the very few wineries which are trying to develop really distinguished American wines. Gold Seal is a charming place. Its massive building has been used for wine-making since 1865, and smells like it; its shady terrace pretty girls serve generous samples to all comers; and its offices have a comfortably fusty, old-fashioned atmosphere.

This is deceptive. There is nothing fusty about the way it works; it is, in fact, carrying out pioneering experiments in hybridizing American vines, and it is the only Eastern vineyard which makes its champagne from French grapes.

One result of all this is a unique champagne. It is bottled under the name of Charles Fournier, a Frenchman who has been working for the firm nearly a quarter of a century and is now its president. Unlike the quick-process champagnes, it is produced by the laborious bottle fermentation method; and unlike other wines made by the same process but from American grapes, it has a flavor very close to that of the French champagnes: very dry, clean, and light.

To my not-very-educated palate the Fournier Brut is every bit as good as some imported champagnes which cost a lot more, and better than many of the less famous French brands. More qualified judges share this opinion; it is the only champagne awarded the gold medal of the International Wine Show in Sacramento for five consecutive years. Yet it is relatively unknown. Fournier produces only a limited quantity, and sells that with little or no advertising.

There is an even less widely known wine, the Fournier Nature. It is, in effect, a champagne without bubbles—and because it can be made with much less labor (and is less heavily taxed) it sells at a far lower price. Such still champagnes have, of course, been favorites in Europe for generations, but so far as I can discover this is the only one produced in the United States. It is the special pride of Alexander Brailow, the Gold Seal production manager—a Russian who, like Fournier, learned his craft in France.

A very different white wine is made in a different kind of winery, only a few miles away. This is Taylor's, a big plant run with the antiseptic precision of a dairy. It turns out a wide variety of wines—mostly sweet, inexpensive, and dependable; every bottle of Taylor's port, for example, will taste like every other, regardless of the year. None that I tasted was bad and none was really exciting—with a single exception. This was labeled "New York State Rhine Wine," but it didn't taste at all like a German vintage. On the contrary, it had the distinctive flavor of the Finger Lakes grapes, which I don't know how to define but which you won't forget if you have ever encountered it. The French call it "foxy," and turn up their noses. Personally I think it is delicious, and prefer it to the mine run of Moselles, Graves, and dry Sauternes. You might try serving it sometime to a European guest; whether he is enchanted or not, you can be sure that it will be quite different from anything he has ever tasted at home.

—John Fischer



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Picasso, the Smith Family, Rats, and other Explorers

MEASURED simply by the quantity of his work, by the number of objects he has created or by the square miles of surfaces he has covered with paint and line or by the tons of clay he has shaped, Pablo Picasso must be one of the most productive artists who have ever lived, and his career may very well be the best documented. He has been endlessly photographed, interviewed, memorialized; his work has been analyzed, categorized, exhibited, and reproduced to the point where practically anyone in the Western World not positively aboriginal must have been exposed to some fragment of the vast output in one way or another.

So the appearance of another new book or two on Picasso may provide an occasion for only moderate rejoicing, especially if the book, like Roland Penrose's biography, **Picasso: His Life and Art** (Harper, $6), is written in rather pedestrian prose and often seems to have as its chief virtue conscientiousness. Yet it is an absorbing and instructive account, at least for a reader with a scattered acquaintance with Picasso's work but no claims to expertness, and its excellence owes a good deal to its modesty.

In an even, unexcited tone of voice Penrose relates the incidents of Picasso's life, describes his work, and points out connections between the two. He proposes no elaborate theories, either aesthetic or psychological, to account for Picasso's achievement; insofar as he argues a thesis it is simply that Picasso is a very "Spanish" painter, which is probably true and almost certainly harmless if not. Though Penrose has known Picasso for more than twenty years and is a painter himself, he has resisted both the temptation to spike his account with gossip and the temptation to make it opaque with technicalities.

If Picasso's life could be separated from his art it would be life that almost anyone could afford. In many a year there would be nothing more remarkable to report than his departure from Paris in the spring and his return in the fall (with an occasional change of studios or female companions) if it were not for the prodigious stream of work that he was producing. And even the work, as Penrose shows, mostly originates in the commonplace. Picasso has never sought out the exotic or picturesque to paint; he has found his subjects in guitars and jugs and flowers, the women he has loved, children and pets, the monsters of his own nightmares. If Mozart could have made an opera out of the Manhattan telephone directory, surely Picasso could have filled a gallery with paintings whose subjects were taken from the Sears, Roebuck catalogue.

One myth about Picasso that Penrose effectively destroys is the myth that he is a clever manipulator of a gullible public. Actually, Penrose demonstrates, Picasso has always been reluctant to exhibit; he is full of self-doubt and has kept work back for years in the hope of revising and improving it. And beyond such details is the sheer amount of labor Picasso has put in. He was turning out original and unconventional painting before William McKinley became President and is doing it with undiminished zeal now when he is nearing eighty. Surely cynicism does not have that kind of stamina. Anyone might enjoy pulling the public's leg for a while, but no man could work at it for two-thirds of a century, long after wealth and fame and every honor had been won: the public's leg is simply not that enticing.

Not that Picasso hasn't enjoyed himself; he has probably had as much fun as any man alive, and the best thing about Penrose's book is that it enables the reader to get some idea of what it would be like to live with as much playfulness and invention and freedom and achievement as Picasso has somehow won for himself. (The text is illustrated with photographs of Picasso and supplemented with about two hundred photographs of his work. These are small but very helpful.)

Picasso at Vallauris (Reynal, $10) is a big, handsome book, almost entirely made up of plates (many in color), illustrative of the paintings,



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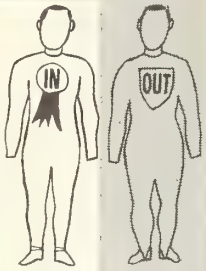
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drawings, sculpture, and ceramics Picasso made at Vallauris in the years 1949-51. It is particularly fascinating to study after Penrose's sweeping survey of Picasso's career as a whole, for it demonstrates what Penrose suggests: how in any one of his many "periods" Picasso is obsessed with certain themes and materials and techniques and yet is capable of extraordinary variety.

During the years 1949-51 Picasso's favorite subjects were pregnant women and goats, and he was experimenting wildly and brilliantly with ceramics. Like so much of Picasso's later work, these ceramics at first seem the products of a bold but willful child who might have talent if he would only learn to draw and be a little neater, and even after repeated scrutiny some of them continue to have that look to my untutored eye. But there are others that begin to look like something dug up, the remnants of a civilization more direct and passionate and sun-drenched than ours.

The plates are supplemented by three short appreciative essays (in French and English) by Daniel Henry Kahnweiler, Odysseus Elytis, and George Ramic.

THE HIGHER LIFE

IN **The Transatlantic Smiths** (Random House, $4) Robert Allerton Parker has attempted a biographical venture of a very different sort from Penrose's life of Picasso; he has written a group biography covering the years 1851-1951 in the history of one family, the family of Hannah and Robert Smith. The Smiths were not central figures in the artistic life of their times; they were not essentially creators or doers of any kind. But they had a considerable knack for seeking out and cultivating and sometimes even marrying remarkable people (or their relatives), and they were not unremarkable themselves.

Both Hannah and Robert Smith came from distinguished and prosperous Quaker families settled in the Pennsylvania–New Jersey region; the source of their income, which seems to have been always adequate and as time went on handsome, was a family glass-factory in southern New Jersey. Robert Smith started out working as a manager in the factory and might have spent his life at it if he had not been subject to some kind of psychic stress (possibly manic-depression) which from time to time made it necessary for him to strike out in new directions.

Shortly after the Civil War, when he had been married about fifteen years, Robert began to take an intense interest in the evangelical movement, and in the 1870s he conducted an evangelical campaign in England, where he had a tremendous success as spokesman for a religious movement known as the "Higher Life." Later he preached in Germany no less successfully, in spite of his ignorance of German, but his second campaign in England ended in a scandal (apparently he took too literally his Christian duty to love some of the ladies among his followers), and later he declined into a quiet, gentlemanly worldliness while his more durable spouse and progeny took over.

Hannah too was a preacher, a famous teacher of Bible lessons, and the indefatigable author of do-it-yourself guides to spiritual improvement, child rearing, and related subjects. (In spite of all this she seems to have been a nice sort of woman.)

BUT the reason the Smiths are remembered today and the reason Parker has written a book about them lies in the three children Robert and Hannah produced: Mary, who married as her second husband the famous scholar of painting, Bernard Berenson; Logan Pearsall, who achieved a considerable reputation as a writer on the basis of his polished memoirs and his elegant essays collected under the not altogether inaccurate titles *Trivia* and *More Trivia;* and Alys, who was the first wife of Bertrand Russell. (To complete the impressive matrimonial record let it be said now that of Mary's two daughters by her first marriage one married a brother of Virginia Woolf and the other a brother of Lytton Strachey.)

But before all this high-toned marrying took place the Smiths moved to England; they had made many fashionable friends there among the more pious aristocracy in Robert's evangelical days, and later they became permanent expatriates. In England they seem to have known and entertained everybody who was anybody; Logan Pearsall Smith's great friend was, predictably enough, Henry James, though he was too avid a collector to stop even with that prize.

Out of all this Parker has made a moderately entertaining but not very pointed chronicle. In his introduction he indicates that his approach will be "anthropological and sociological," but this promise (or threat) is hardly realized, and in the end the author himself seems somewhat puzzled as to what kind of pattern he was trying to make out of the events he has related. Of course, in a biography with five central figures and so many incidental characters who are accustomed to the center of the stage, it is not easy to find a focus, and Parker cannot keep from going off on occasional tangents on subjects ranging from the manufacture of glass to the authentication of old masters.

Perhaps *The Transatlantic Smiths* is best considered as another chapter in the long history of American expatriates. Mary had the beauty and boldness and charm of a Henry James heroine, and Alys had the heartbreak. But their brother Logan Pearsall, with his long search for culture ending in something like madness and a doctor's diagnosis of him as "a spoilt old man," belongs

n a sorrier tale—which has in fact een written, by the man who was is companion and secretary during is difficult late years, Robert athorne-Hardy.

THE STALWART

ndurance: Shackleton's Incredible oyage (McGraw-Hill, $5) by Alfred ansing is in a sense another group iography, but it is a far cry from ıe drawing-room drama of the niths. This is the account of the fort of the British explorer Sir rnest Shackleton to lead a group of en on foot across the continent of ntarctica in 1914, and of what hap-ened when the plan miscarried. The feat was not accomplished until 957-58, when as part of the program the Geophysical Year a British ırty under the leadership of Sir ivian E. Fuchs made the crossing.) Shackleton set out with a group twenty-seven men (more than five ousand, including three girls, had plied to go along); his departure incided with the beginning of the st world war, and at the last min-e he thought perhaps he should ıy home, but the First Lord of the Admiralty, then Winston Churchill, nt him a characteristically forceful essage: "Proceed!"

Shackleton's ship, for which Lan-ıg has named his book, the *En-rance,* was a magnificent vessel ilt in Norway especially for polar ling; it arrived at South Georgia November 5, 1914, and except for ew days on an island that no one uld describe as habitable, Shackle-ı was not to set foot on land again til he returned to South Georgia a twenty-two-foot boat on May 1916, nearly nineteen months er. And most of his party was out ıger.

What happened was this: the *En-rance* was caught in an ice pack ore it ever got to the Antarctic ntinent, and was slowly squeezed death by the pressure of the ice. r months the men lived on a large e, and when that began to break they took to sea in three small ıts, two of them homemade. Fi-ly they reached a gruesome place led Elephant Island, where most the men stayed while Shackleton l a small party set out to try to l South Georgia.

It is a perfectly absorbing story and Lansing has told it just the right way—directly, forcefully, without false dramatics. He has been immensely helped in this by the fact that several of the men kept wonderfully complete diaries in circumstances where keeping a diary would seem to be the last thing a man would think of. Because of these diaries, which he quotes generously, Lansing can often tell what happened hour by hour during crucial episodes, and, almost more important, he can tell about their food, their favorite topics of conversation, how they got on one another's nerves, even their intestinal disorders, which were severe.

Nothing is more impressive in the book than the evidence it presents for the power in human beings to accommodate themselves to almost anything, and to enjoy it. Repeatedly the diarists express their surprise at how happy they are. Oddly enough, sex was little discussed by the men—not, Lansing thinks, because of prudery, but because the circumstances of life were too hard. Food occupied a major place in their fantasies; sometimes the men would simply take turns naming the first thing they would have to eat when they got home (the list was overwhelmingly sweet), and there were a few uneasy jokes about cannibalism aimed at the most corpulent man of the party.

Readers with some knowledge of navigation will enjoy some fine points in this book that are lost on others, but almost anyone will find it fascinating, and I should think any boy would find it irresistible. (Pictures and end-paper maps. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.)

THE LOSER

BORIS PASTERNAK'S **I Remember: Sketch for an Autobiography** (Pantheon, $3.75) is a book that will doubtless disappoint many readers, for it is in no obvious way a political document and contains no connected narrative of the author's life. Instead, it is made up of brief, almost random observations and recollections, many of them dealing with Russian poets whose names are scarcely known in this country ex-



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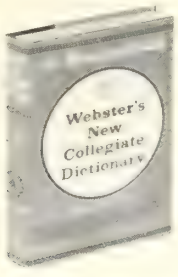
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cept among students of modern Russian literature. The whole thing is very short, and, perhaps for purposes of padding out the manuscript to book-length, Pasternak's observations on translating Shakespeare are included.

Even a cold war probably cannot make a best seller of *I Remember.* Yet it is a rather wonderful little book, very much the work of a poet, too personal to be scandalous. And beneath the apparent randomness there is a certain continuity to be traced.

As everyone who can read a newspaper now knows, Pasternak was the child of artists, his mother an accomplished pianist and his father a painter and illustrator of Tolstoy's novels (Tolstoy hangs over these memoirs as a grand, beneficent presence; Pasternak speaks of the home of his childhood as imbued with the spirit of Tolstoy). But the child did not have the feeling of being at home with his parents; he imagined that he had been adopted; he felt himself a child of destiny, presided over providentially but burdened with the necessity to do something wonderful, something that had never before been done. So after years of studying composition he gave up writing music because he did not seem to be perfectly suited to it: the child of destiny would certainly have absolute pitch. As early as the age of seven he was thinking of suicide, and the subject recurs later. (Perhaps these details could be fitted together by a psychologist to form a pattern of parental rejection, but Pasternak does not seem to be aware of such a pattern.)

The problem of Pasternak's mature years, his autobiographical sketch suggests, has been to accept obscurity, the imperfections of his own work (he now thinks that everything he wrote before 1940 was a mistake), and loss—loss of friends, loss of the very world he grew up in, loss of many of his own manuscripts. The necessity of losing is touched on repeatedly in these pages:

> In life it is more necessary to lose than to gain. Seed will only germinate if it dies. One has to live without getting tired, one must look forward and feed on one's living resources, which oblivion no less than memory provides.

And again, speaking of Shakespeare's *King Lear,* Pasternak observes: "The positive heroes are the fools, the madmen, the dying, and the vanquished."

Pasternak's essay on translating Shakespeare resembles the autobiographical sketch in its aphoristic style and poet's manner. He writes of Shakespeare as if no one had ever written about him before, in a series of brief observations, many of them wonderfully suggestive. Except for an occasional observation on the music of language or rhythm, Pasternak is not concerned with technical matters of translation, but with problems of meaning. But a sample can do a good deal more than description to give the quality of his observations:

> Neither Macbeth nor Raskolnikov is a born criminal or a villain by nature. They are turned into criminals by false rationalizations, by deductions from false premises.
>
> Shakespeare's realism is not the profundity of a reformed rake nor the hackneyed "wisdom" of later experience. That which is most earnest, grave, tragic, and essential in his art arose out of his consciousness of success and strength in those wild early days of desperate fooling, inventiveness, and hourly mortal danger.
>
> Metaphorical language is the result of the disproportion between man's short life and the immense and long-term tasks he sets himself. Because of this, he needs to look at things sharply as an eagle and to convey his vision in flashes which can be immediately apprehended. This is just what poetry is. Outsize personalities use metaphor as a shorthand of the spirit.

I Remember has been translated by David Magarshack, who has also provided a short but helpful introduction and rather more notes than anyone is likely to need. The book is well illustrated, chiefly by reproductions of paintings by Pasternak's father.

CONSERVATIVE OLD STYLE

The Evolution of a Conservative by William Henry Chamberlin (Regnery, $4.50) is a book that looks like an autobiography but is so only incidentally. Chamberlin begins with an account of the disillusioning

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twelve years he spent in Russia as a newspaperman in the early days of the Soviet order (1922-34), and ends with an ingratiating description of his present interests and manner of living, but these two passages are used to frame what is actually a group of rather disparate essays, most of which have been written for independent publication as magazine articles.

Chamberlin was a conservative before conservatism became fashionable, and for a long time his reputation suffered in advanced circles because of his addiction to what Mary McCarthy has happily described as "premature anti-Stalinism." He is still not a "New Conservative." Though he quotes with pleasure certain writers beloved of the New Conservatives, especially Edmund Burke, and occasionally invokes their image of a society governed by custom and a general sense of the fitness of things, he thinks of himself as a thoroughgoing nineteenth-century individualist; and the kind of society he admires is one in which people would be left alone to do as they please.

Like most individualists, Chamberlin is somewhat selective about whose rights as an individual are to be respected—characteristically, he defends "the right of white parents in the South to have a voice in the kind of schools in which they wish their children to be educated" but says nothing about the rights of black parents in the South. He does not get very far with the delicate problem of how to resolve the claims of two competing kinds of individualism.

One reason for this, and a major drawback of Chamberlin's book, is the method of its composition. The various essays repeat and overlap without advancing the argument, and because of their scattered nature they never get around to many of the major social problems of the present.

When Chamberlin does discuss specific problems his suggestions for improvement are usually quite moderate, but they are not supported by much analysis or argument. For instance, he believes that the income-tax laws should be revised, as anyone in his right mind does, but his ideas hardly go beyond across-the-board

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reductions, and to make up for the loss of revenue he offers the rather limp suggestion that there should be a great increase in indirect taxes, without giving a single argument in support of indirect taxation. There aren't many, and even fewer that would look dignified in print.

It is too bad that Chamberlin has not written a more closely reasoned and inclusive book, for he is a lucid writer and well-informed man. As it stands, *The Confessions of a Conservative* will probably be read chiefly by people who already share its predilections, though the history of conservative publishing in this country seems to indicate that the people who share its predilections are not great readers.

WAR AS EXPERIENCE

The Warriors: Reflections on Men in Battle (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95) by J. Glenn Gray is another book written within an autobiographical frame and moving out of that frame to more general considerations, but Gray's strategy is both more original and more suitable to his material than Chamberlin's.

Gray served in the European Theater during the second world war, and at the time recorded many of the ideas and events that came to him in the form of journals and long letters written to a friend. In the years since the war, when he has been occupied, in his own phrase, as "a teacher of philosophy and would-be philosopher," he has given a good deal of thought to his war experience, and read extensively in the literature of war. His book combines quotations from his letters and journals with later speculations; combines, that is, a young man's immediate reaction to experience with a mature man's reflections on its meaning; it is an attempt to understand what fighting has meant in his own life and perhaps what it has meant in the lives of men through the ages.

The result is very interesting. Gray is not concerned with the impasses between nations that lead to conflict, with war as politics, but with war as a psychological, possibly even a spiritual, experience. He is not concerned with what men fight over, but with why they fight—the promise of war that made him as a boy secretly hope that there would be one more for him to fight in, and the disappointments and rewards of the actual fighting.

Gray believes that part of the appeal of fighting lies in war as a spectacle, a chance to get out and see big things happening in strange places; he believes that the opportunities for comradeship and destruction are also appealing. The best of his chapters deals with the relation between war and eroticism, the ancient alliance between Mars and Venus; he is at his subtlest and most original in analyzing the various ways in which war heightens and redirects the eroticism of both men and women.

Not all of the book is that good, and some of it is slightly marred by a zeal, more professorial than soldierly, for setting up categories. Yet *The Warriors* shows intelligence and imagination and a kind of Montaigne-like readiness to look experience directly in the face and report on its features, without respect to current prejudices about its beauty or ugliness. It is curious that there are not more such books, since so much of our intellectual energy goes into this kind of effort to make sense out of what happens to us.

THE STRANGE ONE

ANYONE familiar with Russel Lynes's work in the pages of *Harper's* or elsewhere may well be dismayed to learn that his new book, **Cadwallader** (Harper, $3), is all about rats, but fortunately Lynes's breath with his past as general commentator on American society and its vagaries is not a clean one. *Cadwallader* is not a treatise on the genus *Rattus* but a playful and witty piece of social satire, and presumably it is not in the least autobiographical.

Cadwallader, the eponymous hero of the piece, makes a quiet home for himself in the cellarage of a Columbia professor's brownstone on the Upper East Side in New York, but he says good-by to bachelorhood when he meets the charming and accomplished Deborah Library, who learned to read in a remedial reading class at Columbia. The story of their courtship, marriage, and many subsequent adventures is a whimsical and affectionate commentary on the

style of urban life that Lynes has elsewhere designated as Upper Bohemian—the style of those who believe that "one good guess is worth ten ordinary facts, and that even an inexact aphorism has it over a platitude any time."

But there is another layer to the satire, for though the rats have imitated a good deal of the behavior of the human beings around them, they still find much of it puzzling. What, for instance, is the meaning of the game that people play with long and short glasses on Saturday nights at the country club? What is money and why are people so preoccupied with it? How is it that people who make so much fuss about art seem to like it only when it is old or young and care very little about it when it is middle-aged?

Lynes takes delightful advantage of the satirical form to touch on many subjects without the compulsion to be full or fair that so often blights more conventional social observation. He has never been lighter of hand or wittier of phrase than in *Cadwallader*, or written a more entertaining book.

BOOKS *in brief*

CATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Knot of Roots, by Elizabeth de Regh.

This quietly beautiful little book, reminiscent of Anne Goodwin Winslow, came out just at the end of the newspaper strike in December and was, for that reason, I believe, never had the critical attention it deserves. It is, on the one hand, the story of Mrs. Simms, a delightful widowed mother of three sons who after the death of her husband buys a house in the country and tries to make a new life for herself; and on the other, of Golder, a Negro father of a very small boy who also moves his family to the country and comes to help Mrs. Simms take care of her garden. The narrative weaves back and forth between the two lives united across all that separates them only in their deep affection for



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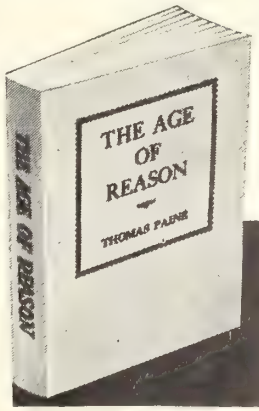
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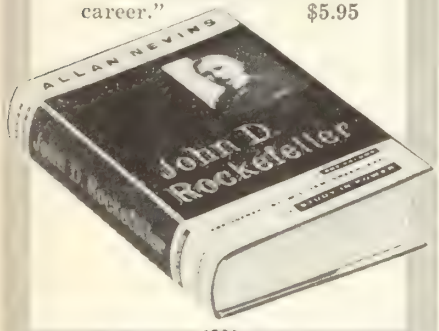
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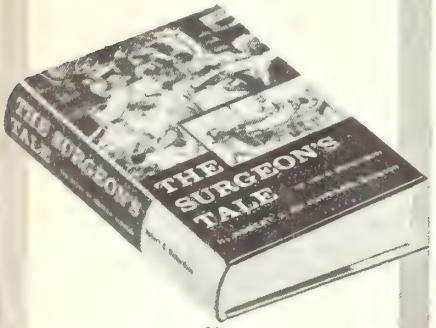
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SCRIBNERS

BOOKS IN BRIEF

growing things. It is a triumphant story of the richness of life told with humor and restraint.

Random House, $3.50

The Return, by Herbert Mitgang.

An American who served as a combat engineer with our Armies in Sicily in World War II goes back as a geologist for a large American corporation about a decade later. There he finds, as he had hoped, the girl he had never forgotten, and also a thousand new problems of social unrest, and international plots and hatreds so alive that he finds himself questioning his acceptance of Corporation methods and morals. This first novel by a Sunday editor of the *New York Times* is a little jumpy—some of the parts are better than the whole—but the problems it explores are the stuff of real emotion for many people; it is a credible story, satisfyingly resolved and nicely written; and Etna in the background casts a picturesque and sometimes symbolic shadow of permanence crossed with uncertainty over an absorbing tale.

Simon & Schuster, $3.50

The Visions of Nicholas Solon, by Monroe Engel.

This is the kind of novel that makes the reader want to talk back. Which is to say that one believes in the characters enough to want to argue when they don't behave as one believes they should. It is about a group of young faculty people in the fictitious town of Banford, and particularly about Nicholas Solon, the narrator, a part-time professor of Sanskrit. This is a man with a great honesty and hunger for life. He can never turn his back on any situation in which he has once been involved. And this is where one wants to ask: "But can't the compulsion to 'face life' also be a refusal to choose a way of life? Doesn't an adult always have to choose?" But this feeling that the hero and most of his friends (his wife is the exception) are not quite grown up, and that there is a general lack of laughter or lightness, are minor quarrels with a perceptive and sensitively written novel. Some of the minor characters and the flashback scenes of childhood through which the story is told, are marvelous.

Sagamore, $3.95

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BOOKS IN BRIEF



NON-FICTION

on Exposures, by Robert Neese. ercy Lainson, one-time Army onel, now Warden of the Iowa e Prison at Fort Madison, took unprecedented step of allowing nmate to take pictures of life in on and to send them out for pub- ion. In an extraordinary state- t he says: "The public owns e prisons. They're entitled to w everything that goes on in n. And if there's anything wrong g on they're entitled to know , too." These first pictures from le a prison, though occasionally lighter mood, are for the most tragic and yet amazingly beauti- There is in nearly all of them lmost palpable sense of waiting. ety ignores this record at its peril, eems to me. The text is simple moving and Erle Stanley Gard- has written the foreword.
Chilton Co., $4.95

wo very different, extraordinarily natic sea stories have recently n published; one about a war- battle, the other a peacetime edy.

ision Course, by Alvin Moscow. s few newspaper readers in the 'd will forget, on the night of 25, 1956, the Italian luxury liner *rea Doria* and the Swedish liner *kholm* collided near Nantucket it. After a night of terror the *rea Doria* capsized and sank at 9 in the morning with her cap- and eleven men of her crew ding by in the tugboat *Horn- n.* Here is a magnificent impar- description of the personnel and ber of each ship; of the hours moments aboard each before the sion; of the rescue operations the individual stories of miracu- escapes and cowardice and cour- which are always part of such ters. There are vivid pictures he later court scenes, so ably led by the opposing lawyers, and

Why The Church Says: DON'T MARRY A CATHOLIC

Catholic opposition to mixed marriages is often misunderstood—and resented.

Some imagine it to be a manifestation of Catholic clannishness. Others say it is a selfish and unfair practice dictated by a domineering clergy. And still others take it as an insult to their own non-Catholic religious convictions and to their personal integrity.

Believe us when we say that none of these inferences is correct—none of these conclusions is true.

From long experience, the Church knows that the permanence and the harmony of family life are often jeopardized by mixed marriages, and, because of the religious division, the children often grow up in an atmosphere of religious indifference. This does not mean that the Church regards non-Catholics as unworthy or inferior. It is, simply, a matter of the church's concern for the religious life of the Catholic in a family which is divided from the start on one of the most vital questions demanding unity.

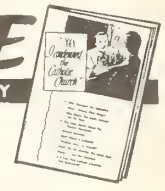
It is for this reason that the church recommends the marriage of Catholics to Catholics, and imposes serious obligations where a Catholic and a non-Catholic wish to be married in the Church. These obligations often cause resentment upon the part of those who do not understand the reasons for them.

Catholics believe that marriage is a holy and indissoluble union—a Sacrament instituted by Christ. If a Catholic elects to marry a non-Catholic, the obligation still remains to have the marriage witnessed by a Catholic priest. This does not require the non-Catholic to become a Catholic, but it does require the signing of an agreement to refrain from interfering with the religious life of the Catholic partner, and to raise and educate any children in the Catholic Faith.

The signing of this agreement is, moreover, only the first requirement before the Church will dispense from the law forbidding mixed marriages. The non-Catholic party to the marriage is also required to take at least six hours' instruction in the Catholic religion so as to know what is involved in marrying a Catholic. Above all, the Church requires moral certainty that the union will be a lasting and happy one.

While some may call this attitude of the Church dictatorial, thoughtful and responsible non-Catholic religious leaders take the same dim view of mixed marriages. They know from experience that such unions all too often create a disastrous disunity of family life.

For further information on this and other points concerning the age-old Catholic Faith, write today for Free Pamphlet No. D-15. It will be sent in a plain wrapper; nobody will call on you. Fill in coupon—Mail today.



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though the case was finally settled out of court and the author never personally attempts to fix the blame, no one can read the testimony or the figures of the settlement without sensing the answer. This brilliantly exciting narrative based on more than 6,000 pages of testimony, numberless exhibits and interviews, and two trips across the Atlantic will go down with *A Night to Remember* as one of the great sagas of the sea.

Putnam, $4.50

Last Nine Days of the Bismarck, by C. S. Forester.

From weeks of study of the records of the British Admiralty and from hundreds of interviews with men who took part in the engagement, the author of *Captain Horatio Hornblower* writes the exciting and terrible story of the trapping and sinking of the fastest and most dangerous battleship then afloat. It begins with the departure of the *Bismarck* from the harbor of Gdynia on May 18, 1941, and follows her through the next seven days and nights when her men never left their stations. She sank the mighty *Hood,* with all hands, in the Denmark Strait; she eluded the little *Suffolk;* she withstood the first bombardment of the planes from the carrier *Ark Royal.* But in the end, her officers and men nearly senseless from lack of sleep, her propellers broken, she succumbed to Churchill's desperate order after the sinking of the *Hood:* "Sink the *Bismarck.* The eyes of the whole world are upon us. Sink the *Bismarck.*" This is the story of the grim and relentless chase and its grimmer and necessary finale. No one will leave the book unfinished.

Little, Brown, $3.50

John Betjeman's Collected Poems. Compiled and with an introduction by Lord Birkenhead.

In England where this book was published in December, Mr. Betjeman's poems have been selling 1,000 copies a day. It will be interesting to see how they survive the sea journey to this side of the Atlantic. His poetry defies definition. "Original" is always the word applied to it first. His "sense of place" is undeniable; his humor can be both subtle and raw; his passion gentle or angry; his rhythms a constant surprise and delight. It is almost impossible not to quote him, but I leave the pleasure of discovery to his new readers of whom I hope there will be many.

Houghton Mifflin, $

FORECAST

Contemplate the Novels

Big names, big advertising appropriations, big excitement are behind this summer's novels. The initial advertising budget for Gwen Bristow's *Celia Garth* coming from Crowell in May is $20,000. Elizabeth Janeway's *The Third Choice* to be published in the same month by Doubleday is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for June. She is the author of *Daisy Kenyon* and *The Walsh Girls.* In June Simon & Schuster will bring out Niven Busch's *California Street* which is the Literary Guild's choice for July. In June, too, Doubleday will publish Hamilton Basso's *(The View from Pompey Head) The Light Infantry Ball,* a story of a Southern family at the time of the Civil War; and Peter Feibleman who published his highly praised first novel, *A Place Without Twilight,* last year, has a second novel, *The Daughters of Necessity,* coming from World in July.

Politicians in Limelight

Political figures, past and present, are making publishing news this year. For May Harcourt, Brace has scheduled Mario Enaudi's *The Roosevelt Revolution* and for June Richard Rovere's *Senator Joe McCarthy.* In June, too, Little, Brown will bring out *A Rockefeller Family Portrait* by William Manchester who writes the lead piece in this issue, and Harper will publish Earl Mazo's *Richard Nixon: A Political and Personal Portrait.* For fall Harcourt Brace announce *F.D.R. as a Father* by James Roosevelt and Sidney Shallit, and also *Senator John Kennedy: A Political Profile* by James MacGregor Burns, though this book may be put over into 1960 when the same publisher will also have on its list an autobiography of Senator Edmund S. Muskie of Maine. And to put a happy period to all political writing for a while, George E. Allen is working on a fall book for Simon & Schuster called *If Nominated I Will Run; If Elected I Will Serve.*

he new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

EETHOVEN

t seems to me that stereo, in all its distressing complexity, is to be meased finally not in what it is but what it es. One good, soul-lifting experience th music that counts is enough for ost listeners; after that, no amount of tty trouble is too much. This clincher a listening thrill might come to you Beethoven.

ethoven: Symphony #9. Seefried, Forter, Haefliger, Fischer-Dieskau; Choir Hedwig's Cathedral, Berlin Philharnic, Fricsay (with "Leonore" #3 and gmont" Overtures). Decca DXB 7157 stereo.

is superb and vital Ninth in stereo, pite a few faults, marks a new milene in the great symphony's long life. as a glorious cast here—four outstandsoloists, beautifully balanced in enble and unafraid of the high notes, a rus that is about the best in existence ay for the big choral works (see the hms Requiem, Mozart Requiem)—it bines the earnestness of the amateur ger with a professional exactitude. e orchestra is one of the best and the ductor reaches his own high point his deeply intense, eloquent playing. stereo the Ninth is made more ediate, more exciting, its details velously clarified and strengthened, over-all impact increased to an asshing degree.

thinking back over the playing, member moments of the kind that e a great recording—the whang of kettledrum in the scherzo, the reed feeling that the slow movement the most extraordinary quality of ined melody in all music, the aking" strings in the recitative that ns the last movement, the unbelievaand remarkably clean) intensity of e last *presto* chords at the very end. t is the only word that fits such a ormance.

inor faults: the slow movement, on rt side of its own, is recorded louder the others; the impact of the last ment's opening is hurt, unless you up the volume control while changhe record. In the last movement oloists are recorded too loud and for Beethoven's intention. Fischerau's dramatic entrance is fine, but everything begins to happen at once the solo voices are way out of proportion with the rest. You'll hear notes from them that Beethoven never meant you to hear. No matter—the fault is relatively unimportant in such an overwhelming sound.

Beethoven: Symphony #3 ("Eroica").
(A) Columbia Symphony Orch., Bruno Walter. Columbia MS 6036 stereo.
(B) Cleveland Symphony, Szell. Epic BC 1001 stereo.

If ever there was a "universal" composer, it is Beethoven; but even Beethoven was, after all, a part of the life and tradition of a small segment of the Western World centering upon Vienna. Perhaps the Fifth Symphony is nearest to a universal Beethoven. The "Eroica"—with the Sixth, Fourth, Eighth—is so much of the Viennese school that even today there is a clear difference between playings that, somehow, have the feel of Vienna in them and those that reflect other than Viennese backgrounds within the larger spread of Western music.

Both Bruno Walter and George Szell have the Viennese touch—if in the spirit of two generations. I would not want to discount Szell's "Eroica" on the strength of the new Walter version, which is superbly good on almost every count. Szell's is a more modern one, lighter, faster, sharper in its angles, sparing in those expressive loud-soft shadings of melody that are second nature to Walter's generation. But Szell knows the Viennese feeling and does "Eroica" no disservice at all by these modernizings.

As for Walter, his "Eroica" sums up the work of a generation—his own. It is, perhaps, the last of its line; for this species of Beethoven shortly will no longer exist. The few mild eccentricities that Dr. W. has developed in late years are miraculously unobtrusive, all in all, just a few rather pronounced ritards at melodic high points, some nervousness of tempo, an emotional emphasis that goes beyond his earlier work. They are easily offset by the superior musical clarity of the new-style recording.

Beethoven: Symphony #6 ("Pastorale"). Columbia Symphony Orch., Bruno Walter. Columbia MS 6012 stereo.

Of all the Sixths I've heard in the last year or so, this is the first that seems to me to reach a wholly natural, fully ex-

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The New York Philharmonic is currently having the finest season it has had in years. The Carnegie Hall box office has dusted off its SRO sign. Critics are digging for their most commendatory adjectives. And life is great for the nation's oldest symphony orchestra. Credit for this goes to Leonard Bernstein, the supremely gifted young conductor who became permanent musical director of the Philharmonic this season.



Leonard Bernstein at the piano and conducting the New York Philharmonic

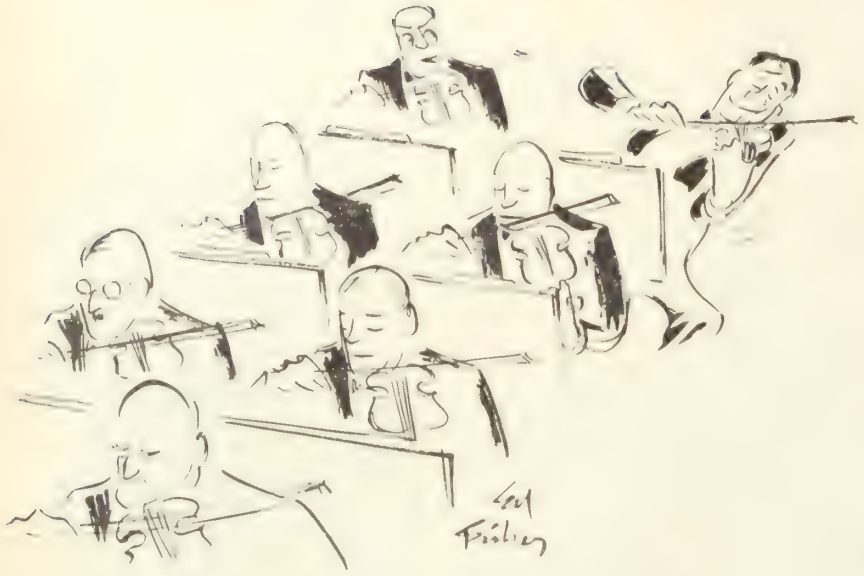
Among Mr. Bernstein's most impressive performances are those in which he doubles as piano soloist and conductor. Two such performances are found in this new Columbia Masterworks recording—the delightful and very appealing Shostakovitch Concerto No. 2 and the brilliant, exacting Concerto in G of Ravel.

SHOSTAKOVITCH: Piano Concerto No. 2—Leonard Bernstein at the piano and conducting the New York Philharmonic · RAVEL: Concerto in G Major—Leonard Bernstein at the piano and conducting. ML 5337 MS 6043 (stereo)

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"Easy, kid—not till the section marked 'molto *espressivo.'"*

pressive reading of a score that is notoriously tricky. In Beethoven's day, pastoral symbolism was taken simply and uncritically; today it can only reach us through, so to speak, a true believer, who knows the old feeling and has the technique to put it over. Marvelous stereo here, not unlike that in the more recent "Eroica" with Walter, above.

Beethoven: Piano Concerto #5. Clifford Curzon; Vienna Philharmonic, Knappertsbusch. London CS 6019 stereo.

Here is an instructive playing of the most familiar of the Concerti, if only because it falls clearly outside of the "old trouper" professionalism that belts out this old war horse a thousand times a year on every concert circuit in the world and on plenty of records too. There is relief, here, at the sense of freshness, the absence of skillful pounding—but there is anticlimax, too.

Don't misunderstand me—Curzon is an authoritative and musical pianist with plenty of technique, a preference for somewhat staccato and dry playing in the louder parts and an elfishly lovely whisper of tone in the pianissimi. The slow movement is unusually poetic in his handling with never a drag or a lull. It's the big, brash, strident opening and closing movements that miss fire here. They simply aren't brash enough.

The truth about this music begins to be clear, after its hundreds of thousands of playings: its greatness, its massive, lion's-paw swipes, serve wonderfully to cover up a considerable structural anomaly and a lot of what amounts to brilliantly original stuffing. They say that Beethoven sweated blood mainly over connecting passages; the "Emperor" sometimes seems to be made largely of transitions and time hasn't made them any more subtle.

But pianistic brashness, an iron pair of hands and an old trouper's way with big drama can still bring off the Concerto in imperial style—let's not deny its supreme place among piano concerti. Somebody like Rubinstein can do it, though many a listener may object to the seemingly harsh, hardened showmanship in his playing. In a performance like this, particularly in the always-difficult last movement, we see the alternative; under gentler treatment, Beethoven's great, crude poetry breaks down and the Concerto itself—not the piano-playing—shows up its weaknesses.

Beethoven: Piano Concerto #4. Friedrich Wuehrer; Bamberg Symphony, Perlea. Stereo Vox STPL 510.640.

A fine pianist, a lovely spread of concert hall sound, the solo at just the right distance for good listening balance—yet this stereo Beethoven has annoying faults, both musically and technically. The orchestra is beautifully picked up in the large, resonant space, but why, for Heaven's sake, does one peeping little oboe have to sit about two feet from one microphone, like a stray that wandered into the ensemble by mistake? Spoils the whole sound whenever he intrudes. And with such good sound in general, it's too bad that there seems to be an edge of distortion, just enough to worry the man who's always afraid something is wrong with his hi-fi.

The orchestra itself isn't bad and the interpretation, a leisurely, fulsome one, is decidedly acceptable. But in both fire and accuracy the pianist is constantly better than his orchestral colleagues. Minute, barely noticeable slacknesses, I'll admit, yet they make the difference between a first-rate and a merely good version which this assuredly is.

Beethoven: Symphony #5. Vienna State Opera Orch., Prohaska (demonstration stereo disc). Vanguard SRV 106 SD stereo.

This is a splendidly clean, sharp, transparent recording, particularly brilliant in the brass (notably the second and last movements) with a very clear spread and separation of the choirs and a big, somewhat empty-hall sound.

Musically the performance is not outstanding, though it has a Viennese rightness of style and many lovely details. The second movement is especially nice. But throughout there are petty rigidities in the phrasing and inaccuracies of ensemble, which point, it would seem, to the conductor who is in charge. Prohaska tends toward a didactic beat: he doesn't "wait for the music," he lacks that intuitive feeling for a plastic melodic line that can somehow persuade an entire orchestra to play precisely together, yet with "give"—with poetry. In short. Elusive, but necessary!

WORTH HEARING . . .

Some Notable Opera

Offenbach: Tales of Hoffman. Dobl Simoneau, Graf, Tuescher, Doniat, Rehfuss; Cho., Orch. Concerts de Pari Le Conte. Epic SC 6028 (4).

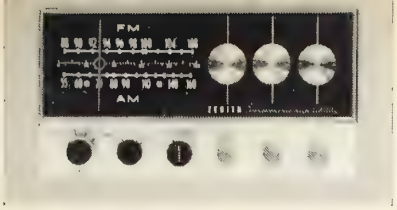
Verdi: La Forza del Destino. Tebal Del Monaco, Simionato, Siepi, *et al.* Cho., Orch. Acc. di Santa Cecil Molinari-Pradelli. London OSA 1405 stereo.

Giordano: Andrea Chénier. Tebal Del Monaco, Cho., Orch. Acc. di Sa Cecilia, Gavazzeni. London OSA 1 (3) stereo.

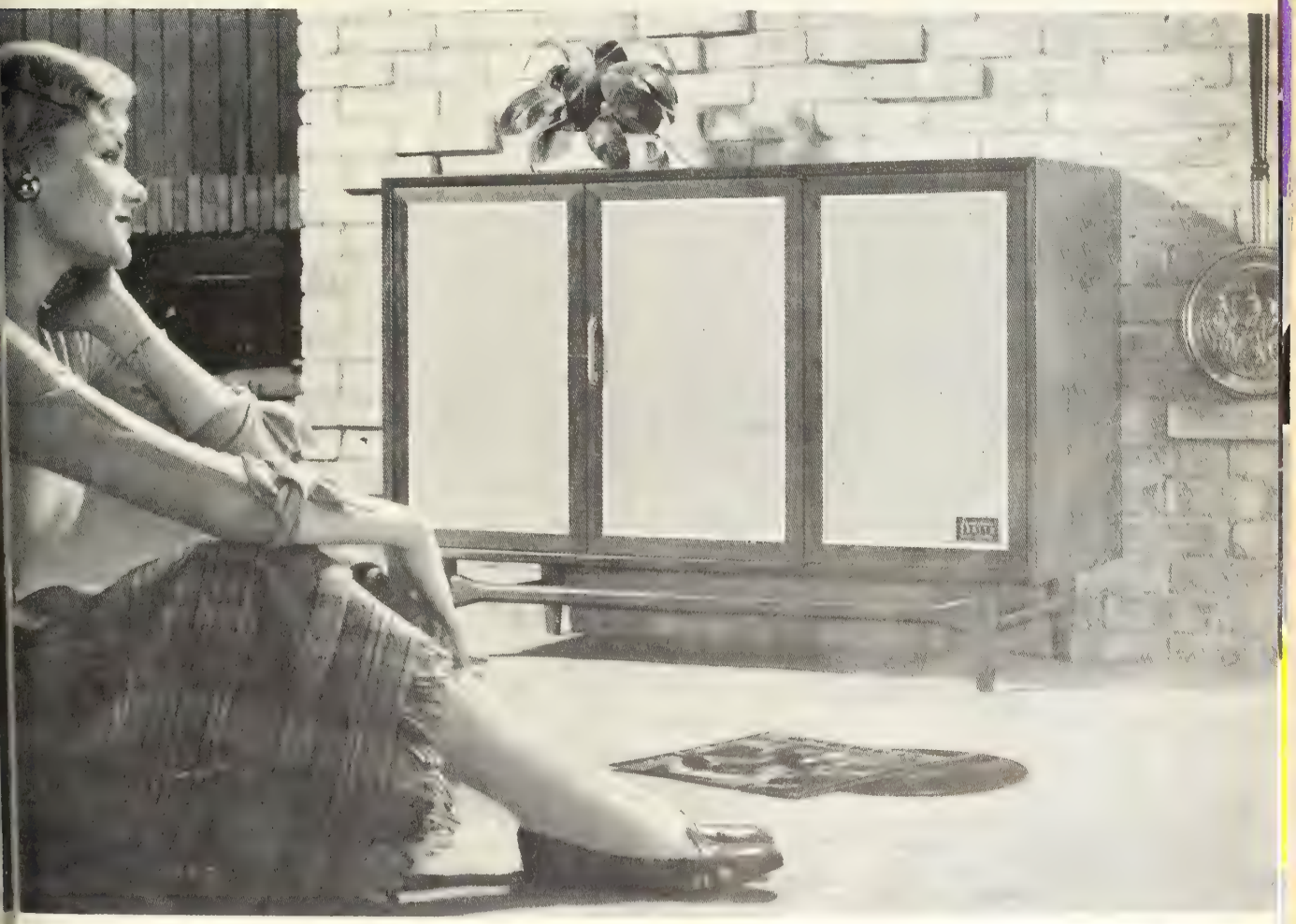
Wagner: Die Walküre, Act I. Flagst Svanholm, Van Mill, Vienna Phill monic, Knappertsbusch. London O 1201 (1/2) stereo.

Strauss: Arabella. Guedon, Lond Della Casa, *et al.* Cho. Vienna St Opera, Vienna Philharmonic, Solti. L don OSA 1404 (4) stereo.

Cherubini: Medea. Callas *et al.*, C Orch. La Scala., Serafin. Mercury 3 104 (3) stereo.



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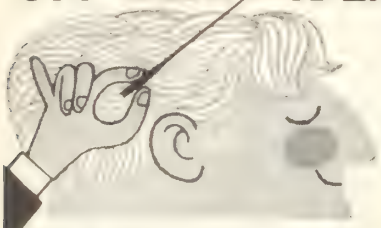
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JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

ON THE SCREEN

Records of movie music have long been multiplying, for reasons I haven't understood. At best you are getting half the deal, and there are continually sudden silences, bursts of noise, or abrupt changes of pace to remind you that something is missing. Furthermore, much of it is little more than watered-down nineteenth century program music—full of meaningless billowing and wheezing—not to be listened to for itself.

The coming of jazz to movie scores has done much to remedy this, even where the jazz elements (as in "Kings Go Forth") are almost swallowed up in fanfare and mood music. It has also cut down on the volume of pure noise, a trend represented by the pleasant single-guitar accompaniments to "Maracaibo." The phenomenal success of "Peter Gunn" in RCA's transcription has not only prompted other musicians to replay it simply as music, but has given respectability to the genre. Formerly reviewers had to be half-apologetic in asserting that Gerry Mulligan's contribution to "I Want to Live" was conceivably okay, as a record. But after all, we listen to the "Water Music" without going up the Thames with George I.

I Want to Live. Jazz Score. Johnny Mandel. United Artists UAL 4005. Jazz Combo, with Gerry Mulligan, Shelly Manne, Art Farmer. UAL 4006.

The Music from Peter Gunn. Composed and conducted by Henry Mancini. RCA Victor LPM-1956. **Shelly Manne and his men play Peter Gunn.** Contemporary C 3560. **Jazz from Peter Gunn.** Joe Wilder Quartet. Columbia CL 1319.

Kings Go Forth. Music by Elmer Bernstein, Capitol W 1063. **Maracaibo.** Music by Laurindo Almeida. Decca DL 8756.

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The Playboy Jazz All Stars, Vol. 2. Playboy PB #1958 (2).

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Germs and Gas: The Weapons Nobody Dares Talk About by General J. H. Rothschild

Race Prejudice in Jazz: It Works Both Ways by Nat Hentoff

When I Learned I Had Cancer
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On the water, too...the tide's turned to aluminum

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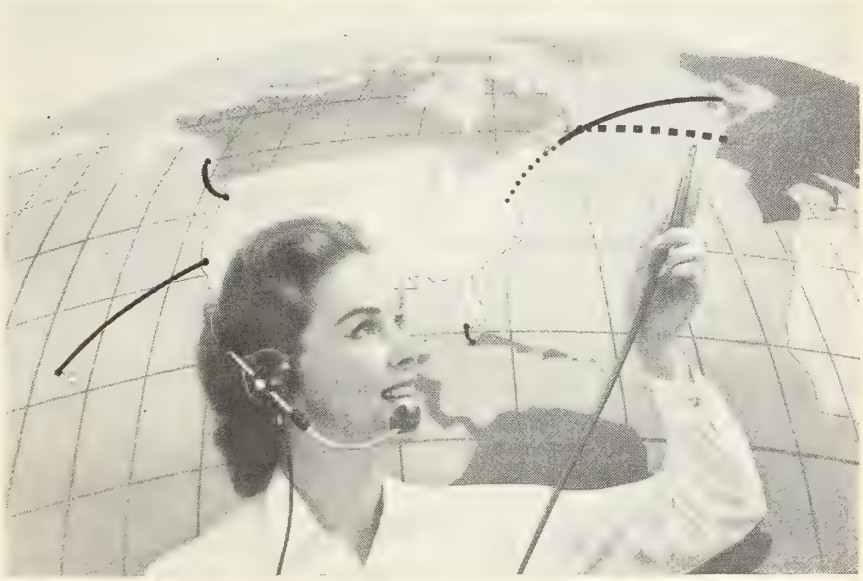
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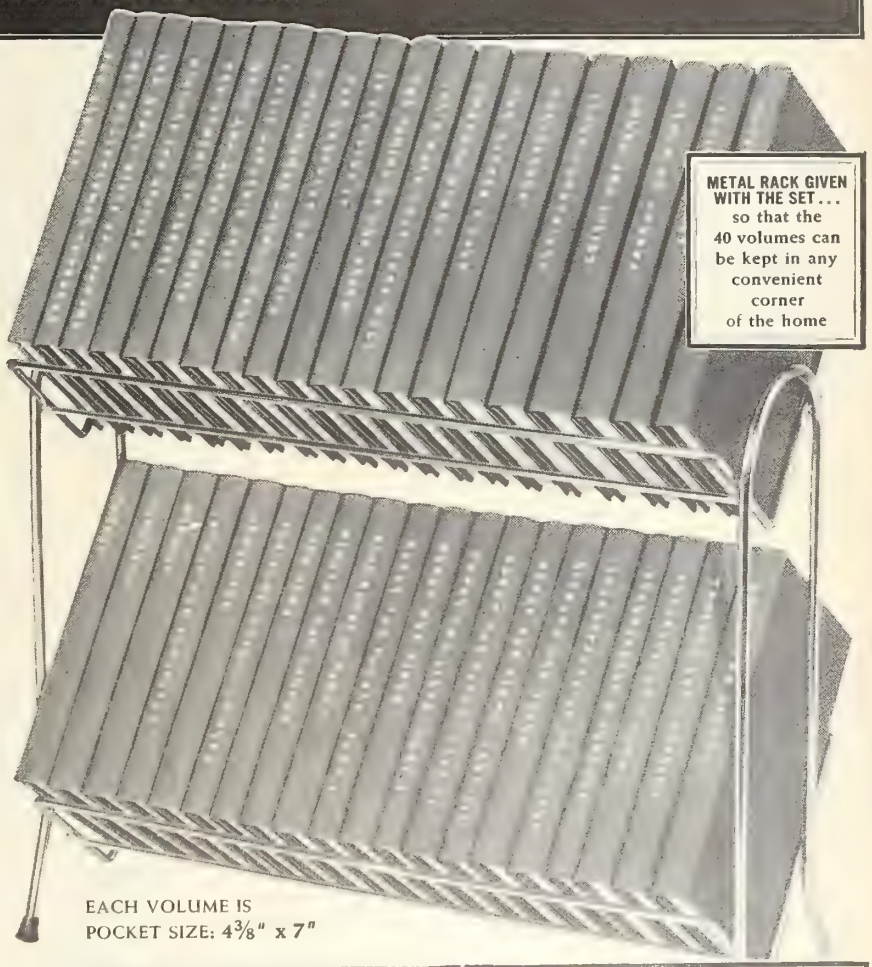
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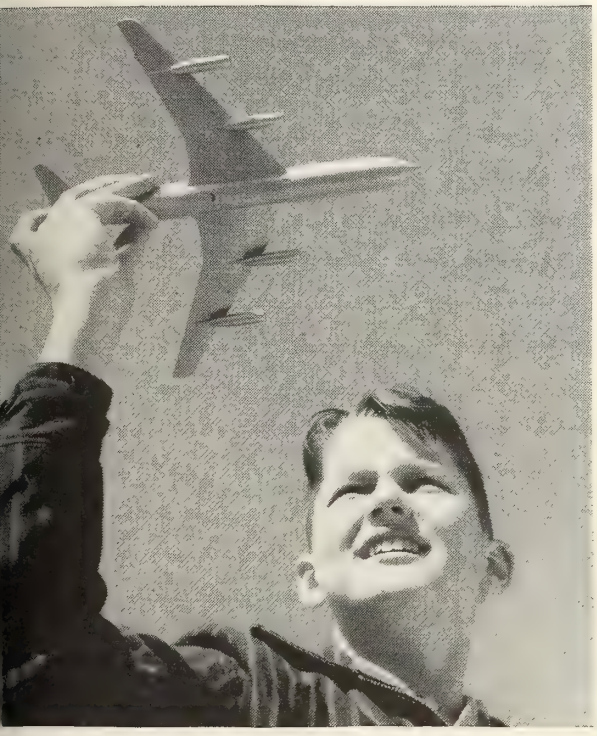
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LETTERS

Adman's Schizophrenia

To the Editors:

In the April issue of *Harper's* on page 17 is an advertisement which states that the Rolls-Royce offers such extras as a coffee maker, dictating machine, bed hot and cold water, electric razor, or a telephone. My reaction was: "Why buy a house? All you need is an R-R." Ironically enough, just eight pages beyond is an advertisement for the Save the Children Federation asking readers to help save the lives and hopes of children in war-torn countries. . . . By publishing these two advertisements *Harper's* has unconsciously shown the double set of values that we Americans seem to waver between. . . . If someone feels it necessary to his peace of mind to spend $14,000 or more to have running water *et al* in his car . . . I think he should contribute an equal amount toward the welfare of people throughout the world.

Deborah Page
Wenham, Mass.

Popes Past and Present

To the Editors:

Let one instance suffice to dispose of Robert Neville's absurd statement ["Pope John," April] that a Pope never admits that he or any of his predecessors has made a mistake. John XXII held and preached erroneous doctrine concerning the beatific vision, and made retraction on his deathbed. His error was definitely repudiated in the bull *Benedictus Deus* of Benedict XII. Neither is it true that Pope Pius XII ordered the Vatican gardens to be cleared of workmen when he went for walks. Actually it was Pius XI who had insisted on this. Under Pius XII the workmen simply continued to do as before and, as one observer wrote, he probably never even adverted to their absence.

Hilary Freeman, O.P.
Dominican Fathers
Holy Rosary Priory
Minneapolis, Minn.

To say that Rome has "quite a different Pope" is rather an understatement. While Pius XII gave great moral support to Communist oppressed countries, the present Pope seems to conveniently forget them. Let's hope that the degrading of the Ambassador of the Polish Government-in-exile may have some positive effect on Cardinal Wyszynski's relationship with Gomulka's government. However . . . by removing the legal recognition of the Lithuanian Ambassador, the Vatican officially handed over to the Communist dogmatists not only the people of Lithuania but possibly all other Catholics and Christians in the Soviet Union.

Vytautas Vetsl
Chicago, Il

Cardinal Roncalli gave proof of being an astonishing man at the very beginning of his reign when he went back five and a half centuries into history to select his title: John XXIII. A Neapolitan (anti-Pope) falsely claimed the title, 1410-15.

Leon A. Ligh
Los Angeles, Cali

Apropos of Mr. Neville's prediction of a more cordial relationship between the Vatican and Communism under the present Holy Father, I do hope you took note of the recent extension of excommunication to include not only Communists and their supporters, but also those Catholics who vote for politicians who propose co-operation with Communism.

James H. Flemin
Tinley Park, Il

Memos to Music Critic

To the Editors:

Eric Larrabee's Jazz Notes column is a masterpiece—of miniaturization. If he keeps this up he will be able to write the life of Jelly Roll Morton on a grain of rice—or on a hemi-demi-semi quaver. Yours truly for more space for jazz.

L. M. Dickso
Seattle, Wash

After reading the reference to a new recording by Shostakovich ["The New Recordings," Edward Tatnall Canby, April] entitled "From Jewish Poetry" . . . I was rather surprised that the great Russian master (wearing the Stalin medal etc.) would choose such a subject and was most curious as to what Jewish poetry he selected. . . . My wife supplied the answer: "Boris Pasternak, of course."

Sanford Hamil
Mexico City, Mexic

Russell Smith overlooked one of the most important of the younger composers in "The New Music" [April]. I refer to Bill Russo who has had his music played by leading jazz groups

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18. BRAHMS Concerto in D — Heifetz, *violinist*; Chi. Sym., Reiner

23. TCHAIKOVSKY Concerto No. 1 — Cliburn, *pianist*; Kondrashin *conductor*

16. BEETHOVEN Concerto in D — Heifetz, *violinist*; Boston Symphony Munch

14. BEETHOVEN Concerto No. 3 — Rubinstein, *pianist*; SYMPHONY OF THE AIR, Krips

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33. OFFENBACH Gaite Parisienne **KHACHATURIAN** Gayne Ballet Suite (Excerpts) — BOSTON POPS Fiedler



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29. GERSHWIN An American in Paris • Porgy and Bess Suite — Morton Gould AND HIS ORCH.

30. GLIERE The Red Poppy **IPPOLITOV-IVANOV** Caucasian Sketches — LONDON PHILHAR. Fistoulari



31. GRIEG Peer Gynt and Lyric Suites — BOSTON POPS Fiedler

32. MOUSSORGSKY-RAVEL Pictures at an Exhibition — Chi. Sym., Reiner

27. COPLAND Billy the Kid AND Rodeo — Morton Gould AND HIS ORCH.

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LETTERS

The New York Philharmonic played
second symphony in April.

ED SA
Chicago,

Digging the Beatni

TO THE EDITORS:

The tone of "The Old Original Be
nik" [John Fischer, Easy Chair, Apr
reminded me of the nervous giggles
duced in Truman Capote by Norm
Mailer during their recent televisi
interview. Both the Easy Chair and M
Capote are discommoded. . . . It is tr
that there are many things for which t
hipsters can be reproved, but sincer
dissenting from some of the excesses
our society is not one of them.

THOMAS MCGRA
Biloxi, M

It's pretty safe nowadays to mali
the so-called "Beatniks." But I wou
have expected [from *Harper's*] an inte
gent attempt to understand the for
that lie behind such "disturbing"
havior . . . a growing attitude in Amer
and perhaps elsewhere that life shou
be "dug" while we still have it to "dig
before the forces of exploding popu
tion or exploding cobalt destroy what
left.

ROGER L. FA
Brawley, Ca

Some people did not rank Max Bód
heim highly as an artist but he was, li
Shelley and Byron, a rebel agai
society and a less compromising one th
is generally found today. His viole
death was like a last blow from an
most consciously malignant fate. Yet
suppose that Max himself, could he ha
surveyed the police investigation a
widespread publicity attending his m
der, would have said that at least th
brought his name and career thund
ously before the American public af
decades of silence. . . .

JAMES E. SUT
Pennsylvania State Un
Pottsville, P

Embattled Amateu

TO THE EDITORS:

I am an enthusiastic reader
Harper's, an admirer of Archibald M
Leish, a respecter of the work of W
liam S. White, an amateur in oth
than my vocational field, and I did n
like "J. B." or "MacLeish and t
Broken Major" [April]. I am not cri
cizing the professional capability, t
intent, or the creative instinct of eith
of these two writers. I merely insist th

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LETTERS

I do not like these two specific results—in the same sense that an amateur can dislike the design of motor cars. . . . Perhaps Mr. White's defense of professionalism suffers from the difficult position in which writers find themselves. While they may be professionals as writers, they may be amateurs like the rest of us in terms of what they write about.

JOHN DEL. MOOMAW
Lincoln University, Pa.

I am amazed at the contention that only a "professional"—a paid expert—is entitled to express an opinion or presumably even to have an opinion on the validity of a work of art. . . . Whatever the passing political climate, the arts exist in an eternal democracy, and the recurrent temptation to restrict their usefulness to an elite caste is the mark of a sick society.

LEILA ENGEL
Bloomington, Ind.

I had originally planned to write a play, or something, where I would castigate such Vigorous Young Men as Robert Brustein and Kenneth Tynan . . . until I read William White. He took care of my anger vicariously. I feel better now.

PHIL KEIF
Salt Lake City, Utah

In Mr. White's eyes we must either wholly accept MacLeish's play or be included in the ranks of "intolerable amateurs." . . . Are there any other readers who in the face of his intimidation will still maintain that "J. B." is (only) a good play by a great poet?

ANDREW FIELD
Columbia College
New York, N. Y.

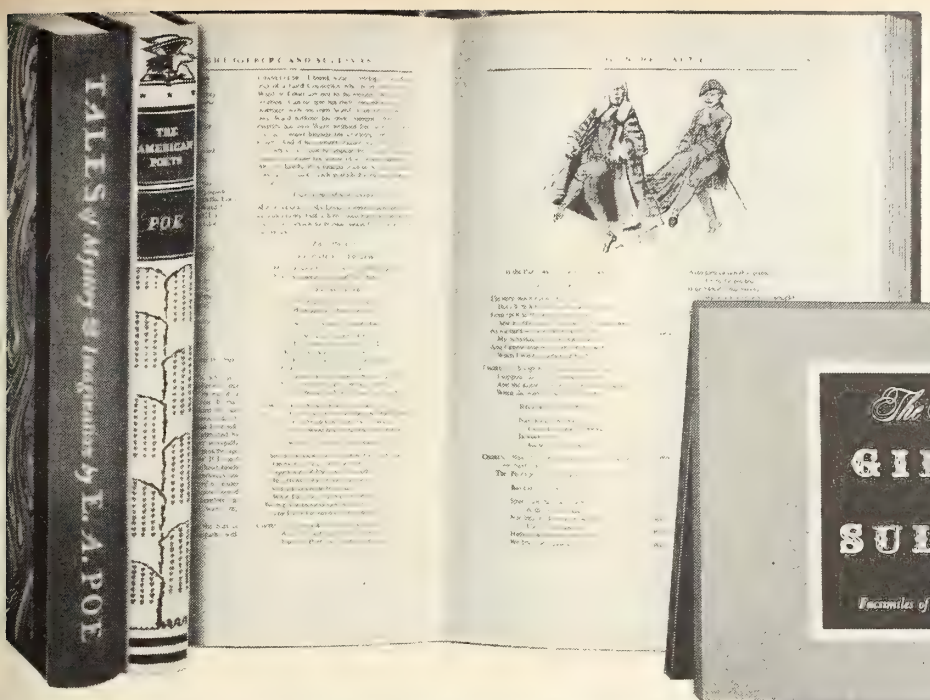
I am not such a snob as Mr. White and I make no distinction between the professionals and the amateurs "in life" but I do think that literary criticism is the job of qualified experts. . . . Unfortunately the author of this smug and irritating piece is neither a critic nor a thinker. . . . The trouble with "J. B." is that it is a bad work of art. Its ugliness lies not in the realism of its theme but in its lack of artistic order and discipline, in the poor quality of the verse and in the choice of J. B. himself, a smug and limited man, to represent the "human spirit."

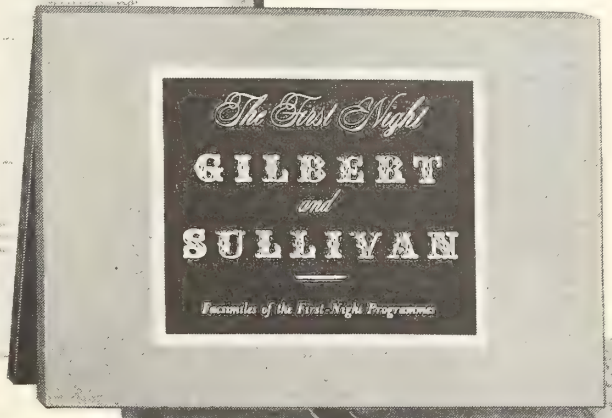
JANE HAYMAN
New York, N. Y.

Neutralist Snails

TO THE EDITORS:

From my knowledge of the specific case, Frank Kierman's "The Blood Fluke





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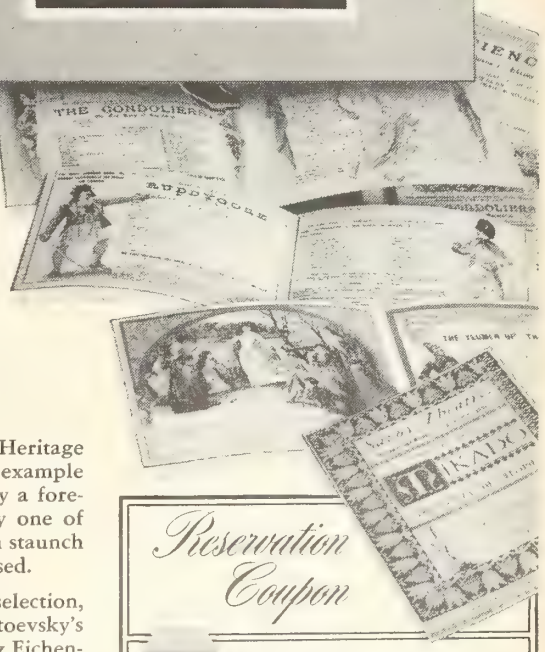
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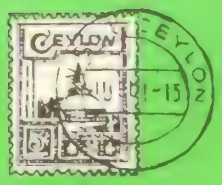
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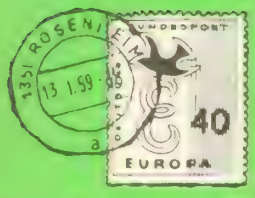
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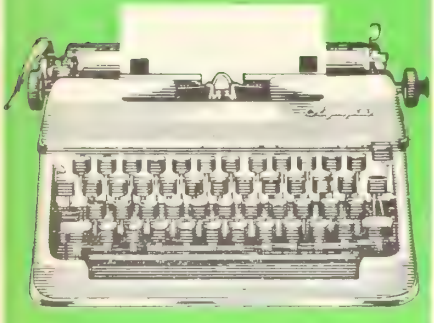


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that saved Formosa" [April] seems accurate. However, in his closing sentence he implies that blood flukes are usually nothing more than an "obscure nuisance." This is a gross undervaluation. . . .

In 1947 it was estimated that there were about 116 million cases of schistosomiasis in the world. During the past twelve years this estimate has been revised upward. . . . Furthermore this debilitating disease is not restricted to the Communist world. More than half of the sufferers live in non-Communist countries [and] the disease is spreading. With the introduction of improvements in agricultural irrigation, the snails which harbor the infection have become more widely disseminated.

CLARK P. READ
Assoc. Prof. of Parasitology
The Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Md.

Choice for Jews

TO THE EDITORS:

Arthur A. Cohen is living in a world of painted glass ["Why I Chose to be a Jew," April]. As a member of America's third generation of Jews in my twenties, [I believe] one is born a Jew and the only choice involved is how best to accept and understand that fact.

MRS. ROBERT GERST
W. Hollywood, Calif.

Mr. Cohen faces boldly the question usually evaded by apologists for Judaism: is it a tribal cult or universal truth? Opting for the latter, he nevertheless rejects the conversion of outsiders, thus making truth hereditary. Vocal about *what* he believes, he is silent about *why:* he gives no reason for choosing Judaism rather than something else; no reason for preferring the miracles listed in the Old Testament to those listed in *Alice in Wonderland.*

VICTOR FOX
New York, N. Y.

To say that many American Jews will find Mr. Cohen's views unacceptable is, I believe, an understatement. I suspect very few will agree with him. There are a number of points with which one can take issue. However, one statement stands out because of its un-Jewish attitude. He says, "we possess important truth which is available to all—everyone can join but only on our terms." He should have said, "God's terms."

SOLOMON GARB
Delmar, N. Y.

The juxtaposition of two brief statements that follow Mr. Cohen's article has a warning in it to all who have been following this stimulating series [on religious beliefs in America]. The statements [by Dr. Nahum Goldmann, president of the World Jewish Congress and Clarence L. Coleman, Jr., president of the American Council on Judaism] point up the great diversity of ideology that exists today among American Jews. . . . Neither Mr. Cohen's words nor those of his colleagues writing in this series represent by any means a majority opinion. . . .

DON PERETZ ELKINS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Soft-Selling Bookman

TO THE EDITORS:

I take gentle umbrage at Herbert Gold's passing reference ["The Man Who Gave Up Pleasure," April] to a peddler of high school textbooks who paid the school boards in cigars, unction and cash. This just isn't the way the work is done. School boards . . . usually rely on the recommendations of teachers or committees of teachers and administrators. The intensive zeal of these people . . . puts outside influence in much the same class as jury bribing.

GALE H. REEDY
Sales Rep., J. B. Lippincott
Berkeley, Calif.

Librarians to the Rescue

TO THE EDITORS:

I cannot resist informing Allen Kent ["A Machine that Does Research," April] that it has taken just three minutes of my old-fashioned time to locate the Stanford Research Institute study his Pan American World Airways friend wanted. It was shelved by its old-fashioned call number. . . . I was pleased, however, that *Harper's* had an article on this intriguing topic. Librarians as well as scientists are concerned.

FLORINE OLIMAN
Chief, Bibliographic Assistance
Air University Library
Maxwell Air Force Base, Ala.

Mr. Kent has tried to oversimplify his case. . . . If a company research report is buried in the library, was it indexed in the first place? . . . It is also possible that the literature was not searched prior to starting the project. Well, even a machine won't answer if not asked. The article mentions an official who had heard about unclassified government reports. No machine would locate reports if hear-say were the only available reference. He mentions Russian articles that would save our American research workers so much time

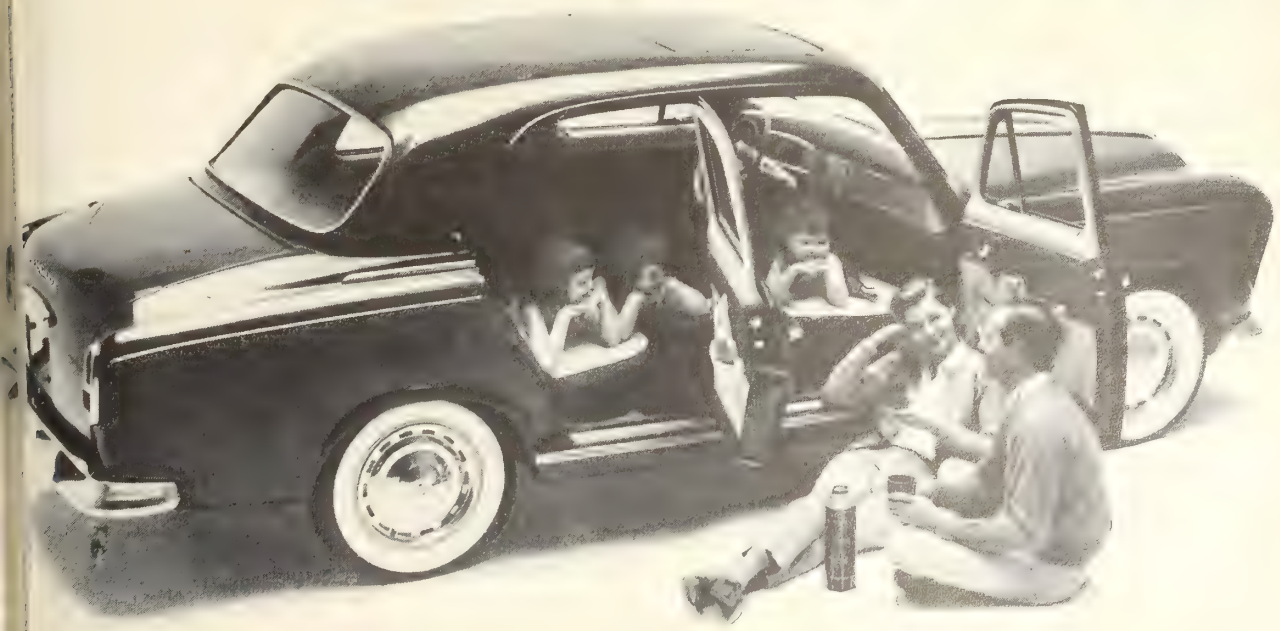
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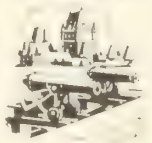
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LETTERS

Machines might have helped, but it i not impossible for a literature scientis to locate information manually as lon as it has been recorded. . . . In my reco lection every company that wanted mor information had to increase its informa tion staff to prepare current literatur for future searchers. Even machines ar incapable of regurgitating more tha they have been fed.

KATE C. ORNST
Technical Librari
Sun Oil Co., Research & Dev. Dep
Marcus Hook, P.

The Great God M'dl

TO THE EDITORS:

We are just finishing a study which relevant to Robert Nathan's "Furth Report on the Weans" [April]. . . . Ou group has just returned with conclusiv evidence that the Weans were a strongl religious people who worshiped the san deities throughout the entire cont nent. . . .

Everywhere we found shrines . . . ge erally composed of a series of hollo idols, about five or six feet high, ar one-and-one-half feet square or roun In the Valley of the Sun we encountere a two-idol shrine virtually intact. Th two idols were round and topped wi a circular, hollow glass face. Each fa bore the glyph ⅃ꓶꓶIH2 in reverse, o viously so that the deity who dwe within would see its name correctly wh looking out at the worshipers. On o side of each idol was a long snout us as a means of accepting liquid offering On the other side of each idol was small crank which activated a bell, us to awaken the god so that he could a cept liquid offerings.

We have no way of ascertaining wh the offerings were, honey or wine. . The priests apparently stored them large tanks found all around the S. Continent, particularly in that area f merly known as INS.

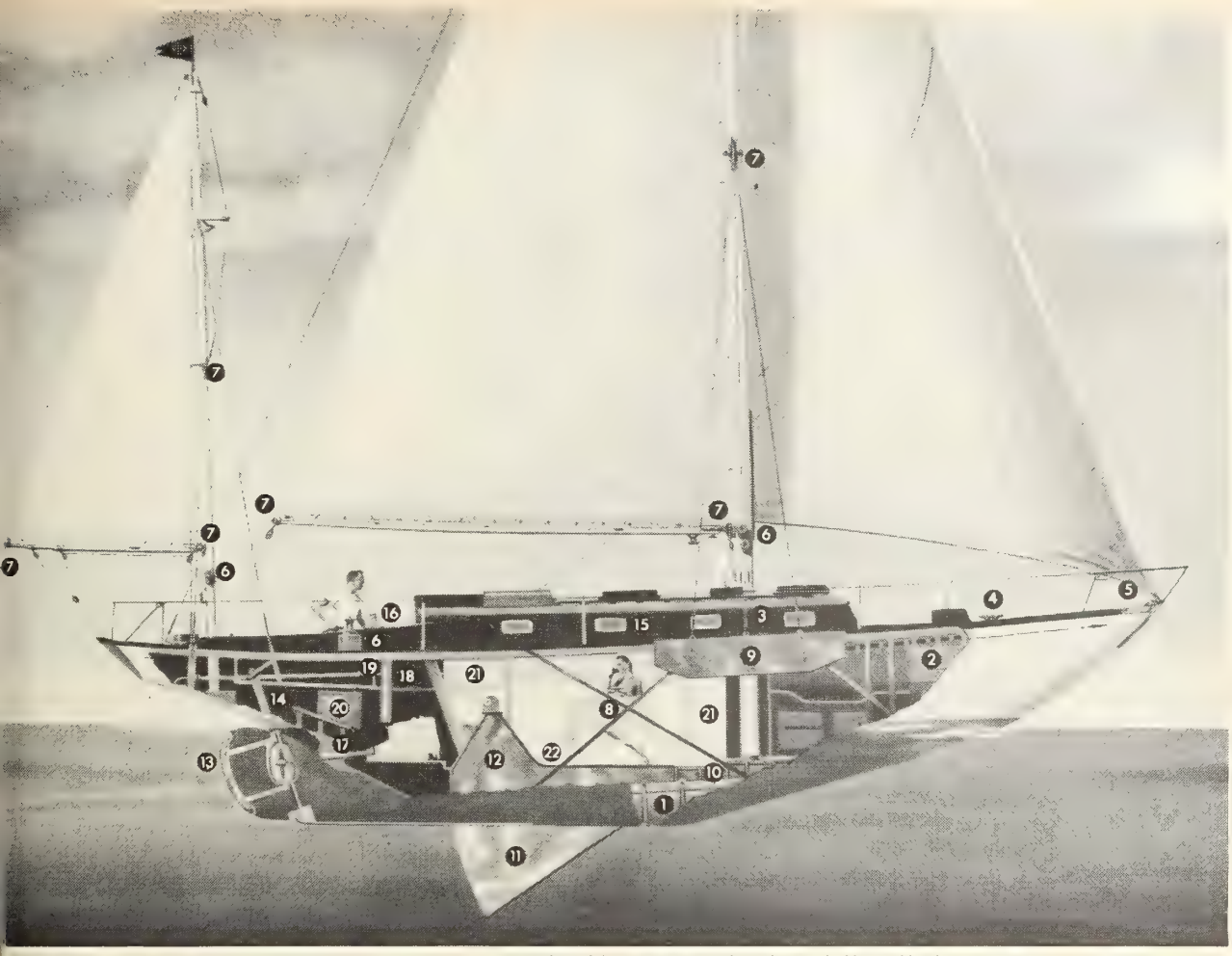
SEAMUS BYR
JOSEPH V'ESE
New York, N.

Good Old Old Guar

TO THE EDITORS:

After reading "How Oregon Rescu a Forest" [April], I find that even su pronounced liberals as Senator Richa L. Neuberger see that "staid and rel ble" Republicans such as Thomas W ters, Ezra Taft Benson, and Barry Gol water are not as blind and reaction as they are often portrayed.

RICHARD K. McK
Lewiston, N.



Keyed cutaway of a Nevins 40-foot yawl shows a few of the many places where Anaconda Marine Metals are used in building fine boats. Designed by Sparkman & Stephens, N. Y. Built by Nevins Yacht Yard, City Island, N. Y.

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THOMAS W. WILSON, JR.

the Easy Chair

How to Make a Movie out of *The Ugly American*

The guest in the Easy Chair this month lived abroad for some twelve years (in the United Kingdom, Europe, and the Mideast) as a newspaperman and businessman, and as a U. S. official, chiefly with ECA. He is now in Washington on the staff of the Committee for International Economic Growth and is editor of its monthly newspaper called Economic World.

OFFHAND, *The Ugly American* looks like a natural for the screen. It has at least four big assets.

First of all, the story is pre-sold. It was a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection; it has been on the best-seller lists for months; and it was serialized by the *Saturday Evening Post.* So almost everyone knows that *The Ugly American* deals mainly with the shenanigans of delinquent Americans who represent the U. S. government overseas.

Second, there is a carload of colorful characters to work with—good and bad. The principal Bad Guys include the oaf who is the American Ambassador to Sarkhan; the ignoramus who is Counselor of Embassy; the moron who heads the U. S. Information Service; the numskulls who run the economic-aid missions; the Chinese servants who spy for the Communists; and the ever-so-clever Russians who make fools out of the Americans bumbling about in Asia and elsewhere. The Good Guys include a Catholic priest who conquers both dysentery and the local Communists; a poultryman who does good work in the hinterlands—at least for a while; an Air Force colonel who plays a mouth organ and works out horoscopes; a hard-working American Ambassador who seriously tries to serve his country; a tough-minded labor negotiator who for some unaccountable reason conducts a conference on atomic weapon installations; and the Ugly American whose uncouth physiognomy and dirty fingernails suggested a title fortuitously reminiscent of Graham Greene's *The Quiet American.*

Third, there is plenty of dramatic conflict in the story because everybody who tries to do any good has to beat his brains out against the stupidity, arrogance, trickery, indolence, bureaucracy, rascality, or other flaws of American officials in the field or at home.

And finally, the story is laid in Southeast Asia, which offers plenty of exotic background stuff like temple dancers, golden pagodas, jungle scenes, and other grist for Technicolor.

The only obvious deficiency in the story is that there isn't much of a sex angle, but it shouldn't be too hard to put some pizzazz into that insipid secretary to the Ambassador.

With all these assets, *The Ugly American* might appear to be a cinch for adaptation to the screen. But it's not that easy.

The screen writers may have trouble developing a story line and picking a hero. The difficulty is that the book is a collection of episodes which are only loosely related to each other and would tend to clutter up the continuity. Besides, most of the Good Guys don't quite add up as heroes. The Catholic priest is around for only one chapter and then is abandoned by both the authors and the American Embassy; the Air Force colonel never gets to influence policy by reading the King's horoscope because the Counselor of Embassy goofs off; the good Ambassador gives up hope of making sense out of the U. S. government and throws in the towel; the labor leader's good work gets him nowhere because a Navy captain on his negotiating team falls for a local Communist girl to the detriment of his daytime reflexes; and the poultryman is bought off by a wily French Ambassador with an expense-free junket through the fleshpots of Asia and Europe.

By a process of elimination scenarists probably will have to settle for the Ugly American himself as the hero, because he is the only character who succeeds in doing any good for the U. S. A.—and then only by insubordination. The Ugly American, of course, is the earthy engineer who disappears into the sticks of an Asian country with his equally earthy wife and—despite the disapproval of his American superiors—makes a hit with the natives by inventing a bamboo pump operated by a bicycle pedal to raise irrigation water.

Right here I want to make a minor suggestion to the screen writers. It is this: Try to figure out something else for the Ugly American to invent, because the Asians themselves seem to have invented pedal-operated pumps about ten centuries ago, though there is some historical evidence to suggest that they stole the idea from the ancient Egyptians. As for the use of bamboo, a Filipino tried to sell that idea a few years ago to both his own government and to the Indian government, but it was turned down because it doesn't work very well and only works at all on shallow wells. And all the bright engineers

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Asians and Americans alike—are trying to help the villagers out there to put down deep wells in place of shallow wells which are unsanitary and have other drawbacks.

As alternative ideas for the Ugly American, you might consider the invention of a coffee roaster made from a gasoline drum; or an improved stove that burns less fuel and doesn't smoke up the hut; or a manual washing machine made out of wood; or a ten-dollar water filter for village wells; or even an inexpensive gasoline pump. All these things have been cooked up by Americans in the field and they work fine.

STAY AWAY FROM THOSE FACTS

BUT these are details. The first big suggestion I want to make to the Script Department is this: *Don't do any research on this story.* There is plenty of material available and it's easy to come by. But it spoils the whole theme of *The Ugly American.*

Take the bit about the poultryman, for example. In the book he quits in disgust because his chief has a fixation about big projects like dams and irrigation works and can't be bothered with unglamorous, picayune stuff like improving barnyard stock. If you made the mistake of poking around into the facts, you would find that there are fifty-eight Americans currently overseas in forty-three countries helping farmers to improve their poultry and livestock. In Iran, for example, the U. S.-sponsored poultry program has benefited the farmers of some thirty thousand villages and produced some ten million cross-bred chickens which weigh twice as much as the old Iranian stock and lay three times as many eggs. And in Lebanon the poultry program is so well known that large eggs on the market are called "Point Four Eggs." This kind of information would spoil the whole story, so it is much better just to go along with the authors of the book and ignore it.

This advice is essential because one of the main points of the book is that our foreign-aid program doesn't do any of the little things that touch the plain people. And if you started messing around with research you would find all kinds of little projects—like the substitution of steel plow tips for wooden plow tips. Or instructions on how to de-worm pigs. Or lessons on the prevention of childhood diseases. Or training schools for rural nurses. Or village programs to teach people how to read and write. Or self-help housing projects which are now under way in Guatemala, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, British Honduras, Surinam, Trinidad, British Guiana, Turkey, Korea, and Taiwan. Or the work-while-learning agricultural school for young farmers in the Philippines. Or the distribution of foods that have eased the twinges of hunger in at least sixty million bellies, mostly Asian. Stuff of that kind. It just doesn't add up to a best-selling story.

Another reason why it's important not to do any research is that a second major point of *The Ugly American* is to show what jerks we are, compared to the Russians. While the U. S. is represented in Sarkhan by an insensitive political hack, the Russian Ambassador is so dedicated that he not only dieted forty pounds off his middle in deference to local predilections for slim-waisted diplomats, but he learned to play the native nose flute as well. While American supplies, labeled as gifts from the U. S. A., never seem to spark any gratitude, the Russians become heroes by furtively stenciling the hammer and sickle on a few bags of our rice.

But even more important is the evidence presented in the book that the Communists not only beat us hands down but they do it with far less money and never, never make a mistake. The screen writers of *The Ugly American* would do well to take all this on faith. Otherwise, they might find out that the Communist countries have extended credits for some $2.5 billion worth of economic aid and are putting more money and technicians into some countries than we are. What's more, they might stumble across some disturbing stories of booboos by the Communist master minds—like how they offended the Burmese by buying their rice and then selling it in competition to Burma's own customers; or how they overcharged the Indonesians for inferior jeeps; or how they sent a beet-sugar mill to Java instead of the cane-sugar mill that was ordered; or how a team of technicians from Indonesia spent nine months in Czechoslovakia without learning anything because their Communist instructors couldn't speak the language.

How would the audience get the word that the Russians are taking the shirts off the Americans if you show the Russians making mistakes like that? So this is my first line of advice to the screen writers: Stick with the episodes in the book and leave the facts alone. They muck up the story.

PUNCHERS AND QUITTERS

THE second helpful hint is this: *Don't be confused by a lot of little contradictions in the book.* For example, the book says that Americans working overseas should get out and live and work in the villages where the people are; but it also says that Americans should cuddle up to students, intellectuals, labor leaders, opinion-makers, and the kind of folks who obstinately prefer to live in the cities. Then the book keeps preaching about how we should concentrate on the simple, inexpensive things that the people understand; but it also says that we should do things that will have a big dramatic impact, like the Russian offers to build a hospital

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and a sports stadium. The book says that we should send out only Americans who are steeped in knowledge of the language, history, religion, politics, economics, culture, and folkways of the country to which they are assigned; but it also suggests that our envoys should be down-to-earth folks ready to work with their hands in the fields and repair shops. The book suggests that our representatives should be disciplined professionals in the service of our cause; but the authors' sympathies run to insubordinate and peevish types who quit when they can't have their way, give the old heave-ho to visiting American Senators, and punch other Americans on the nose—the kind of colorful individualist with a very low survival value in any organization, public or private.

But, as I say, don't be confused by such minor contradictions. Chances are the movie audiences will never notice a thing.

THE third—and most important—bit of advice to the screen writers is this: *Don't go trying to make any sense out of the Big Message of the book.* The Big Message is that the United States is consistently losing to Communism all over the world and that there is an easy solution to this problem.

The solution is set down as plain as day in the final chapter of the book—rather curiously entitled "A Factual Epilogue." It says this:

"We do not need the horde of 1,500,000 Americans—mostly amateurs—who are now working for the United States overseas. What we need is a small force of well-trained, well-chosen, hard-working and dedicated professionals. They must be willing to risk their comforts and—in some lands—their health. They must go equipped to apply a positive policy promulgated by a clear thinking government. They must speak the language of the land of their assignment, and they must be more expert in its problems than are the natives."

This is the kind of statement that is impregnable to everything but analysis.

For one thing, the "horde of 1,500,000 Americans—mostly amateurs" includes well over one million members of the U. S. armed services. The authors do not recommend any reduction in armed forces, so presumably the desired reductions would be made from the professional-level people who man the Embassies and aid missions in the sixty-odd nations in which we are represented. Certainly some of these would have to mind the store in the capitals which remain the political, economic, financial, and cultural centers of the world and where official business between representatives of governments still is conducted. And given the fact that there are somewhere between three and five million villages in the world, one wonders how the remaining Americans would manage to get out and live with the plain people as they are urged to do.

Of course, no reasonable person would quarrel with the authors' edict that the refurbished American teams must "go equipped to apply a positive policy promulgated by a clear-thinking government." But it does imply that overseas representatives—no matter how rigorously trained—cannot be much better than the policies of the government they represent.

Again, none can object to the plea for language qualification, which experts agree is one of the four or five most important assets of representatives serving abroad. In fact it is so unassailable that even the government had sense enough to expand its language training programs several years ago.

As for the suggestion that Americans should be more expert than native experts in the problems of their own countries, it just wouldn't pay to think about the likelihood of this ever happening.

SOME "NATIVE" ALLERGIES

BUT it isn't what *is* said in the Big Message that is really troublesome. It's what *isn't* said.

For example, it isn't pointed out anywhere in the book that Communist parties everywhere are manned—not by Russians or other foreigners—but by bona fide nationals of the country in which they live. Nor is it recognized anywhere in the book that Americans do not and cannot have representatives in the cabinets or parliaments of other nations or even run elections in foreign countries;

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By Philip Roth

iat Americans do not and cannot ublish newspapers or control other ieans of public persuasion; that Americans cannot have and do not ave decisive influence over any of ie centers of political power in any ociety outside of the United States.

Nowhere does the book mention iat in almost every nation in Asia, ie Middle East, Africa, and Latin merica the dominant political force nationalism rather than Commuism; and that the trademark of ationalism is a sensitive allergy to ie exercise of any influence by any oreigner over any aspect of national fe—least of all by foreigners who appen to be white and Western.

Nowhere does the book refer to ie fact that our basic concept of elations with friendly nations preudes our representatives from rrowing their weight around—even they could; and prevents them om going behind the backs of host overnments to deal directly with the eople; and requires them to work it aid programs on the basis of greed projects and mutual co-operaon—with the result that, rightly or rongly, Americans just don't wander around in the barrios and boonocks cooking up spot projects with e head men of the villages.

Nowhere does the book point up e fact that the major enemies of cial and economic reform are not much the Communists as the conrvative and reactionary elements in ost societies. Nowhere does the ook hint at the responsibility of reign governments to lead in the nduct of their own affairs—nor at e existence of national leaders pable of doing so.

Speaking more generally, all that left out of the book is a recognition it societies in the less developed eas of the world are caught up in e whirlwinds of concurrent revolutions—social, economic, ideological, d technological; that old institutions are crumbling right and left thout new ones to take their ces; that populations in many ces are growing faster than reirces; that Communism—for all its s—waits alertly to capitalize on moil not of its own making; and t there is a desperate lack of capiof know-how, of management, l of the institutions needed to de pre-industrial and pre-democratic societies through the agonies of violent change—quickly enough to meet aspirations and smoothly enough to avoid political retrogression. And people who worry about such things tend to suspect that this may be just about the toughest, most complicated, subtle, and sophisticated problem that anyone has ever faced.

But the screen writers of the *Ugly American* should not boggle at this kind of thing. Stick with the Big Message. Stick with that small band of elite Americans—concocted of one part scholar, one part paratrooper, and one part handyman. In the book, the reader is left to imagine just how they would go about making Asia, Africa, and other parts safe for democracy. It would be well to leave it to the imagination of the movie audience as well.

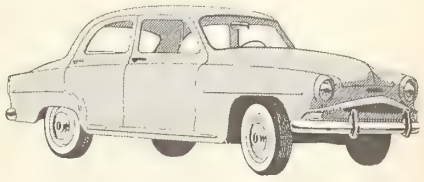
THE whole point underlying all my advice is that the Big Message in *The Ugly American* is absolutely foolproof just the way it is. There are at least three reasons for this.

(1) As the authors assure us, the episodes in the book are only fictionalized versions of events that actually took place, and the characters in the book are based on people who actually exist. Thus the stories are essentially *true*—just as true as the fact that the U. S. Congress includes a handful of rascals and free-loaders, or that American business has its quota of incompetents and fools, or that American youth includes delinquents and Beatniks.

(2) The authors of *The Ugly American* have the impressive credentials of the man-who-was-there-and-saw-it-with-his-own-eyes. As they put it: "We have shared in the events of Southeast Asia." And as the book itself makes clear in the incident involving Senator Brown, the man-who-was-there is infallible, even when he is wrong.

(3) The Big Message of *The Ugly American* is foolproof because it offers a simple, easy cure-all for violent, complex, intangible problems. Any nostrum is bound to be popular because it offers a substitute for thinking. People *love* easy answers. So I just suggest that the screen writers dish up *The Ugly American* the way it was written in the book. You can't miss.

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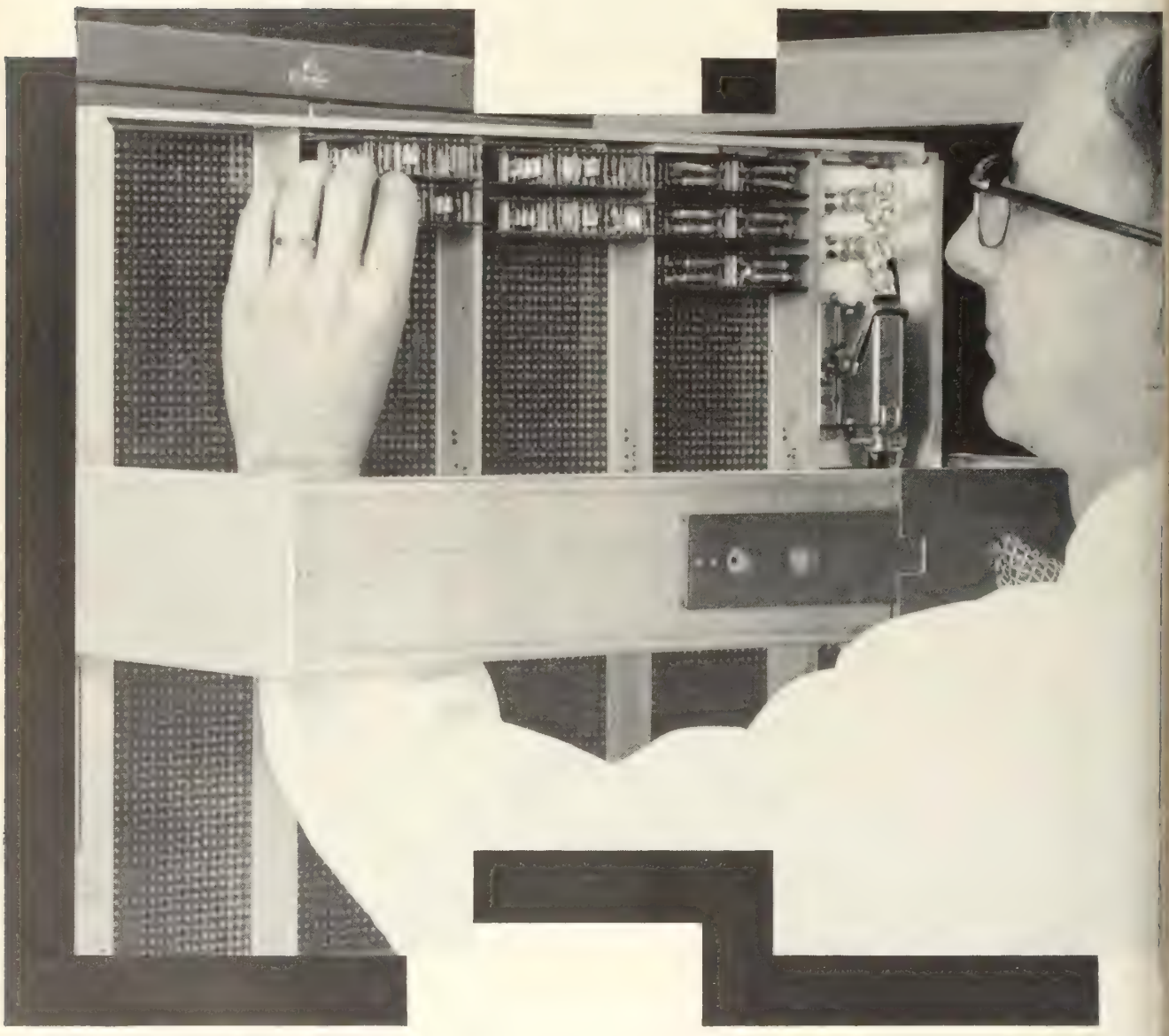
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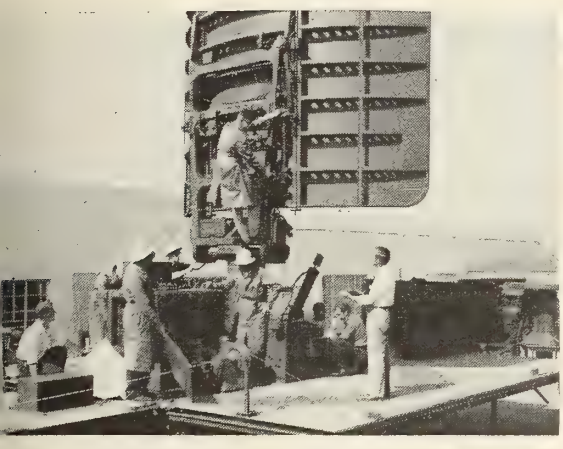
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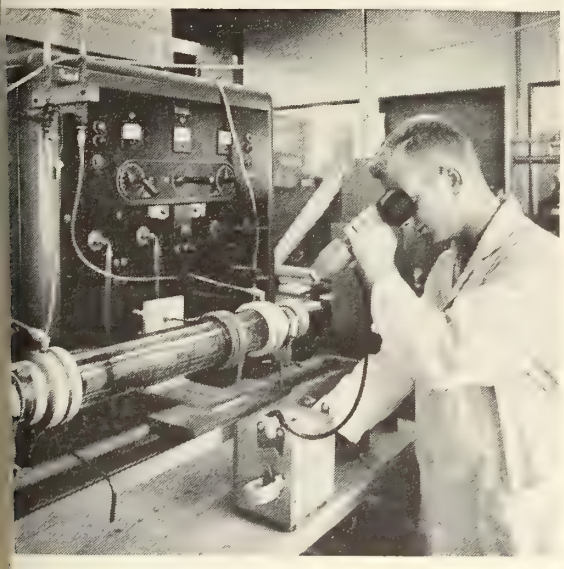
Packing circuits to circle



the world



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Purity Plus—Hughes Products Division engineer checks semiconductor materials to insure purity.

"Project Cordwood" is a new Hughes Communications project which has produced low-cost, widely interchangeable circuit modules *(see photo on left-hand page)*. Other projects under way at the Hughes Communications Division involve the development of systems which deflect their signals from meteors and artificial satellites. Allied to this is the Hughes adoption of the wire-wrapping technique to obtain compact, reliable and automatically applied wiring.

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Industrial Dynamics	Technical Writing
Digital Computer Eng.	Electron Tubes
Microwave Engineering	Industrial Systems

Write in confidence, to Mr. Tom Stewart, Hughes General Offices, Bldg. 6-F6, Culver City, California.

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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Among Our Contributors

BOOTLEG SUBSTITUTE

"H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N, Ever Eumoirous" (p. 35) fittingly introduces the real **Leo Rosten** to replace the former "Leonard Q. Ross" as author of *The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N*, which he wrote over twenty years ago. Mr. Rosten was then an "earnest young man, who was bucking for his Ph.D." and because "he was pining to take the academic vows (poverty, bibliography, and jargon)" and scared of what his professors might do if they found out that he was spending his weekends in the secret vice of writing fiction that contained humor, he signed the first Kaplan story with a pseudonym.

Mr. Rosten has since that time not only won the Ph.D. (political science and international relations, University of Chicago) but also carved out a distinguished record in government service (deputy director of the OWI, special consultant to the Secretary of War), fiction and screen writing ("Sleep, My Love," "Walk East on Beacon," etc.), and journalism (editorial adviser on *Look*). Critics have compared Hyman Kaplan to Charlie Chaplin, Henry Adams, Queequeg, Scarlett O'Hara, Machiavelli, Micawber, The Wandering Jew, and Mr. Dooley, among others.

In the preface to his forthcoming book, *The Return of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N* (from which *Harper's* is publishing three stories this summer), Mr. Rosten answers a number of questions that Kaplan-fans have asked over the years. Here are a few of them:

(1) Yes, Mr. Rosten did teach in a night school for adults, on the West Side of Chicago for about two years, as a "bootleg substitute" (unaccredited) for an instructor "who had sensibly suffered a nervous breakdown."

(2) No, there never was a student like Hyman Kaplan. "Life is not that beneficent."

(3) Yes, his academic training did help him as a writer, but "a writer writes not because he is educated but because he is driven by the need to communicate. Behind the need to communicate is the need to share. Behind the need to share is the terrible and remorseless need to be understood.

"The writer wants to be understood much more than he wants to be respected or praised or even loved. And that, perhaps, is what makes him different from others."

(4) As to how he happened to write a new book about Mr. Kaplan: "It came about in the horrid summer of 1958, during one of the most harrowing stretches of my life. . . . I turned once more to the congregations of the self for—yes, for self-administered consolation. And, by God, it was Mr. Kaplan who appeared—his zest undiminished, frankly annoyed by the length of time it had taken me to realize what was really important in life. . . . Mr. Kaplan treated bygones as if they were bagels and consented to collaborate once more."

*The Return of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N* will be published by Harper & Brothers in September.

TWO-FACED WEAPONS

. . . In the lead article this month, **Brigadier General J. H. Rothschild** argues for free public discussion of "The Weapons Nobody Dares Talk About" (p. 29). Now retired in early middle age from his job as Commanding General of the Chemical Corps Research and Development Command, General Rothschild is teaching in the Department of Chemical Engineering at the University of Colorado.

No one can read his candid argument without thinking about the close interlinking of good and evil in modern weapons development. Two recent press items carry the same ironic implication.

(1) One of the four major groups of new anti-cancer drugs—the "alkylating agents" which act as cell poisons—have come into use since World War II as the result of secret clinical tests with mustard gas derivatives during the war. These are among some 77,000 compounds that have been screened by the National Cancer Institute's chemotherapy program.

(2) The London *Economist* recently suggested that biological and chemical weapons could be the next step toward the enforcement of international peace. The editorial commented:

"Some tactical theorists have played with the idea of human nerve gases which would paralyze attacking troops so that they could be disarmed and interned. If the practical difficulties could be overcome this certainly seems the ideal weapon of a UN police force, called in to separate combatants by a Security Council order. But it seems too probable that aggressor, victim (whichever was which), and UN policeman would all fall into the common coma."

Jacquard H. Rothschild was a West Pointer (Class of '30) from Illinois and later took an M. S. at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He entered the Chemical Warfare Service in 1937, spent most of the war years at MIT in the Chemical Warfare Service Development Laboratory, and in 1944 commanded the 93rd Chemical Mortar Battalion in Europe.

After 1945, he taught at the U. S. Military Academy and served in the Far East supervising Chemical Corps supply policy and advising the Far East Air Force, the Navy, and various Army units. On retiring from his command in Washington in 1957, he traveled around Europe with his family in a Volkswagen Microbus. Besides teaching at Colorado, he is now also an industrial management consultant in research and development.

. . . In "When I Learned I Had Cancer" (p. 42) **Senator Richard Neuberger** tells his own case history—on the theory that knowledge is the best weapon in fighting both the disease and the panic it inspires. Something like 150,000 Americans who have cancer are rescued from death each year.

The special responsibility of men in public life in relation to cancer, our second-largest killer in the



In the KNOW

There are social values, too, in wanting to KNOW or even in wanting to be "in the know."

We're all aware that talk and small talk can make a big hit at a dinner party, a business luncheon, or the family's supper in the kitchen.

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United States, was emphasized by Dr. Isador I. Ravdin, one of President Eisenhower's physicians, in a speech to the Cured Cancer Congress in Washington this spring. Recalling the Senators who have died of cancer in recent years—Vandenberg, Taft, McMahon, Neely, Wadsworth, Holt, and Bilbo—Dr. Ravdin suggested "that our members of Congress, the lawmakers, and other leaders of this nation accept the responsibility, as a condition of the office to which they were elected, or appointed, of having regular physical checkups" and that they report in newsletters to constituents when they have done so.

Aside from these personal reports - which may be, after all, an unwarranted invasion of privacy—Congress can do much. Mainly, it can support the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, which conducts the federal research program. The NCI received from Congress about $75 million in fiscal 1959, which was a substantial increase over the year before and 36 per cent more than the Eisenhower Administration asked. This will probably be increased this year, but Dr. Ravdin pointed out that NCI's whole annual budget would hardly do more than pay for two Atlas missiles on the firing line.

Senator Neuberger has introduced two bills this year which will help to assure continuity in cancer research: a bill to provide $500 million for the National Cancer Institute "to remain available until expended"; and a bill to help medical students who borrow funds under the National Defense Scholarship Act, by "forgiving" 10 per cent of the loan for each full year spent in medical research, up to 50 per cent of the loan.

. . . In the early 1950s **Myron Kandel** and **Albert C. Lasher** were gleefully pricking academic pomposity as colleagues on the Brooklyn College undergraduate newspaper, *Vanguard*. (The paper's charter was revoked.) They now continue the fun in "The Booming Market in Honorary Degrees" (p. 46), though meanwhile both have earned master's degrees from Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism.

Mr. Kandel is a night copy editor on the *New York Times* and Mr. Lasher has gone from the *Wall Street Journal* and *Business Week* to *Industrial Relations News*. They did most of the writing on the article between 2:00 and 5:00 A.M.

. . . **George Steiner** sent in his "Notes from Eastern Europe" (p. 49) after an extended trip which was part of a year he is spending as Fulbright professor at the University of Innsbruck. He is a young American born in Paris who was educated at the University of Chicago and Harvard and was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. After some years on the Staff of the *Economist*, he worked at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton. He will return to Princeton to give a Gauss Seminar in Criticism this fall. His new book, *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky*, is reviewed this month (p. 98).

Mass Media Fellowships

THE Fund for Adult Education is offering about eighteen fellowships for 1960-61 to persons in creative positions in the mass media. Applications will be acceptable until October 15, 1959. Newspapermen, broadcasters, magazine writers and editors, and educational film producers can find out about the program by writing to:

Donald Shilen, FAE Fellowships
200 Bloomingdale Road
White Plains, New York

. . . A note from **Dean Acheson**, former U. S. Secretary of State, helps to explain his unusual excursion, "The Great Fish of Como" (p. 55). P & O asked Mr. Acheson about his literary background and tastes.

"This is a tough order," he replied, "because, having passed the mystic age of sixty, when Duff Cooper says old age begins, I have shed conscience about reading. For years I was constrained by the fetish that reading should 'improve' my mind, and by the even more puritan idea that having begun a book I must finish it. All that nonsense fell from me like sea water from our distant ancestor emerging from it, when in a frenzy of boredom I hurled an offending book out of the bedroom window into a dripping garden. I take comfort from Justice Holmes's report of Emerson's advice to him to hold Plato at arm's length and say, 'Plato, you have pleased millions. Let's see whether you can please me.'

"So I read what I like, stop when I like, eschew self-improvement, and, as far as what I 'ought' to like or dislike, 'the public be damned.' There is no order or system or plan about what I read. There is only that fundamental aim of man which the Declaration of Independence rates so highly, 'the pursuit of happiness'—all too rarely caught."

. . . **David C. Stewart's** "Reading, Writing, and Television" (p. 58) presents a case where TV has already proved its power as a teacher. Mr. Stewart, now assistant director of the Joint Council on Educational Television in Washington, D. C., has produced TV programs at Western Reserve University and taught drama at Vassar and at Robert College in Istanbul.

. . . **Warner Bloomberg, Jr.** reports from the inside on changes brought in factory life by automation ("Requiem for the Laboring Man," p. 60). During World War II, when he was a boy in Massillon, Ohio, Mr. Bloomberg got a defense job in a steel factory. Every summer—except for two in the Navy—he went back to the job, and he worked full-time in a Gary, Indiana, steel mill after he got his M.A. in social science at the University of Chicago. He is now assistant professor of sociology at Syracuse University.

. . . The analysis of "Sears, Roebuck's Mexican Revolution" (p. 65) comes from **Daniel James**, who has been living in Mexico since 1956. He has traveled all over Latin America as a reporter for Spadea Syndicate and American magazines. His interest in the area began in 1949 when, as managing editor of the *New Leader* in New York, he met many of its political exiles. He wrote *Red Design for the Americas: Guatemalan Prelude*, and is now finishing a book on *Mexico and the Americans*.

. . . **Nat Hentoff** has observed "Race Prejudice in Jazz" (p. 72) as a good friend of many musicians and a leading critic of the art. He is co-editor of a new monthly, the *Jazz Review*,

and of three books published by Rinehart on the history and makers of jazz. He has been adviser on two CBS-TV jazz shows and conducts a weekly FM radio program with Gunther Schuller.

. . . The American sociologist who was summoned by the inspector-general in Pakistan is **Daniel Bell** (p. 78), former labor editor of *Fortune* magazine. Mr. Bell has been spending the past year in research and writing at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford, California. This fall the Free Press will publish a book of his essays, and he will return to Columbia University to teach sociology.

. . . **Anthony Ostroff** (p. 53), on leave from the University of California at Berkeley, has been teaching this year at Vassar.

Christopher Logue (p. 71) lives in London and has had poems in *Encounter* and other magazines.

Philene Hammer (p. 77) is a St. Louis housewife and former teacher.

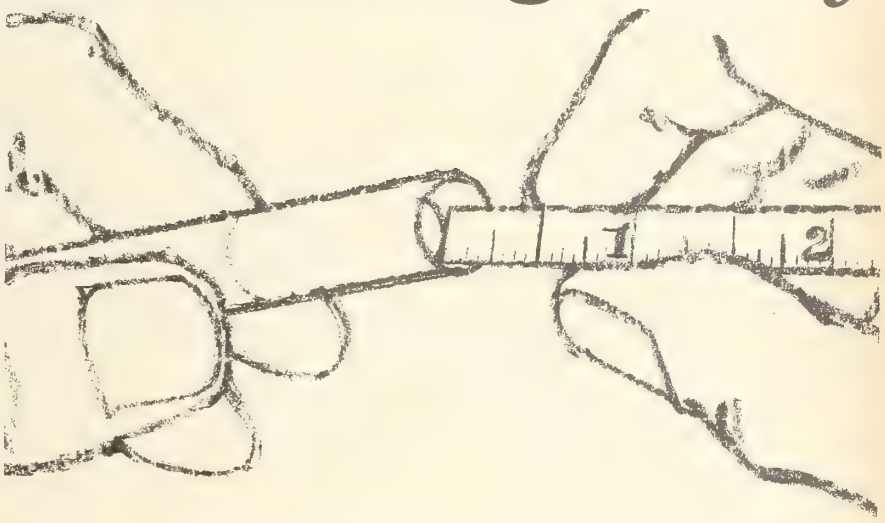
HONORS

. . . The United States 4-cent Arctic Explorations commemorative stamp, which was issued on April 6, was designed by **George Samerjan**, who has designed many recent *Harper's* covers, including this month's. Mr. Samerjan was flown to the Arctic and the North Pole by the U. S. Air Force to make documentary sketches; he was also airlifted to New Zealand to do research for a record in painting of Air Force activities for the International Geophysical Year.

Frederick Gutheim received the $500 first prize in the American Institute of Architects' annual Architectural Journalism Competition this spring. The award was for his article about Lincoln Center in *Harper's* last October: "Athens on the Subway."

Eric Larrabee, who regularly contributes "Jazz Notes" (p. 104), will lecture at the Newport Jazz Festival this summer. He will speak on Sunday morning, July 5, on "The Place of Jazz in American Culture." Formerly a *Harper's* editor, Mr. Larrabee is now executive editor of *American Heritage*.

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"The wage increases and improved benefits place the wages, hours, and working conditions of most steelworkers in the forefront of American industry."

* * *

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Wages and benefits in steel have been rising sharply. In fact, throughout virtually all industry they have risen much faster than productivity could be increased. That's one big reason for the inflation which cuts the buying power of your dollar.

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Harper's MAGAZINE

GERMS AND GAS

The Weapons Nobody Dares Talk About

Brig. Gen. J. H. ROTHSCHILD
U. S. Army, Ret.

They could make war a lot more humane—but because Washington is even afraid to mention them, it is missing a chance to develop a merciful alternative to the atomic bomb.

ALTHOUGH the country is not yet aware of it, America's chemical and biological weapons are quite as potent as its nuclear weapons, and, if war comes, they *could* prove to be both more effective and more humane. For fallacious reasons, our government is keeping the nation in the dark about them and is not giving adequate support to their development.

To the general public, these weapons are particularly mysterious and indecent—so awful and sinister, in fact, that they have not been used in recent wars. This impression is very wrong but the government has done little if anything to correct it. Apparently afraid of the reaction from the American people and from our allies, neutral nations, and potential enemies, it has forbidden officials who know about chemical and biological warfare to discuss it freely in public.

Until I retired from active duty as Commanding General of the Chemical Corps Research and Development Command, I was myself under such restrictions. It is only since my retirement to the faculty of the University of Colorado that I've been able to state freely my own considered opinion: that our official policy has placed this country in an extremely dangerous position. A public which is ignorant and suspicious of these weapons cannot be expected to encourage their development and will be psychologically unprepared for their use, if and when it becomes necessary. So long as we neglect this aspect of war we are giving a potential enemy a tremendous advantage.

No matter what the tone of its propaganda, we can be sure that the Soviet Union has no scruples over developing chemical and biological weapons and would have none over their use. It seems very likely, in fact, that they know more about some of them than we do as they would use humans freely for experimentation. If we are to keep pace with Russia's ability to make war, we *must* squarely face the facts of chemical and biological warfare. Otherwise there will be a widening gap in the state of our preparedness.

"HUMANE" AGONIES

TACITLY at least, the American government endorses the view that chemical and biological warfare are so inhumane as to be inacceptable

to the American people. We may well wonder why. For hundreds of years it has been impossible to carry on war without firing hot metal capable of blasting off legs and arms, and of leaving men blind and mindless for life. In modern war it has become quite acceptable to burn men to death—a particularly agonizing death—with flame throwers and fire bombs. Surely it is absurd to insist that the savageries of conventional warfare can be even relatively "humane." As for nuclear warfare, it should not by now be necessary to emphasize the human damage it can do—not only to the living but to future generations.

Ironically enough, it can be argued that the *only* known hope for relatively humane warfare in the future lies in the chemical and biological weapons. As I shall try to show, there are gases and biological agents which make it possible to *temporarily* incapacitate the enemy, with no aftereffects, or to reduce his food supply without indiscriminate killing and maiming. War will never be less than horrible but chemical and biological warfare offer at least some small hope of carrying it on without unnecessarily destroying large numbers of troops, their families, and their cities.

If this is so, why are we so afraid? I suspect that much of our fear springs originally from our own American propaganda during the first world war when the Germans caught us unawares by initiating the first large-scale use of poison gas. While we were building up our own defensive and offensive strength in chemical warfare, our propagandists sold the general public on the horrors of the chemical weapons which existed at the time and they have believed it ever since.

As a matter of fact, our experience with poison gas during the first world war is more reassuring than frightening. Of the 272,000 casualties suffered by American forces, some 26.8 per cent resulted from gas: but *only 2 per cent* of these casualties died, in contrast to the 25.8 per cent of the other, non-gas casualties. Furthermore, men who were gassed suffered proportionately fewer lasting effects than those wounded in other ways. Only 7 per cent of the casualties caused by gas were discharged as disabled, in contrast to 25 per cent of those wounded by other means.

After that war, Colonel (later Major General) Harry Gilchrist of the Army Medical Corps—the Army's leading expert on the medical aspects of chemical warfare—summarized a long survey of the fighting and its effects by saying that gas was "not only one of the most efficient agencies for effecting casualties but is the most humane method ever applied on a battlefield." And he concluded that "gas causes less suffering than wounds."

COSTLY TABOO

NEVERTHELESS, the fearful image of chemical warfare persisted and the government did nothing to correct it. During the second world war, President Roosevelt announced that we would use chemical weapons only in retaliation—rather like a fighter announcing that his opponent has the right to one free swing—and throughout the war they were never used. In the Pacific campaign, our commanders constantly asked permission to use gas as we fought our way through the islands—where our casualties were often very high—but they were refused.

Some idea of the inefficiency and inhumanity of this taboo against chemical weapons can be drawn from the fight for the tiny island of Bitou in the Tarawa group, which contained a valuable airstrip and was held by 4,000 Japanese Imperial Marines. Before the battle was over we had dropped over 3,000 tons of high explosives on the island—which was less than a square mile in area—and still sustained nearly 4,000 casualties, including 1,026 deaths, after the hardest fighting in the history of the Marine Corps; finally, we had to rebuild the airstrip completely. If we had dropped only 900 tons of mustard gas on the island, we would have knocked out the entire enemy garrison in two or three days, walked ashore with practically no casualties, and had the airstrip available for immediate use.

During the Korean war, the same terrible cost of our policy in time and lives was demonstrated again and again. Our field commanders were repeatedly refused permission to use chemical weapons for attack on deeply entrenched enemy fortifications which were claiming very heavy American casualties. They would have been quite willing to use nothing more powerful than the tear gas and vomiting gas which local police use to control riots in the United States, but their requests were summarily rejected. At the same time, however, the commanders of our prisoner-of-war camps in Korea were given authority to use tear and vomiting gas against rioting Communist prisoners because these chemicals were *more effective and humane, and of less propaganda value to Communists, than the use of firearms.* War is the most inefficient and ter-

rible way of settling international disputes but, this said, there is no need to *increase* its horrors by prohibiting the use of weapons which could mean shorter fighting and less death.

Today the government is as reluctant as ever to let the facts on chemical and biological warfare be known. Talks by high officials of the Army Chemical Corps must be cleared not only by the Army but by the Department of Defense and the Department of State. When clearance is finally given, there is precious little information of real value or impact left in the speeches. It has been strictly forbidden, for example, to speak of any offensive use of chemical or biological agents—no matter how many advantages their use may have. Only defensive measures are to be discussed with the public.

This restriction is absurd. Supposedly the reason for it is that other nations might be shocked at frank talk about the use of these weapons or could exploit it for propaganda purposes. But surely everyone who thinks about it must realize that we are working on offensive weapons as well as defense against them; the Department of Defense would be impossibly incompetent if it weren't. And, unless I am very mistaken, our allies have a far more realistic view of this question than we think—they know that we can neither prevent use of these weapons nor create protection against them by sweeping the subject under the carpet. As for the Communists, we should have learned by now that we cannot let our policies be governed entirely by fear that they will be distorted for propaganda purposes. In Korea, we must remember, Communists mounted a major—and successful—propaganda campaign to the effect that we were using germ warfare when, in fact, we weren't. In effect they were exploiting our own tacit assumption—which we have encouraged the rest of the world to share—that chemical or biological warfare of any sort is so evil as to be a sure indication of barbarism.

There are, as I've indicated, at least two grave consequences of this policy of silence:

The first is that it leaves the public unprepared for the use of these weapons, either for us or against us. A somewhat similar situation existed with respect to nuclear energy after the war, until the press forced the government to release more information. Now there is an informed and articulate public which would, presumably, be prepared to support the government in certain uses of nuclear weapons, but which has also played a definite part, I believe, in encouraging their control and in the development of the so-called "clean bomb." I see no reason why public discussion of chemical and biological warfare could not be equally useful and responsible.

The second consequence is that the government's policy of silence infects the military establishment itself. Constantly pressed by the lack of sufficient time and money, our officers are forced to concentrate on the most important aspects of defense, to eliminate everything they safely can from their planning, their budgets, their allotments of priorities for training and for research. Existing in a kind of void, cut off from both public support and the knowledge that use of these weapons will be permitted, preparations for chemical and biological warfare often go begging.

The Defense Department does not officially condone this, or even admit it, but the facts are:

——that our troops are *not* properly prepared for this kind of warfare, and casualties from initial attack against us would be disastrous;

——that our own plans for the use of chemical and biological weapons are not well made;

——that our research and development toward improved weapons—especially the more humane ones—are seriously inadequate.

THE COWERING CAT

WHAT are the chemical and biological weapons and how, precisely, are they being neglected? Under security restrictions I can only outline the elementary facts; even so, I doubt if fuller information has yet appeared in the public press.

Chemical warfare is now far more effective than it was in 1918 when mustard gas was the principal chemical employed. Today the most painful and disagreeable gases—tear gas and vomiting gas, for instance—are used chiefly for riot control and their effects are short-lived. Most of the chemicals developed for use in war today give no warning of their presence by unpleasant physiological effects which would signal the enemy to take defensive measures. And in general they enter not only through the lungs but also through the skin, forcing the enemy to protect his entire body as well as his face. (They are generally labeled "gases" but they can be gases, or solid materials in the air such as smoke, or liquid particles floating in the air in the form of an invisible mist.)

For purposes of description, many of the modern chemical agents can be fitted into one of two very general categories:

*(1) **The Lethal Agents,*** which are exemplified by the nerve gases. These are liquids which may be disseminated either in gaseous or liquid particle form. They are odorless and colorless and, when they reach their targets, they are invisible. When inhaled, they cause death in a matter of seconds. They will also kill through the unbroken skin when a very small amount of the liquid is left there. Physiologically, these gases work by destroying the connections between nerve endings and the muscles the nerve endings control. Since the muscles can contract but not relax, the result is an eventual paralysis of the respiratory system which requires either immediate artificial respiration and the injection of atropine if death is not to follow shortly; and if the dose is much greater than the average lethal dose, these measures will be useless. So far as we know, there are no residual effects from these gases—they either kill or are followed by complete recovery.

The nerve gases can be delivered by shells, bombs, or missiles; or they can be sprayed from tanks in manned planes. Because so little of the liquid is required, an attack may cover many tens of square miles.

*(2) **The Non-lethal Agents,*** which cause irrational behavior and other non-lethal effects. The public was recently given a little information about one of these chemicals—LSD-25 (lysergic acid diethylamide derivative)—when a national magazine displayed photos of a cat which had been dosed with it cowering in the presence of a tiny mouse. LSD-25 itself would not be used as a weapon but there are many similar substances which could be. The irrational behavior caused by these chemicals varies according to the individual and is difficult to predict but generally is one of depression and anxiety. None of the victims realizes that he has been affected. Thus a battle commander might become unreasonably anxious and depressed without suspecting the gas and give illogical orders which could lose a battle; and, conceivably, troops could be persuaded chemically that their cause was hopeless, that the time had come to lay down their arms.

In addition to the irrational gases—which are now a reality—we know that it is possible to produce other chemicals which would not be fatal but could impair the enemy's capacity to wage war—for instance, by causing temporary blindness, or temporary paralysis, or temporary loss of equilibrium, among other effects. The possibilities are vast.

However, before research in this direction can go forward, there must first be official consensus that it is necessary; and there must be sufficient funds to carry it out. *Unfortunately, the entire amount of money now allotted to the Chemical Corps for research and development is less than the cost of two B-58 bombers.* Given such limited resources, the Chemical Corps must concentrate on the lethal weapons for which a need has definitely been established—however desirable and potentially useful it may consider the non-lethal agents to be. So long as military leaders are in doubt as to whether they will be permitted to use chemical and biological weapons at all—and so long as the public is ignorant of the possibilities of non-lethal warfare—it seems doubtful that we will have a balanced or adequate program in this field.

To me, this neglect of non-lethal chemical weapons is nothing short of tragic. Man is now confronted with the possibility that he can, in some important measure, eliminate death from war. It is high time we appreciate this fact and make the most of it.

EVERYTHING WILL COME TO A STOP

POWERFUL as they are, chemical weapons must nevertheless be generally limited to a battlefield area no larger than a few hundred square miles. Biological agents, on the other hand, can be used as strategic weapons covering thousands of miles in an attack.

It is not difficult to see why. Biological warfare uses living micro-organisms—or their toxic products—either against the enemy directly or against his food crops or animals. The amount of material necessary to infect the enemy is very small and it can be spread in tiny particles which will remain airborne for a long time and travel with the wind.

The micro-organisms and the diseases they produce which might be cited as examples of those which could figure in a biological attack are extremely numerous. Some obvious possibilities are: smallpox, caused by a virus; typhus, caused by rickettsia; cholera, which comes from bacteria; and San Joaquin or Valley Fever (coccidiondomycosis) which is caused by a fungus. Botulism—or "food poisoning"—is an example of sickness resulting from the toxic product of bacteria. To attack crops, stem rust of wheat, or rice blast might be used; for animals, diseases like hog cholera or fowl plague.

How could such biological agents be used? Since their main portal of entry into the body

The Cold Waugh on the Literary Front

Frank Harris. By Vincent Brome (Casell, 25 shillings).

A LIAR, a cheat, a blackmailer, a randy cad, a pretentious and inconsiderable writer, a crashing failure; a thief and murderer in youth, if his own account is to be believed; a sponger and pornographer in age; such was the man whose biography Mr. Brome has attempted to write. Why? Harris, though violently offensive, was really a most insignificant person. . . .

—From a review in the *Spectator*, London (February 20, 1959) by Evelyn Waugh.

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for man is through the lungs, the most obvious method would be to spread airborne germs to be inhaled by the enemy population. The result would not be the same as a natural "epidemic"—an epidemic is a very complex phenomenon which usually spreads quite slowly, gives a population time to marshal its defenses, and, in any case, is beyond our powers to reproduce. By contrast, biological warfare would strike an entire population *at the same time* and those infected would get sick at about the same time—including doctors, nurses, transportation workers, and so on.

If even 10 to 20 per cent of the population were affected over an area of thousands of miles—as is quite possible—*everything* would come to a stop. There would be insufficient medical care; it would be impossible to transport vaccines or therapeutic drugs; food supplies would run low; communication would be difficult or impossible. If the United States were so attacked, certainly—given the sorry state of our civil defenses today—the situation would be completely hopeless.

Another obvious use for biological weapons would be through sabotage. The United States, with its air-conditioned buildings, its centralized food-processing industries (including soft drinks), and its concentrated drug production, would be a ripe target for a biological saboteur. Incredibly dangerous amounts of biological material can be carried in very small bulk. For example, a single ounce of the toxic agent which causes the disease called "Q fever" would be sufficient to infect *28 billion* people. It would of course be quite impossible to realize anything like this potential—the individual dose is so tiny that there would inevitably be great wastage—but it gives some idea of the power that may be placed in a saboteur's hands.

Finally, biological agents can attack a nation's food supply and greatly decrease its ability to make war. This is particularly true of a country which depends to a large extent on a single crop, as the Soviet Union does on wheat. The United States is much less vulnerable than Russia in this respect—we do not crucially depend on any one crop and, in general, our crops are more resistant to the various diseases.

As with the chemical weapons, *it is possible to employ each of these methods effectively without killing large numbers of people, if we want to.* (The attack on the food supply is perhaps most humane—the enemy could capitulate at the starvation point and food could be shipped in.) Biological agents chosen for attack can carry deadly diseases—*or* they could carry lesser diseases which would merely temporarily incapacitate the enemy, killing off relatively few people. But I must emphasize that this kind of decision cannot be made at the last minute. It takes years of research to develop biological agents to the point where they can be used with confidence. Again, the Chemical Corps faces the familiar problem—it lacks sufficient funds to explore fully the possibilities for humane biological warfare as well as lethal warfare; indeed, it does not know—I suspect nobody knows—what part biological warfare, humane or inhumane, will be permitted to play in our national defense planning.

NEW SHAPE OF WAR

IF WE can both develop and realistically plan on using some of the weapons I have been describing, they could change the shape of war as it is now conceived. Here are a few very rough illustrations of the new possibilities that will be available to us:

• Suppose we are faced on a battlefield by a large force of trained enemy soldiers in contact with our own forces—a traditional situation of conventional warfare. Here we would probably want to use a lethal chemical agent. Biological agents carry farther and we would not want to chance a change in the wind which would blow

the agent back on our own forces. Nor would we want to wait out the incubation period for the disease. And it is probable that we will want to kill. There is no glossing over the fact that men must die in war. Taking care of a large number of sick enemy soldiers would take too many of our own men out of action.

• Suppose that the enemy had occupied an important rail center in the city of a friendly nation. Here we would certainly not want to use a nuclear weapon, even if we were involved in a nuclear war. Nor would we want to use a lethal agent. The most effective course would be to attack this target with non-lethal chemical or biological agents which would merely incapacitate the people in the area, neutralizing the rail center until we could overrun it. If we used our present approach—which is supposed to be "humane"—we would have to use either a nuclear bomb or many tons of high explosives, killing friendly neutrals as well as the enemy.

• Suppose that the enemy conspired to start a so-called "limited war" in another country—a possibility which seems much more likely than the outbreak of an "all-out war." We would want to cause the smallest amount of suffering to the people of the disrupted nation and, again, chemical and biological agents could be used to incapacitate rather than to kill.

• Finally, let us suppose that we want to attack a very large area in the enemy homeland to prevent support to its army in the field. The *only* known controllable weapons capable of attacking such a large area are biological; moreover, if the area were occupied mainly by women, children, and old people, I think there is little doubt that American public opinion would prefer using a biological agent which would cause the fewest number of deaths.

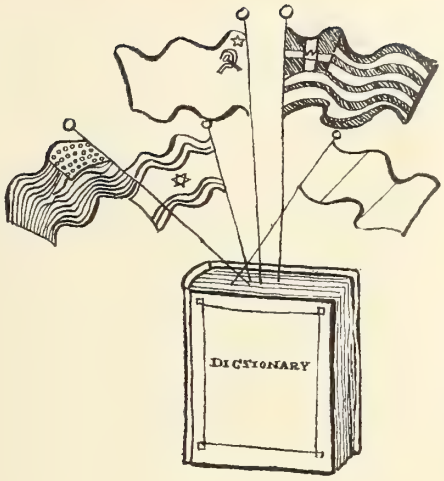
MINIMUM OF BLOOD

THESE examples, oversimplified as they are, suggest the outstanding virtues of chemical and biological warfare—its flexibility and economy, not only during a war but afterwards. With these weapons it is possible to attack effectively over a large area at low logistical cost; to seek out the enemy whether he is widely dispersed or in fortifications; to mount an attack which is ultimately directed against all the portals of the body and is thus extremely difficult to defend against; to neutralize, without destroying, such valuable facilities as factories, airfields, and ports which will be needed intact when war is over; to use the *minimum* force necessary to accomplish a military mission, causing a *minimum* of blood-spilling, prolonged physical suffering, and disfigurement. And last—but far from least—biological war may turn out to be the final deterrent against war in the future. If nuclear war is outlawed, or if the nuclear powers reach a complete stalemate, the threat of biological weapons capable of attack over an area of 100,000 square miles, with their possibilities for very large numbers of casualties, may make war too risky a strategic gamble for any power.

One thing does seem clear. If we are forced into a war with Soviet Russia or Communist China, we will have a much greater advantage if we do use these weapons. We will be fighting far greater numerical forces, a situation for which chemical and biological weapons are ideally suited. Moreover, the defenses against chemical and biological weapons, although potentially effective, are fairly complicated technically and are expensive. They involve sophisticated warning devices, efficient masks, prophylactic treatments, specially treated clothes, among other techniques. We are more able economically—and probably more willing—than either Russia or China is to furnish the individual soldier and the civilian community with the means to detect this kind of attack and to protect themselves against it. Our economic prosperity, our smaller population, our tradition of regard for individual life all confer advantages in defending against chemical and biological warfare.

IF THIS very brief analysis of chemical and biological warfare is correct, it follows, I suggest, that we must take two new steps in our military policy. First, we must reject once and for all the position stated by President Roosevelt that an enemy can have the first chemical or biological blow wherever and whenever he wishes. That blow could be disastrous. We must make it clear that we consider these weapons among the normal, usable means of war.

Finally we must confront the existence and the possibilities of these weapons and learn to live with them—with their potentials for humane warfare as well as for destruction of life. Our government should make possible—indeed encourage—free and full public discussion of their use so this country can prepare both to defend against them and to use them if it is to our advantage. We cannot start too soon.



The first of three stories by

LEO ROSTEN

Drawings by Karla Kuskin

H☆Y☆M☆A☆N K☆A☆P☆L☆A☆N, EVER EUMOIROUS

IT HAD all begun so innocently. Only when the fume and foam of conflict had settled, many hours later, far, far from the fierce battleground of the beginners' grade of the American Night Preparatory School for Adults, was Mr. Parkhill able to retrace the steps through which he had unwittingly opened that strange Pandora's Box.

Yet how could he have known? What could he have *done?* How had it begun?

It had begun, he supposed, when Stanislaus Wilkomirski, a steadfast but unpredictable student, delivered himself of a composition entitled "Why Horses Die All Over." The very first sentence of that surprising essay read:

> Horses are slower as autmobiles, and whose use makes horses die.

Mr. Parkhill's practiced eye seized upon that "and." It was a perfect example of the superfluous conjunction, that grammatical misdemeanor which Professor Otto J. Horkheimer, in his classic text on adult education, so aptly called "thwarted subordination."

Mr. Parkhill tapped the errant "and" with his pointer and explained how, in implying equality between the two clauses, "and" actually vitiated the *sub*ordination Mr. Wilkomirski had obviously intended. "If we simply remove the 'and'," said Mr. Parkhill, suiting action to thought with a deft swipe of the eraser, "the relationship between the two ideas is corrected." He paused. "Automobiles do not cause horses to—er—die, Mr. Wilkomirski. Did you not mean to say that the automobile *replaces* the horse?"

Mr. Wilkomirski had no qualms about concurring that the automobile replaces, rather than murders, the horse.

"Does anyone see a misspelled word in that sentence?" Mr. Parkhill asked, rather more pointedly than was his wont.

Miss Mitnick—earnest, shy, reliable Rose Mitnick—raised her hand. " 'Automobile.' That's spelled wrong. Should be an 'o' between 't' and 'm'."

"Good for you, Miss Mitnick," smiled Mr. Parkhill, and inserted an "o" between the "t" and the "m."

And that, it turned out, was the fatal moment. Yes, that innocuous "o" was the spark that triggered a chain reaction such as even the beginners' grade in its stormiest hour had never known. For "automobile," with its Greek and Latin origins, offered Mr. Parkhill a perfect opportunity to give his students a glimpse of etymology, to show them, as Professor Horkheimer had so often stressed, how to make use of languages other than English, languages which, as adults, they already knew and from which they could draw priceless roots and parallels.

"Can anyone tell me *why* there should be an 'o' after the 't'?" asked Mr. Parkhill.

Up went the hand of Hyman Kaplan.

"Y-yes?" said Mr. Parkhill cautiously.

"Becawss dat's de vay it's spalled!" beamed Hyman Kaplan.

Mr. Parkhill did not try to disguise his disappointment. "That, Mr. Kaplan," he said crossly, "does not help a bit."

"Becawss ve nidd a vowel to squeeze in de sond 'o'?" Mr. Kaplan tried again.

Mr. Parkhill gripped the chalk firmly. "No-no." He made a stroke to separate "auto" from "mobile." "Notice, class: 'Automobile' consists of two parts, 'auto' and 'mobile'. The first happens to come from Greek, the second from Latin. Now each of these has a specific meaning. 'Mobile' means moving. 'Auto' is Greek for—"

"Yos! Yos!" Recognition leaped from the throat of Gus Matsoukas, overjoyed by the appearance, so far from Ithaca, of a childhood friend. "'Auto'—dot means myself!"

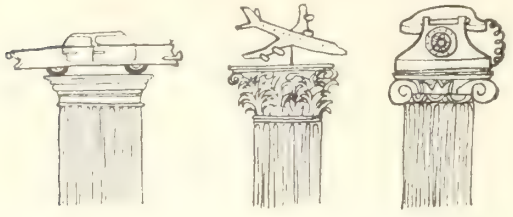
"Exactly," said Mr. Parkhill, quite pleased. "'Automobile' means 'self-moving,' moving under its own power, from the Greek—"

"Now we stodying *Grik?*" cried Mrs. Moskowitz in horror. To Mrs. Moskowitz, English was mystery and torment enough; the one thing it did not need was foreign aid-in-confusion from yet another tongue.

"Did the *Griks* invant automobills?" asked Oscar Trabish incredulously. "I thought the foist mechines came diract from Ditroit, by Hanry Fort—"

"Not!" Mr. Matsoukas thundered. "'Automobile' is Grik! 'Airplane' is Grik! 'Telephone' is Grik! All, all, all Grik!!"

Nationalism, which never lay more than a few



inches beneath the smoldering surface of the beginners' grade, now raced through the room like brush fire.

"Matsoukas, leave a few screps for other nations!" shouted Mr. Pinsky.

"Talephones came from Alexander Grayhond Bell!" averred Cookie Kipnis. (Miss Kipnis' first name was Clara, but it pleased her no end to be called "Cookie.")

"Airplanes are from U. S.," chirped tiny Mrs. Tomasic, touching her crucifix.

"Class, class," frowned Mr. Parkhill. "Mr. Matsoukas did not mean that the Greeks actually *invented* all these wonderful devices. He meant that the words used to—er—name them are Greek in origin."

"Aahh . . ." drifted through the room like an elegy. "Oooh . . ." murmured many in the flush of comprehension. "A*ha*!" cried Hyman Kaplan, who scorned half-measures.

Respectful faces turned to Mr. Matsoukas, tendering him, as plenipotentiary, the admiration his forebears so richly deserved.

As for the man from Greece, transformed from scapegoat to savant in the twinkling of an eye, he relapsed into his habitual mutterings and assumed an expression that left no doubt in anyone's mind that the proud people who had given mankind Aristotle and Plato, physics and philosophy, could just as easily have invented the telephone, the airplane, and heaven knows what else had they but thought it worth applying their minds to such childish ends.

This was too much for Miss Caravello, whose tribal *amour-propre* was easily offended. "Anda who giva de world da Art?" she demanded with passion. "Da Music? Da Church? Leonardo?"

Miss Caravello might have gone on for quite a while cataloguing the grandeurs of Rome had not even this brief sampling stung Olga Tarnova's heritage to the quick.

"Rossia, Rossia!" Miss Tarnova moaned in heartfelt accents. "Tolstoy. Lermontov. Chakhov. Pushk—"

"Michelangelo! Rossini! Dante!"

"Ladies, *ladies,*" said Mr. Parkhill, tapping his pointer on the desk, "we can dispense with such heated dialogue. . . ."

"Also Grik!" cried Gus Matsoukas.

"Mr. *Parkhill?*" Mr. Scymzak could not believe his ears.

"'Dialogue' is Grik, not teacher," snorted Mr. Matsoukas.

"Ha come you know so much Grik and so little English?" asked Mr. Pinsky in amazement.

"Because he is a man of high culture!" snapped Reuben Plonsky, who never missed an opportunity to deflate Mr. Kaplan's first grenadier.

"Ha!" That was Mr. Kaplan. "Jost happens Matsoukas got *born* in Grik—"

"'Greece,' Mr. Kaplan, not 'Grik'."

"—so for dat he desoives spacial cradit? *T'ink,* Plonsky. Use your bren! Averybody got to loin *som* lengvidge. Grik is Matsoukas' modder's tong. *Dat* kine colture, anyvun got!" He turned to Mr. Pinsky. "Pinsky, show. Spik a few voids Rumanian." Stout Pinsky uttered a few words in Rumanian.

"Studniczka!" Mr. Kaplan summoned a second underling. "Give a sample."

Peter Studniczka uttered cryptic syllables from some indecipherable, but no doubt ancient, tongue.

"Gidvitz, say a few voids—"

BUT Mr. Parkhill was drumming his pencil on his desk most resolutely. "That will do, Mr. Kaplan. Quiet, please . . . Everyone . . . Suppose we return to 'automobile.' I was merely trying to point out that English is—er—a living language. It is not fixed and unchanging. It grows all the time, adding new words, new shadings—"

"Oy," moaned Mrs. Moskowitz. Poor Mrs. Moskowitz. To her, words were like glaciers, or the oceans; they had always been *there*. To suggest that new words were being spawned right and left around her—that, to Mrs. Moskowitz, was opening the gates to bedlam itself.

"Let's take another word," said Mr. Parkhill quickly. He turned to the board, where he printed:

AUTOGRAPH

"Now, class, we saw that 'auto' refers to self. Does anyone know what 'graph' means?"

"Matsoukas, tell," Mr. Kaplan sighed. "You de only Grik in de cless."

" 'Greek,' Mr. Kaplan, not 'Grik'."

Mr. Matsoukas knit his brows. " 'Graph' . . . Yos! *'Grapho.'* Write."

"Good!" said Mr. Parkhill. "Therefore, 'autograph' means one's own writing, one's signature. Now do you see, class?"

They not only saw, they were staggered.

"Oooh . . ." crooned Miss Tarnova.

"Hadaya like that?"

"Claver!"

"Please, give more examples!"

"There are many, many more examples," said Mr. Parkhill cheerfully, heartened by the response of his charges. He thought for a moment. "Here is a word which may strike you as—er—hard; yet I'm sure all of you have seen it, dozens of times." On the board, he printed:

HOMOGENIZED

Uncertain murmurs, accompanied by baffled expressions, ascended from the ranks of the seated.

"Here is a hint—to the ladies," said Mr. Parkhill. "Whenever you go into a market, I am sure you see—" He touched "homogenized."

"That?" cried Mrs. Yanoff. "Never."

"Who shops in a *zoo?"* asked Cookie Kipnis.

"How we can buy something we can't pronounce?" Miss Goldberg reached for the security of a caramel.

Mr. Parkhill was not dismayed. "Think hard, class. I assure you that you have all seen this very word. Many times. Does anyone have a clue?"

The lone hand of Rose Mitnick rose once more. "Doesn't this mean," she blushed, "a certain kind milk?"

"It certainly does!" said Mr. Parkhill heartily. "Homogen—"

"Milk!" cried Miss Gidwitz.

"Ufcawss!"

"Soitinly!"

"Goodness sek!" mused Miss Ziev, making a note that would enliven many a dinner table.

"I knew you would recognize it," beamed Mr. Parkhill. "Now, 'homogenized' will take on a much richer meaning once we understand what its separate parts *mean."* He raised his chalk and bisected "homogenized." " 'Homo' means 'like,' 'the same.' 'Genos' refers to 'type' or 'kind.' Homogenized milk, therefore, is milk which is the same throughout, in which the cream has been distributed—"

"You mean *I am drinking Grik milk?"* exclaimed Mrs. Moskowitz scandalized.

"Grik milk is from goats!" growled Mr. Matsoukas.

"I am not a goat!"

"You not a cow eider," said Mr. Kaplan sternly, "still you drink Amarican milk!"



AT THIS point, Carmen Caravello, who was becoming increasingly antipathetic to the Hellene, broke in to ask Mr. Parkhill whether Greek was the *only* language which had enriched the Anglo-Saxon; had not a certain other noble tongue endowed its linguistic treasures to English? Through both her question and her intonation, which suggested an overheated diplomat delivering an icy *démarche,* Miss Caravello practically accused Mr. Parkhill of playing favorites among the nations.

"Latin," Mr. Parkhill agreed at once, "has

probably contributed even more words to English than Greek has."

"Bravo," said Miss Caravello simply.

"Still *anodder* lengvidge?" moaned Mrs. Moskowitz.

"My nephew write Latin," Mr. Scymzak confided. "He is doctor."

"Suppose we try a few words with Latin roots." On the board, Mr. Parkhill printed:

POSTPONE

"Now, 'post' means 'after,' and 'pone' comes from 'pono'—'place.' So 'post-pone' means—"

"Tea!" came an eager voice.

Mr. Parkhill stopped short. "I beg your pardon?"

"Tea!" It was Reuben Plonsky, glaring through his bi-focals. "A Chinese woid."

"Oh, I see what you mean. Why, yes. 'Tea' is, I believe, from the Chinese—"

"Zwieback!"

Mr. Parkhill coughed. "I beg—"

"Zwieback!" Mr. Guttman insisted. "From Chermany!"

"Yes—"

"Menalife," mused Mr. Kaplan, posed like Rodin's Thinker. "Aren't any voids in English fromm England?"

"England? Pah!" throbbed Olga Tarnova, all scorn. "England is not romahnteek. England is sail-boys and bonkers. Rossia! Rossia gives beautifulest words."

That was all that was needed to rouse those who carried the Mediterranean in their blood.

"Per carita!"

"Rossian . . ." sneered Mrs. Rodriguez.

"Give example!" challenged Mr. Matsoukas.

"Blintzes!" retorted Olga Tarnova. "Cahviar! Vodka!"

"Dose are *names,* not voids!" protested Mr. Kaplan.

"Tchaikowsky! Blini! Borscht!"



"Miss Tarnova—"

"All, all Rossian!"

"But dey *stay* Rossian!" stormed Mr. Kaplan. "Ve vant voids which *pess* from vun lengvidge into anodder. Kipp your borscht an' blintzes! Can you *homogenize* somting in Rossian?" (Mr. Matsoukas gave the Athenian equivalent of "Hear, hear.") "Did Rossian name a talephone, a hot drink, iven a cold sneck—"

"Class—"

"You are prajudiced against Rossia!" railed Miss Tarnova.

"He'sa jalous Latin, too!" chimed in Miss Caravello.

"We must be *broad*-mind," Miss Mitnick put in plaintively. "Mr. Kaplan, you are not international—"

"Ha!" cried Mr. Kaplan with the zest of yore, then struck home: "I'm not a Chinaman eider, but I didn't objact to Plonsky's 'tea'!"

Mr. Parkhill was frowning so severely, and rapping his pointer so sternly, that he stilled the inflamed factions by sheer will. "We really *must* not let ourselves be carried away by our emotions, class. Nothing is to be gained by these—er—exchanges. We are here to study, not argue." Stigmata of shame appeared on the features of his followers. "Since some of us seem to feel so intensely about this," he remarked dryly, "I suggest that those of you who wish to may bring to our next session a brief list of words you recognize as being of—er—foreign derivation."

AND that was how it had begun. Just that simply. Who could have foreseen that Mr. Parkhill's parting words would open the dikes to a flood?

For that was precisely the way Mr. Parkhill felt now—flooded, inundated by wave upon wave of words, names, roots, prefixes, suffixes, rolling across the classroom from distant and exotic shores. No sooner had he finished calling the roll than Mrs. Rodriguez, who must have consulted half the Spanish-speaking population of New York, started rattling off words of Hispanic vintage like a machine gun, beginning with "arena," ending with "tobacco," and including at least five extrapolations of "cigar."

Mrs. Rodriguez had scarcely run out of breath before Mr. Matsoukas, who seemed to have plundered Homer and Euripides, began flinging gems from the Aegean before the barbarians. No sooner had the dust settled in Mr. Matsoukas' path than Carmen Caravello was pouring out melodious syllables culled from the Tyrol to Calabria. And before her last, ringing echoes had died in the fervent air, Olga Tarnova, bosom heaving, bracelets jangling, eyes smoldering with strictly retroactive love of Holy Russia (civilization had been murdered in 1917, as far as Miss Tarnova was concerned), began to intone her Slavic litany.

Never had Mr. Parkhill seen anything like it.

Mr. Guttman followed Miss Tarnova with proud extracts from the tongue of Goethe, ranging from "edelweiss" to "pumpernickel." Mrs. Tomasic donated several reverent vocables from some Balkan clime, which, since no one could understand them, joined the ranks of English without challenge. Mr. Trabish offered two words which bore Israel's proud *imprimatur,* "kibitzer" and "mish-mash," to which Cookie



Kipnis, a more fastidious spirit, added "babel," "bagel," and "lox." Mr. Wilkomirski nobly rose above the call of Poland to present words from three languages in which he had not the slightest vested interest: "carnival," "whiskey," "omelette." The room was beginning to resemble the Olympic Games.

Now Hyman Kaplan, who had remained surprisingly mute throughout the etymological parade, managed to catch Mr. Parkhill's eye. He did this with a series of "Psst . . . Psst"s, supported by an obbligato of humming, and a beseeching mooniness of visage which implied that he might die on the spot unless recognized.

It proved unnecessary for Mr. Parkhill to do so, because Mr. Kaplan, divining the intent, anticipated the act: He leaped to his feet with a triumphant "Hau Kay!", smiled his most radiant smile, announced "Have I got beauriful voids!", bestowed a pitying glance upon those whom, through shrewd silence, he had seduced into preceding him (Mr. Kaplan had the instincts of a Belasco where timing was concerned), and strode front and center.

All the other students had recited from their seats, Mr. Parkhill observed; but to ask Mr. Kaplan to renounce the spotlight, or forfeit the advantages which accrue to an erect speaker addressing a semi-recumbent audience, was like asking Jupiter to abandon Olympus.

"Frands, fallow-students, all-Amaricans!" Mr. Kaplan beamed. (Mr. Pinsky promptly returned it with compound interest.) "I say 'all-Amaricans' —vhy? Becawss we *are* all-Amaricans. Vhy ve are all-Amaricans? Ha! Becawss only in a school in vunderful Amarica could ve see soch pridte in accomplishments fromm *odder* nations! In dis megnificent etmosphere—"

"*Mr.* Kaplan," Mr. Parkhill broke in, "this is not an exercise in Recitation and Speech."

Mr. Kaplan blinked his eyes. "Who denies?"

"Then may I suggest you simply present your foreign words?"

"I shouldn't give *beckgrond remocks?*" Mr. Kaplan looked like Apollo being asked to discard his lyre.

"No," said Mr. Parkhill, quite frostily. "There is no need whatever for back*ground,* not 'grond,' *remarks,* not 'remocks'. Just write your words on the blackboard."

Mr. Kaplan might just as well have been cashiered out of the regiment. He glanced upward, regarding the heavens, appealing to the goddess with the blindfold, picked up a piece of chalk, released a sigh which wedded injury to innocence, capped it with a shrug which soothed pain with forbearance, and, with a brave lift of the eyebrows, printed nine letters on the board:

EUMOIROUS

Mr. Parkhill felt as if he were in an elevator whose cable has snapped. Mr. Kaplan surveyed his lessers blandly, the epitome of nonchalance, as they gaped at "eumoirous" in astonishment.

"*Vhat?*" That was outraged Blattberg.

"Is that a word or a disease?!" That was angry Scymzak.

"Some people got a noive like gall-stones!" That was seething Yanoff.

"Mr. Kaplan," began Mr. Parkhill, then paused to clear his throat. "I—er—"

Mr. Kaplan did not shift his feet, his gaze, or his *savoir-faire* by so much as a centimeter.

"Fake! *A fake void!*" That was righteous Plonsky.

"Watch out for his treeks!" That was callous Tarnova.

"'Eumoi—' oy!" That was Mrs. Moskowitz.

"Class . . ." Mr. Parkhill felt miserable. In all his years in the American Night Preparatory School for Adults, no student had ever brought into the classroom, from the world beyond, a word he could not explain: Mr. Kaplan had bagged a specimen Mr. Parkhill could not even *recognize.* His eyes bored into the nine letters before him. What an ungainly word, an outlandish word, a Grecian freak. Mr. Parkhill doubted that the Greeks themselves had ever used it.

"Eumoirous . . . eumoirous . . ." It raced through Mr. Parkhill's head, faster and faster, like a player in musical chairs frantically hunting for a seat. What *could* it mean? The prefix, of course, meant "good"; and "moir"—perhaps from "moira"—had something to do with destiny

"Euphorious" popped into his mind. Could Mr. Kaplan possibly have meant "eu*phor*ious" instead of "eu*moi*rous"? There was, after all, a good deal about Mr. Kaplan that was emphatically euphorious.

"*Where you got such crazy word?*" he heard Mr. Plonsky roar.

"Vhere?" Mr. Kaplan raised a regal arm and with the most careless of smiles pointed to the stand on which Webster's Unabridged Dictionary reposed. "Dere."

Mr. Pinsky gave an admiring cry. "Som Keplen, ha?" he chortled to one and all.

Mr. Plonsky put his head between his hands and moaned.

"Mr. Kaplan," said Mr. Parkhill carefully, "suppose you tell us what that word—er—means."

"It's Grik," said Mr. Kaplan.

This laconicism only increased the ire of his foes, who were not to be hamstrung tonight.

"Noo?"

"Answer!"

"Don't dock the quastion!"

"Mr. Kaplan," frowned Mr. Parkhill, "we do not doubt that your word is Greek. But that is not what I asked you. I want to know what the word *means*."

"Don't *you* know?" asked Mr. Kaplan in astonishment.

"No," said Mr. Parkhill firmly. He would not dissemble; he would not evade; these, in a teacher, were heinous sins. And yet, the moment he uttered the fatal negative, Mr. Parkhill regretted it. He regretted it for two reasons: (1) he had walked right into an ambush, in which Mr. Kaplan had cunningly transferred the burden of elucidation from his own shoulders to Mr. Parkhill's, and (2) the whole class was staring at him—their Solomon, their Solon—as if the very foundations upon which education rested were crumbling before their eyes.

"*Teacher* don't know a word?" asked Stanislaus Wilkomirski, dazed.

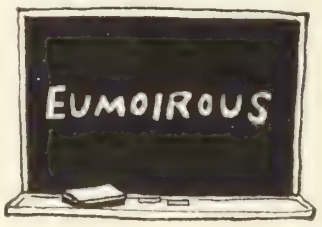
"A foreigner can stomp an American-born?" asked Miss Ziev, aghast. (She kept fingering her engagement ring, as if to remind herself that not all was lost.)

"Mr. *Park*hill . . ." Wan Miss Mitnick, bewildered, could say no more.

They were like believers whose shaman has lost his powers of divination; passengers on a storm-tossed ship whose captain has just confessed a total ignorance of navigation.

"Class . . ." Mr. Parkhill adjusted his spectacles, fighting for time. "Let us not make mountains out of molehills. No one knows or uses all the words in English. There are, after all, half a million words in the language—" (A "Gewalt!" came from Mrs. Moskowitz, whose nerves collapsed at half-a-hundred.) "—and no one can possibly keep all of them in his head. That, in fact, is one of the reasons we *have* dictionaries!"

He saw relief creep into Mr. Pinsky's features, life return to Miss Mitnick's cheeks. The tide was turning in his favor. His sheep were regaining their shepherd. "Now, Mr. Kaplan," he said sternly, "will you please proceed? Define 'eumoirous'."



STRANGELY enough, Mr. Kaplan did not look ecstatic, as might be expected in one who had achieved the unprecedented feat of stumping Mr. Parkhill. Mr. Kaplan did not even look content. He looked wretched. He looked like Boswell had he inadvertently sent Dr. Johnson sprawling in the dust. Mr. Kaplan consulted a slip of paper, from which he dolorously read: " 'Eumoirous. Adjective' . . . It minns: 'Heppy or fortunate fromm de goodness of vun's inclinations and actions'." He lowered the paper.

A censorious hiss slithered forth from Olga Tarnova. "Shame, shame on such a word!"

"*I* wouldn't make Mr. Parkhill troubles!" averred Miss Pomeranz.

"Give yourself already a diploma and graduate from the school!" called Mr. Plonsky caustically, from between his hands.

Not a retort or demurrer or *riposte* came from Hyman Kaplan's lips. He stood in stoic silence.

"Well, class," Mr. Parkhill began, "Mr. Kaplan has brought us a—er—most rare word."

Mr. Plonsky turned to Mr. Pinsky tauntingly. "What's a matter, corporal, why you look pale? You are maybe ashamed of General Keplen?"

"Criticize Keplen, not Pinsky!" flared Mr. Kaplan.

"So *you* be ashamed! Bringing in a crazy fency woid—"

"Keplen is *prod*, not ashamed!" retorted Hyman Kaplan. "How ve vill loin if ve don't try de onusual?!"

"Your woid is not onusual; it is onbelievable!" bellowed Mr. Blattberg.

"So blame Grik, not Keplen!" shrugged his scourge.

"Gentlemen—"

"You not fair, Mr. Kaplan," wailed Miss Mitnick. "Mr. Parkhill wanted words would *help,* not confuse—"

"Som pipple," said Mr. Kaplan, narrowing his eyes, "can dron in a gless of vater!"

"But all others in class gave *useful* words—"

"Aducation doesn't have to be useful!"

"Mr. Kap . . ."

"But in a hundred *years* we wouldn't use a word like 'eumoirous'!" complained Miss Mitnick tearfully.

"Could heppen an occasion vill arise to *som* student who might use 'eumoirous' any minute!"

"The day you use this cuckoo word," stormed Mr. Plonsky, "snakes will fly and alephants sing!"

"Keplen," said Mr. Kaplan loftily, "is not risponsible for de enimal kinkdom."

Mr. Plonsky began talking to himself.

"Mr. Kaplan!" Mr. Parkhill did not even try to soften his tone. "I must say I entirely agree with Miss Mitnick and Mr. Plonsky. Your word is *most* obscure. It is, I might say, close to being —er—archaic. After all, good English is *simple* English. The purpose of words is to communicate, not to impress."

As Mr. Parkhill went on, warming to his task, Mr. Kaplan's features began to sag, like wax under heat. He had expected Mr. Parkhill to praise him for discovering so rare a creature as "eumoirous," perhaps even cite him for audacity in bringing it to bay. Instead, Launcelot, sorely besieged, discovered King Arthur leading the Saracens.

"Now let us turn to an exercise on dangling participles," Mr. Parkhill picked up the textbook thoughtfully. "Page sixty-five. Mr. Kaplan . . ." That crushed spirit had remained rooted to the scene of his disaster. "You—er—may resume your seat."

For the rest of the evening, Mr. Kaplan sat silent, stunned, wrapped in desolation. Great Achilles had retired to the tent of pride, and within it—who knew his thoughts? Only as the hour of departure drew nigh did Mr. Kaplan bestir himself—and then it was only to bend head over notebook, and, without sound or sign, write steadily.

The terminal bell tolled.

"Good night, Mr. Parkhill."

"Good evening."

"Goot-by."

The warriors filed out of the room, weary but enlightened, trailing the familiar pleasantries of farewell. Mr. Parkhill collected his books and papers. He noticed that Mr. Kaplan was still seated, writing. Mr. Parkhill made a little more noise than necessary in closing his desk drawer.

Mr. Kaplan rose. "Goot night." He said it with great dignity.

"Good night," said Mr. Parkhill.

The portal closed.

Mr. Parkhill leaned back in his chair and massaged his temples. It had been a trying evening, a most trying night. He felt vexed. Greek and Roman roots had promised so much. . . . He remembered that Professor Horkheimer had written an entire and excellent chapter on "Words to Aid Us from Foreign Lands"—but Professor Horkheimer had obviously never been obliged to confront a certain kind of problem, or contend with a certain kind of student.

Mr. Parkhill noticed a paper on his desk. It was an ordinary sheet of foolscap, folded once. He unfolded it. Something was written on it, upside down. He turned it right side up, and read:

Dear Mr. Parkhill—
Tonight I disagreet with you.
Still, you are the best teacher.
If I don't learn from you, I won't learn from anyone.

(singed)
Hyman Kaplan

p.s. Tonight you should feel eumoirous.

That was just like Mr. Kaplan! To find a way, however strained, however involved, to prove his point, to win the last and incontestable word. "Eumoirous . . . Happy from the goodness of one's inclinations and actions." Well, Mr. Parkhill did not feel at *all* eumoirous.

He put on his coat and hat before some echo of meaning, some delayed awareness of incongruity, made him pause. "Singed, Hyman Kaplan." Why, for the first time in all the hundreds of times he had written his proud signature in the beginners' grade of the American Night Preparatory School for Adults, Mr. Kaplan had spelled his name without stars! Without colors. Without red letters outlined in blue and garnished with stars of green!

Mr. Parkhill frowned. He picked up the foolscap page again. On the underside of the fold, which he had not seen before, was printed:



As he snapped the lights out, Mr. Parkhill wondered whether in all the years he hoped lay before him, he would ever again be so honored.

He felt eumoirous.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER
U. S. Senator, Oregon

When I learned I had Cancer

The intimate personal story of a successful treatment, by recently developed methods . . . and the effect of such an experience on one man's character and outlook on life.

MY GRANDMOTHER died a lingering death at the age of fifty-seven. I then was twelve years old and devoted to her, since she took my part whenever parental discipline threatened. On the day of her death I was brought into the bedroom. "Richard," she told me, "Grandma's dying."

Afterwards, frightened and trembling, I asked the nurse what had caused my grandmother's death. "She had cancer," the nurse replied. Not until then had I been trusted with this information. My grandmother had never known the nature of her illness, and the family had feared I might betray the secret to her.

Perhaps because of the emotional impact of this episode, I have been deeply concerned with medical-research legislation ever since I entered the United States Senate in 1955. Under the tutelage of Senator Lister Hill of Alabama, the pioneer legislator in this field, I helped to get approval of increases in research grants for the National Cancer Institute from $21 million to $75 million. Many times during those debates I mentioned that forty million Americans now living were destined to suffer from cancer. I believe I stressed it on the afternoon last spring when Senator Hill, Senator Hubert Humphrey, and I welcomed delegates from the Cured Cancer Congress, who dramatically thronged the Senate galleries.

Yet none of this prepared me for the day last August, in Portland, Oregon, when our family doctor—who is also my closest friend—told me that I probably had cancer. Ironically, I had gone to him merely to ask him to look at a sore in my mouth, which turned out to be trivial. The malignancy had produced no symptoms.

While I lay on the table waiting for a specialist from the University of Oregon Medical School to confirm the diagnosis, my mind kept insisting that this could not possibly be. This was the kind of thing which always happened to somebody else, but never to me. I soon would awaken from the nightmare, the cold chills would subside, my heart would stop pounding—and my wife and I would be driving through evergreen forests to our annual vacation on the seacoast.

But when I did awaken, it was after surgery at the Teaching Hospital. The little lump in my testicle, caught miraculously early, was nonetheless malignant. There was no doubt about that. I lay back, physically and psychologically exhausted, and wondered how soon I was to die. Then I heard the doctor, who earlier had been so candid with me, saying:

"We think you're going to be all right."

Through the haze of the anesthetic which had not yet worn off, I remember that I answered, "You're just telling me that to keep me from being overcome by panic. It's not true."

The doctor's reply was dogmatic: "If the permanent histological sections tomorrow confirm the frozen section studies in the surgery today, we're very hopeful that you are going to have a complete recovery."

I still suspected that, like my grandmother, I was just another cancer patient who was being drugged with lies.

THE SAVING COBALT BEAMS

AND so began the long and patient effort of my physicians to teach a layman—even a layman who had been sponsor of cancer-research legislation—that cancer is not one disease, but many. If my tumor had turned out to be any of several other types, my outlook would have been hopeless. These types, explained my doctors, were not responsive to radiation, and it was on radiation that my life now depended. Fortunately, my cell-type was that of a tumor long regarded as susceptible to destruction by radiotherapy.

"Was there spread?" I inquired fearfully.

Yes, admitted my doctors, there was spread. This tumor almost invariably metastasized early. Rapid dissemination was one of its character-

istics. There were indications of cancer in both my lungs. They added that the spread was "minimal"—so little, in fact, that they had missed it on the first X-rays. But it was there, a very small spot on the periphery of each lung. If not destroyed, the spots would grow until they were the size of baseballs or larger. After that, they would eventually spill out of the lung, reaching to the brain and other vital organs. This, of course, would be the terminal stage of the disease.

This candor encouraged me. If my doctors were so truthful with me about the spread of the illness and its fatal possibilities, would they be lying about the vulnerability of the tumor to radiation? This glimmer of hope was strengthened when medical texts came down from the shelves and I was shown, like a schoolboy, that the cell-type named in my pathological report had been proven destructible by radiation over a long history of medical cases.

I will never forget the afternoon I spent in a rowboat on a quiet mountain lake with the radiologist who was to treat me.

"Cure is not inevitable," he began, and I felt perspiration creep over my body. "But if we get any breaks at all," continued the radiologist, "we think you're going to be cured."

"What do you mean by breaks?" I asked.

"First," he answered, "you must be able to tolerate the treatment so the necessary number of roentgens can be applied to the affected areas. That's a whole lot easier with cobalt than with the old-style X-ray therapy. Second, we hope that additional new lesions do not appear throughout your chest in such numbers that we would have to apply a high dose of radiation to your entire lungs—for that cannot be done safely. To a limited area in the chest, definitely yes; to the entire chest, no."

As I started my brief daily treatments beneath the cobalt-60 cone, my doctors pared down my speaking schedule. They let me keep some speaking engagements in Oregon, because they felt it would be better for my mental outlook to be moderately active rather than to become a semi-invalid. They made me warn each sponsoring group, however, that my appearance might be canceled at the last moment because of radiation reactions. During five months of treatment, I spoke fifty-three times. In addition, I presided at six Senate hearings, some as distant from Portland as San Francisco and Kalispell, Montana. Not one had to be canceled. This indicates not only how I tolerated the cobalt treatments but also the skill with which I was treated.

Hope lives by example, and I think one of my main sources of strength during a long period of anxiety was to meet other men who had suffered the same malignancy and gone on to full recoveries. Several were in the little lumber town of Lebanon, Oregon, and called themselves "the club." My spirits soared when William C. Doherty, president of the National Association of Letter Carriers, told me one of his sons had recovered from a testicular tumor six years ago. And I read at least a dozen times a letter from a talented Portland doctor my age, who was teaching in the medical school at Djakarta on the Indonesian island of Java. "Eight years ago I traveled the same path you are traveling now," he wrote. This kind of encouragement to a cancer victim cannot ever be measured.

WHERE IS THE BEST TREATMENT AVAILABLE?

FROM the beginning, my friends in the East were greatly alarmed that I was receiving therapy in a place which, to them, seemed so remote and even primitive. Why wasn't I at the Mayo Clinic, or the National Institutes of Health, or the Harvard Medical Center? Several friends generously offered to pay the travel and medical bills to any center of international renown. I know that throughout my entire therapy they worried over the quality of my care. A member of President Eisenhower's staff wanted to help arrange for treatment at Walter Reed.

Yet my own decision was never in doubt. I had complete personal confidence in my doctors in Portland. I think this is enormously important with a disease that imposes such heavy psychological stress. Furthermore, I was meeting people day after day who had survived malignancies more serious than mine, and they had received their care in Oregon.

This faith in my own doctors was justified when, midway during my treatments, one of the nation's great cancer specialists visited Portland—Dr. Sidney Farber, director of the Children's Cancer Foundation of Boston and chairman of many of the chemotherapy panels of the National Cancer Institute. He and I had become intimate friends through my sponsorship of legislation for medical research. He studied my case thoroughly.

At the Portland airport, as he made ready to fly back to Boston, Dr. Farber said to me, "If I had been in the least dissatisfied with your care you would be on the Mainliner with me tonight, en route East. But you must stay here. You are being treated with skill and wisdom. I am impressed with your doctors as [illegible] medical

scholars. In fact, I think you should let them complete your therapy in Portland, even if it extends over into the start of the next session of Congress. Don't transfer your case."

As Dr. Farber's plane took off, my hopes stood higher than at any time since I had heard the bad news in August. I had also been confirmed in my belief that many talented doctors are scattered all over the United States and not concentrated in one or two celebrated medical centers.

Dr. Farber left with my doctors a supply of actinomycin—one of the new chemical agents recently developed for the treatment of cancer. Administered by itself, actinomycin often must be used in such large quantities, in order to have an effect on tumors, that it comes as a toxic reaction. But, used in conjunction with radiation, even small doses of actinomycin have helped to make the radiation far more effective on certain types of tumors. My particular type of lesion happened to be one of these.

My doctors took chest films from week to week, as they applied the cobalt rays and injected actinomycin into my arm. The feared mass-seeding of my lungs had not occurred. This, in itself, was a source of jubilation to the doctors. Yet I still worried. What if the original pathology had been wrong? What if the spot in each lung proved resistant to the cobalt beams and continued to grow? And would my doctors tell me the truth if this should happen? Many times I awakened in the night and imagined I could feel the lesions expanding within my chest.

WHAT A CANCER VICTIM THINKS ABOUT

IN THE daylight, fantasy yielded to reality. No one could have feigned the relief and satisfaction of my doctors when the lung lesions began to show signs of growing smaller relatively soon after the cobalt treatment started—indeed, far earlier than they had dared to hope. They lost their hard outlines on the X-ray film and appeared fuzzy and ghostlike. The time was to come when a trained radiologist, taking films for a routine checkup in Washington, could not discern the exact location where the lesions originally had been.

So the pathology done at the Teaching Hospital was confirmed. Equally significant, my doctors felt that the worth of the actinomycin, as a so-called "potentiating" agent with the cobalt, had been clearly proved. And I recalled the day before Senator Hill's Subcommittee on Health Appropriations when Dr. Farber and his brilliant medical associate, Dr. I. S. Ravdin, had testified that, in their opinion, chemotherapy offered the single most promising avenue for hastening our ultimate conquest of cancer. While I may overdramatize my own case, I thought it was an extraordinary coincidence that a Senator so actively interested in cancer-research legislation should himself, at the age of forty-six, have been treated by all three methods thus far discovered—surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy.

I imagine all sensitive people have wondered about the mental outlook of somebody who has cancer. Of course, such reactions are highly individualistic. "Cancer finds us as we are," Dr. Farber has said. "It does not make the weak strong or the strong weak." Furthermore, my own case, from its earliest stages, was regarded as hopeful—although my doctors had a trying time convincing me of this.

Yet a change came over me which I believe is irreversible. Questions of prestige, of political success, of financial status, became all at once unimportant. In those first hours when I realized I had cancer, I never thought of my seat in the Senate, of my bank account, or of the destiny of the free world. I worried over my cat Muffet. Who would take care of him? What would happen to my wife when I was gone? And how would it feel to die?

My wife and I have not had a quarrel since my illness was diagnosed. I used to scold her about squeezing the toothpaste from the top instead of the bottom, about not catering sufficiently to my fussy appetite, about making up guest lists without consulting me, about spending too much on clothes. Now I am either unaware of such matters or they seem irrelevant. In their stead has come a new appreciation of things I once took for granted—eating lunch with a friend, scratching Muffet's ears and listening for his purrs, the

Give a Teen-ager a Job

> I do not say that it is wrong that women and children should participate in our social production. I think that every child above the age of nine ought to be employed at productive labor a portion of its time.
>
> —Karl Marx in an address to the International Working Men's Association, London, August 1, 1868.

company of my wife, reading a book or magazine in the quiet cone of my bed lamp at night, raiding the refrigerator for a glass of orange juice or slice of coffee cake.

For the first time I think I actually am savoring life. I realize, finally, that I am not immortal. I shudder when I remember all the occasions that I spoiled for myself—even when I was in the best of health—by false pride, synthetic values, and fancied slights.

POLITICS LOOKS DIFFERENT

POLITICALLY, I have changed too. I doubt if ever again I could be wholly partisan. The response of the people in Oregon to my illness reflected no party lines. Republicans as well as Democrats offered us the use of their beach cottages or mountain cabins for convalescence. The press, without exception, was friendly and concerned. The Republican state chairman wrote a glowing letter about what a good Senator I had been. Another Republican politician telephoned my sister, offering to give blood if a transfusion were necessary. Senator Barry Goldwater sent a telegram from a remote Arizona town, telling us that he and his wife Peggy were praying for me. Other Republican or conservative Senators, including George Aiken of Vermont, Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, and Alan Bible of Nevada went by my suite in the Senate Office Building frequently to inquire about my health. On the other hand there were some fellow Democratic liberals from whom I never received so much as a postcard during the five months of my treatment.

Under such circumstances it becomes hard to bristle at people for political reasons. At the treatment center, each patient receiving radiation had a separate little shelf for his or her linen smock. Here were the names of a Republican banker, a Democratic Senator, a liberal college professor, a socially prominent housewife. We might be separated on questions of balancing the budget or public power, but we were united by something more fundamental: a realization that life itself is a privilege and not a right.

I am glad that I insisted upon my doctors' disclosing publicly, from the very start, the nature of my illness. The medical profession and the press are not the most congenial of companions, and doctors often think that what affects their patient is none of the public's business. I disagree, when the patient is a public official of any prominence. Several times during recent years, major officials in Oregon have suffered from cancer but no announcement of the fact was made except posthumously. This contrasts with the commendable candor surrounding the illness of John Foster Dulles. Beyond all this, I believe that a heavy obligation rests on any individual who has recovered from cancer, particularly somebody who is in the public eye.

Leaders in the American Cancer Society have told me that cancer has such horrifying connotations to many people that thousands, even after they recognize their symptoms, still refuse to seek prompt medical treatment. They fear their case is hopeless and that they will be hurt by doctors to no purpose. Time for successful treatment may run out for these people while they hesitate.

They find it difficult to believe that 30 per cent of cancer cases are being saved right now, even though no major breakthrough has yet been made. But this fact can be given dramatic impact whenever a person of prominence is included in the 30 per cent. When I was welcomed back on the floor of the Senate, the Senator from Idaho, thirty-four-year-old Frank Church, revealed that he had suffered from the same sort of cancer when he was a student at Stanford University eleven years earlier.

From my experience, an old word has come to have new meaning for me. It is "serendipity." It was coined by Horace Walpole to describe the three wandering princes of ancient Serendip (Ceylon), who were always making lucky and unexpected finds by accident. If there is any one issue about which I long have felt strongly, it is the fact that our total investment in cancer research—federal and private—falls far short of what we spend on permanent waves or even parimutuel wagers. It is less than 2 per cent of what we spend on cigarettes and barely more than 1 per cent of what we spend on liquor. Two out of three American families will be afflicted by cancer; yet the federal treasury pours out sixty-five times as much money on price supports for six favored crops as it does to investigate the causes of and possible cures for cancer.

Now I can talk about this situation more effectively to my colleagues in Congress. For I can tell them that I, myself, am alive today because of medical research. What would have happened in my case without cobalt radiation and actinomycin?

Like the princes of Serendip, I was in quest of one thing and I found something else. I sought desperately a restoration to health and I discovered, along with it, the opportunity to symbolize a cause which may help in the future to bring health to countless others.

By Myron Kandel and Albert C. Lasher

Drawing by N. M. Bodecker



The Booming Market in Honorary Degrees

Each June the academic laurels shower down on some 5,000 worthy characters—ranging from TV comics to seeing-eye dogs, restaurateurs, and tycoons. And attached to nearly every diploma is a carefully concealed price tag.

IN THE neon-lighted window of a Broadway restaurant which features—among other delicacies—jumbo-sized spuds, an odd placard appeared not long ago. It announced that the University of Idaho had conferred on the proprietor, Dario Louis Toffenetti, an honorary doctorate of laws for "promoting better health in the world with the genuine Idaho baked potato."

This exotic citation was one of the honorary degrees which last year inducted into the community of scholars, *honoris causa,* some five thousand men and women of varying distinction. They ranged from Walter Winchell to Dwight D. Eisenhower.

This is an average crop in the annual baccalaureate harvest which, in past seasons, has produced doctors of diplomacy, philanthropy, sanitary engineering—and a "master of innuendo and snappy comeback." The last was conferred on Charlie McCarthy, the wooden alter ego of Edgar Bergen, by the ventriloquist's alma mater, Northwestern University. Also tailor-made were the doctorate in "fortitude and faith" presented some years ago to Admiral Richard E. Byrd, the doctorate of oratory given Boston's Mayor James M. Curley, and the doctorate of canine fidelity presented by the alumni of a New Jersey college to a seeing-eye dog.

Such eccentric categories are, however, seldom needed. For most forms of eminence the colleges find they can manage with the old standby degrees—the SC. D. (Science), D. D. (Divinity), L. H. D. (Humane Letters), Litt. D. (Literature) and LL. D. (Laws). The last is particularly flexible. Bob Hope received one from Quincy College in Illinois. Another was given to Red Barber, the sports announcer and lay preacher who was honored by the Seneca Colleges in Geneva, New York, as a man who had planted his "talents in a broadcasting booth and reaped them for the benefit of mankind." Another doctor of laws is Mr. W. Maxey Jarmon, whose claim to academic laurels has been, according to Florida's Stetson University, "the application of prayer and Christian principles" to build his business (Genesco, Inc., formerly General Shoe Co.) from scratch to a $218-million enterprise.

Also privileged to call themselves "doctor" have been Dorothy Dix, Kate Smith, Tyrone Power, Kirk Douglas, and Ozzie Nelson. This occasionally irks holders of earned degrees. Dr. (Ph. D.) Harold Seymour of Finch College in New York (who is often addressed as plain Mr.) recently wrote a learned paper lamenting "the widespread practice of handing out honorary doctor's degrees like lollipops."

But there is, as of this June, no prospect of abatement. The degrees are enthusiastically sought and the colleges find them continuingly useful—sometimes to loosen the purse strings of the opulent, often to entice eminent commence-

ment speakers, or as a publicity gimmick. There are signs, however, that whatever stature the honorary degree may once have had is fast shrinking.

For example, the *New York Times* obituary of Cecil B. De Mille this year listed a citation from the Salvation Army and Thailand's Most Exalted Order of the White Elephant but chose to omit his five honorary doctorates. In *Who's Who in America,* many recipients similarly don't bother to itemize their "honoraries." For persons of any prominence and longevity who do list them, they are likely to fill at least an inch of type.

The current champion is Herbert Hoover who at last count (subject to annual revision) had a degree to match each of his eighty-four years. Ironically, one of the few institutions that has not given him an honorary degree is the place where he earned one—Stanford. Such honors are banned there in obedience to the dictum of its first president, Dr. David Starr Jordan.

"It seems to me to give the university a certain dignity," he said, "as existing for purposes of instruction, not for conferring honors on outside persons."

St. John's College in Annapolis maintains an equally austere stance. But such views are unusual in American universities. College presidents, indeed, are the leading contenders for spare hoods. For this penchant they have a historic precedent.

PREXIES AND PARSONS

THE first honorary degree in the New World was given by Harvard to its own president, Increase Mather, in July 1692. He became a doctor of sacred theology because Harvard wanted to become a university and it was agreed that "only a doctor could create a doctor."

Today, there is a comfortable reciprocity among college presidents. None has yet been known to match the record of Nicholas Murray Butler who amassed thirty-three degrees in his forty-four years as Columbia's chief. The incumbent, Grayson Kirk, was a late starter who picked up his first from the University of Miami in 1950. He garnered four more as Columbia's acting president in 1951, and forged ahead when Eisenhower left Morningside Heights for keeps. His score now stands at twenty-eight.

Though this is a creditable sprint, a future contender may be Robert F. Goheen, who was an obscure assistant professor of classics until December 1956, when he was named Princeton's president. In his first six months he garnered degrees at Yale, Harvard, and Rutgers—an impressive start for a man not yet forty.

This is not to suggest that there is an unseemly competitive spirit among our top-level academicians. On the contrary there has been an air of decorous collaboration. They are generous to one another and in the same fashion to their own families. Wives of college presidents sometimes get honorary degrees for "service as first lady of the campus" and filial piety is encouraged by occasionally honoring the president's father.

Although the inter-campus log-rolling system works smoothly, aspirants outside the fold—especially alumni—sometimes give the college presidents a hard time. Degree-hungry tycoons were cautioned last year by *Business Week* not to make a nuisance of themselves.

"Don't apply pressure, not even slight persuasion," the magazine warned in a short dissertation on the etiquette of the cap and gown.

Even more aggressive than businessmen, according to campus experts, are the clergy, who hanker, almost to a man, for a D. D.—a degree rarely earned (there are, in fact, only a handful of schools where you can work at it) but lavishly scattered at commencement time.

"As a tribe," says Harold O. Voorhis, vice president of New York University, "the clergy are the most eager of our fellow citizens for such recognition."

In consequence, when a town in Connecticut acquires a new pastor, Reuben Holden, secretary of Yale, may be barraged with mail from alumni who want to make their preacher a doctor. Despite diligent efforts, American researchers have not yet turned up a counterpart of the Scottish minister who declined a D. D. from the University of Edinburgh on the grounds that the grantors were not fit to judge his divinity.

STATUS SYMBOLS WITH PRICE TAGS

THOUGH they have difficulty choosing among them, American colleges would not be happy to lose their clerical honoraries. For one thing they are a useful reminder of the sectarian origins of many of our colleges. And they provide a pleasing variety in academic processions which are heavily laden with the Men who Meet Payrolls and who, it is hoped, may become equally interested in meeting college deficits. American colleges, it has been said, are built by degrees.

Precisely what special kind of wire-pulling or

quid pro quo is needed to get a knighthood for a tea merchant is shrouded in British ceremonial decorum. But in America we generally figure that the way to get something you want is to pay for it.

Yale gave its first honorary degree in 1723 to Daniel Turner in return for a gift of books valued at £16. He received an M. D. (a certificate no longer distributed except to medical-school graduates). Contemporary wags suggested that the initials stood for *Multum Donavit* (he gave much). Master's degrees (today seldom available except to thesis writers) came cheaper. All a Harvard man had to do, it was said, "was to pay five dollars and stay out of jail." Through the nineteenth century, anyone who had earned a degree from one college could hang a companion piece from another on his wall simply by applying for it and paying a fee. The going rate at Columbia in 1830 was $8 which the president pocketed as part of his salary. These bargains are extinct—along with the honorary Ph. D. One of the last of these was presented to Bing Crosby at Gonzaga University in Washington in 1937.

For those who have no particular claim to them except opulence, honorary degrees today come high, although the exact price tags are unknown. Typical of the sound practical judgment of American colleges was the academic procession at a Midwestern university a few years ago. Out of eleven doctorates granted, ten went to the presidents of a milling-machine company, a department-store chain, a large bakery, and manufacturers of soap and steel.

A few tycoons—notably Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., and John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—have been leery of college presidents bearing velvet hoods. But on the whole our businessmen like nothing better than a public appearance in a mortarboard. Nor are they snobbish about where they wear them.

"We find a certain blind spot among our prominent citizens," says Mr. Voorhis, "who are willing to accept honorary degrees anywhere."

CAMPUS BEST SELLERS

WORLD and local events can turn men overnight into coveted academic properties. After great conflicts, naturally, they must be military. Usually they are glad to get into the academic act. An exception was General von Steuben who after the American Revolutionary War reportedly warned his men to ride through the streets of Cambridge with alacrity lest they "make a doctor of you."

In 1947 Columbia had a 100 per cent military honors list and on other campuses the postwar processions were similarly martial.

The war in Palestine made a campus best seller of Dr. Ralph Bunche. After he was thrust into the spotlight as Mideast mediator and given a Nobel Prize, thirteen American colleges—which had not been impressed by his long previous years of government and academic service—rushed to give him honorary degrees.

In 1957 universities tripped over one another's academic robes in their zeal to honor Omer Carmichael who had shepherded the schools of Louisville, Kentucky, through successful integration, and General Alfred M. Gruenther, who had just left NATO to head the Red Cross.

"We got Gruenther and Carmichael on their way down to Harvard from Dartmouth," said Yale's Secretary Holden ruefully. "We didn't know."

Though such repeat performances tend to be publicity flops, they are minor misfortunes compared, for example, to the sad error of Chicago, Columbia, Princeton, Wisconsin, and other colleges which gave honorary degrees before World War I to the then popular German ambassador, Count Johann von Bernstorff.

N. Y. U. also had a dismal time after making doctors of Richard Whitney and Judge Martin T. Manton in 1932. Only a few years were to pass before the former Stock Exchange head was in Sing Sing for fraud and the judge was sentenced to a federal prison for bribery.

Columbia likes to give its honors list a global touch by including an occasional visiting prime minister, shah, queen, or field marshal. This is a risky game, particularly in the volatile sphere of Latin American politics. In 1955, Romulo Gallegos, former president of Venezuela, renounced an earlier degree Columbia had given him because the current good neighborly recipient was Colonel Castillo Armas, then president of Guatemala.

Since a brand-new hood is expected by degree recipients, Mr. Gallegos' gesture may have left Columbia with a useless piece of second-hand velvet. It is, however, salvageable, and with distinction. The man who can use it is poet Robert Frost, whose own collection has more than forty. He is having them made into an old-fashioned New England patchwork quilt with the date and name of the college marked on each patch.

Mr. Frost revealed this hobby in a shipside interview. He had just left Ohio State University and was en route to Oxford and Cambridge to pick up a little new yardage.

GEORGE STEINER

notes from EASTERN EUROPE

Ignorance and misunderstanding of the West, plus fear and hatred of Germany, dominate the feelings of Russia's satellites . . . and may vastly complicate the coming negotiations with Khrushchev.

WHEREVER I went in Prague last winter, I was confronted by two photo-posters. One shows Mr. Dulles and Mr. Strauss, the West German minister of defense, at the Bonn airport, inspecting an honor guard consisting of soldiers of the new German army. Because the picture is greatly blown up, Mr. Dulles has a particularly vacuous and cruel mien. The other poster is composed of two parallel rows of passport-size photographs. On the left are German generals with their wartime Nazi insignia; on the right, the same generals in their NATO uniforms or black Homburgs. The Czechs stare at these posters as if to engrave the names and faces in their memories. That is perhaps the dominant note in Prague: tenacious remembrance.

It is a note struck most forcibly in what must be among the saddest places on earth, the Jewish cemetery, which dates back to the thirteenth century. In what used to be a small synagogue at the gates, the Gestapo assembled Rolls of the Law, seven-branched candelabra, and prayer-books pillaged from destroyed communities throughout Czechoslovakia. On the walls, German scholars inscribed derisive accounts of Jewish "avarice," "superstition," and "racial inferiority." These inscriptions have been effaced, but the remnants of the once-flourishing Bohemian-Jewish culture have been left intact.

Last year alone, eighty thousand Czechs visited this "museum." I was there on a cold rainy day and saw a steady stream of visitors, many with young children. Nearby, the Czech government is putting up a memorial to the sixty-nine thousand Prague Jews who perished in the death camps. During my stay, I met two of the tiny handful of survivors—a frail elderly lady, and a learned, fiery old man. Between them there is a touch of malice. She was *only* in Theresienstadt, one of the relatively less horrible concentration camps. He was in Auschwitz and was about to be consigned to the gas chambers when Russian troops rescued him. In the last days of the war, the Nazis made his wife and other women march naked over forty miles of frozen road. His wife collapsed and was left for dead in a stinking ditch. A Russian convoy picked her up and nursed her back to life. Compared to *that,* said the old man, Theresienstadt was a rest-cure. There are snobberies in hell.

MEMORIES AND FEARS

THE care with which the remnants of Czech Judaism are being preserved does not imply that the present Czech regime has any particular affection for the Jews. It is simply part of the dominant conviction that no Czech should forget the bestiality of the Nazi occupation or the threat posed by the continued German claim on the Sudeten territories. The Czechs believe, with anguish, that every division added to the new German army is a potential instrument of Irredentism.*

Police surveillance in Prague is extremely harsh. It is difficult for an American visitor to call on a Czech at home and any Czech visiting a foreigner in his room must give his identity card to the hotel porter who will note the length of

*I used German everywhere on this trip except among academics and journalists who usually and proudly invited me to speak French.

his call. But the real difficulty lies deeper. The West does not have many good friends among the Czechs. They feel that they were betrayed at Munich in 1938, and again in 1945 when General Patton was halted less than fifty miles from Prague. These successive betrayals have, in the Czech view, been crowned by Western folly over the problem of Germany.

The Czechs are closely familiar with economic conditions in the two Germanies. They trade with both, and commercial or technical delegations arrive from Bonn or East Germany almost daily. Observers in Prague are convinced that what Moscow fears is the growing likelihood of an East German uprising. When the West German *Wehrmacht* is ready and equipped with atomic weapons, such an uprising would spread beyond the artificial frontier and some West German military units would probably come to the aid of their imperiled countrymen. This, the Czechs reason, would lead to world war. Interestingly enough, the very same point has recently been made in the West by Walter Lippmann.

These are the views of the Czech scholars and intellectuals I was able to meet in their own homes. The Berlin crisis has given their feelings a new urgency. "Don't you understand," one said with a kind of strident despair, "it isn't just the German army which the Russians fear. It is the high probability that you will have to support that army when it takes matters into its own hand to end the German stalemate. The Germans are again printing atlases which show part of Czechoslovakia and Poland as belonging legitimately to a unified Germany. Why won't you understand?"

Czechs believe that the Berlin crisis is Khrushchev's supreme attempt to "disengage" the Soviets from their shaky East German position. They are convinced that Moscow will sacrifice the East German Communists if that is the price set by the West.* In exchange, the Kremlin wants a neutralized Germany, outside NATO and without atomic armaments. Such a nation, which would evolve gradually from a loose confederation between the two Germanies, could act as a bridge for East-West trade and as a buffer between the two world camps. The Czechs point insistently to Mr. Khrushchev's statements that the Germans must settle their own political future. They also interpret last year's Berlin elections as a repudiation of Chancellor Adenauer's unyielding policies no less than of Communism.

You meet disbelief or irony when you say, as I did, that Germany's military role within NATO is not an end in itself, but a means to link the fate of Germany to the future of Western Europe. As one Czech journalist put it to me: "Do you really believe that you will be able to dictate to a West Germany with a strong army? Reunification can only be achieved by Soviet consent and with East German co-operation. One day Dr. Adenauer's successors will pick up a private phone to call Mr. Khrushchev. Already, they dream of vast Eastern markets, of German capital and engineers traveling to Peking as they now go to Buenos Aires."

CHRISTMAS IN PRAGUE

THAT night I was reminded of his prophecy. In my hotel, a group of West German businessmen were dining with members of a Chinese trade mission. In their inevitable dark blue tunics and high-buttoned collars the Chinese seemed from a remote world. And each word had to be interpreted. But the conversation moved easily and it was the American who was the outsider.

Sometimes, he is not. For a Communist city, Prague is oddly observant of the Christmas holidays. On Christmas Eve, the city folded up, the hotel staff went home to a man and even a bite to eat seemed an impossibility. Experienced or forewarned, a group of English airline officials had stocked their top floor rooms with food and liquor. Their jubilant voices echoed down to the darkened lobby where I sat wondering what to do. I was joined by a Turkish engineer who was in Prague to negotiate a purchase of railroad cars. Together we went out to find a place to eat.

No city can be more quiet or nocturnal. Amid the medieval turrets and baroque palaces, seeing Christmas lights behind drawn curtains, we felt like waifs out of an O. Henry story. Finally a policeman told us that one restaurant was open to cater to those few bachelors too surly to have been invited by friends. We found the place and sat down at a table with another lonely man. When we told him our nationalities he came brilliantly to life and announced to the subdued crowd of diners that he was having Christmas Eve dinner with a Turk and an American. Soon a large group had assembled around our table. How many wives did the Turkish gentleman have?

"Four," said I.

*This belief has been flatly contradicted by Khrushchev himself, in recent statements in East Germany and Moscow.—*The Editors*

The news caused delight and admiration. The whole kitchen staff emerged to shake hands with us and decided that the drab official menu wouldn't do. One elderly Czech declared that "all this is more cosmopolitan than the United Nations" and insisted that we each sing a representative national song. My version of "Old Man River" was only a little more off key than the Turkish contribution, a splendid cascade of gutturals punctuated by occasional wails. With our Czech friends we now drank a dozen toasts to peace and once again the dominant theme came through, urgent and moving.

Why were we rearming "the German swine"? Why could we not be allies with the Soviet Union as in the war? One man, who had been silent, suddenly bared his wrist and displayed the tattooed concentration camp number which is the badge of honor in Eastern Europe. "Had it not been for the Russians" . . . he did not finish the sentence but merely passed his fingers across his throat. But another man, recklessly drunk, struck a different note. The Germans were hell. But what had come after? "They" had knocked at his door in 1949 and he had spent three years at hard labor. Why had America sold Czechoslovakia down the river at Yalta? The headwaiter sought to calm him down. But his voice kept rising to an angry pitch. People began melting away. Soon we too felt awkward and slipped out. I wondered about what would happen to that man if he continued shouting home truths.

Drunks are handled by the Prague police in a rather original manner. They are put in a special hotel, given a massage and an excellent breakfast. At the door, however, they are handed a steep bill. People who shout about the rottenness of Communism will also be housed and given breakfast. But it may be some years before they come out the door.

Later that night, I attended midnight Mass in a resplendent medieval church. On the way home, I passed the lemon-colored eighteenth-century house in which Mozart lived when he conducted the first performance of "Don Giovanni." The moon beat full on the delicate cornices and shuttered windows. Prague is a magical city.

THE LIVING PAST

CZECHOSLOVAKIA and Poland are more cut off from each other than from the West. The Czechs are simply afraid of letting Poles across the frontier. They have achieved an extraordinary material prosperity at the price of total political subjection. Poland, on the contrary, is desperately poor; but the winds of freedom blow there in wild gusts. For the lone rail traveler (the fleas and I were the only passengers in the car that night) the contrast is startling. The Czech frontier guards roused me from my bench in some black and frozen corner of nowhere at four in the morning to ask acrimoniously why I had not flown. It was so much quicker and more comfortable. It must be that I wanted to *see* something. I pointed to the grime-laden windows and the blackness beyond. But they did not seem convinced. A few minutes later, the Poles entered headed by that characteristic East European personage, the bulky, scruffy, but determined lady in uniform. Sometimes she is merely a glorified cleaning woman, sometimes a full-scale customs official. But these women wear their heavy trousers, boots, and greatcoats with a real sense of conquest. They have moved a long way since the peasant kerchief.

The Poles were cheery and corrupt, in a fine liberal style. Was I an academic? What did I teach? Had I any dollars to sell? Hints that I liked to sleep at four in the morning struck them as absurd. In Prague one could sleep. There was nothing else to do. But surely not in Poland. There was so much to talk about. Soon dawn was coming up over mud-soaked, gray southern Poland.

One's first glimpse of Warsaw is terrifying. I had seen pictures of the ruins. I knew, in an abstract way, that only eighty houses had survived the war in a city of a million inhabitants which had been successively bombarded from the air, cannonaded from the surrounding heights, and dynamited from within. But the square miles of twisted, charred, mountainous ruin must be seen to be believed. A few of the ancient streets have been rebuilt, stone by stone, with infinite patience and skill. New buildings are rising from the torn wasteland, many constructed in part of old, un-resurfaced bricks. Between two layers of fresh concrete, there will be a sudden gash of semi-rubble. Elsewhere, since the rubble is too extensive to cart away, it has been leveled to mounds on which new buildings are erected. Over miles of chaotic debris towers the Soviet Palace of Culture, a Victorian monstrosity.

There is hardly a street which does not bear some mark of the German occupation. Stone plaques are inscribed with the names of forty hostages shot here or fifty hanged there. I was shown charred stumps of telegraph poles on which captured partisans were hung in grape-

clusters, to strangle slowly on piano wire. Near my hotel, a construction crew digging foundations had just turned up a large pile of skeletons, some with metal name-tags. These were old men and women who had fallen dead into a mass grave after the Gestapo had made them run up and down for hours carting bags of sand.

MARKSMANSHIP AND MANHOLES

IT IS difficult to picture in words the remnants of the Ghetto. In this crater-marked lunar landscape, half a million human beings used to live and work. One single building is left—a Catholic church which stood, through some historical anomaly, in the Jewish community. Every other house, school, temple, or shop, was dynamited. And below the blackened ruins lie the uncounted dead. The Germans had surrounded the Ghetto with a high wall and a chain of watchtowers. Whenever they noticed a movement inside the Ghetto during curfew, they opened fire with machine guns from these towers. From time to time, Jewish children would try to slip through the sewers in order to hunt out a piece of bread or a bit of warm clothing. It became a particular German sport to station marksmen near the manhole covers. When a face appeared over the edge, the marksman would shoot. A small fragment of the wall still stands with a twisted skein of barbed wire on top. Near it is a tree against which the Germans shot twelve Poles whom they caught attempting to smuggle food into the starving Ghetto.

The last war and the German occupation were horrible in other lands. But the ultimate furies were loosed on Poland. Traveling to Cracow in a crowded second-class compartment, my newly-acquired Polish friends (and no one is a stranger with a group of Poles after ten minutes), pointed out to me the ruins of a monastery. Here the Germans had imprisoned a number of Russian officers. In the closing, chaotic days of the war, the Germans simply stopped feeding their captives. Three or four Russians survived by dint of cannibalism. The liberating Red army found them in a half-crazed state and promptly shot them lest ordinary Russian soldiers see their officers so degraded. The Pole told this story in a quiet, matter-of-fact way. That is how things were. He, and the others exchanged similar memories of this kind. And then they all joined in saying to me that no one in America knew what it had been like. Indeed, declared one—a soldier—Americans did not want to know. They loved the Germans. America had only come into the war because the Japanese attacked. Americans had rebuilt and rearmed Germany as fast as they could. Was it not true that American capital made huge profits off German rearmament? It was not, said I. They received my denial courteously. But they did not believe me.

How does this hatred of the Germans balance with traditional Polish hostility toward Russia? This is a very complex question. A number of my experiences hint at the answer. There was the evening, for instance, when I sat alone in one of the few decent restaurants left in Warsaw, a fancy establishment in a candle-lit cellar. At the next table two Polish officers and two young women were drinking with a kind of frenzied concentration. By midnight and the third bottle of vodka, they were incandescent. Suddenly, one of the officers slammed down his empty cigarette case and looked ruefully at his companion. I took a pack of American cigarettes out of my pocket and reached it across. The two officers sprang up, grabbed the bottom of my chair, my plate and glass, and transported me to their table. They ordered champagne and a flaming, extravagant dessert. But after a few moments, one vanished. The other, a captain, took me aside and explained mournfully that his disgraceful friend had no money. If I would be so gracious as to join and take one of the delightful ladies for my own, he confided, all would be well.

By three in the morning, Polish-American relations had reached an unprecedented warmth. We emerged into the cold night and went to the officer's staff car. There, of course, serenely asleep, lay his supposedly penniless colleague. My escort now resolved to show me that he was a cavalryman at heart and that cars could be ridden like horses. Shouting "Hurrah," brandishing his cap and keeping his boot jammed on the gas, he raced the car through the twisted, narrow streets and rubble-strewn fields.

Safely inside the barrack courtyard, we drew gently to a halt. One final bottle of vodka emerged from the glove compartment. My companions had attained a state just beyond drunkenness which seems to be characteristically Polish. They were at once tender and grave. We sat close together, huddled in our coats, and saw the stars going out one by one in the cold wash of early dawn.

A mile and a half away, across the Vistula, I could make out the escarpments on which the

Red army had waited impassively while the Warsaw uprising of 1944 died its fiery death when Polish patriots believed—mistakenly—that the Russian army would help them. I asked the captain about that. He said it was both horrible and fantastic. Against Russian orders, a Polish battalion had crossed the river to bring help to the dying city. Soviet guns had shot it down from the rear. How did that influence his present feelings, I inquired. He reflected a long time. I think I recall the exact words in which he replied.

"A man's heart is only so big." He made a descriptive gesture. "It can contain only so much hatred. For me, the Germans come first. Oh, we have known all about the Russians for nearly a thousand years now. That is our great family quarrel. But the Germans are again threatening our western borders. And if you knew what they did to my village. . . ."

But one of the young women clapped her hands over her ears and said she would not listen. Not tonight.

In the course of an earlier, more tempestuous stage of our soiree, the two officers had said that they would get me drunk and deposit me on Mr. Gomulka's private doorstep. In a way, I wish they had, for Gomulka, it seems, fully expresses the Polish mood and has determined the priorities in Polish hatreds. Since the "October Revolution" of 1956, Poland enjoys an extraordinary measure of political freedom. It is the only place behind the Iron Curtain in which foreign newspapers are freely available. The BBC has a large and constant audience (the Voice of America is generally despised for its Boy Scout tone). The library of Warsaw University is filled with heretical works. Above all, Polish humor runs sharp and free. For example, at a student cabaret, one act turned on the question of just how much current is needed to keep an iron "red hot" without letting it become "white hot." (Red and white, the colors of the Polish flag, are now the symbols of Communism and Catholicism.) One *double-entendre* followed another, winding up with a glorious pun on the name Pasternak. The audience rose to its feet with a roar of delight.

However, Poland walks a political tightrope. Gomulka keeps it from falling off by a quick, harsh pull where needed, to recall the facts of contemporary life. He did this characteristically at a meeting where university students were invited to question him freely. One student asked what he thought of the Katyn massacre. Gomulka replied that the matter had been investigated by two international commissions. The one had placed the burden of guilt on the Germans, the other on the Russians. It was the *official* view of his government (he stressed the adjective) that the Germans were responsible. After a short pause, he went on:

"But now that I have answered, let me look again at your question. It is a stupid and frivolous question. For all you have accomplished by asking it is to make it even more difficult for Poland to work out a viable and stable relationship with the Soviet Union."

ANTHONY OSTROFF

A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY

MY SON and I are visiting
  Friends in the country,
And we are friends, here in the country.
  I grunt, he sings
At every cow and gate and goose,
  And it is clear
That what's done between us here
  Is no simple ruse
Of father and son enacting affection.
  I cry the farm
Which awes us both holds harm
  Where he finds none.
He stares: "Horsie! Bird!" and strains
  For the bull's field
And the tethered gander, and will not yield
  An inch; complains
Of sitting for breath in a green shade.
  "My God! Rest!"
"No!" He demands the extreme test
  Always. He's made
For risk. "Daddy," he chirps, "sky!"
  And charges the hill.
"Come back! Wait!"—until our fill
  At the brink sighs
At last one sigh, and blue, gold,
  Green mean
Only sleep. Now we have seen
  Ourselves grow old.
But back in the country house at night
  He knows his fears
And cries for the crib of his two years,
  For Mama, and light.
And I wait, long born and bred
  To such rest
As comes to those who sleep best
  In a strange bed.

That reply, I am told, brought the entire audience over to his side. Clearly since the partial relaxation of Soviet pressure in 1956 the German peril is once again uppermost in the Polish mind. Posted on many walls is a small handbill quoting a passage from a recent speech in which Dr. Adenauer reaffirms that West Germany does not recognize the present Oder-Neisse line as valid or permanent. Below these words is a news-agency report stating that rockets with nuclear warheads will shortly be delivered to the German divisions of NATO. No comment is thought necessary.

For Poland, the disputed provinces are of life-and-death importance. Any sign that the West accepts the Oder-Neisse line fills the Poles with relief (Pope John XXIII's refusal to accredit the "exiled Polish government's" representatives to the Vatican was headline news in Warsaw). Every indication that the Germans are intent on regaining their lost territories fills the Poles with fear and anger. That anyone should voluntarily rebuild a German *Wehrmacht* after two desperate world wars, strikes them as near-lunacy. They tend to regard the East German military forces as a sinister joke.

"Do you believe for one moment," a Polish student asked me, "that the Russians would be so stupid as to give their totally unreliable East German satellite any real military power? The rifles they provide for them are obsolete. And they don't send any bullets."

When a Pole thinks of German military resurgence, what he has in mind are the American-equipped divisions of Bonn. He fears, as does his Czech neighbor, that West Germany will soon shake off American tutelage and go after reunification even at the risk of war. If the United States and the other NATO countries refuse to underwrite that risk, the Germans will promptly make their own bargain with Moscow. In neither case is there any hope for a relaxation of tension in Europe.

Thus, many informed observers in Warsaw are sincerely convinced that the Rapacki plan (the proposal of their foreign minister to establish a zone free of nuclear weapons in Central Europe) is as useful to the United States as to Russia. As they see it, some form of disengagement leading to a confederated but disarmed Germany offers the last chance for peace. West German military forces with atomic weapons will be intolerable to Russia and will only perpetuate tensions which must explode sooner or later.

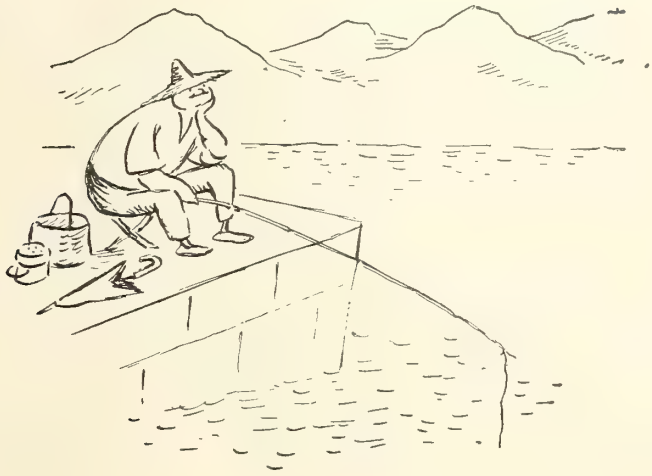
In all these arguments there is, of course, a missing dimension. The Poles do not and cannot have any precise picture of the great changes now taking place in Western Europe. Their thinking is rooted in the horrors of the last war and the immediate postwar realities. They know little of the dynamics of the new Common Market. They have no conception of the subtle shift in European power relationships which has brought France nearer to Germany and has moved England somewhat farther from the Continent. Above all, their own dependence on the Soviet Union makes them overestimate the capacity of the United States to impose its policies on its European allies. Many Poles envision Western Europe as a kind of extension of the Panama Canal Zone. Yet at the same time, they are convinced that post-Adenauer Germany will go its own mad way. Such feelings are obviously contradictory. But contradiction is the inevitable rule in a country caught between the threat of resurgent German militarism and the brute fact of Soviet domination.

THE GERMAN TUMOR

A POLISH engineer put it this way: "The role which Russia plays in our lives can be compared to the air we breathe. Sometimes the air thickens and we start choking. Sometimes it clears and we feel a lot better. But there is not much use worrying about it. A man has to breathe to stay alive. So far as our times are concerned, Russian preponderance in Eastern Europe is as settled as the rising of the sun. The German problem is something quite different. That is like a tumor in our bodies. If we can't pierce it somehow we shall die of it. It is the great sickness of Europe and it is highly contagious. Can't you understand that in America? With every rocket or tank you put in the hands of German soldiers, you are putting a moral and psychological weapon in the hands of the Soviet Union. We *do* detest the Russians. But if it were not for them, the Germans would still be the master race in Eastern Europe. So long as you insist on giving Germany nuclear arms, few of us here will be able to sympathize with your foreign policy. Even if you disagree with me, can't you make Americans see that many of us feel this way and that our feelings do matter as much as and perhaps more than those of the rabidly anti-Communist Polish exiles abroad?"

I said I would try. And then I turned my back on the present and went to a small hotel where legend has it that Balzac stayed with his Ukrainian mistress in a faraway and less cruel age.

The Great Fish of Como



A Story by DEAN ACHESON

Drawings by Oscar Fabrès

A WESTERING October sun fell on the mountainside across the lake, flashing on the windows of the yellow stucco houses which climbed steeply up its side. But already Cernobbio and the lake before it lay in shadow. Soon a chill mist would come off the water. The fishermen sitting motionless and neatly spaced along the lake wall would take in their lines and wander off. They were in no hurry, for they were contemplative fishermen whose ambitions did not lie in the restless world of action. Their predecessors had sat along that wall since before Caesar's legions had trudged northward past the lake to man the passes in Helvetia and to push on into Gaul, lying beyond and divided into three parts.

For centuries Como fishermen had been fishermen by faith and for the joy of a composed spirit, not for the joy of battle. Their fish were the fish of faith—things believed in not seen, and given just a glimmer of reality by gentle tuggings from the murky depths and by the occasional loss of bait. They asked little, these fishermen, and received little—little, that is, in the way of fish. Other bounties were heaped upon them, the warmth of the sun, the endlessly changing beauty of the lake, and the pageant of its busy life. These were reward enough for sensible men.

My companion had gone off to paint, leaving me to a pleasantly aimless walk along the shore road toward the town of Como. At first, this had its distractions, even alarms; but it became clear that the motor bus, car, scooter, and bicycle operators did not really intend to run me down, and that they lost interest if one showed complete indifference. Soon I found myself absorbed in the fishermen, soothed by their still composure into opening my heart to the beauty around me and to the gentle joy of being alive. I was as wholly unprepared for—indeed, undesirous of—action and effort as the fisherman himself.

He was either a man of imagination or something of a recluse; for he had deserted the even sequence of lake-wall sitters and gone out on a stone jetty which made an incomplete semicircle from the wall, leaving at its other end an opening just wide enough to let small craft find shelter in its minute harbor. Here stood the fisherman near the open end of the jetty, fishing on the lake side, alone, with his back to the traffic thirty yards away, not sitting like the others, but yet not tense. He seemed like a man about to understand something, as though he might be about to say for the first time, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

Then it happened—just as I came abreast of him and was about to go by. His rod bent sharply and jerked violently. Whatever he was about to think left him. He became all action, mixed with cunning and caution. I stopped, frozen to the spot with excitement. Was it only an old tire he had hooked into? Or was it

could it possibly be, that so much faith exercised for so long had had its effect, had, perhaps, even created a fish? The surface broke into flying spray and for a second a tail—it seemed as big as a mermaid's tail—appeared. Then the rod bent again, even further, and the struggle was on.

MY LUNGS were nearly bursting with holding my breath. Out it all went in the one word of Italian of which I was sure.

"Bravo!" I shouted.

All the fishermen turned their heads some to right, some to left, but they did not move. Other men, however, truer simians, gave in to curiosity; and, then, to excitement. A few bicyclists stopped and joined me; then some scooters; then a car. This blocked the lake side of the road. Along came a bus, was unable to get through, so passengers and driver got out to watch. No one honked. No one had any engagement any more important than to watch the miracle occurring in the lake.

The battle waxed and waned. At times, water flew in floppings and splashings. At times, the fish made long runs out into the lake. Both brought cheering and shouted encouragement in Italian more versatile than mine. But I was glad to notice that my "Bravo" was pretty generally approved and accepted as just the word for these tense moments. The crowd grew. A policeman joined us from headquarters about a block away.

At other times the fish would sound and sulk along the bottom. This gave all of us the deepest concern, and we shouted our worry about the state of affairs. The fisherman answered in pantomime, pretending inability to lift a massive weight.

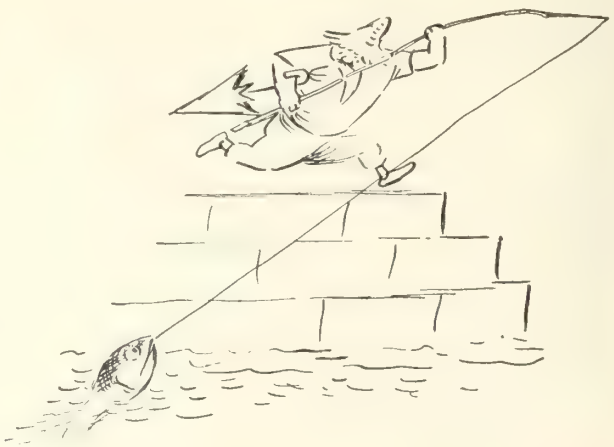
The battle seemed a long one, so great was our tension. But, of course, it was not, and soon the spent fish was clearly to be seen close to the surface, all fight gone out of him (I never thought of it as "her"). All that remained was to land the prize. All were guessing its weight, some pretty optimistically. My own guess was about two and a half or three pounds, species unknown, a good fish anywhere.

Suddenly one could almost feel the freezing horror of the thought which struck us all at the same time, including the fisherman. All that remained was to land the prize. But land him how? The fisherman was on top of the jetty. The fish was ten feet below in the water. The jetty was smooth and sheer, the best Italian masonry. The water was cold and deep. Cries of despair and commiseration mingled with the deepening shadows.

THE shouting stopped as the fisherman began to move. He had a plan. Our questioning murmurs followed him as he led the fish along the jetty to the harbor opening, and into it. Further and further into the harbor he went, until, in a flash, the plan was revealed. Halfway along the jetty a flight of stone steps led down to the boat landing, and that was where the fisherman was leading the fish. Again the twilight quiet was shattered by acclaim. As Macaulay might have put it, "Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer." A resourceful man, this fisherman of ours. We found ourselves shaking hands in the crowd. The man who left now, or honked his horn, was no man at all.

Down the steps, almost on tiptoe and with great caution, came the fisherman to meet the fish in the tense moment of the coup de grâce. But, as he came down from the wall, he got no nearer to the fish, which seemed to go farther





out in the water. We shouted our puzzled questions; again the answer came in pantomime. The fisherman had no reel. His line was tied to the end of a bamboo pole. High as he held the pole, the line was too long to come within his grasp. He did not dare relax the tension on the line for fear the hook might come loose. Again, despair!

But, again, he had a plan, though this time not even the wisest or most imaginative observer could guess it. Up the steps he went and along the jetty to where he had started. The fish followed docilely below. Fumbling among the scraggly weeds he produced—of all things—an umbrella. Then along the jetty, again, and down the steps. We watched in silent bewilderment.

On the boat landing, with the pole in his left hand, he deftly opened the umbrella with his right by a quick jerk. Then he began to maneuver the fish inshore. The plan was unfolded as sheer genius. The umbrella was to be a landing net.

Again cheers, cheers of hope and expectation. But the fish ceased to co-operate. Tired though it was, the umbrella, held menacingly out, frightened it; and the umbrella was unwieldly. Twice the fish was led within umbrella reach, but eluded the pass. Each time the crowd drew in its breath, held it, and let it out as a sigh.

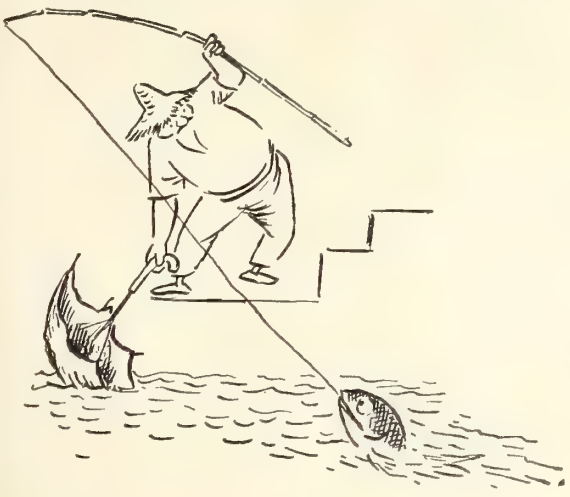
The third time, the plan worked. Up came the umbrella, water pouring from a hundred holes, but with the fish flopping lustily inside.

A cheer half-uttered died as we realized that the outcome would be a close thing. Here, if ever, was the time for resolution. But it was just here that the fisherman's resolution wavered. He had met every challenge with resourceful action. But that spouting, ungainly umbrella wetting his feet and trousers, that rejuvenated fish splashing water in his face with its hysterical floppings bewildered him and rattled him. A determined rush away from the water and a wet closing of the umbrella on the fish, and all would be over. But he hesitated. The fish was held up by the stays of the umbrella dangerously near its edge. Each flop brought it above the edge. At the first one, out flew the hook. But the breathtaking issue was would the fish fall back in the umbrella, or into the water? Warnings died in our throats. The man was rattled enough.

THE fish gave a tremendous flop. Up it went, cleared the umbrella's rim, and fell back into the water. For a moment it hardly moved. Then slowly, drunkenly, sometimes almost on its side, it disappeared in the murky water.

No one moved. The fisherman stared for a moment at the spot where the fish had been, then looked up at us ranged along the lake wall above him. A half smile broke across his face and slowly he raised his shoulders and his hands with the palms up in one all-encompassing shrug. "Such is life." "After all it is only a game." "Well, I'll be damned." All this the gesture said. But it conveyed puzzlement, too. Had there been a fish at all? Or had a contemplative fisherman, a fisherman by faith alone, been tempted into the world of action, only to be taught that there no true joys were to be found? That was it; there had been no fish.

Motors coughed and raced; bicyclists shoved off; the passengers made a rush for the bus. I turned back toward Cernobbio in the deepening dusk. Northward above the lake a star lighted; and then another. Not a fisherman was in sight. Had there, I wondered, been any?





DAVID C. STEWART

READING, WRITING, *and Television*

How a Memphis station developed a bold new program for combating illiteracy —which handicaps ten million Americans as well as the backward nations.

A YOUNG woman telephones her thanks for help in getting a job as a waitress; an errand boy calls with the glad news that he has been promoted to grocery clerk, and a carpenter to say that he has been able to take on a contracting job.

Testimonials like these are pouring in—not to an employment service or vocational guidance expert—but to an educational TV Station, WKNO in Memphis. Two years ago, WKNO embarked on the pioneering task of using the video screen to teach illiterates to read and write. Since then, an estimated two thousand adults have attained what is known as "functional literacy"—roughly equivalent to the fourth grade of school, which is enough to meet the ordinary demands of life. To achieve this level, each pupil spent some three hundred and fifty hours in study, divided between half-hour TV lessons given three times a week and "homework" supervised by volunteers at centers set up in schools and libraries as part of the program.

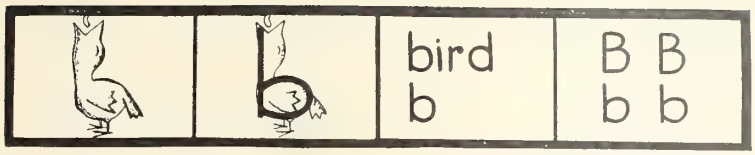
The idea of combating illiteracy by TV was originated by Keith Nighbert, WKNO's young program director. His inspiration came from Dr. Frank C. Laubach, whose methods over the past twenty-five years have been used to teach reading to more than 100 million people, speaking 287 different languages and dialects in 94 different countries. Through a system known as "each one teach one," Dr. Laubach has taught reading and writing to the people of countries where the illiteracy rate is 70 per cent and no more than 10 per cent of the population is sufficiently well educated to qualify as teachers, in the conventional sense.

Although illiteracy is generally considered a problem of the underdeveloped nations, there are, in fact, an estimated ten million Americans who cannot read and write well enough to understand safety signs in a factory, follow a recipe in a cook book, or serve in the armed forces. It was Mr. Nighbert's notion that TV might be an ideal means of reaching them and that the only way to prove his point was to go after the estimated 57,000 illiterates in the Memphis area.

This proved no small task. People who can't read are seldom anxious to admit it. Accordingly WKNO made its appeal obliquely. "Do you know someone who cannot read and write?" asked announcers on commercial radio and TV stations in the area who co-operated in the recruitment drive. Newspapers published descriptions of the proposed course under the heading "Read this to someone who can't read." The word was spread further during a "Literacy Week" sponsored by the Memphis Advertising Club. Appliance companies and churches donated TV sets for the centers (one set was donated by a local boy, Elvis Presley). The Memphis section of the Council of Jewish Women contributed $1,500 to help launch the project and also provided volunteer workers. Perhaps most important of all, the program had the enthusiastic support and advice of Dr. Laubach and his expert staff. His methods proved surprisingly adaptable to the TV screen, the great difference being, of course, that a single teacher could instruct several thousand pupils simultaneously.

WORDS AND PICTURES

A FORMER Memphis elementary school teacher, Mrs. Pauline Hord, became director of the TV literacy project. At their own expense, she and another local teacher, Miss Ruth Knowlton, undertook to train themselves in TV pedagogy and the special learning problems of illiterate adults. Their basic precepts were supplied by Dr. Laubach whose disciples are told: "Cut 'no' out of your vocabulary. Never ask a student a question he cannot answer. Never talk much. Never tell him what he already knows.



Talk in a low tone of voice. Do not move about nervously nor wave your hand or finger."

Laubach pupils start out by learning the alphabet through a series of Reading Readiness charts. The consonants are taught first since all but *c, g,* and *s* have only one sound. The vowels, says Dr. Laubach, are "maddening chaos" —we have eight sounds for *a* and fifteen ways to pronounce *o.*

The chart above shows how the first consonant, *b,* is taught. As the TV camera moves in for a close shot, the teacher points to the picture in the first frame and says, "This is a bird with a round body. He is reaching for a worm. Say 'bird'." The teacher pauses for the students' response and traces the letter *b.* Then he points to the second frame and says "This looks like a bird with a round body. Say 'bird'." Then he points to the third frame, covering the *b* and says, "This is the word 'bird.' Say 'bird'." Pointing to the first letter he then says, "Bird begins with the sound 'buh.' Say 'buh'." The students are asked to repeat this sound three times. Then the teacher points to the fourth frame and says, "Every letter has a sound and also a name. The name of this letter is 'b.' Say 'b'." After this has been repeated, there is a short explanation of capitals and then the teacher moves on to the next letter.

IMPATIENT LEARNERS

WHEN the alphabet is mastered, the pupils are ready for the Laubach reading text, *Streamlined English,* which uses visual associations to teach a vocabulary of 1,100 "most useful" words. Pictures lead to words, then to spelling, and finally to a story. The first one starts out: "This is a hill. It is a hill. It is Mr. Hill's hill." One of the final stories goes this way: "After the world war a woman went to Washington to watch the soldiers come home. But something went wrong with her automobile and she had a wreck."

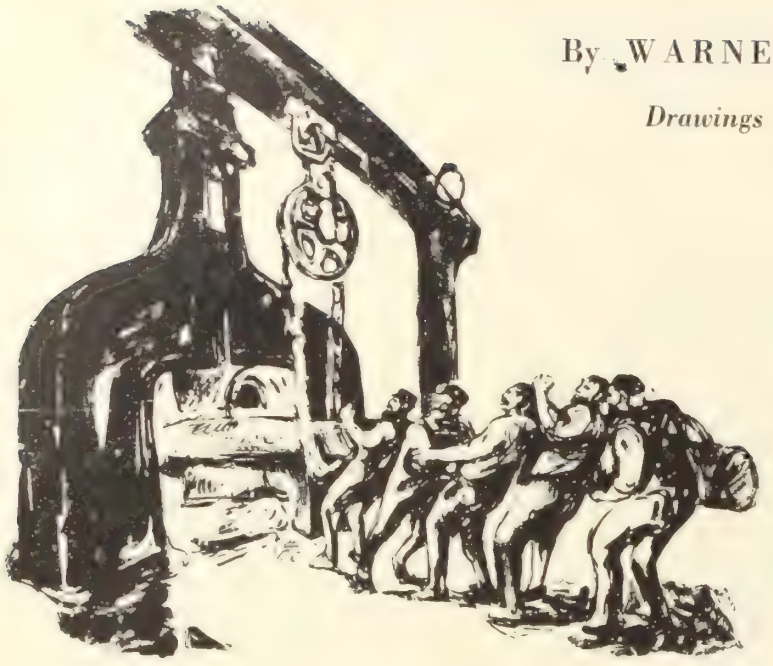
WKNO followed the first course with a more advanced one called, *A Door Opens.* These stories dealt with family problems and with such fundamentals as food, health, clothing, shelter, work, recreation, citizenship, and moral and spiritual needs, and added 320 more words to the students' reading vocabulary. By popular demand, arithmetic was also included in the second course.

The television screen, by its nature, enforces concentration. Its limitation is the fact that it cannot allow for individual differences. TV lessons are necessarily scaled down to the majority pace which may be too fast for some and boring for others. WKNO found that those who could not keep up simply dropped by the wayside. The majority were impatient learners, anxious to see immediate results but also unwilling to be rushed or pressured. Learning slowed down seriously if there was a gap of more than forty-eight hours between lessons.

As news of the course spread, people came from the countryside to stay with Memphis relatives for the thrice-weekly lessons. One constant viewer was the wife of an illiterate man who worked during the lesson periods; she watched each evening and taught her husband when he came off the night shift.

Heartened by the results of WKNO's experiments, TV stations in a dozen other cities are currently embarking on literacy training programs. To aid them, WKNO has now packaged ninety-eight half-hour lessons on film which it is offering for sale.

Of even greater importance may be the impetus which the successful WKNO experiment may give to international efforts to extend the frontiers of literacy. From 43 to 45 per cent of the world's people over fifteen years old are illiterate. The essence of Dr. Laubach's method is that it can be used by teachers with very little education themselves; they must, however, be trained in his techniques, and his textbooks are indispensable tools for them. To date progress has been slowed by a shortage of teacher-trainers and of materials. To fill these gaps, a new center and foundation honoring Dr. Laubach is being planned. It will occupy a twenty-five-acre site near Memphis. The center will include TV facilities and a large auditorium and will train students and prepare educational materials for use throughout the world. This is a program which may one day rank as a major American contribution in helping millions of men and women achieve their aspirations for dignity and opportunity in modern society.



By WARNER BLOOMBERG, JR.

Drawings by Marlene Rothkin

Requiem for the Laboring Man

Modern industry has done away with most of the dirty, bone-cracking, brain-numbing labor of the Bad Old Days—but in the process it is losing the folk heroes whose feats of muscle and courage are an American legend.

ALONG with an old style of machinery, a kind of human being is vanishing from our factories. I watched it happening a few summers ago when I returned to an industrial job for what I suspect will be the last time. As a vacation period laborer, I swept the floors of a machine shop, shoveled chips from under lathes, and emptied waste cans. One lathe in the shop was a relic of the days when heavy endless belts connected machines to shafts turning overhead. Makeshift alterations had long since demoted it from the noble task of shaping steel to the paltry job of trimming asbestos rolls.

The man who ran this antique was, in a way, as obsolete as the machine. Although he had come to this country nearly a half-century ago he could barely speak English. His muscles and a little old-fashioned know-how were all he could give to the work of the shop. When he retires in a few years, his lathe will probably be junked and a better way found to handle the job. He belongs to an epoch before today's electronic control systems, a simpler time when the worker himself had a very different outlook. The meaning of work in that day is summed up well in that remarkable ballad about men and machines, "John Henry." The hero of the ballad grabs a piece of steel when he is a baby on his mother's knee and sings:

> It's gonna be the death of me,
> Lord, it's gonna be the death of me.

In the first two centuries of industrialism, this was, in fact, close to the average worker's fate: a little bit of childhood; hard labor, matching the hardness of the materials men worked with; and then death. The young mill hand might dream of beating his destiny. But then he married, children came along, and the paycheck was only a means of hanging on. Over the years, as his strength dwindled or new machinery made the skills of a lifetime obsolete, a race between poverty and death began in earnest. Often it was cut short by man-killing machines unguarded by the safety devices the law now requires. Then his widow would be left to face the destitution of old age—if she had survived the hazards of child bearing and undoctored sickness.

To be sure, not all workers were desperately

poor. In addition to unionized craftsmen outside the mills, highly skilled factory hands like the "puddlers" of the steel industry got decent wages. But poverty haunted most mass-production centers. For instance, the U. S. Steel Company in the early 1900s paid bricklayers 70 cents an hour, plumbers 62½ cents, carpenters 50 cents. But large numbers of common laborers received only 16 cents. They worked ten hours on the day shift and fourteen at night in towns like Gary, Indiana, on the shore of Lake Michigan. Here a subsidiary of U. S. Steel had laid out the streets, donated the parks, erected homes for supervisors and some highly skilled workers, and told businessmen where they could locate. Gary had no traditions to soften the harsh impact of industrialism.

"Where do the people promenade?" a young newcomer asked, recalling the sidewalk cafés and leisurely strollers in his native Macedonia.

"Go over to Broadway in the early morning or evening," he was told. "You will see plenty of people promenading."

"So that's what I did the next morning," the youth—now a prosperous older businessman—recalled. "From south of the Wabash tracks, from over where the company didn't own the land and houses, came a stream of men in shabby, dirty work clothes, shuffling along with their black lunch buckets hanging at their sides, spitting tobacco into the gutter."

Few in that stream of workers could look forward—for themselves or their children—to anything better than that long walk to the factories in the morning or back to cheap tenements in the evening. They had, it seemed, been born just to work and in the end, work—whether by accident or weariness—would kill them.

"Us kids hardly saw Poppa," one of them told me. "Weekdays he'd come home so tired he could hardly keep awake after he ate. Next morning he'd be off to work before we were up. Sundays he would put on his suit, go to church and visit with his countrymen. Then he'd be back at it on Monday again, not really rested from the week before."

HEROES OF PRODUCTION

WORK was the center of life for the mill hands of Gary and other mass-production centers. But though it was burdensome and hazardous, the factory labor of that day also had an almost heroic quality out of which grew an American legend.

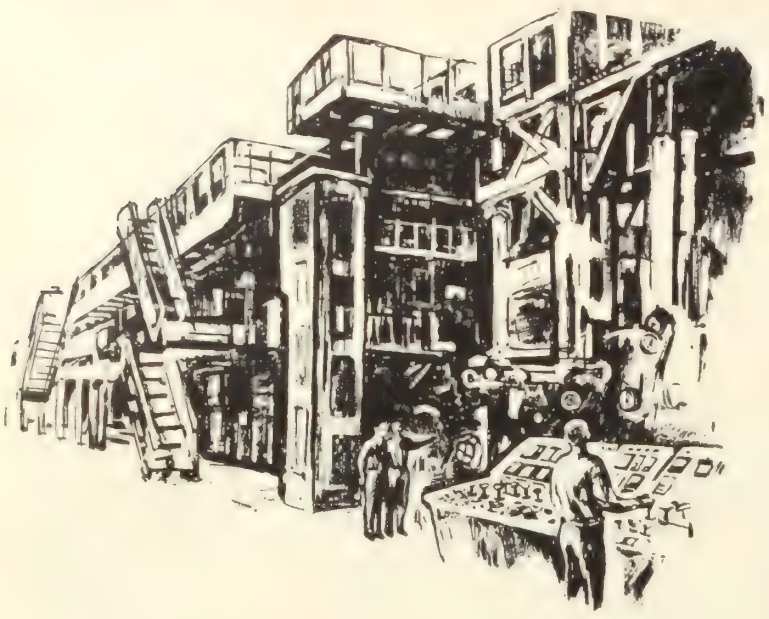
Among the Polish, Italian, German, Croatian, and other nationality groups of our factory towns, highly skilled workers enjoyed high prestige which they carried from the factory into their tight-knit circles of kin and friends. In the taverns and brothels where some found violent escape, they bragged and brawled over their feats of strength in the mills. It was in work they found some common ground, not only with each other, but also with the native-born mill hands who kept away from "them foreigners" when the shift was over.

Not long ago I talked with the sons of some of these heroes of production. In the 1870s and 1880s their fathers had left the Pennsylvania hill country to work in a little steel mill where they learned to run the crude, steam-powered hammer forges of that day. With two levers and only their senses and sinews to guide them, they could control the driving force of those huge hammers so perfectly that they could crack the crystal of a watch set on the anvil without damaging its works. Today the old hammer forges have nearly vanished. The new forges—some a hundred times as powerful—are controlled by buttons and dials connected with electronic devices. The mighty muscle men are no longer needed.

Nearly extinct too are the old-time furnace tenders who could open a peephole in the side of a fiery oven filled with bubbling, boiling steel and judge the nature and purity of the mixture by its color and light and the way it flashed. They have been replaced by young fellows from the departmental labs who trot around from furnace to furnace rating the mix by reading the dial on a spectroscope.

Hoisting back-breaking loads is another task that is no longer a human burden. Gone but not yet forgotten is the prowess of men like the giant Negro with whom I once worked. As a youth he had spent ten hours a day lifting two-hundred-pound bundles of steel from the cutter's table, and then slamming them down on the shipping skid with such precise control that he could—in a split second—even up the sheets to give each stack straight, smooth sides. Gray-haired today, this giant now scurries about the plant on a fork lift tractor which can carry loads of four tons or more.

Pushing buttons and levers is certainly no more monotonous than piling sheets of steel by hand and it is, of course, much easier—so easy in fact that work is less and less a test of the individual's strength and skill. Perhaps the only aspect of industrial work which still makes it a highly personal experience is the shadow of danger which survives, particularly in mining,



lumbering, oil, and steel, despite the most advanced automation.

A few years ago there was an explosion in a super-modern, ultra-safe steam plant which killed the two technicians who pushed buttons, turned knobs, and read meters. Elsewhere, a whole section of a refinery turned into a blazing hell when a new cracking unit blew its top off despite a highly integrated automatic control system. The last time I worked in a steel mill, a piece of sheet steel which was being chopped by an electronically controlled shears suddenly broke loose, flew through the air like a huge razor blade, and hacked down a worker walking in a safety aisle.

In picking its victims machinery defies logic. The careless fool who ignores all safety rules may live to retire with no injury worse than a cut finger while a man known for his caution may be struck down. Because it is omnipresent and irrational, danger forms a bond among industrial workers, who tend to be fatalistic even about accidents or near-accidents that are partly the fault of a fellow-worker.

I learned this at first hand once when I just missed being smashed between two huge stacks of sheet steel. I was, at the time, "hooking" for a crane in a packaging and warehouse department. As hooks were lowered from the crane's trolley my job was to set them under the edges of skids on which sheet steel was strapped. I had set the hooks under the bottom skid of a 6,000-pound lift in front of me. A foot behind me was a similar stack. I signaled "up" to Steve, the crane operator. By mistake he moved the overhead trolley toward me at the same time that he raised the hooks, so that the lift started to swing forward instead of going straight up. Somehow, I managed to jump aside and the huge lift just brushed my dungaree jacket as it swung off the floor and slammed across the spot where I had stood a split second earlier.

"Never knew you could move so fast," said a friend who watched me jump, laughing loudly.

At the moment I didn't see the joke. In fact, for a few minutes I was angry enough with the crane operator to force him to descend from his overhead perch by refusing to hook for him. But before long, like others in the shop, I charged the incident up to the natural hazards of factory life. After all, Steve's miscalculation was a tiny one, even though it might have meant life or death for me.

My near accident triggered one of those bull sessions about close and fatal calls which mill hands find fascinating though others may find them morbid. It is factory tradition to swap tales of violent death, strange or funny mishaps, and great catastrophes that are the drama of a worker's career. Such "story hours" are especially common on night turns when newly hired teenagers provide a wide-eyed audience. Other favorite themes of conversation are the technicalities of work, sex, fighting and drinking, cars and traveling. A good deal of the workers' talk would shock their wives, sisters, and girl friends. This is, of course, true also of other all-male groups whether in the armed forces, work camps, or prisons.

Traditionally, the heavy industries have been a man's world in which the mill hand from adolescence on could escape from the ways of females.

One of the problems of a long strike or layoff is the irksome need to hang around the house in mixed company. Although women have begun to filter into more and more factories—thanks especially to World War II labor shortages—the steel mills have managed to wall them off in a few departments which are little islands of femininity. Elsewhere in the plant, male dominance is symbolized by the absence of women's toilet facilities. This lack will undoubtedly be remedied as the basic industries follow the fabricating plants in installing equip-

ment which women can handle. Except perhaps for the blast furnace and the locker room, the plant will no longer be a masculine citadel. As with other technological changes, workers will bow to changes they cannot prevent. Many are already finding new outlets for the masculine qualities and craftsman's skills which the modern factory no longer needs.

BLUE-COLLAR LEISURE

WITH time and energy left over after work and money to spend beyond the basic needs of life, the factory worker is learning new uses of leisure. He has more time for the church and fraternal society activities which always claimed bits and pieces of his life, as did hunting, fishing, gardening, and do-it-yourself projects which peasants and artisans brought with them from the countryside. Today these gentler pursuits take precedence over violence, the drunken weekend, and commercialized sex, which are all declining.

Some fellows don't put away their fishing poles until they've taken out their shotguns or rifles. Others have spent years of so-called leisure building their own homes. Many of our Gary friends gave a lot of time to political and community work while others had converted hobbies into second jobs, such as cabinet or electrical work, breeding and selling pedigreed dogs or operating small farms for pleasure and modest profit.

"There are too damn many would-be farmers around here," one plant superintendent complained semi-seriously. "They knock themselves out seeding or cultivating or harvesting and then want to catch up on their rest after they clock in!"

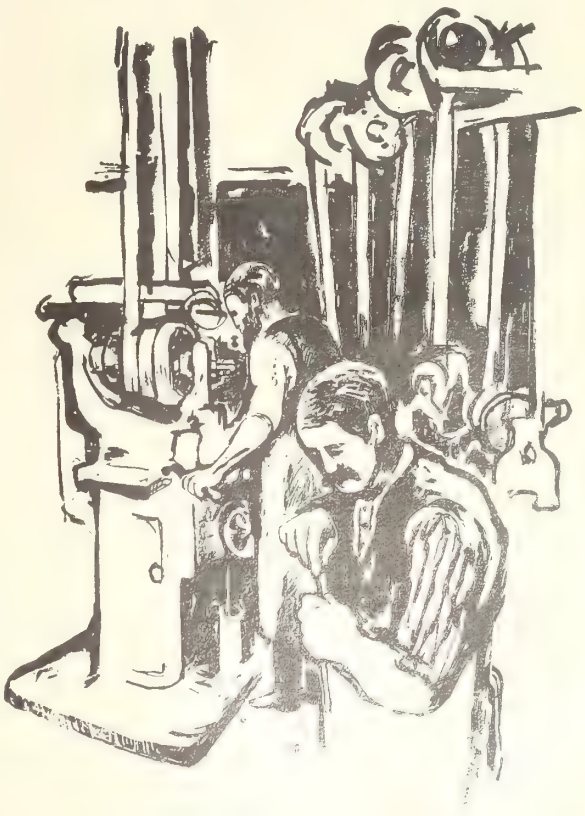
A diminishing minority fear the new leisure. One man I knew—a crane operator—wanted to line up what was virtually a second full-time job, like building a house on contract, for his "idle hours."

"Something goes out of a man if he don't keep busy," he insisted. "I've seen 'em retire from the mill and in a couple years, maybe sooner, they're dead. I think a lot of men would have lived longer if they'd kept right on working."

This was an echo of an older generation's belief—now rare—that work was a way of life as well as a means of livelihood. Today most young workers look forward to retirement, which they picture as a return to the tempo of their high-school days or the relative ease of the unmarried mill hand. And increasingly, men may be less esteemed for their prowess on the job than for their leisure-time accomplishments—fishing, travel, hobbies, politicking.

Within the habits and hobbies of leisure, the forms of work of an earlier day survive. The beliefs and feelings that went along with these forms are, however, largely lost, no matter how hard one may play at what was once a job. Archery, for instance, is America's fastest-growing sport. Yet it would be absurd to claim that our three and a half million present-day bow-and-arrow marksmen have any notion of what it was like to be an Indian who hunted to survive. The same can be said of the multitude of potters, gardeners, and other do-it-yourselfers. The feel of the arrow on the bowstring, the shovel in the earth, the clay on the wheel—may be the same but another sort of reality has gone out of the experience. So too with the man who works steel on a lathe in his back-yard shop. The old skills are the same but they are uprooted from the great dirty, noisy, dangerous power of the factory which was once an integral part of the worker's life. Our abundant leisure, it would seem, has created a kind of cultural museum in which we are preserving well-functioning models of bygone crafts and skills. To recognize the synthetic, one need only look at the original—which is getting to be hard to find in our modern factories.

To see the industrial artisan at his best,



watch a skilled machinist run his lathe on a special order of intricate shapes and curves. Once well started, he loses all sense of the world around him. He is aware of nothing but the tough, spinning steel, the hot point of the tool that always threatens to burn out or possibly ruin the piece, the knobs and levers and control wheels with which he so deftly pits metal against metal. His deceptive air of bodily relaxation belies the tense concentration of his fast-moving hands. Here is the "thingmanship" of the worker at its highest level, giving a special dignity to the materials.

FOLKLORE AND FEEDBACK

THIS kind of artisan is vanishing—along with the giants of physical strength—to be replaced by the technician and the maintenance man.

Destined to substitute for the machinist is a milling device—still experimental—controlled by an electronic typewriter-like machine which converts intricate blueprint specifications into punched holes on a narrow paper tape. This tape is then fed into a computer along with the performance specifications of the milling machine. The computer produces a magnetic control tape that is placed in the control panel of the milling machine. The steel to be shaped is locked in place, a technician presses the "on" button, and the machine goes to work. There is nothing more for men to do unless the machine signals by flashing lights that a tool needs to be replaced or that trouble is developing. If anything goes really wrong, the electronic control system turns the machine off and flags the technicians, showing by lights, meters, and graphs just where the trouble lies.

"Pure automation" of this kind has been applied successfully also to such diverse jobs as the production of soda crackers, anti-aircraft shells, elaborately drilled engine blocks, and intricate assemblages of caps for automobile gas tanks. The only role played by men is to provide materials and take away the product with the mechanical help of cranes, forklift tractors, or small powered wagons called mules.

Even when a process is only partly automated, the individual worker's role is greatly altered. He needs more technical insight and competence, less of the craftsman's intuitive, visceral sensitivities, and almost nothing in the way of sheer physical prowess and skill. Working often as part of a team which receives a group bonus, his attention is focused not so much on the material as on the relationships between the different parts of the line.

Automation will abolish many of the most frustrating and monotonous factory jobs. But eventually it will also drive out of the plants most of the fine artisans of industry—masters of the complex tools of the pre-automation era. Their exploits gave us our image of what is best in industrial labor. In time little more than the image will remain. In the same fashion, steam, electric, and internal combustion engines made obsolete the giants of strength and endurance whose memory has given us an American myth.

A minority of workers, of course, will be unable to adapt to the new technology and the new attitudes toward work. One such, for instance, is the skilled machinist in an auto plant who asked to finish his last few years before retirement on a labor gang rather than take a station on an automated line for turning out engine blocks. Others transferred from old machinery to the cleaner, easier semi-automated systems complain of the "strain" of being caretakers and occasional adjusters of machines over which they have little direct control.

Some of these die-hards will find a place in the pockets of old-style processes which will survive even within largely automated factories. These will not, however, be the high-pay nor high-prestige factory jobs. Others will turn to the expensive equipment in their basements and garages to practice the kinds of skills no longer demanded or permitted by their jobs.

As industry loses its men of strength and craft, something will vanish from our way of life. The early factory heroes did much to create the age in which we now live, in which there remains little room for them. They deserve to be remembered for what they were: work-centered, often insensitive to human needs, materialistic rather than greedy. They were part of a system that pushed productivity ever upward despite cycles of misery. Men became masters over many without any sense of obligation to their subordinates. Women were often exploited. It was an age that made men work amid dirt and degrading monotony and gave to millions precious little of life except work. Yet it was also an age that produced giants of physical prowess and mechanical skill. It remains to be seen whether new kinds of greatness are possible for individual human beings in the coming age of automation. This much is certain: you don't sing ballads about computers and feedback.

By DANIEL JAMES

Drawings by Robert Engle



Sears, Roebuck's MEXICAN REVOLUTION

They didn't mean to do it, but a handful of American storekeepers are causing a profound upheaval in Latin America—creating a new middle class, new jobs, and new power for the once-scorned little customers.

A NEW kind of revolution is taking place in Latin America. Without bloodshed or headlines, this one is peaceful, gradual, and profound in its effects.

The Consumers Revolution, to give it a name, is making over the lives of millions of ordinary people throughout the vast continent south of the Rio Grande. For the United States, it means a wholly new element in our dealings with Latin America.

The Consumers Revolution in Latin America originated, logically enough, in the land where the consumer is king: the United States. It was sparked by an American enterprise whose success is due precisely to its irresistible consumer appeal: Sears, Roebuck and Company. Sears played the role of revolutionary quite unwittingly—in the beginning at any rate. But the social by-products of this American enterprise are much more significant than anything accomplished by any big-name official mission we have sent south in recent years; for the impact of even the best official mission comes from above, while that of Sears is from below, where it counts for most.

Other foreign companies operating in Latin America have had close contact with the people, but too often it has been of the master-servant kind. In Sears' case we have for the first time a giant United States corporation meeting masses of Latin Americans day in and day out on a plane of equality—if not actually reversing the old roles and making the *latino* boss, since in an American store the customer is always right.

A BEACHHEAD IN HAVANA

SIXTEEN years ago the Chicago mail-order house with the famous catalogue of bargains for the whole family decided to enter the foreign field. Its reasons for selecting Latin America first were entirely businesslike. Latin America is our next-door neighbor and the chances of making money there seemed good; certainly Sears had no notions of launching a revolution. If its decision had any human-interest motive at all, it was perhaps that its president, General Robert E. Wood, had occasionally vacationed in Mexico and had taken a shine to the country. When a cousin of his became a successful real-estate operator in Mexico City, the idea occurred to Wood that it might pay to set up a store there some day. But Sears opened its first Latin American store in Havana, Cuba, instead. That was in November 1942.

The Havana store was largely experimental. It wasn't until after World War II, in 1947, that Sears "invaded" Latin America in earnest. It then opened, in Mexico, its first Latin American "A" store. (An "A" store is the highest of seven categories of stores in the Sears chain.) With that, the Consumers Revolution got off the ground.

In the short period since 1947, Sears has branched out from two stores in Cuba and Mexico to 55 stores and 13 sales offices in nine Latin American republics: Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, El Salvador, Mexico, Panama, Peru, and Venezuela; these countries contain two-thirds of Latin America's population. Starting with a handful of employees, Sears now employs an army of 10,000, nearly all of them natives. Sales which totaled about $15 million annually a decade ago have shot up to more than $100 million—a staggering sum considering the poverty that prevails in Latin America and the fact that many of its inhabitants still live outside the money economy.

Sears sparked the Consumers Revolution and continues to be a major stimulus, but what we must try to measure is not the company's achievements *per se* but the chain reaction they started. The American merchandising practices which Sears introduced have been the catalyst of a revolution affecting the entire Latin American buying public.

We are not attempting here to evaluate Sears, Roebuck and Company as a company, nor even its foreign division, which operates its Latin American stores. Whether Sears as a corporation is "good" or "bad," who runs it, who owns stock in it, and who makes how much money out of it are other matters; what we are concerned with here is one thing alone: Sears' impact upon the Latin American consumer. And that impact, as we shall see, has generally been highly beneficial.

FOR THE CARRIAGE TRADE ONLY

THERE is no secret formula in Sears' success in Mexico, nor in the changes which it has brought to the country. Wilbur F. Plummer, president of Sears, Roebuck de Mexico, S.A., the company's Mexican subsidiary, told me the story of how the company revolutionized the retail business there. At forty-seven, Plummer is a veteran of twenty-five years' service and has worked his way up from the bottom.

Until the postwar period, the retail business in Mexico (and Latin America) was small and backward, because people never had enough money to buy the things they needed. A great many Mexicans continued to receive wages in kind, as they had under the feudalistic hacienda (large estate) system, long after it was overthrown by the Revolution of 1910. Beginning with World War II the Mexican government went all-out to industrialize the country, chiefly by offering new industries tax exemptions and similar inducements, and for the first time large numbers of Mexicans received money-wages and had cash to spend. The stage was set for someone like Sears to show them how to spend their money and get the most for it.

Why Sears? Why not a native company? The answer is that Mexican department stores lived in the past and had no idea of modern merchandising. The biggest ones—Palacio de Hierro, Casa Armand, Francia Maritima—had been founded by Frenchmen back in the pre-1910 hacienda epoch of the old dictator, Porfirio Díaz. Encouraged by Díaz' French-descended Minister of Finance, José Ives Limantour, department stores had a distinctly French air and catered to the carriage trade. They had iron-grilled balconies rising in tiers like nineteenth-century opera boxes, and their merchandising policies were of the same vintage.

A Mexican entering a French-style department store would be treated with near-disdain, unless he belonged to one of the best families. Goods and prices were hidden. Quality was not guaranteed, and variety was limited. Sales personnel were inefficient and unschooled. Business volume, as a result, was small and only the higher-income groups could afford to dress themselves and furnish their homes well. When the average Mexican did begin to acquire the cash to qualify him as a department-store customer, he took his money to the inadequate specialty shops and street markets (where he has traditionally shopped or bartered). At this point, enter Sears.

Sears inaugurated its first Latin American "A" store, built around the old American school building on Mexico City's Avenida Insurgentes, on February 27, 1947. For two months before opening day Sears staged the biggest and most effective publicity campaign ever seen in Mexico and had people saying, "They're practically going to give things away." Yet so pervasive was the thinking of the old French-style establishments that even Sears, notwithstanding its modern outlook and its traditional orientation toward the mass market, estimated that its ap-

peal would be essentially to the upper crust.

To Sears', and everyone else's, utter astonishment, people flocked to the Insurgentes opening in such multitudes that store personnel and police together were unable to cope with them. Sales were small in volume that day, but word-of-mouth publicity large. The old Mexican department stores began to ask themselves: "What is drawing everybody to Sears?"

The answer was soon obvious: display, marking, quality, and prices. Merchandise was laid out attractively in orderly stacks on open counters, where the customer could see and touch it for himself. Every item sold was accurately and fully described and, above all, its quality was guaranteed. The American shopper takes it for granted that, say, a dress marked 100 per cent cotton (or wool, as the case may be), is just that; but in Latin countries the customer used to be told that the dress contained 100 per cent cotton (or wool) although it may have been 50 per cent rayon. When the Mexican public discovered that Sears openly marked an article "50 per cent rayon" and that it was probably just as good as the "100 per cent pure" merchandise and cheaper besides, people jammed the American store. The Gallicized establishments, fearing the loss of business, were forced to adopt the newcomer's practices.

NOT A CENTAVO MORE

NEXT, Wilbur Plummer relates, "Sears inaugurated a very definite revolution in price policy. Before we came, customers were told the price of an item verbally and goods were not ticketed. Now Mexican department stores ticket their goods."

Anyone who has traveled in Latin America knows that when you go into a shop, or a street market, you are expected to haggle over the quoted price; this is because the quoted price is usually inflated and everybody knows it. So it was, also, in the department stores. Often as not, an article would have as many different prices as there were prospective purchasers. A good bargainer could argue the price down, but generally the store could hang onto a high mark-up.

Nowadays when you walk around a Latin American department store you see the prices clearly marked on all goods, and that is what you pay—not a centavo more. This delights the ordinary shopper, who is now able to calculate how much he or she can afford to spend and exactly what value his pesos will bring.

Along with the one-price policy, Sears also introduced the moderate-price policy. Its prices in the beginning, however, as noted above, were higher than the average, not only because it oriented itself to the upper-income group but also because it had to import everything from the United States and costs were correspondingly high. But when Sears discovered that its novel practices were attracting people of all classes, it concluded that it would pay to supply them with goods made in Mexico and bring prices down. This it has succeeded in doing.

Some items, like refrigerators, which are still manufactured in relatively small quantities in Mexico, fetch higher prices than in the United States; but generally the merchandise sold by Sears de Mexico is priced well within the pocketbooks of a majority of the Mexican urban population. Even in the new and better-class Sears stores, like the one on Mexico City's Avenida Ejercito Nacional which caters to the fashionable Lomas and Polanco districts, prices are reasonable. In that store children's coats last winter cost as little as 169 pesos ($13.52); women's skirts, 119 pesos ($9.52); men's fancy sports shirts, 69.95 pesos ($5.60); boys' Roy Rogers cowboy shirts, 29.95 pesos ($2.40). And in the store's excellent restaurant, the hungry shopper can get a full-course steak lunch for only 15 pesos ($1.20).



Who is the average shopper in Mexico today? Sears "is certainly reaching into the middle classes," according to a survey published by the National Planning Association in 1953. Today, nearly six years later, I can report that Sears is certainly reaching into the working classes as well. The Ejercito Nacional store, for

example, notwithstanding its location in a high-class residential district, draws customers from outlying proletarian districts. Nowadays native Mexican stores, too, following the Sears trend, attract a large number of low-paid workers—though of course many Mexicans, especially in the small towns and rural areas, have yet to see the inside of a department store, Sears or any other.

RIVETS TO RAINCOATS

SEARS, moreover, is playing a vital role in the formation of the Mexican middle class—a new phenomenon decisive to the stability and progress of Mexico. "It is not just money that makes a middle class," as the NPA study cogently observes, "but rather goods, especially durables. . . ." "Durables" like household furnishings and appliances have become available in mass quantities, for the first time in Mexico.

Glance into the Mexican middle-class home and you will see the Consumers Revolution in tangible objects. Instead of the leaky old icebox that was there a decade ago, an electric refrigerator gleams in the kitchen; the ancient cement washtub has been replaced by an automatic washing machine; and the old clay oven or coal stove has given way to an up-to-date gas or electric range. You may also find a formica-topped table, a blending machine, and other electric gadgets in the kitchen; a television set and foam-rubber chairs in the living-room; a handsome suite in Swedish modern style in the bedroom. Out in the garage (the Mexican middle class travels on wheels), the man of the house may even have a bench stacked with tools purchased at Sears or some rival native department store.

The Consumers Revolution appears on the streets as well. Wherever the visitor goes in Latin America—in the cities, at any rate—he is likely to encounter surprising numbers of *latinos* wearing good and stylish clothes: stenographers turning up at the office in fashionable dresses, executives hurrying to lunch in three-button single-breasteds, children playing outside the house in dungarees and sneakers. (In contrast, in 1917, fully 98 per cent of the residents of Mexico City went barefoot—now only 2 per cent have no shoes.) To be sure they wear clothes that are American in style, in preference to European or native clothes, but they buy them at the native department stores as well as at Sears.

For the Consumers Revolution is not a foreign import. Though an American company was the catalytic agent, the products are home-made. With few exceptions these clothes and household goods are made by the Latins themselves out of their own materials and in their own plants and factories. (Paradoxically, the revolution, while popularizing American styling, is also reviving many purely indigenous crafts like ceramics.)

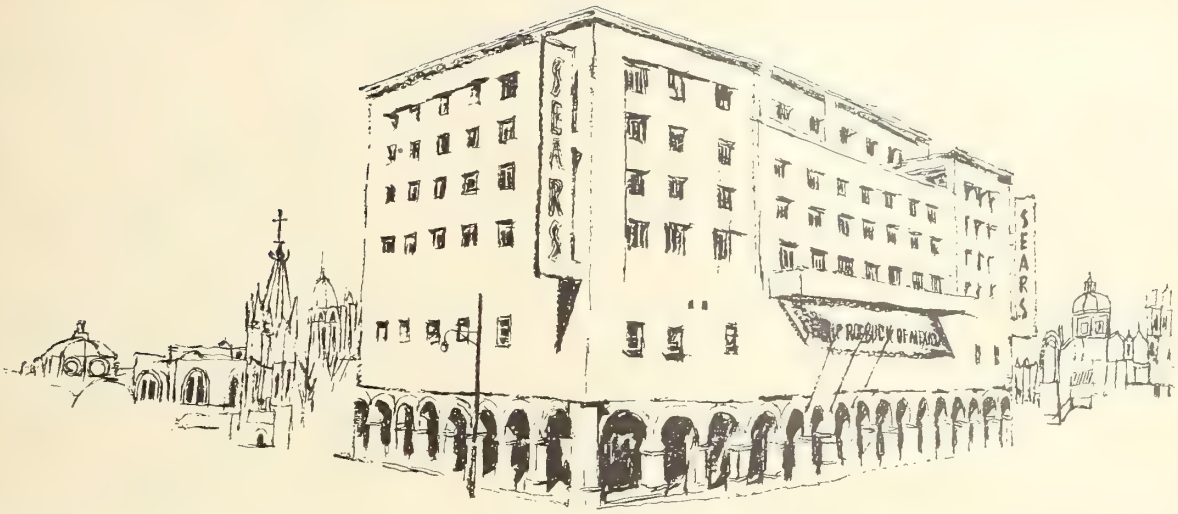
When Sears opened in Mexico, it had to import everything it sold. The "French" stores had apparently never dreamed of trying to build up local sources of supply. Encouraged, however, by the overwhelming response of the Mexicans, Sears concluded that if it was going to do a volume business it would pay to buy everything it could right on the spot. All well and good, but where were the plants which could turn out the countless thousands of different items, from rivets to raincoats, which Sears stocked?

Mexican consumer-goods production had hardly advanced beyond the cottage-industry stage. While basic industries like steel boasted great modern plants and Mexico led most of Latin America in capital-goods production, articles for retail trade were still made either in private dwellings by hand or in tiny "factories" with one or two machines. Most Mexicans wore clothes made to order by seamstresses or tailors working in their homes.

Sears realized it had to create its own suppliers. Starting with the cottage producers, it would find someone who owned a machine or two, lend him money to buy more machines and hire more workers, and give him enough orders to assure him a steady flow of work—and Sears a steady flow of goods. To insure quality, Sears sent around technicians to check and advise.

One clothing manufacturer, for example, started with only two machines and went to eighteen in half-a-dozen years. A furniture-maker who employed only four workers jumped to sixty. The biggest producer of stoves in Mexico, Acros, achieved that position with the help of Sears, increasing its labor force from forty to four hundred. In addition to the usual forms of aid, Sears also gave Acros the use of its Chicago laboratories to improve its stove design, even though 80 per cent of Acros' production goes to other outlets.

In a few important instances, Sears has found it necessary to go into the supply end of retailing itself in order to insure a regular output of certain products. Thus it bought a 50 per cent interest in a factory making men's work clothes, and the same interest in another pro-



ducing sports shirts; this resulted in doubling the production of both. Sears also owns 15 per cent of a plant which manufacturers household appliances, and brought into being two completely new supply houses, one making TV and radio sets and the other wheel goods.

Generally, though, Sears relies upon others to make what it needs. It does business with a grand total of 2,000 independent Mexican suppliers, large and small, all of whom it has aided in various ways. Many of them it put into business while others it enabled to expand. From these suppliers, Sears buys all but about 2 per cent of its huge line.

THOUSANDS OF JOBS AND CASH IN POCKET

THE impact of Sears upon Mexican industry (and upon industry elsewhere in Latin America where it has stores) goes far beyond the 2,000 suppliers it deals with. The influence of Sears on the Mexican economy is at least fourfold.

(1) In the first place, as we have shown, Mexico today has a modern consumer-goods industry because of Sears.

(2) Mexico's industrial production as a whole—including capital goods—has developed under Sears' stimulus. Its role in this respect is comparable to that of the great New England merchants of the early eighteenth century who did so much to stimulate American industrialization. "Due to the more than 40,000 stock units we carry, our influence has reached into more industries and more product development than that of any other company," Plummer claims. Mexico now has a plant that manufactures textile machinery; industries making processed items such as rayon tire cord, paint, plastics, and glass; and plants producing raw materials such as cotton, lead, and zinc. And Sears' demand has even reached into key industries like transportation and oil.

(3) Labor, too, participates in the Consumers Revolution. To begin with, in the industries which feed the insatiable consumers market a new corps of workers has grown up, with new skills—and money to spend in their pockets. Sears itself employs 3,560 workers in Mexico alone, only twenty-two of whom are non-Mexicans. The great majority of its Mexican employees have been thoroughly trained in modern merchandising and constitute a very highly skilled force. They are, moreover, well paid by Latin American standards.

Wages at Sears, for example, range from 800 pesos ($64) to 6,500 pesos ($520) a month for sales and technical employees, who form the overwhelming majority of the company's staff. The peso brings far more in Mexico than its equivalent in American currency, eight cents, brings in the United States; to make a realistic if rough comparison, a Sears employee earning a median salary of 3,000 pesos a month would live not on the scale of an American earning the equivalent, $240, but rather of one earning somewhere between $500 and $750. Besides, almost every Sears employee belongs to the company's Savings and Profit Sharing Fund, and receives such benefits as paid vacations, free medical treatment, luncheons at cost (averaging about 30 cents each), and a discount on purchases.

Allowing for local variations, what is true of Sears' Mexican employees is true of most of the 10,000 persons it employs in Latin America, and even, in varying degrees, of innumerable thou-

sands more who work for the native department stores which follow Sears' practices.

Out of this white-collar elite is emerging a type of leader new to Latin America, and one destined to play a vital role in the area's general development: the department-store executive. The future of Sears, for one, as Plummer frankly acknowledges, depends in the final analysis upon its Mexican personnel and, in particular, upon its Mexican executives. For this reason it is company policy to give promising employees every kind of training they can possibly absorb, including experience in the parent organization in the U. S. The moment they qualify for top posts, they are upgraded. Apart from all else, psychologically this is of immeasurable importance as it means that for a change the Latins, who have historically been looked down upon by the more advanced nations—especially by ours—as "lazy," "inefficient," and "unbusinesslike," are treated on the job as equals.

All but a handful of Sears de Mexico's top positions are filled by Mexicans. Of its twenty stores and sales offices Mexicans manage sixteen. They also fill just about every executive job below manager—assistant managers, credit managers, division managers, and auditors. The president of Sears de Mexico, Wilbur Plummer, is one of a very few non-Mexican executives in the entire organization, and he looks forward to the day when a Mexican will fill his shoes.

Typical of many young Mexicans qualified for the top jobs—and of the new executive being produced by the Consumers Revolution—is young Jorge Lemus.

YOUNG MAN ON THE MAKE

THREE help-wanted ads which Sears inserted in Mexico City newspapers before the first Mexican store opened brought 15,000 replies. Among them was Jorge Lemus' application. One of the lucky few, he was hired two months before the store opened. His job: checker. His pay: 400 pesos (then worth about $46) a month. Neither this job nor this pay was what Lemus, an educated and intelligent young man, wanted or was accustomed to. He had, as a matter of fact, left a better position to join Sears. "I decided," he explained, "to take a chance on Sears' future in Mexico." The gamble, he is first to admit, has paid off handsomely.

Lemus didn't remain a checker long. "I was determined to go up quickly"—and he did. In four months he was a warehouse manager, in six more an assistant customers' service manager, in another four a customers' service manager. That put him in the executive category. From there he went to floor manager, to superintendent of operations, then in 1952, to manager of his first store, in Puebla. Five years later he was appointed head of the newest Sears store in Latin America, the one at Ejercito Nacional, and became the first Latin ever to manage a Sears "A" store.

At thirty-nine, Jorge Lemus is sitting pretty. He oversees an enterprise that occupies an area of 200,000 square feet, normally carries an inventory valued at 13 to 14 million pesos (more than a million dollars), and employs 400 persons—as tidy a business empire as any ambitious young American executive could wish to administer. He earns about 170,000 pesos a year ($13,600 in U. S. currency, but worth much more in Mexican purchasing power). He lives in a comfortable house in a middle-class residential district with his wife and their four children. By the time he is fifty, Lemus can, if he wishes, retire on a small fortune (by Mexican standards) which will then be due him from the Profit Sharing Fund.

Above all, Lemus and the thousands like him all over Latin America are, for all practical purposes, running the Consumers Revolution—a source of pride and satisfaction which money alone cannot be. The revolution, in turn, depends upon them, for they are a guarantee that it will continue its present course and that the policies and innovations introduced by Sears in Latin America will go on: a mass market, a consumer-goods industry, plenty of quality merchandise, a system of honest and reasonable pricing—and a wholesome respect for the customer.

Sears has taught so well that it is now in the ironic position of the master whose disciple threatens to surpass him. Thus, what is by far the most modern and best-appointed store in Mexico, if not in all Latin America, has recently been opened, not by Sears, but by the native Palacio de Hierro. Only yesterday, Palacio de Hierro was one of the barnacled French-style stores; today, having made a giant leap from the 1890s to the 1950s, it is challenging Sears, its mentor, for leadership over the Mexican retail business. This is all to the good, for only native leaders can ultimately carry the benefits of the Consumers Revolution to all of Latin America's fast-growing population.

Sears has proved to be the most effective ambassador the United States has sent abroad in many a year.

RULES

By CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

1 Understand Others

Do not be frightened,
If you meet a poet on the road
Give him your poem;
If you meet a painter on the road
Give him your painting;
If you meet a merchant on the road
Give him your money.

2 Good Taste

Traveling, a man met a tiger, so..
He ran. And the tiger ran after him
Thinking: How fast I run.. But

The road thought: How long I am.. Then,
They came to a cliff, yes, the man
Grabbed at an ash root and swung down

Over its edge. Above his knuckles, the tiger..
At the foot of the cliff, its mate. Two mice,
One black, one white, began to gnaw the root.

And by the traveler's head grew one
Juicy strawberry, so.. hugging the root
The man reached out and plucked the fruit.

How sweet it tasted!

3 Be Practical

Before bombardment
There lived by me
A maker of beautiful dolls who gained
Living enough from his sales.

And he told his wife:
From now on our dolls
Will be made with their hands tucked away.
This will save clay.

The enterprise worked.
And he said: Wife,
In future our dolls will be made sitting down.
This will save time.

And his plan worked well.
So he said: Let us make
Dolls with their heads bent over in sleep.
This will save cash.

And when they were done,
The dollmaker's wife
Looked at one before they sold out, and said:
Indeed, my love

We have profited.
Now, let us hire
Some men to make dolls
While we visit the world.

4 Educate

Say to the child: This is one..
Showing him an apple. This is two..
Showing him a word. This is three..
And you turn and you walk away
With his mother and his ball.

5 Understand Yourself

Each day, deep in his university,
A scholar shouted: Master!
And answered himself: Yes, Sir?

And then he shouted out: Work harder!
And answered: Yes, Sir..

And after: Do not be fooled by others.
Answering: Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir.

6 What I Heard an Ass Sing

In a nearby town
There lived an Ass,

Who in this life—
As all good asses do—

Served his Master
Faithfully and true.

When this Ass died
And fled above,

For his reward—
That all good asses have

The Master made
From his loyal hide

A whip with which
His successor was lashed..

In a nearby town
His successor was lashed..

7 Observe Details

When you visit those British
Who remain on their fruitless cinder,
Be sure and visit—
Down by the little bar where they sell
Roast mutton and girls—
The armless General who sings a tune that goes:
How tranquil the evening
As he points his leg at the moon.



By NAT HENTOFF

Drawings by Benny Andrews

Race Prejudice in Jazz: *it works both ways*

An undercover antagonism has divided the world of jazz since its beginnings . . . and it explains a lot about the style and sound of some of our best musicians.

NOT long ago the wife of a Negro leader of a jazz trio finally discovered that the reason several of her friends had seemed distant was that her husband had hired a white bassist. "There are enough of ours looking for work," she was told, "without his giving a job to one of them."

In the same city, Los Angeles, a Negro bass player joined the trio of a white leader and was severely criticized by friends in the Negro community. "That combo wouldn't swing at all if you weren't there," he was lectured. "Why do you go with them and make those whites sound good?"

In New York, a white pianist said recently, "I'd prefer not to work in an all-white band, at least not with an all-white rhythm section, because there aren't that many white guys who can really swing."

A white trombonist-leader had been explaining to the same pianist a few hours earlier why he would hire no Negroes. "There are still places I can't get booked into with a mixed group; and besides, it's much less trouble in other ways too. Listen, I'm not prejudiced, but I'm in this to make a living."

Backstage at a Town Hall jazz concert, an angry Negro bassist, waving a copy of a jazz magazine, shouted, "They tell us we're the best jazz musicians and that we invented the music—so how come they get most of the work?

These interconnected and not-at-all atypical examples represent the dissonances of the jazz life which are seldom discussed, but which eventually reach nearly everyone involved in jazz. The myth, on the other hand, is that jazz is a microcosm of nearly ideal democracy in which everyone is judged by what he has to say

musically, not by an external characteristic like skin color. True, there is more interracial social equality in jazz than in any other area of American society because more whites and Negroes actually come to know each other as individuals in jazz than they are yet likely to in their business or social lives.

It is also true that for several years mixed small units—and to a lesser extent, mixed big bands—have managed to exist in jazz, though the first major breakthrough didn't take place until late 1935 when Benny Goodman hired Teddy Wilson. There had been a few mixed record dates before then, but Goodman was the first white leader to hire a Negro as a regular member of his unit and, as a matter of fact, Wilson began his association with Goodman only as a member of a trio within the orchestra rather than as the regular band pianist.

The difference in the patterns of segregation between the jazz world and American society in general, however, is that at the heart of jazz there are many Negro musicians who are not yet ready to extend full musical and social equality to whites.

THE WHITES MOVE IN

ONE reason why many Negroes are reluctant fully to accept white jazzmen is economic. From the beginning, Negro musicians have resented the fact that white jazzmen, by and large, have had a wider choice of better paying jobs, more publicity, and more credit from the public. Even fifty years ago in New Orleans, the fear existed that whites might copy what the Negro had originated.

New Orleans trumpeter Freddie Keppard rejected a 1916 Victor invitation to make the first of all jazz phonograph records because he was afraid that his music would be easier to steal if it were ubiquitously available. As a result, the white Original Dixieland Jazz Band was the first jazz group to record.

In the 'thirties, when the large jazz bands were in the ascendant, the Goodmans and Dorseys and Shaws were the most consistent money-makers while the musically superior Negro bands of Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Jimmie Lunceford (all of whom had vitally influenced the white bands) were usually restricted to less lucrative engagements and more grueling road trips, many of them through the South.

"Some of those people," recalls bassist Milt Hinton, who traveled the South for years with Cab Calloway, "came and paid their money just to heckle the Negro bands, like some people like to tease an animal, and we had no recourse. Do you know that in Miami, Florida, where we used to play, after nine o'clock at night Negroes had to be off the streets unless they had a note saying something like: 'This boy works for me'?"

A characteristic experience of the Duke Ellington band was described in 1944 by Richard O. Boyer in a *New Yorker* profile of Ellington. He was telling of a trip to St. Louis:

> . . . when the colored members of the band went out for lunch after the first performance, they couldn't find a restaurant in the neighborhood that would serve them. They didn't have time to go over to the segregated district before they were due onstage again. They returned to the theater and arranged for a white man to go out and buy sandwiches at a drugstore. When the proprietor of the store, making inquiry, found that the sandwiches were for a Negro band, he refused to fill the order. A few minutes later the men went back to work, hungry, the curtain rose, and from the white audience out front there came a burst of applause. The crowd cheered, whistled, and stamped its feet. As the curtain was going up, the dejection on the faces of the players vanished, and as swiftly as an electric light is switched on, it was replaced by a look of joy. The music blared, Duke smiled, threw back his head, and shouted "Ah-h-h!," Rex Stewart took off on a solo that was greeted with fervor, and as he bowed, the musician next to him muttered out of the side of his mouth, "Bend, you hungry fathead! Bend!"

Even in the North, a Negro with a Negro band wasn't safe from humiliation. When Billie Holiday played the Fox Theater in Detroit with Count Basie, she recalls in her autobiography, *Lady Sings the Blues*, ". . . they told Basie I was too yellow to sing with all the black men in his band. Somebody might think I was white if the light didn't hit me just right. So they got special dark grease paint and told me to put it on . . . It's like they say, there's no damn business like show business."

Later, Billie traveled with the white Artie Shaw band. She endured the expected hungry horror of traveling through the South as a Negro with a white orchestra and was supported emotionally to some degree by the sympathy of the musicians, but she couldn't withstand the bitter disappointment in the North when she was no longer allowed to sing with the band on its coast-to-coast wire from the Lincoln Hotel in New York. The Southerners, she noted, had at least been honest about their bigotry.

Toward the end of the 'thirties and the beginning of the 'forties, several of the young Negro musicians became restless, not only with the language of jazz up to that point but also with the externally polite behavior of most Negro musicians to white players and audiences. "The boppers at the beginning of modern jazz," states Mary Lou Williams, "deliberately worked out a music they thought would be hard to steal." And the stance of some of them in night clubs seemed to defy the audiences to understand the "new" music.

As before, however, white musicians quickly moved in on modern jazz and many, in fact, contributed importantly to its development. Yet by the 'fifties, when the white pianist Dave Brubeck and his unit achieved unprecedented publicity and commercial success for a modern jazz group, he was bitterly resented by a number of Negro musicians, not on personal grounds but because he was another white who had, they felt, harvested huge rewards from what Negroes had largely started.

"I was on the same bill with Brubeck," a prominent Negro trumpet player-leader has said, "and his combo got nearly all the attention even though they were playing nothing. It's like the people took it for granted that we could swing because we were Negroes, but thought it was something to make a fuss about when whites do it."

A corollary source for the anger of Negro jazzmen is the fact that nearly all of them, no matter how thorough their training or diverse their goals, are limited to jazz or rock 'n' roll. Modern jazzmen, Negro and white, have had to become very skilled technically in order to meet the increasingly complex challenges of jazz; but most TV and film studio orchestras remain closed to Negroes. And the Negro who is fully qualified for work in a symphony orchestra is even more certain to be frustrated. Though a very few symphony orchestras have admitted an isolated Negro or two in the past few years, most are all-white, an area of Jim Crow that for years has escaped the attention of even the most "liberal" concert-goers.



Among the few Negroes who have been auditioned for studio and other "institutional" engagements, several have been made to feel excessively conscious of their race by the straw bosses. In 1956 Roy Eldridge auditioned for a job in the orchestra of a late night network TV show. "Because I was a jazz musician and because I was a Negro," says Roy, "the music director came on with warnings that I'd better not be drunk and with questions about how well I could really read. I've been a professional for thirty years, and I have to prove myself now?"

OFF-THE-STAND CONTACTS

FURTHERMORE, there is less socializing off the stand between most white and Negro jazz musicians than an idealistic jazz listener might imagine. Close interracial friendships and visiting between families do exist, but most white jazzmen tend to hang out with other whites and Negroes with Negroes. One factor that works against frequent casual socializing everywhere in the country, of course, is that most Negroes are forced by housing discrimination to live in different neighborhoods from white musicians, neighborhoods—as in the Los Angeles area, for example—that are often a considerable distance from each other.

The pressures come first, then, from the surrounding society. It is because Negroes are denied full acceptance as individuals outside jazz that they take such fierce pride in the fact that at least jazz is theirs, that it began as Afro-American music, and that the majority of its most internationally applauded figures are Negro. Since the whites outside fight their entrance into homes and schools and jobs, many Negro musicians are all the more determined to fight to keep jazz for themselves, or as much of it as they can. Adding to this is the ultimate irony—many locals of the American Federation of Musicians, the union they must join to get work of any quality, are Jim Crowed into divisions, one for white and one for Negro.

Jazz has come to mean for many Negro musicians, therefore, a secret society to which American whites have to pay heavily to be admitted. In the plantation days, another kind of musical secret society existed. Field hollers and work songs often doubled as codes to allow the slaves to communicate plans for rebellion or their hatred and scorn for their overseers, or just to warm them with the knowledge that they had something of their own, if only a language, that the whites couldn't control. Later, after the Civil War, many of the blues had double meanings, as did some of the language that Negroes began to develop among themselves.

The development of a Negro argot was in part a protest against the very language as well as behavior of the whites. In *Phylon: The Atlanta University Review of Race and Culture,* Simon Podair has indicated just one sub-species of "white" language whose connotations many Negroes resent—black magic, blackball, blacken, blackguard, blacklist, blackmail, and black sheep. Negro code language, on the other hand, has developed words and implications that reversed the negative. "Ofay," the term for a white, is said by some theorists to be pig Latin for "foe," but whatever its etymology, the usual connotation of the word is at best neutral and usually hostile. Once, in a night club in Detroit, a Negro trumpet player cursed one of his sidemen loudly for playing "too white."

Despite all this, there has been much warm rapport—it should be emphasized—between jazzmen of different races. Though Negro musicians have been the innovators in all the various stages of jazz, several influential Negro jazzmen fully credit white players for having shaped their own careers. Both the late Lester Young and Benny Carter, for example, have expressed their debt to the late Frank Trumbauer; and at one time in his career, Rex Stewart, though Joe Smith and Louis Armstrong were the trumpeters he most admired, could play several Bix Beiderbecke solos by heart.

There has also been a continuing tradition in jazz of older Negro musicians helping and advising young whites. The late Baby Dodds, for instance, supplied Gene Krupa and George Wettling with many tips when he was with King Oliver on the South Side of Chicago in the 1920s. During the same era, Louis Armstrong befriended Muggsy Spanier and in more recent times Charlie Parker briefly encouraged Gerry Mulligan.

But, in the past ten years or so, this tradition has not been quite as evident. There is the experience of the young Negro trombonist from Detroit who came close to starvation during several months of trying to establish himself in New York, but nourished himself on the belief that his jazz at least had the authenticity that many white musicians lacked. His playing had "soul," and, as he once explained the term warily to a white jazz critic, "that soul only comes from certain kinds of experiences, and only we—you know who I mean—go through what you need to have the kind of soul that makes real jazz."

HOW WORDS SWITCH MEANINGS

THE use of the words "soul" and "funk" among many young Negro modern jazzmen sometimes differs from the use of those words by jazz critics. Both groups intend the terms to indicate approbation, but the Negro musicians often add the connotation that "soul" and "funk" are exclusively Negro qualities. "Funk" or "funky," in fact, has had its meaning almost entirely reversed in Negro usage, having originally meant something exceedingly dirty or smelly. Now, to the consternation of older Negro musicians, the word has come to mean basic, authentic, earthy, blues-based jazz.

The frequency with which "soul" has entered into the conversation of young Negro jazzmen is reflected in some of the titles of their works—"Soul Brothers," "Soulville," "Soul-O Blues," "Plenty, Plenty Soul." It's likely too that part of this current emphasis on "soul" is also allied to the fact that many of the young Negro modernists have in the past few years taken reawakened pride in the Negro origins of jazz, the folk blues, and gospel music. A number of players whose size of "soul" is admired especially by their Negro contemporaries would agree with Quincy Jones, who told a French jazz magazine several months ago that *"le style 'funky' est né à l'église";* and several of them have written quasi-gospel jazz pieces like "The Preacher," "Right Down Front," "Sermonette," "The Congregation."

Some Negro jazzmen have since turned from the shouting Christianity of their boyhood to Mohammedanism, but have lost none of their love and respect for gospel music. The move to Mecca is less often motivated by new theological insights than it is a seeking of identity with non-whites throughout the world. One recent Mohammedan answered a white who had asked him what had caused his conversion with

the rhetorical taunt, "Did you ever see a Negro Jesus Christ?"

In any case, the "soul" in the performances of some current Negro fundamentalist modernists is of the Old Testament in its fire and in its passages promising destruction of the infidel. There is a ferocity in some of this playing that is at least partly detonated by the musician's hatred of what he has had to endure. "There is, I should think," writes James Baldwin in *Notes of a Native Son*, "no Negro living in America who has not felt, briefly or for long periods, with anguish sharp or dull, in varying degrees and to varying effect, simple, naked, and unanswerable hatred; who has not wanted to smash any white face he may encounter in a day. . . ."



THE CURSE ON DIXIELAND

THOUGH these roots in blues and gospel music are now celebrated by many young Negroes, there is much traditional jazz that has been excommunicated by the modern militants. Most Dixieland, for example, connotes to them the second-class citizenship of the South. It is significant that no young Negro jazz musician of ability takes to Dixieland. A number of young whites have tried to make a career out of reviving the old New Orleans styles, but no young Negroes belong to these groups or are likely to buy their records.

If a Negro jazzman, no matter how important his contribution, has achieved a reputation as an Uncle Tom, the attitude of younger musicians to him is pitiless, as in this dialogue from James Baldwin's short story, "Sonny's Blues," when Sonny tells his square, older brother that he must make jazz his career: " 'You mean—like Louis Armstrong?' His face closed as though I'd struck him. 'No. I'm not talking about none of that old-time, down home crap.' " Armstrong is regaining some favor among some young Negroes, however, since his sudden and unexpected criticism of President Eisenhower over the handling of integration in Little Rock.

The conviction that jazz is Negro property has been encouraged for many years by a majority of the European jazz critics who believe, for the most part, that a Negro jazzman must be superior to a white musician if only because he *is* a Negro. Frenchman Hugues Panassié, author of the section on jazz in Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, writes therein that clarinetist Milton Mezzrow was "of all white musicians the one who most perfectly assimilated the Negro spirit, and therefore of true jazz." The German critic, Joachim-Ernst Berendt in *Das Jazzbuch* has constructed tables of influence for each jazz instrument, and frequently sketches a *"schwarz"* line and a *"weiss"* line. British critics often use "Negro jazz" and "white jazz" as distinguishing terms with the latter often applied pejoratively.

It has therefore been a new experience for many Negro musicians to visit Europe—and some have stayed—because they are beguiled for a while at least by the experience of having European aficionados regard them as "innately" superior to a white jazz player. The fact that this attitude can work in reverse (with the Negro still being treated far less as himself than as an abstract) eventually irritates some of the Negroes who travel abroad frequently. "When they get to like everything we do," notes Miles Davis, "even the mistakes, that gets to be too much."

Not all Negro musicians are as convinced as are the "soul brothers" that they can tell by ear alone whether a white or Negro musician is playing. Not all by any means exclude whites from the possibility of playing authentic jazz. There are musicians like John Lewis, pianist and music director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, who not only doesn't limit his appreciation of jazzmen by race but—unlike most of his American contemporaries of whatever race—doesn't even assess jazz musicians by country. Though most American jazz players feel that non-Americans are by definition derivative unless perhaps they emigrate here and absorb the roots of the music firsthand, Lewis is convinced that a growing

number of jazz musicians in Europe are developing fresh, individual contributions to the language.

Another non-chauvinist is pianist Hampton Hawes, whose father was a minister, whose own playing is characterized by earthy blues power and fully authenticated "funk," but who refuses to pre-empt jazz for Negroes alone. When Hawes was in the Army and stationed in Japan a few years ago, he met Toshiko Akiyoshi, a gentle, ingenuous pianist with a consuming desire to express herself in jazz. (She has since come to the United States to study in Boston and has acquired a respectable reputation as a jazz musician.) When she first met Hawes in Tokyo, Toshiko asked him guilelessly, "How do you play the blues that way? How can I learn to play them so authentically?"

Hawes decided to tease a little, and told her, "I play the blues right because I eat collard greens and black-eyed peas and cornpone and clabber."

"Where," sighed Toshiko, "can I find that food? Do I have to go to the United States to get it?"

Hawes finally broke down, laughed, and told the girl, "All you need is the feeling. If you have the feeling, you could eat Skippy's peanut butter and play the blues right. And if you don't have that feeling, you could eat collard greens and all that so-called Negro food all the time and sound corny."

"YOU HAVE TO HAVE THE FEELING"

"AT ONE time," Hawes says, "everybody thought if you were a Negro, you could just naturally sing and tap and play the blues. But that's as much a caricature as other forms of prejudice. If I say that all colored people can play blues better than all whites, that would fit into the white racists' argument that 'all colored are alike.' To play the blues, to play jazz, you have to have the feeling. You can't study up on it. Some Negroes and whites have it, and some don't. Yes, at one time, the differences in environment were such that only Negroes knew the blues, in the musical terms that I mean, but the experience of the blues is a lot broader in the kinds of people it reaches now."

A white musician, describing a British lady pianist who has been trying for years to become "funky," amplified Hawes' statement by pointing out as an index of her progress toward her goal that "the exposure she's had to players with melodic conceptions rooted more in the blues, the Jewish wails, and the Slavic music (more of a minor inflection and open phrasing) has influenced what she hears or looks for in her own playing." And John Lewis welcomes the Irish background of Gerry Mulligan, whose jazz authenticity he admires, as an indication that jazz is not alien to any race or nationality.

The empiricists like Hawes and Lewis are apt to gain more and more adherents among young Negro jazzmen as integration in American life as a whole increases. The less bitterness a Negro is forced to experience simply because he is a Negro in his life off the stand, the less bitterness he will bring to his music. And, even in the harshest, most hating jazz, there is an undercurrent of affection between the musicians; because jazz, to exist at all, has to be created collectively. It has to depend on the rapport of a group, and even if the group is annealed by its collective hatred of the outside, sometime in the night the experience of sharing even the hate becomes mellowed. Though jazz has been used for many generations to express—among other emotions—pain and sorrow that can't be verbalized, it is difficult for even the "hardest" modernists to hate all night on their horns. A man swings most deeply and self-satisfyingly when he's feeling good, not lacerated.

A few weeks ago, a quartet had just completed a particularly exhilarating set, and its young Negro drummer came off the stand grinning with satisfaction.

"You guys sounded good," said a listener.

"Yeah," said the drummer, "there was a lot of loving going on up there."

PHILENE HAMMER

SATURDAY'S CHILD

JOHNNY's healthy; Johnny's clever;
Johnny's nine, but Johnny never
Sailed a kite or trailed a lark
Or caught a catfish in the park.

Springs will come and springs will go;
Veni, vidi, video—
And Mighty Mouse there on the floor
Will never know what spring is for.

By DANIEL BELL

Drawings by Frederick E. Banbery



CALL ME ISMAIL

An Oriental police story, with a moral—proving that cops have the same bad habits everywhere . . . that sociologists have reached even to Chittagong . . . and that All Men Are Brothers, in an alarming sort of way.

ON MY second morning in a dusty town in Pakistan, the hotel phone rang and a voice said: "Mr. Bell? You are a sociologist at Columbia University? My name is Ismail. I am inspector-general of police. I am a sociologist too. I would like to talk to you. Are you free? I will send my car."

My first impulse was to suspect a practical joke. But no one knew me; I had stopped en route from Paris to Tokyo where I was scheduled to attend a conference. The second, chilling thought was: This is a clever ruse to bring me in for interrogation; but why, and for what? Fifteen minutes later, two policemen in khaki and berets led me past the astonished hotel clerk to a police car outside.

Mr. Ismail's office in the police barrack was a large, rectangular room. At each end double, slatted doors gave out on long, cool verandas. The back wall was bare except for an incongruously small picture of Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the patron saint of Pakistan. At the far side of the room was an enormous desk strewn with papers and books, in the center of which was a raised three-foot wide reading stand; on this rested a large black leather-bound, five-inch thick manuscript of foolscap size. Behind the desk, but not dwarfed by it, in a large swivel chair, was Ismail: a large round moon face and silky black hair parted in the center, pasted straight down, almost to the cheekbones. He looked, oddly, like H. L. Mencken, but double the size.

His corpulent bulk hanging over the wooden arm rests, he half rose to greet me, an effort which consisted of bracing his hands on the side of the chair and raising his wide, sloping shoulders in a quick jerk upward. In a rapid stream of equally-accented, putt-putt syllables, he began speaking:

"Mr. Bell. You are from Columbia University. I am glad you are here. We do not often have the pleasure of meeting professional colleagues. Have you written many books?"

I made some deprecatory remarks about my

meager output, but scarcely listening he continued:

"I have written sixteen."

He motioned to a pile on the desk. I caught sight of some titles: *Justice, Peace, and Human Bliss; Art of Discipline, Management, and Leadership; All About Sex, Love, and Happy Marriage; Conversational Bengali.* They were all signed Abul Hasant.

"My pen name," he said. "I keep distinct my work as a police chief and as a sociologist. Would you like some tea?" I nodded, and, at a shout, a servant sitting outside the door appeared, listened to a command, and left. I settled back in my chair.

"Tell me," he said abruptly. "What do you think is the most important problem in the world today?"

Quite startled, I began lamely. "War, poverty, Communism . . ."

"No," he interrupted, "I must disagree. Religious superstition. Religion divides peoples. We must unite all peoples. I am now writing a book [he pointed to the foolscap-size manuscript] on Justice, Human Betterment, and Mental Health. It will prove, with axioms as rigid as Euclid, that superstition gives rise to religion. I am glad you have come here, for I would like you to dispute these."

Opening the leather-bound manuscript, he began, aloud: "The writer of this book is a relative of the late Albert Einstein."

At my perceptible start, he looked at me, and said, blandly: "All men are brothers."

He turned back, and continued to read, looking up after each statement to see if I dared to contradict: "One, Man is born helpless. [I nodded, "True."] Two, he has fears. [A nod from me again.] Three, he dreams. Four, he thinks there are spirits. Five, he calls these Gods. Six, this is an anthropomorphism. [My nods were slackening.] Have you read any Frazer? Good."

At this point, a slim open-shirted young policeman entered the room carrying a large ledger marked SECRET. My host angrily waved him away. The servant, entering behind him, brought in the tea. Mr. Ismail placed the manuscript back on the reading stand, drank his tea quickly, and began speaking:

"People used to think the Sun was God. Then the Moon. Then the idea that one God created these two. Trinity!

"Do you know the greatest source of superstition in the world? Your Bible. People think the word of the Bible is divine. It is not. The Bible is only what human beings have written. Do you know there is no mention of India in the Bible?

"Abraham thought God had spoken to him. Mohammed thought that God had given the Koran through him. But we only have their word for it. . . .

"Have you read Tom Paine? He was forced to leave your country. Are the Catholics very strong in the United States today?"



Allegations Against the Police . . .

An hour thus passed. Mr. Ismail talked steadily the entire time. The phone rang. Impatiently, he answered it, said something crossly and hung up.

"We do not have much chance for leisurely talk here," he said.

The young policeman with the large ledger re-entered through the slatted door, hesitantly approached Mr. Ismail, and placed the volume marked SECRET gingerly on the desk. I gathered it was the policeman who called.

"You must excuse me," said Mr. Ismail. "I have to examine these reports. Perhaps you will be interested in this." And he pushed a volume towards me. It was entitled *Justice and Peace for All,* by Abul Hasant. It was one I had not noticed in the pile. "My latest," said Mr. Ismail.

The servant brought in a fresh pot of tea, and, balancing the cup in one hand, I began to examine the book. The jacket cover, an old engraving, showed a defiant, robed figure, standing midst craven kneeling knights, before a regally

garbed personage wearing a large ruffle around his neck. Across the drawing, in crude lettering, with hand-drawn arrows between the titles, were the words:

James I——→King vs. Judge←——Judge Coke.

The book itself, of about 100 pages, was, as I could quickly see, a far-ranging discussion of judicial and penal problems. The table of contents was annotated in detail. One chapter, of twelve pages, was headed: "Law and Procedure for Ensuring Justice and Peace." Underneath were descriptive subheads and pagination. Thus:

Ancient Egypt p. 26
The Code of Hammurabi p. 27
The Roman Law p. 28
The Hebrew Law p. 31
The Mohammedan Law p. 33
Islamic Legal Procedure p. 34
Reviews of Old Law p. 37

I turned the pages. Another chapter was supposed to show how legal hairsplitting can lead to injustice. Thus, I read: "In Chicago, a notorious criminal known as 'Eddie the Immune' was convicted of stealing $59. There was never the shadow of a doubt as to his guilt. But the verdict was set aside on appeal because the jury had not, in its announcement of the verdict, found the amount stolen." Presumably such niceties would not occur in Pakistan.

A chapter entitled "Corruption Through the Ages" was followed by another called "Corruption Elsewhere." The "elsewhere" apparently was Indo-Pakistan, and it discussed, in quite specific detail, the misbehavior of the town police in Chittagong. It was revealing sociology. The allegations against the police according to Abul Hasant consisted of the following:

(A) Tinkering with prostitutes, monopolizing a few for themselves, and harassing visitors to prostitutes.

(B) Fraternizing with bad characters; patronizing some; victimizing some; sharing with some.

(C) Helping pilferers and smugglers and sharing in the spoils.

(D) Enjoying free rides in buses, rickshaws, and free cinema shows.

Said Abul Hasant, sorrowfully, at the end of this recital: "The allegations are not altogether baseless."

Despite the early forays into world history, most of the book was concerned with organizing an efficient police force in Pakistan, and much of the discussion was devoted to the praiseworthy experience of one Ismail, who had formerly been Inspector-General of the Chittagong District.

A long memorandum, prepared by police chief Ismail, was reprinted *in toto*. As a crime strategist, Mr. Ismail had pioneered in the creation of a new instrument, a nerve center for the apprehension of criminals called the Central Office of Report and Direction. The objectives of the C.O.R.D. were defined as serving the public with "dignified amiability" and "scientific management of police work."

A section, called "Analyzing," proceeded to lay out a scientific campaign:

1. Our Field of Campaign, for the present, is Chittagong City.



Further Allegations Against the Police . . .

2. Our Command Post is the C.O.R.D. already functioning.

3. Our Enemies are Criminals, known and unknown, *including those within our ranks.*

4. Our Wards are citizens who temporarily lose balance and sanity, overstep bounds by breaking minor laws, and indulge in mutual clashes and quabbles.

5. Our Troops are unfortunately low-paid personnel from constables upward.

This was followed by a section called "Synthesizing." Here one can only say that Mr. Ismail really stepped on the gas.

"The C.O.R.D.," he said, "must remain the Command Post for controlling and guiding all police activities in the city, the cockpit where the pilot will have all the essential control under his fingers—starting, taking off, speeding, slowing, directing, landing—with the dashboard complete with the switch, gear, rudder-control, compass, altimeter, speedometer, gasometer, etc."

I was not sure whether some instructional manual for air pilots had fallen into the memo or not. But apparently Mr. Ismail had a strong grip on the problem. A footnote, which followed the *etc.,* read: "The Army, Navy, Air Force acquire amazing mobility and striking power by the unification of Command. Napoleon used to remark that one bad general is better than two good generals."

THE TRAPPED SOCIOLOGIST

MY FASCINATED reading was interrupted by the voice of my host. The policeman and the ledger had disappeared. Settled back in his chair, Mr. Ismail was prepared to resume our conversation. His voice, with the putt-putt rhythm chugged on:

"I have read in all religions. But I find that few have attempted to combine the best of each other. Joad made one attempt. But he did not know the East.

"We sociologists have two great tasks. We have to assemble a world encyclopedia which contains the sum of man's knowledge. We have to create a new ethic by taking the best from all religions. We must make people feel free.

"Now I have written a 700-page book on Sex, Love, and Marriage. It answers all questions on the physiology of sex, on the orgasm, on sex harmony. . . ."

Three hours passed. Mr. Ismail had lectured me on the Old Testament, the New Testament, the Koran, and on Ibn Khaldun. (As a weak gambit, I had brought in the name of this famed Arab sociologist of the fourteenth century; but Mr. Ismail had read him, too; in the original.) He had expounded Bentham, Blackstone, Lombroso, Frazer, Tyler, and Julian Huxley (Aldous was quickly dismissed). His heroes, I learned, were Freud ("He was right in his emphasis on sex"), Gandhi ("He was a lion in a loin cloth"), and Bernard Shaw (an enthusiast of Mr. Ismail's "Crime and Criminal Justice" had remarked, on the dust jacket, "Appendix B reminds one of Bernard Shaw's prefaces").

I felt like Basil Seal in the jungle. How would this all end? Suddenly, Mr. Ismail stopped talking. From a pile on his desk he took a wrapped package, and said: "I would like to give you a present."

He unwrapped it and displayed a copy of *Justice and Peace for All,* by Abul Hasant. I



He was a lion . . .

was overcome by his thoughtfulness, and sorry that privately I had been mocking him.

"Would you sign it?" I asked, making the weak but appropriate gesture. He smiled and opened the book. At every point he had me beat. On the flyleaf, in bold script, there was already written: "To Daniel Bell, in commemoration of our eventful meeting, with the compliments of a fellow-sociologist, Abul Hasant."

He half rose, with that odd jerking movement. "I'm sorry that I cannot come to hear you speak at the University this afternoon." So that was how he knew who I was. And then, as a deprecatory smile crossed his moon face, he said, "I have to play tennis. I am in the veterans' finals, you see."

BY *William S. White*
HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT


Arnold Newman

THE END OF THE OLD ARMY

Why the coming shift in the top command will mean a radical change in a legendary institution . . . and the passing of the last trace of romance from the soldier's trade.

WASHINGTON—This will be a month to remember. It will mark the end of an ancient institution and a timeless legend: The Old Army. Such a watershed in history is a rare thing—after all, Rome doesn't fall every year—and millions of men will note it with considerable emotion.

However much they may have hated the Army while they were in it, most of them now seem to remember it with a kind of bitter-sweet nostalgia. For many ex-combat men, indeed, this memory has been transmuted through the years into something close to a romantic nostalgia for war itself.

That can never happen in the new era, beginning right now. Never again will it be possible for anybody to look back on another war with even the smallest chemical trace of romantic interest.

The new Army will formally take over the parade ground July 1, when General Lyman Lemnitzer replaces General Maxwell Taylor as Chief of Staff. This is no routine replacement. It is a radical changing of the guard that has many military and political implications. It will result, I believe, in profound alterations not only in the Army itself but eventually in the very way the country feels and thinks about its military establishment.

Neither Taylor nor Lemnitzer is, of course, a conscious agent of this change, or a witting symbol of old or new. They are simply two officers and gentlemen who are passing each other in the dusk of history.

The expiration of Taylor's four-year tenure as Chief of Staff simply happens to define the point at which the Old Army is drawing to the end of its mission—and even of its relevance. By the Old Army I mean that army of men with personal weapons—from the Minute Men at Lexington to the infantrymen at Pusan—who marched, cursed, sweated, fought, and died over many leagues. These, in our own generation, have been known first as the Doughboys, and then the Doughs, and now the Dogfaces.

They are many things—often short on their grades in the intelligence tests; nearly always deplorable in their manners and morals in captured towns; dirty and sometimes surlily so, and without a touch of glamor. They have also been the only fighting men who ever gave any human quality to warfare. It was their duty to kill other men in a nastily personal way—with bullet, bayonet, or club. Their officers were men dealing with men. They were not experts, mathematicians, and junior physicists hurling large and costly objects by complex machinery, or pushing buttons to set off uniquely unhuman instruments.

Old Army men were capable of free will, and therefore of a sense of sin, remorse, and compassion. A missile has none of these qualities. Neither does the supersonic bomber, nor even one of our modern aircraft carriers, which function not unlike any assembly line in Detroit.

Officers in the Old Army dealt with flesh and blood, on their own side and on the enemy's. They walked with their men into danger and death—but it was danger and death involved with other men. In a paradoxical word, it was *humane*. These officers were rather like the professors of the humanities in our universities; like these professors their task is now largely superseded.

Because of all these human circumstances, many men who served with the Old Army—in Flanders long ago, in Normandy or Korea more recently—have held recollections of war that were more than dirt and horror alone. And because the Old Army is disappearing, in the new realities of a push-button world, these memories, too, must shortly become irrelevant. Within a few years they will seem as distant and unreal as the mythology of pagan gods.

But before they go entirely, let me try to describe the odd and gossamer foundations of this fading nostalgia.

THE MESS WITH PURPOSE

AN OLD ARMY infantry replacement center was, usually, a steamy, witless, grimy, and disorderly minor Hell. Basic training was an uninspired idiot's nightmare—fall out for no reason, fall in for no reason; kitchen police, close-order drill, and all the rest of it. It was conducted, on the whole, by dull, unimaginative madmen, by company commanders who could not themselves keep in cadence, by platoon leaders who might have trouble in finding their way out of a telephone booth, by sour, disheartened noncoms glumly lip-reading from their basic field manuals.

Rifle inspection, naturally, was usually held when it was raining, so that the never very shiny "pieces" looked rather like soggy lengths of used kitchen pipe. At the end of a long night training march, one might return to find that the company kitchen had been put in order for next day's visit of the battalion commander. Naturally, then, the kitchen could not be used to feed the glum anti-heroes who had been slogging across the river bottoms of Camp Cornpone.

The chaplain (if anybody was interested) was, like as not, a rural hell-fire shouter whose spiritual leadership consisted mainly in lubricous, eye-rolling lectures about the perils of three-day leaves and the imminent risk of the most luridly disabling venereal diseases.

Naturally nobody ever seemed really to understand the rude and inadequate equipment with which this crazy training was going on—the old, beat-up BAR rifles, the bronchitic machine guns, and the bayonets long since rusted to an unlovely pastel of brown and green.

Plenty of good basic food was at hand. But, five times out of six, waste and unbelievable cooking—of a kind to make even the quick-and-dirty at the PX look good—resulted in short and hardly edible rations.

Everything everywhere, in fact, was fouled up beyond all recognition. Here were recruits living a life—or, rather, undergoing an existence—that was openly ludicrous. But with all this there was also a ceaseless (if grim) clatter of free speech—a vast, communal moan of outrage. The barred, leafed, eagled, and starred gods of the Old Army did not, of course, pay the smallest attention. Indeed, they always tolerated and sometimes participated in the griping for this was a *human* enterprise, never more human than in the hopeless bellyaching that rose from a dozen Camps This and Forts That.

And somehow out of it all, out of the silliness and the back-breaking "training," there emerged at length some things that were adult and sound. They were even, in a small way, good and decent. It suddenly dawned upon any man of common sense that the Old Army, for all its ham-handedness and monumental insensitivity, really did have a purpose after all. This was to make the ex-civilian so damn sick of everything that he would be ready to kill or be killed. (It is not easy to condition a man to stick a bayonet eight inches or so into another man.) Once you grasped this reality, you could understand that the Old Army was actually humane. No honest infantry officer would try to tell a recruit that this life was going to be good, or even very lasting. But these officers (and nearly all I ever knew were honest and good men) were trying as best they could to prepare their men for what it was really going to be like.

And once these ragtag, down-in-the-dumps, sad-sack outfits got overseas and eventually learned combat, an awkward gallantry—a strange unselfishness and sometimes even a touch of glory—moved across them like a wind in the cottonwoods. Each hopeless and futureless rifleman developed a certain gentleness toward his companions. So, too, did a raw, unlettered *noblesse oblige* grow up among the officers—and never

mind all that old nonsense about the cruelties of the "military caste system."

From service as an assault war correspondent with many units and many men—on the English Channel the night before D Day; in Mons, Liège, Paris, Rötgen, Aachen—I acquired memories that are now ready to be put away for good with the no longer relevant recollections of so many others.

WHY OLD SOLDIERS NEVER STOP TALKING

FOR example, there was the second lieutenant who, on a tank march in Belgium, had unpatriotically allowed his jeep to interrupt the advance. It, and he, had been run over by a Sherman tank; he had in fact been cut right in two. And as he lay dying he said to a lieutenant colonel who stood looking soberly down upon him: "Sorry for goofing it up, sir." (True, "goofing" was not precisely his word.) There was the red-headed sergeant in the most forward of all "command posts" using a mortar in Normandy. "How goes it, sergeant?" I asked. "Aw," he said, with the airiest of smiles and in the richest of Bronx accents, "aw, *comme ci, comme ça.*"

There was the occasion in eastern France when a halt had to be made for reasons of supply, and the task force officer in command, a Roman Catholic, had suddenly barked at a corporal:

"Rustle up a blankety padre for a Mass."

A padre was found and, hurriedly finishing the rest of his K ration and wiping his hands on his fatigues he put a priestly hat upon his head and drew out his missal. Then he discovered that except for the CO and one or two more-or-less Protestants, everybody on the spot happened to be Jewish.

The padre went on serenely. His largely Jewish congregation carried on too, watching the little minority of "Romans" for cues as to when to kneel and when to stand. I am not ashamed to confess that this was a not wholly unaffecting scene—particularly at the end when the padre muttered to a Jewish pfc his gratitude for the loyalty of his congregation. The boy replied loudly in his embarrassment:

"Ah, forget it, Pop."

Anyone who speaks of "tolerance" (the genuine, unpatronizing article) can speak truer if he has served in or with the Old Army in combat. For the outstanding quality of combat on the ground, where death and life come in understandable forms, is its peculiar mixture of two things: duty and then charity—a special, almost tender, regard for the poor SOB at one's side. I assert, at risk of seeming a chauvinist if not actually a warmonger (old style), that the fineness in men found its greatest growth in this unlikely soil.

This is why middle-aged chaps have long bored their wives and their friends by insisting upon going to things like division reunions. They have remembered a time when they were taken out of themselves—when they were able to act upon a stage where there was no profit-and-loss, no pushing for preferment or pay raise. And in those remote days a soldier did not drop unknowable weapons through the intermediary of an unknowable machine upon unknown women and children.

And, of course, there was more to it than that. Many a man who had secret misgivings proved himself to himself, proved that with a weapon in his hand he could stand and deliver his duty even in grip of unending fear. To be sure, this may seem an extreme therapy; but it seems to me to have its points.

This kind of warfare and this kind of organization for war are gone forever. Now the only kind of warfare that is possible is warfare with brain but without heart, without hatred and without love—something like a glacial bookish competition in a laboratory that never knows either sun or rain. It is not simply that men like U. S. Grant and Robert E. Lee would be anachronistic to the new warfare; men of our own generation are anachronistic, too. The Old Army was made up of generalists and, curiously, of a staggering number of individualists. It valued peace more than any other service—and more than nearly any civilian—because it really understood what war was. It could not understand what war would become after its time.

THE LAST ROMANTIC GENERAL

THIS does not for a moment mean that the incoming Chief of Staff is without human qualities or that Maxwell Taylor was simply awash with them. It only means that Lemnitzer comes to high command at a time when these qualities are no longer the top requisites and that as a good soldier he will come to embody, because he must, the qualities a new situation demands. The new Army, it would appear, must become about halfway a guard force and about halfway the housekeeping base for civilians who are preparing ever newer and more grotesque weapons.

The Eisenhower Administration is slowly and determinedly reducing the Old Army, and making of it something possibly much better but certainly something profoundly different. The physics fellows, the calculus fellows, the IBM machine fellows are coming forward. The old riflemen are putting their guns on their shoulders and going off to wherever all the other old hunters gathered when their day was done.

By the sheer accidents of history, Maxwell Taylor may be considered the last great captain of the old hunters. It is fitting that chance should have cast him for this role. For Taylor carries a final touch of the romantic. Though he speaks five languages and is far from being a mere troop leader, he is the last of the Army's truly dashing commanders. At fifty-seven he is as lean and hard-bodied as a second lieutenant. He personifies the old military beau ideal. He is cool and remote with subordinates but filled with that odd, half-paternal and carefully hidden kindness and concern for them that has always marked all true aristocracies.

He parachuted into Normandy before dawn on D-Day. He took the surrender of Kesselring in Bavaria. As Eighth Army commander he threw back the last Communist offensive in Korea. On a splendidly cloak-and-dagger mission he slipped into Nazi-occupied Rome in 1943 on the eve of the American invasion of Italy.

In his four years as Chief of Staff he has fought the only engagements he never won. He fought to maintain the Old Army's strength and mission, while both shrank steadily in his hands. Even here he fought as a gentleman with a perhaps outmoded code; punctiliously he bowed, when he had lost the game, to the civil authority, and thus to the Constitution of the United States.

At fifty-nine Lemnitzer, too, takes command with a peculiar aura of personal rightness for a job that has altered so much. He is essentially an intellectual, a staff officer of vast experience, a kind of professor of the new kind of war. For at least ten years his concerns have been deep in high policy. He was one of the founders of our policy of foreign military aid. A decade ago his work with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had much to do with the successful preparation and launching of that program.

He will do the new job well; but he, too, I am quite confident, will miss the Old Army. Indeed, it is possible that out at Quarters 1 at Fort Myer, Virginia, where the streets are named for long dead field commanders, he, too, will sometimes turn a melancholy ear to a sound which can be heard only by romantics. For these, over the hills and plains of a thousand ghostly engagements, will long echo the last command for the Old Army:

"Companeee . . . Dismiss!"

LOOK WHO'S TEMPERATE NOW

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1959 (*AP*)—Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce conceded today that she had used intemperate language in political attacks on the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Dean Acheson, former Secretary of State. . . . Senator Wayne Morse, Democrat of Oregon, brought up her remarks as Mrs. Luce, a former Ambassador to Italy, appeared for questioning on her new nomination [to be Ambassador to Brazil]. . . .

Senator Morse asked Mrs. Luce about a 1952 statement that Mr. Acheson's policies had been proved wrong and that "ten terrific years" had brought the "death of our sons" and could have brought the death of freedom. . . . Replying, she said the language was "most intemperate."

"World peace is threatened today because two American Presidents—Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman—circumvented the regular treaty processes at Yalta and Potsdam," Senator Wayne Morse (Rep.) of Oregon, declared Saturday. —Denver *Post*, October 30, 1948.

"The Democratic party," Senator Morse said, "is bankrupt for leadership and the Administration is honeycombed with corruption and malfeasance in office." —San Francisco *Chronicle*, December 12, 1951.



MR. HARPER'S

After Hours

BASEBALL IS RUINING TELEVISION

IT IS my contention that television has taken the fun out of baseball, and that the fans are now in a fair way of avenging themselves. The 3,076,833 additional patrons who flocked to the major-league parks in 1958, as compared with 1953, when video was just getting a foothold in the game, had to come from somewhere, and I like to think that they came as refugees from a TV set.

If this seems like a paradox, I am happy to agree. To watch baseball electronically is to be aware of how much you are missing—or rather, to be perfectly honest, of how much you are seeing that you ought to be missing. A man would have to own four pairs of eyes to catch everything that a battery of TV cameras picks up and parcels out, just at the right moment, with an explanation of what is being seen. (I prefer to figure it out myself.)

This may be good technology, but it is not baseball. I rest my argument on the fact that baseball, far from being a spectator sport, as TV is trying to make it, is one of the most participating sports there is. It's impossible to attend a ball game without participating—not in the play, it's true, but in the atmosphere. Without atmosphere, baseball is nothing.

Like everything else these days, the cost of the atmosphere has gone up. Here is what you will spend on an average afternoon at the ball park:

Parking car	$1.00
Ticket (grandstand)	2.20
Scorecard	.15
Pencil (tie-in sale)	.10
Tip to usher for dusting seat	.25
Cost of getting out from behind girder (optional)	.75
Beer (2)	.80
Hot dogs (2)	.40
Cost of getting expedited out of parking lot	.50
	$6.15

For a party of two, double the total and subtract a dollar and a half for car parking. If second party is a child, multiply total by two-and-a-half to cover cost of autographed baseball and club yearbook.

The atmosphere, of course, varies from park to park, but the kind I liked best was at the Polo Grounds and I doubt very much if the Giants were able to take it with them. The aisles were a block apart and, once seated, you were trapped. (My son, who frequently accompanied me, always brought a pair of binoculars, not to watch the game but to spot the peanut vendor.) Because of this, I always tried to get end seats, but this, too, was inconvenient. A good third of the game was spent passing cans of beer and wet change.

In self-defense, whenever the vendors deployed in my direction, I retreated to my favorite refreshment stand at the rear of the grandstand. Here, I could eat hot dogs and drink beer without missing a single play on the field: this particular caterer had installed a television set which was tuned in to the game at all times.

After several such visits one season, I noticed a patron who invariably seemed to be present when I was. "Don't you ever sit down?" I asked him one day.

"I don't bother to get a seat," he replied. "I come here to see the game on TV."

"Why don't you just stay home and watch it?" I asked.

"No hot dogs at home," he explained. "Nobody to push me around. No umpires to kill. This way, I can see the close-ups and still get in the spirit of the game."

Another fascinating problem seldom encountered by the folks at home is whether to keep score or watch the playing. Years of trying have convinced me that it's impossible to do both. For the man who keeps score, generally speaking, the more exciting the play, the less he'll see of it. The video-nurtured generation, propped up in easy chairs, will never experience the thrill of wondering whether the ball went through the shortstop or over his head. They don't wonder, they know.

But the biggest thrill of all for the spectator of live baseball is yet to come. This is simply: who won? Unless the score, by the end of the eighth inning, is hopelessly lopsided, a very large percentage of fans will leave the park not certain whether they have backed a winner or a loser.

AFTER HOURS

They do this in order to avoid the last-minute crush of getting into the street. It took me several years of baseball going before I discovered that the crush is worse at the end of the eighth inning than at the ninth.

Another bane of televised baseball is the announcers. Like engineers feeding data into a computing machine, they either tell us more than we want to know ("The last time the ball went through a hole in the scoreboard was back in 1933, when Grabby Folsom, a pinch hitter who had just been called up from Fort Worth . . .") or they destroy the happy illusion that we are the experts we always claimed to be. This continual bombardment of information about team performance, batting averages, and players' idiosyncrasies is not only unfair to dedicated ball fans, but demoralizing to the novice. Baseball expertise should be earned the hard way, at the risk of being hit by a foul.

The fact that seventeen million Americans, in an average season, actually pay to see baseball (and get insulted for every dime they spend) when they could simply turn the dial indicates to me that they're getting something for their money—or hope to. Last year, at about this time, I hustled my family into the car and drove to Yankee Stadium. "You don't know what baseball is like until you've seen it live," I told my wife, who believes in staying comfortable.

The Yanks lost, 13 to 4. "They were alive," she admitted, "but just barely." **—David Dempsey**

THE BIGGEST SHOW IN ALL THE WORLD

OF ALL the shows in show business, only one can properly be called the biggest show on earth. The show with the biggest cast on the biggest stage to amuse the biggest nightly audience is not to be found in New York, Hollywood, Las Vegas, or anywhere in the United States but in Toronto, Canada. In that city, a two-week fair is held every year in late summer, the Canadian National Exhibition. One of its attractions is a musical review staged nightly in the open air and *that* is the biggest show in all the world.

I have been assured of this by

SAVE THE CHILDREN
FEDERATION



A CRY IN THE NIGHT

Lieutenant Jackson shivered. The harsh Korean winter wind penetrated the thickness of his army overcoat. He held up his hand to protect his face from the biting cold and made a dash for the protection of a wall at the side of the road. As he felt his way along the wall in the darkness, he stumbled over a soft bundle. The bundle moved and a little voice cried out in the night, "Hey, watch out, Mister!"

The bundle that spoke turned out to be a little Korean boy, about 7, who explained that his name was Ho Song and he was huddled against the wall because it was the warmest place he knew in Seoul.

Lieutenant Jackson picked up the youngster and carried him to the camp kitchen. The cook gave him a cup of hot soup and thick slices of bread which the little fellow devoured like a starved animal.

That night, the cook and the Lieutenant put a cot behind the kitchen stove where for the first time in his life, Ho Song slept within warm walls.

In the days that followed, the Lieutenant became fast friends with Ho Song and his little Korean playmates. Inevitably, however, it came time for Lieutenant Jackson to leave Seoul and return to the U.S.A. But his departure did not mean the end of his friendship with Korean children.

A friend across the sea

Home in the U.S.A., Lieutenant Jackson and his fiancée arranged to sponsor a Korean child through Save the Children Federation. They found that a little child across the sea would receive supplementary food, warm clothing, new shoes, household articles and some cash through an SCF Sponsorship. And correspondence with the child through SCF meant hope and encouragement.

The Lieutenant who was on the scene in Korea and knows the needs of so many, many little children says, "Every American who possibly can should give a helping hand. Our sponsorship through SCF has given a Korean child an added chance in this world, and we have made a lifelong friend not only for ourselves but for the democratic way of life."

Won't you join the Lieutenant and the thousands of other SCF Sponsors who bring hope and help to children in destitute areas of the free world?

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...NEWS IS HAPPENING AT NORTHROP



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Solving Problems of Manned Space Flight ~at Northrop

by Welko E. Gasich

Man in space. To put him there and return him safely to earth, no scientific breakthroughs are needed. It is now a problem of engineering. Engineers must solve lunar space challenges that include reliability, radiation, and human environment problems. Man himself must be trained for the environmental problems associated with either boost-glide or ballistic recovery. These are the areas in which the scientist and the engineer at Northrop are working today.

The outstanding man may work in several product areas at Norair Division – aircraft, missiles, and space vehicles.

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Outstanding Norair facilities augment other advanced design studies for the space age. Current among these are the Satellite Rendezvous Program and special projects that include space vehicles for reconnaissance applications–for civilian as well as military use.

Norair specializes in creating answers to complex problems that assure a high degree of reliability at low cost. One recent example is the N-156F supersonic fighter. Weighing only half as much as comparable U.S. fighters, it uses only half the fuel – to deliver equivalent performance for free-world defense.

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Lightweight High-Performance Military Aircraft – W. E. Gasich

Problems Associated with Injecting, Orbiting and Recovering a Man from Space Flight – Ralph Hakes

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Herb Dotten, the Outdoor Editor of *The Billboard*. He made his revelation to me early last August, just before the CNE (that's the familiar form for Canadian National Exhibition) was scheduled to open.

So I went to Toronto, not only to enjoy the biggest show on earth but to talk to the man who produces it; his name is Jack Arthur. Mr. Arthur accomplishes what experienced and knowing colleagues in his trade consider to be impossible. Next to a festive midway of Ferris wheels, shooting galleries, and frozen-custard hawkers, in chilling Canadian winds that start to mean business around Labor Day, Mr. Arthur stages an entertainment that holds a grandstand of 24,000 customers enraptured. They must like it, for each year they queue up to buy $100,000 in tickets before opening day. By the end of the run, something like $500,000 is in the box office.

The extravaganza boasts a cast of more than three hundred. But what takes a show-business veteran's breath away is that after the intermission the stage is swept clean of entertainers save for a single one, the star (the star this summer will be George Gobel). The performer standing there all alone then proceeds, in the face of all the external distractions, to tantalize the most distant souls in the mammoth audience. Mr. Arthur once paced off the distance from the star's microphone to the last customer's seat. It is a quarter of a mile away.



I MET Arthur in his office—a wooden hut in one of several long rows of connected huts. These were located in a field a hundred feet or so back of the towering flats that served as a stage set. Arthur, a compact man with gentle, round features, was bouncing around the room like a rubber ball. "C'mon outside," he said, bounding for the door. "Let me show you the plant."

Toward the huge set standing pasted to the open field like cardboard doll cutouts, we strode, almost sprinted, until I thought we were going to walk right into it. Then Arthur pulled open a piece of the set, an invisible door, and we were on a stage which, were there no show to be played, would make a serviceable parking lot. At each side of the front rim, another flat shot up toward heaven and swayed in the wind.

"Those front flats," Arthur said, "leave a stage opening of a hundred and eighty feet. When I took over this job seven years ago from Leon Leonidoff, the man who produces the shows at Radio City, the opening was two hundred and sixty feet. That's a whole city block wide. Too wide. Then I built that ramp running down in front of the orchestra pit the whole width of the stage so the star, if he wants, can get more intimate with the audience."

The ramp enhanced the intimacy by about fifty feet. But four or five hundred feet remained between the stage and the grandstand, waiting coldly, with slightly folded wings, for someone to try to amuse it.

"When Victor Borge was my star in 1953," Arthur said, prancing down the ramp pulling me by the elbow, "I built an enormous platform on wheels in the shape of a grand piano. It was twelve feet high and twenty-six feet wide. Then I put a real grand piano on top of it for Victor to play. A tractor was to wheel it out in front of the ramp during the intermission. You know what happened? That Victor-" He gazed gratefully upward to the last row of the somber grandstand.

"What a showman! Victor said, 'I own a farm. I can drive a tractor. I'll drive this one myself.' Get it? When the intermission was over, out comes the stage drawn by this tractor and the driver of the tractor is wearing white tie and tails. The driver steps out of the tractor, climbs the stage and starts to play the piano. What an entrance! What an artist!"

At show time, I was sitting in a good seat toward the front, about

the fortieth row center. My companion was Mrs. Arthur, a tall, handsome woman whom everybody calls Midge. Mrs. Arthur had an active proprietary interest in the goings-on down below, for she directs Midge Arthur's Canadettes, fifty dancing beauties who comprise the longest precision line of chorus girls in the world (the Rockettes at Radio City number only thirty-two). She was wrapped in a bearskin rug. I was protected against the northern winds too because Arthur, knowing he was to have a visitor from the tropical side of the U. S.-Canadian border, had thoughtfully asked Midge to bring a trench coat for me.

"Jack never misses a detail," Mrs. Arthur told me. "His dad was a great chef in Scotland and Jack thinks of a good show as a good meal. The garnishing is as important as the meat. He's always watching the ushers. A waiter, he always says, can ruin a good meal and an usher can ruin a good show. How old would you guess Jack is?"

I said I guessed about forty-five, perhaps flattering him by five years. Her whisper compressed even more:

"Next year he'll be seventy."

After the playing of "God Save the Queen" by the sixty-piece orchestra, the spectacle began with some brilliant parade maneuvers by 150 members of Canada's three armed services. Then lots of people in very colorful costumes did lots of singing and dancing on the stage until the spotlights focused attention on the great pasture in front of the grandstand, where a lady was riding in a sulky led by a trained horse. The horse accomplished a waltz and several other steps, then bowed, and suddenly up above and behind the sets, fireworks burst in the air. This swept our attention to four towering swaypoles being climbed by four white-clad aerial performers who displayed frightening acrobatics in the high winds. Then some more dancing and singing on the stage, this time starring Midge Arthur's Canadettes (so *many* girls!).

The program at this point said, "For your convenience there will be a five-minute intermission." But for those who sought no such convenience, there was a throwaway act of three human beings fired out of three enormous truck-borne cannons.

Then Danny Kaye, the star, came on, a tiny speck of a man at the far end of a single, long shaft of light. For all we could see of him, any redheaded man off the street might be standing in. Yet not a twitch of his eyebrows was lost upon the crowd. For an hour and five minutes he joked, sang, and cavorted. At one point he borrowed a chair from the orchestra and sat down to chat quietly across the room with his 24,000 listeners. The illusion of intimacy was transmitted not to the eye but to the ear by a magnificent sound system.

Mrs. Arthur told me that the stage was circled by fifteen hi-fi speakers fed by twenty-seven microphones. In the middle of the audience an engineer constantly manipulated dials to compensate even for the moment-by-moment shifts in the direction and velocity of the winds.

Then the entire cast poured onstage for a grandiose finale. At the last chord I got up but had to sit down again. As a post-show treat, $2,500 in fireworks blew off, ending with one eruption depicting Niagara Falls in motion and another, a large still shot of Queen Elizabeth.

Strolling back to the dressing-rooms, Arthur told me of one of his unrealized ambitions. He wants to bring Jack Benny in as his star, but so far Benny will have no part of playing to 24,000 people out of doors in the cold wind.

"That's too many people for comedy," Arthur said that Benny told him. "Everybody tells me that at the CNE you've got the whole thing licked and I believe it. But if I sign, I'll worry every night for a year. I won't sleep. It's not the show I'm worried about, but I worry about worrying every night for a year."

We stepped into Danny Kaye's dressing room where half-a-dozen people were eating spaghetti and meat balls. To a question I asked him, Kaye shrugged:

"It's the same as playing an intimate night club, except for one thing. It takes me half a second longer to find out what I'm doing. The music, the laughs, the applause, even the sound of my own voice, they take time to float all around out there. Then all the sounds come back to me a half second late."

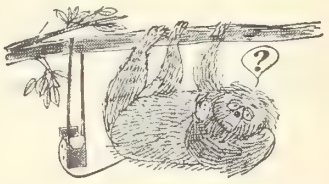
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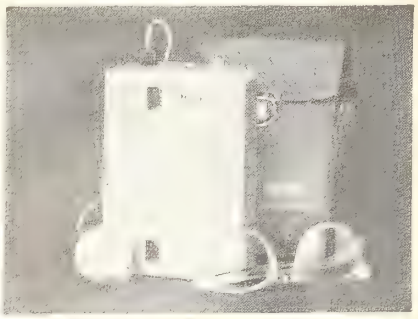


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PAUL PICKREL

Images of Society

PERHAPS no attitude is more characteristic of the present than the feeling of being at the same time both a participant in life and an observer of it. Nobody thinks it strange when we introduce observations of less than cosmic significance with some such phrase as "in our society" or "in our culture," as if a part of us were about to take flight to Mars and give the world the benefit of our backward glances. And when the grandeur of sociological generalization momentarily eludes us we can always call on "the future historian" who will take over the task of looking at the present occasion from the outside and of doing justice to its grandeur or infamy. "The future historian," incidentally, is going to be one of the most overworked of men—so overworked that he will never get around to the vast job we are cutting out for him.

Since we have all become observers of society and of ourselves in society, we have all become in some sense sociologists. In *The Organization Man* William H. Whyte, Jr. expresses some surprise that the people he interviewed to get material for his book had so much awareness of their own sociological situation; he was unprepared for the extent to which people—or at least the younger, urban, white-collar, college-educated members of the population—have become sociologized.

This may be a dangerous thing, because sociology can go wrong; perhaps, given the complexity of its material, it always has to go wrong; and when it does the result is a good deal worse than when a natural science goes wrong. Geology can be wrong for a few thousand years without doing anyone any harm whatever—except for a few searchers after the philosopher's stone—simply because rocks do not read textbooks of geology, and they continue to be whatever they are no matter what nonsense gets written down about them. But human beings do read books of sociology, and they may take what they read seriously enough so that they tend to become the monsters they read about. There is a serious question whether a book like Whyte's (or other works of popular sociology published in recent years) does not tend to create or intensify the very conditions it deplores. If you tell enough people often enough with enough graphs to "prove" it that they are interchangeable parts in a big impersonal machine, some of them are going to believe it. Yet there may have been some woman in that housing development Whyte describes who could tell her husband from the man next door.

The only way you can beat a sociologist at his own game is by never quite believing what he tells you about yourself. There is an apposite passage in *The Organization Man* (fortunately Whyte's book is quite good enough to withstand any little belated punching around I may give it). It seems that Whyte spent some hours interviewing a lady while her husband was at work, and the neighbors talked about it. Therefore Whyte solemnly concluded that this was a community in which there was great pressure on the individual to "conform," or, in older sociological terminology, that the neighbors were nosy. But suppose the neighbors hadn't talked? Then Whyte would have concluded that this was an alienated society in which no one cared about what anyone else did, in which the individual was isolated, there was no sense of community, etc., etc. The sociologist wins either way, but his very commitment to social investigation blinds him to the real point—namely, that there is hope for the human race as long as its members continue to suppose that a man and a woman who spend a few hours together might be up to something more interesting and even more rewarding than sociological research.

David Riesman somewhere has an observation to the effect that any attempt to describe society will result in a group of metaphors. I think he is right, and I think that sociologists who write for the public at large need to remember that there are a good many literal-minded readers around.

DESOCIOLOGIZING SOCIETY

ALL this is by way of preface to—and perhaps apology for—a few words about C. Wright Mills's new book, **The Sociological Imagination** (Ox-

ford, $6). In a way, this is a specialized, even a technical work, for it is a professional sociologist's talk with other professional sociologists about how to think and write about society. But any fairly intelligent reader can follow the argument, and anyone who is trying to think about the world he lives in will find it worth the trouble. (It is odd but I believe true that, of all the fields of study in a modern university, sociology and education are the least respected, yet the best writers in these fields have a public outside the universities that the best writers in more reputable fields very rarely have. This in itself is testimony to the extent to which we have all become sociologists.)

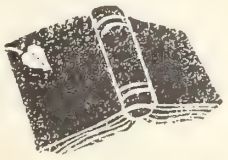
Mills's thesis is very simple: he believes that society exists and is worth taking seriously. Or, to put it another way, he believes that sociologists ought to be responsible people. Stated in that way, nothing could be more obvious; yet what Mills has to say is by no means trivial, for he is combating major tendencies in contemporary attempts to portray society. He thinks that sociologists should be boldly pushing forward to try to understand and interpret and criticize society but that they are in fact pusillanimously taking shelter in two safe but insignificant shelters, which he labels with the hard words "psychologism" and "scientism."

By "psychologism" Mills means the habit of thought which, in effect denying that society exists, sees all discontent in the individual mind. An extreme example (mine, not Mills's) would be to tell a man who is worried about the possibility of society's destroying itself in war that he really is not afraid of thermonuclear weapons but of his own capacity for violence instead. Mills is not in the least against psychology; in fact he believes that the social sciences (a term he deplores as much as anybody) must be concerned with the intersection of individual psychology and the world out there; he is only against those who say that the world out there doesn't exist.

A much larger part of Mills's book is devoted to what he calls "scientism," which for him is represented by two rather different kinds of people. The first are those he calls the "grand theorists," speculators who get drunk on the cheap muscatel of sociological verbiage and spin out the obvious in incomprehensible illiteracy (an example—again mine, not Mills's—"there is a tendency, with advancement in terms of real or chronometric time, as distinguished from psychological or experiential time, for the individual members of society to undergo a variety of psychosomatic alterations which we may for the purposes of our present schematization classify loosely under the rubric of 'aging' "; *i.e.*, people grow old). Mills's account of the grand theorists is both telling and amusing, but he is a little unfair in singling out one man as his victim. I say this in part because I have read some of his victim's work with pleasure and enlightenment and in part because there are a good many other candidates for the position.

Mills is even more devastating when he gets to the other group of devotees of "scientism"—the pollsters and samplers. He sees them as triflers, for the most part as semi-educated technicians who do not take society seriously and who therefore cannot investigate it responsibly.

The Sociological Imagination may well be the best book Mills has written (there is at least one I haven't read). His strength, apart from his qualifications of intellectual vigor and wide reading, lies in the strength of his feelings, but in some of his earlier books—in both *White Collar* and *The Power Elite*, I think—his feelings do not always move with his subject; he is sometimes too anxious to scare himself or the reader, he has more emotion than he knows what to do with. But in *The Sociological Imagination* the feeling behind the book—the passionate commitment to society—informs and drives the argument to its conclusion. At the end most readers will be convinced that the author has said what he thinks and feels about a subject of great importance to himself and of no negligible importance to us.



INTELLECT AND SOCIETY

IN **The House of Intellect** (Harper, $5) Jacques Barzun writes on a theme very much like Mills's, but he develops it in a far broader and more popular context. Barzun argues that in American society there are various approaches to experience that have the effect of crowding out or undermining the intellectual approach, and three such approaches that he singles out for discussion are art, science, and philanthropy. The point is not that Barzun is opposed to any of the three; he believes that they have their jobs to do, but he also believes that intellect has a job to do that none of the others can perform. Art is an enemy of intellect because it elevates emotions over intellect; science is an enemy to intellect because its methods are so successful that they tend to discredit the intellect's methods—the intellectual wants to solve problems as the scientist does, when in fact his task is to make judicious choices in situations where there are no demonstrably correct solutions. (Here Barzun is closest to Mills, especially to Mills's discussion of pollsters and samplers.)

Barzun spends most of his time discussing philanthropy as an enemy of intellect, and very

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fortunate it is, for he is at his most original and penetrating on the subject. The generally philanthropic tone of American society—the desire to do good to everybody—is in many ways admirable, but it is an enemy to intellect because a central part of intellectual activity consists of discriminating, of making choices between things, of regarding one thing as better than another. The clash between philanthropy and intellect is particularly resounding at present because the great foundations are set up for philanthropic purposes, with philanthropic ideals, yet they have become a prime financer of intellectual activity, which, in Barzun's sense, is anti-philanthropic.

Sooner or later in *The House of Intellect* Barzun brings out most of the old bones that every puppy of an amateur sociologist has been chewing on for the last decade—conformity, anti-intellectualism, education, etc.—but the amazing thing is that he has something new to say, usually a good many new things to say, on every topic. He has the gift of wit, of phrase, of style; he apparently knows everything and is on his way to knowing everybody. Seldom is it given one man to have so much scholarly command and at the same time to be so well informed about the worldliness of foundation headquarters, business offices, and other places where good cigars are smoked.

Yet *The House of Intellect* is not beyond criticism. For one thing, Barzun does not seem to have made up his mind completely about what he means by "intellect." At some points he seems to think of it as a system of communication (he speaks of the alphabet, for instance, as belonging to intellect). Elsewhere he seems to identify intellect with ideology; his chapter on politics is an able treatment of the not very new idea that fixed ideological positions in political parties are an enemy to the give-and-take that everyday political life demands, and his conclusion is that intellect is out of place in politics, but surely he wouldn't argue that politicians shouldn't know the alphabet. Still elsewhere intellect seems to bear the more usual meaning of an analytical approach to experience. One or two awkward transitions between chapters suggest that the various parts of *The House of Intellect* were written at different times; this may account for a certain inconsistency in definition.

A more important fault is that the book doesn't have quite the right tone. It is excellent polemic, but it does not always achieve that judiciousness which Barzun sees as the mark of intellect and which should characterize its defense. Sometimes it is too sprightly, too eager to score; sometimes Barzun mingles petty annoyances with valid criticisms; sometimes he is less than fair. In the couple of pages he devotes to characterizing modern literary criticism as an anti-intellectual movement, for example, he makes a good point, but it could also be argued that the criticism he deplores has in fact made some aspects of literature far more available to intellectual scrutiny than they were before. His own notion that all literary criticism should be unsystematic seems decidedly more anti-intellectual, but until we know what he means by "system" we can't be sure. Perhaps he will not be harsh with me because I have tried to take notes on his book systematically.

But these criticisms, and others that might be made, do not destroy or ever seriously flaw the importance of the book, which should give a new vigor to the whole discussion of the place of intellect in American society.

OTHER TIMES

PUBLICATION of **The John Wood Case** by Ruth Suckow (Viking, $3.95) marks the return, after a silence that has lasted too long, of a novelist whose earlier stories of the Middle West are already a part of our literature. It is a pleasure to know that Miss Suckow is writing again, and writing as well as ever.

The John Wood Case is set in a small town in Iowa in the early years of the century, and the narrative is chiefly concerned with the effect on the townspeople of the discovery that one of the most trusted and respected men among them has been guilty of embezzling.

In the present context one of the most striking things about the book is how little the characters in the book are sociologized. They are pure participants; they do not stand off and observe their own participation.

They have no sense of humor, no self-deprecation, no irony in their relations to themselves. They would never begin a remark with the phrase "in our society" or "in our culture"; they would be more likely to say "this is right" or "that is wrong."

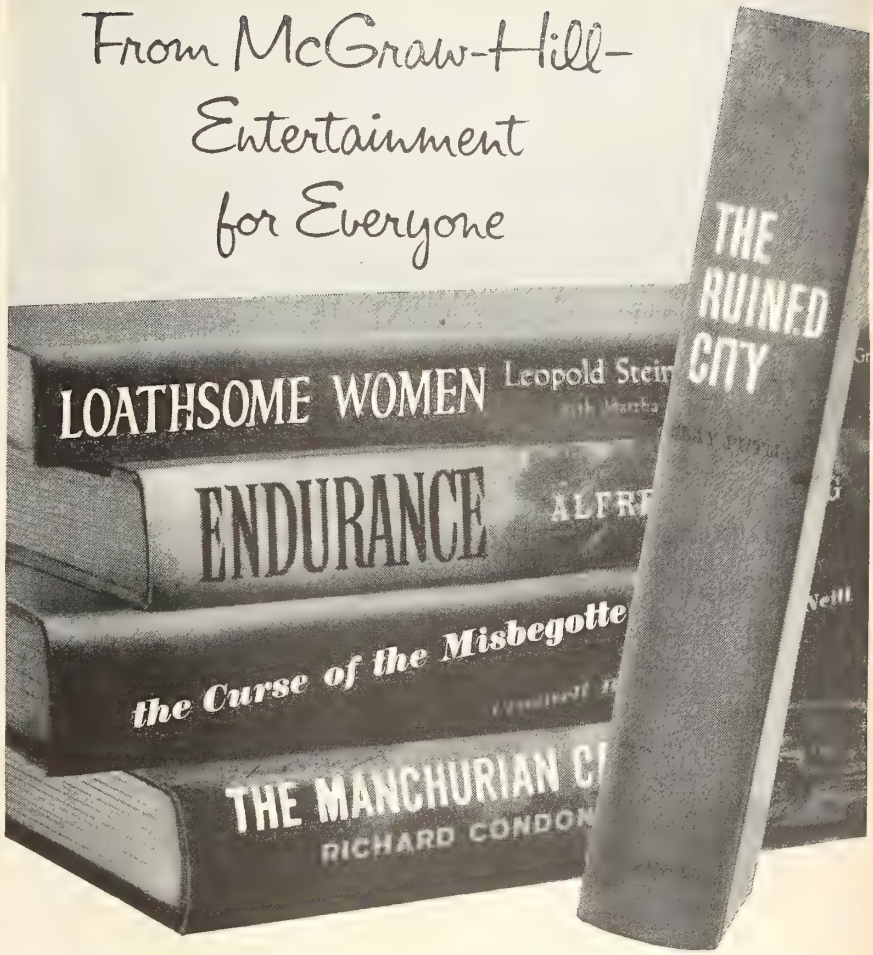
Of course the central event in this story indicates that even society in a little Iowa town in the first Rooseveltian era was not so whole and simple as that. The idea that beneath the appearances of society other forces are at work is implicit in the very figure of the respected embezzler. But Miss Suckow is not really interested in the embezzler; she does not explore his mind or examine his motives in any detail. What she is interested in is the effect of falsity on wholeness. The characters she portrays fully live in an entirely moral universe; in their own eyes neither the structure of society outside nor the structure of psychology inside shapes their actions. They see their duty and they do it, or they fail.

The book is nobly conceived to make the most of the rather scant Middle West mythology. There is an old, half-tamed pioneer who has lived with Indians in his wild youth; there is the high-minded Puritan woman whom he went back to New England to marry and brought out to Iowa to civilize his rude dominion; there are their two legendary daughters who died tragically in Paris, that ancient capital of anti-Puritanism and civilization, of sin and art. Almost every figure has been selected to embody some image or idea from an era that Miss Suckow recalls as more heroic, more alive to the great simplicities than the present.

The story ends with the most charming ritual achieved in the small American town in the early years of this century—the high-school graduation. At this particular graduation, the embezzler's son bravely goes ahead and delivers his valedictory address, although he knows that his father is disgraced and that the family must leave the town in a few days.

Miss Suckow knows how to revivify the innocence and suffering of such an occasion, its little snobberies and pretenses and its dappled hopes. Perhaps no society was ever quite so lofty of spirit, no men quite so manly or women quite so womanly, no young

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people quite so clear of eye or pure of heart as those Miss Suckow portrays, but if they were not they should have been.

The Delectable Mountains by Berton Roueche (Little, Brown, $3.50) is a collection of essays about people with odd or unusual occupations or ways of life, but it has something in common with Miss Suckow's book in that the sketches are unified by a feeling of nostalgia, a yearning for an earlier, simpler, less self-conscious society.

Roueche has used the technique of the interview in all his sketches, with the result that a reader should not read too many at one time, for one can easily get the impression that the book brings together a collection of the most talkative people who ever lived. And the skill of all the talkers in intermingling odd facts about their occupations with amusing revelations of their own characters begins to grow a little suspicious.

But, rationed out in small doses, *The Delectable Mountains* is a very entertaining book. The persons depicted range from an old man who still breeds oxen to a glass merchant presiding over the ruins of a business built up by his revered father; from a visit to the last of the Shakers or to the two men who have restored the Hitchcock chair factory.

The Rape of the Fair Country by Alexander Cordell (Doubleday, $3.95) is another book about the past and earlier ways of making a living. The scene is Wales, and the main events concern labor troubles in the Welsh mines in the 1820s. But Cordell's attitude is anything but nostalgic; the labor conditions he depicts are thoroughly deplorable and he evinces no wish whatever to bring them back to life.

At the bottom *The Rape of the Fair Country* is an account of the birth of social awareness. Apart from the clash between the ironmasters and their workers, the main conflict lies between the characters who are wholly participants in society, who look upon the way they live as the will of God and therefore unalterable, and those characters who can dissociate themselves and observe society from the outside enough to conclude that their plight has a good deal to do with the will of men (their employers) and can be changed.

Unfortunately this makes the book sound more solemn and heavy-handed than it is. It is no sociological treatise disguised as a novel. Cordell writes a musical prose; his book is full of healthily dirty humor and racy talk; the characters are strong and passionate people acting out their conflicts with no holds barred.

THE SIMPLEST SOCIETY

ANYONE who has the notion that he would like to escape the self-consciousness and tiring analysis of the contemporary world by escaping into the robust wholeness of primitive society could do himself a lot of good by reading **The Harmless People** by Elizabeth Marshall Thomas (Knopf, $4.75). This is a wonderful book, an account—based on Mrs. Thomas' extensive firsthand experience—of two groups of bushmen who live in the Kalahari Desert in Africa.

These gentle folk live in a region that could not support a civilization and can hardly support anything that could be called a society; there is so little to sustain life that a group larger than a family can rarely live in one place. For a good part of the year the people must rely for both food and moisture largely on roots that they locate by wisps of dead vines on the dry earth. There is rarely enough water for the most essential purposes and hardly ever enough for body cleanliness, though Mrs. Thomas mentions one young woman who occasionally washed her face and hands, as a sign that she had not let herself go after she got married.

Mrs. Thomas' gift as a writer is that she does not exploit her subjects as anthropological curiosities. She manages to say a good deal about their oddities of custom, of course, but what she is always looking for is their humanity, and the success of her book results from her discovery of it. One test of this success is to look at the photographs with which the book is illustrated before reading it and then to study the faces afterward. It is curious how much better looking, how much more human, the faces have become.

Oddly enough, the book recalls certain accounts of Eskimos in the

Far North. What the Eskimos have in common with Mrs. Thomas' "harmless people," I suppose, and why both are fascinating, is that both are living at the very edge of existence, where nothing that is not absolutely essential to keep life going can be considered. And perhaps we have a good deal to learn from such people about what *is* essential. The bushmen of the Kalahari that Mrs. Thomas writes about do not have the wheel, for instance, but they do have poetry and song. And by this time at least they are no longer entirely unaware of the desperate limitations of their own society. One old man begged and begged to be allowed to come back with Mrs. Thomas and her party, because he knew he could not last much longer under the conditions of life in the desert.

SOCIAL CONFLICT

PHILIP ROTH'S collection, **Goodbye, Columbus and Five Short Stories** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75), is the first book of a talented writer. Roth writes chiefly, indeed almost entirely, about Jews in conflict—in conflict with their own Jewishness, with other Jews more (or less) assimilated into American society, and so on.

"Goodbye, Columbus," which gives its name to Roth's book and is much the longest story in it, happens to use a narrative pattern that I now find very tiresome; it is the pattern that I have privately labeled the one-summer-of-happiness formula, and it goes something like this: boy meets girl in spring (usually they come from different ethnic or social or religious or economic backgrounds, but that isn't essential); they fall more and more in love, and their love is sooner or later consummated; then they begin to find their relationship increasingly difficult; by fall they are pretty well over it, and a later meeting, away from the sun and sand, proves that all is over except regret. Apparently every college senior in America is now writing that story, and some Europeans are trying their hand at it, and far too often it gets into print. It may be a very significant formula; it may show that ethnic, religious, and social divisions in America are hardening and making marriage across such barriers more difficult, but I am inclined to think that instead it shows that the fictional imagination is weakening.

With that out of my system I can report that Roth succeeds in spite of the formula. The essential dullness of the formula remains: the lovers can't think of anything much to do except to stand in front of a refrigerator and cram themselves with food (there tends to be a lot of eating in all the one-summer-of-happiness stories). But Roth's incidental characters are so brilliantly conceived that they carry the story, and all the details of the experience are so well realized that it comes off with distinction.

A few of Roth's stories are overburdened with message; one called "The Conversion of the Jews," for example, is simply a poorly contrived narrative framework for an editorial or sermon. But most of the stories are excellent, with a fine feeling for character and a nice respect for the complexities of experience. The best is a story called "Defender of the Faith," concerned with the relation between a Jewish sergeant and three Jewish draftees at Camp Crowder, Missouri. This one is first-rate.

DARK SIDE

ONE of the gloomier sides of our society is portrayed and discussed in **Who Live in Shadow** by Judge John Murtagh and Sara Harris (McGraw-Hill, $4.50), a study of drug addiction in the United States and what can be done about it.

A considerable part of the book is made up of case histories of drug addicts. These are written in a cheap journalistic style, but in spite of that fault they contain a good deal of information about how people become addicted and the consequences of their addiction for themselves and for society.

Some of the book is devoted to telling what is known about the traffic in illicit narcotics. From this it is clear that the unlawful drug business is big and immensely profitable, with faithful henchmen who have infiltrated the agencies that have been set up to control it. The main point of *Who Live in Shadow* is that the drug traffic can be brought under control only by going after the

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book about his exhilarating experiences with the extraordinary man from Aspen, Colorado, Harold Ross, who created *The New Yorker*

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Illustrated with Thurber drawings $5.00

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

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businessmen who sell the stuff, and that attempts to control the whole shameful business by going after the addicts are largely a waste of effort.

Miss Harris and Judge Murtagh end their book with a well-reasoned plea for a change in our way of treating addicts. They argue for the use of the English system of clinics. (England is said to have fewer than three hundred addicts; nobody knows how many we have, but there must be tens of thousands.) Highly-placed enforcement officers have fought the clinic method here, and leading politicians have spoken of it with contempt, but it is hard to advance a convincing rejoinder to the authors of *Who Live in Shadow.*

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

NOTABLE REPRINTS

ONE of the chief reasons for the flood of reprints is, of course, to give adults a second chance at education. I have enjoyed and profited by two distinguished and well-known classics from the 'twenties, and a third which is less well known but no less classic in its subject matter.

The Portrait of Zelide, by Geoffrey Scott. Introduction by George Dangerfield.

In 1925, out of the history books and the musty local archives in Switzerland, Geoffrey Scott, using the biographical method of his day (Lytton Strachey) resurrected this picture of the extraordinary eighteenth-century Dutch woman, née Isabella van Serooskerken van Tuyll, called Zélide—later to become Madame de Charrière. She was a woman of monumental intellect for any day —linguist, musician, novelist, philosopher, logician—who as Mr. Dangerfield points out in his most instructive and graceful introduction "never could learn to trust her heart, which was warm and generous, or mistrust her reason which was rigorous, exacting, and in the end destructive." It was certainly destructive of her historic relationship with the brilliant and unstable young Benjamin Constant—twenty-seven years her junior the one real attachment of her life. And finally was surely destructive of any chance of happiness she may have had: ". . . life had escaped her and dwindled to nothing beneath the search of her mind." It is a personal tragedy of epic proportions, told in Geoffrey Scott's sure and limpid style which Mr. Dangerfield describes in his own illuminating way: "in *The Portrait of Zélide* he has learned to exploit not only the obvious Augustan relation between formality and wit, but also a less conspicuous and more contemporary connection between formality and fun." The combination is irresistible. Both biography and introduction make me happy to have come late to Madame de Charrière.

Scribner, $3.50

Lady Chatterley's Lover, by D. H. Lawrence. Introduction by Mark Schorer. Preface by Archibald MacLeish.

The jacket of this modern classic carries the legend "in its original unexpurgated edition" which should ensure a goodly sale even without the distinguished names which wrap it round with encomiums. Besides the prefatory remarks of Mr. Schorer and Mr. MacLeish, there are three statements on the back of the jacket: "I have no hesitation in saying that I do not consider Lawrence's novel pornographic," says Jacques Barzun. Edmund Wilson writes: "It may, in fact, . . . be said that these scenes in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* contain the best descriptions of sexual experience that have yet been written in English." And Harvey Breit: ". . . the language and the incidents or scenes in question are deeply moving and very beautiful . . . the aims of the novel are lofty and spiritual."

It is very difficult for a newcomer to the book to improve on these statements about its controversial sections reproduced here for the first time in a trade edition. But I can say that it was a great surprise to me to discover the author's deep seriousness of purpose in opposing the simplicity, tenderness, and joy of the physical love scenes to the poverty, misery, and ugliness of industrial England and the evils and indignities of the class system which he abominated. Here was an angry young man indeed, who really believed that natural ease and love between men and women and a back-to-nature, back-to-the-land philosophy was all that could save a world becoming mechanized out of existence. It is a passionate theme, passionately expressed, and I am glad finally to have caught up with it. I came to it having just seen the movie of John Braine's *Room at the Top* (another book I much admired) and was impressed with the similarity of mood and intention between the two books written thirty years apart. . . . Mr. Schorer's careful and illuminating introduction is almost too explicit and especially for those who haven't yet read the book should be saved till after reading it. Grove, $6

All the Conspirators, by Christopher Isherwood. With a new introduction by the author.

And here is the author of *All the Conspirators* and *Prater Violet* in his new introduction to his first novel now being published in this country for the first time explaining what a "prehistoric Angry Young Man" *he* was in the 'twenties when his book was written. Only his anger was neither political nor social in the large sense, but specifically against the dictatorship of the older generation in the just post-Victorian family and particularly against the domination of the scheming mother. His revolution was Freudian. Mr. Cyril Connolly in his introduction to an English edition of 1939 speaks of the author's "austere and conscientious assumption of a co-operative and intelligent reader" but I who am not notably either of these things didn't find this furious rebellion hard to read, though there are certainly moments of obscurity. And I thoroughly enjoyed it as (again Mr. Connolly) "a novel of adolescence, of family life among the New Poor, of atrocities witnessed at tea in the drawing-room, or over Sunday night supper, a profound, but not an impartial book, and when it reaches the public it is meant for, there will be scenes; the packing of suitcases, the withdrawals of savings, bad reports at school, broken engagements at home, and children who whistle when scolded." *Plus ça change . . .*

New Directions, $3

NEW NOVELS

The Optimist, by Herbert Gold.

This intense but paradoxically diffuse novel is about a happily sure young man successful in college, in his friendships, in war, in his career, but uncertain in his apparently happy marriage. It starts in 1941, goes through the political campaign of 1956, and is full of memorable scenes of college life; of war ("The Man Who Gave Up Pleasure" in our April issue is one of them); and of life in suburban Detroit. The young man is full of dynamism and hope and again and again makes his affirmation toward life though war taught him unmistakably the possibility of death. And taught him that "dead men look worst when they look alive"—an idea he comes back to literally and figuratively again and again. Many of the incidents seem to me overelaborate and much too long, and, to my surprise, in comparison with *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* the book seems occasionally rather boringly over-sexed. But finally all the threads are satisfactorily brought together, and the end grows convincingly out of the beginning. This is very definitely an author with something to say.

Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.50

Providence Island, by Jacquetta Hawkes.

A distinguished anthropologist (now the wife of J. B. Priestley) writes a splendid anthropological-archaeological extravaganza, involving three Oxford dons (one of them an attractive woman), a prehistoric tribe of people, and some Americans. The latter, as is usual in current British fiction, are the villains of the piece. The three professors having organized an expedition, set out in pursuit of the history of some paleolithic European flints which have, against all reason, been dug up by an airman on a deserted Pacific island. Everyone knows that these flints were only made and used by paleolithic man in Western Europe. So how did they get to a Pacific island? Almost as soon as the expedition starts queer things begin to happen. But the long and the short of it is that they find their tribe, untouched by 12,000 years of modern civilization. Instead of to external,

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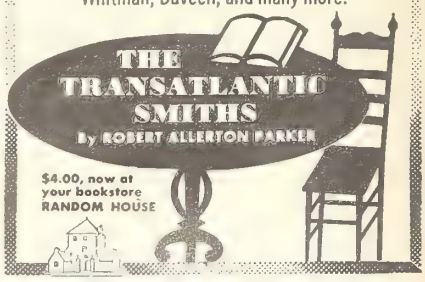
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

material progress, these people have devoted their energies to the development of the psyche—at the sacrifice of curiosity and laughter, of course—and their powers over the mind are extraordinary to say the least. And then come the American airmen and the threat of the atom bomb. But one must read the story, get the magnificent picture of the island, the imaginary tribe, its architecture, and its customs, described as only an anthropologist and gifted writer could describe them. The people, moreover, are real and believable, the settings are exotic and wonderful, the situations wildly adventurous, the conversations witty and charming—and one can hardly wait to see it all in gorgeous Technicolor.

Random House, $3.50

NON-FICTION

The Status Seekers, by Vance Packard.

The author of *The Hidden Persuaders* in his introduction quickly explodes the myth that we live in a classless society and shows indeed that since 1940 we have become increasingly class-conscious. He goes on to explain first that a "diploma élite" is emerging, and then to describe the way our status symbols work—in the choice of a house and its address, in one's position in the firm (very explicit chapter). He describes various kinds of "behavior that gives us away" in a chapter reminiscent of Nancy Mitford's U and Non-U book, *Noblesse Oblige;* he describes "the sociology of sex appeal"; how class affects our clubs, religions, voting, choice of schools. He concludes with a chapter on the special status problems of the Jews and several chapters discussing the pressures toward a rigid society and whether status lines should be maintained. These are all areas of discussion in which *Harper's* readers will find themselves at home through the writings of Russell Lynes and others often mentioned and quoted in this work. This is a stimulating study of questions interesting to all Americans. McKay, $4.50

Joy Ride, by Dwight Taylor.

In our March issue we published a piece called "Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood" which is just one of the fourteen nostalgic, magnificently photographic anecdotes of the 1920s collected in this book. Mr. Taylor, whose father wrote "From Rags to Riches" and whose step-father wrote "Peg o' My Heart," is the son of Laurette Taylor and he knew almost everybody who was anybody in the theatrical and journalistic world of those mad and golden years—Heywood Broun, Scott Fitzgerald, Elinor Wylie, G. H. Butterfield, John Barrymore, Alexander Woollcott, Herbert Swope, Don Marquis, Somerset Maugham, and all his other friends. And here we have them all in funny, tender, and, one feels, true perspective. An utterly delightful book.

Putnam, $3.95

Tolstoy or Dostoevsky: An Essay in the Old Criticism, by George Steiner.

It is demonstrably absurd to pretend to capture the nuances and profundities of as scholarly and dedicated a work as this in a paragraph. One can only suggest the questions to which Mr. Steiner (who has written many articles for *Harper's*) addresses himself in these 350 pages. The very start is engaging. "Literary criticism," he says, "should arise out of a debt of love. In a manner evident and yet mysterious, the poem or the drama or the novel seizes upon our imaginings. We are not the same when we put down the work as we were when we took it up." Starting from there he goes into a short but cogent essay on the difference between the Old and the New Criticism. He says of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky: "They are the two greatest of novelists (all criticism is, in its moments of truth, dogmatic; the old criticism reserves the right of being so openly, and of using superlatives)." He goes on: " 'No English novelist,' wrote E. M. Forster, 'is as great as Tolstoy—that is to say has given so complete a picture of man's life, both on its domestic and heroic side. No English novelist has explored man's soul as deeply as Dostoevsky.' " And so, by the tenets of the Old Criticism Mr. Steiner proceeds with his comparison of the two giants, giving his reader a rich course in comparative literature as he proceeds. In the final monumental chapter he takes up the question (to give it in a sentence): "How do metaphysics enter into literature and what happens to

them when they get there as exemplified in such works as *Anna Karenina, Resurrection, The Possessed,* and *The Brothers Karamazov.*" The chapter ends with a magnificent short summary of the differences between the two authors and one understands the importance of the "OR" in his title. It is a book to read and learn from many times over. Knopf, $5.75

FORECAST

Images of America

The Book-of-the-Month Club's choice of Father R. L. Bruckberger's *Image of America,* as one of a double selection for summer, highlights our American passion for self-examination. This French Dominican, Chaplain General of the Resistance during the war, has just finished a seven-year stay in this country and here writes "a sympathetic yet candidly critical view of the American past and present . . . in the tradition of Tocqueville and Bryce." It will be published by Viking in July. Earlier in the summer, in June, we will have one history of the American past—indeed before Columbus—in Random House's *No Stone Unturned* by Louis A. Brennan, and one contemporary study from Harper—*The Operators,* by Frank Gibney, which will tell "how our Genial Society encourages us to cheat, swindle, and rob each other . . . a new cross-section of America—the corruptibles." . . .

In the Fall we will have other views of ourselves. In September Beacon plans to publish *Jews in Suburbia* by Rabbi Albert Gordon of Newton, Mass., a trained sociologist who has examined suburban living from Massachusetts to California. And as a very up-to-date footnote to the American picture Little, Brown will publish on October 6 Herb Hilscher's *Alaska, U.S.A.* . . .

So much for the factual and philosophical approach. But we have a notion that a couple of novels—James Michener's *Hawaii* (Random House for Fall) and Peter De Vries' *The Tents of Wickedness*—a parody of suburbia— which shares honors with Father Bruckberger's book as the Book-of-the-Month Club's summer selection, will contribute a good deal not only of entertainment but of the truth of the matter (Little, Brown, July).

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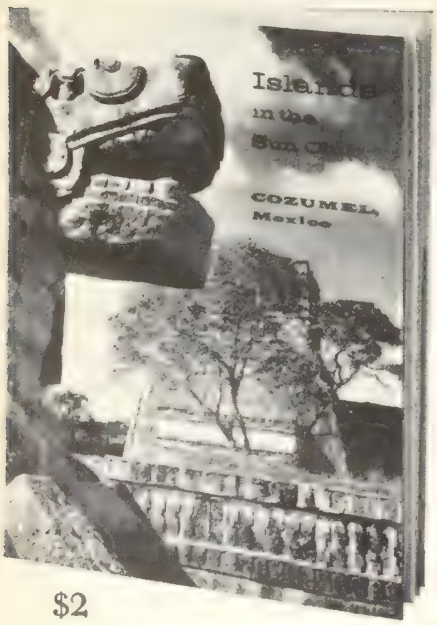
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HAUTE CUISINE

Ouvertures Francaises (Berlioz: Roman Carnival, Le Corsair. Lalo: Le Roi d'Ys. Bizet: Patrie). Detroit Symphony, Paray. Mercury SR 90191 *stereo.*

The French know their own music. Somehow, the slightly corny clichés (as we now hear them) of French nineteenth-century music tend to be ennobled by the styling of a French performance, even today. "Faust" in American dress, for instance, is often full of excess fuc and foolish rhetoric but in France even the most run-down "Faust" maintains its dignity, simply through the tradition of performing, which every French musician takes for granted to the smallest detail.

And even a mid American orchestra can respond similarly to good French conducting of French music. This slightly eccentric maestro sometimes does outlandish things to Wagner (though interesting) but in these overtures he is right on the beam stylistically. Every piece is a pleasure to listen to.

Bizet's loud and seldom-heard "Patrie" is the big item. Corny, too, but if you will put it into the serious background of the years after the debacle of the Franco-Prussian War you will understand how, in 1873, the talents of a Bizet could mean a lot in patriotic fervor of this sort.

There's a strange anticipation in this overture of a familiar passage in Tchaikowsky's "Capriccio Italien"—even the key is the same—which might indicate the overture's importance in its day. Tchaikowsky must have known it, as a prototype for many later expressions in the flamboyant overture form.

Delibes: Sylvia (complete ballet). London Symphony, Fistoulari. Mercury SR2 9006 (2) *stereo.*

The short suites from "Sylvia" and "Coppélia" have often made pleasant, light music for general background and hi-fi use in the home; a good many of the numbers are only too well known in salon-style playings. But the complete "Sylvia" is—or can be—something else again. My respect for Delibes has jumped, after an interesting evening spent with this persuasive album.

The famous pizzicato, for instance, is a bit of fluff you will have heard a million times in restaurant-music form. But as part of a larger dramatic whole, this and others of the sort take on an unexpected and quite astonishing dignity. Delibes, you will discover when you play him complete, had an outstanding sense for dramatic continuity in this difficult and specialized ballet-music form, with its endless chains of little pieces, one after the other. His feeling for ever-new moods, for freshness, contrast, change of pace, his gratifying postponement of that impending ear-saturation we all expect sooner or later in such a score, is no less than amazing.

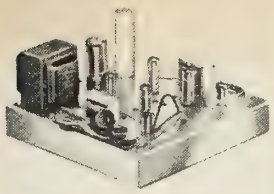
Throughout four long LP sides of music, interest continues to increase, tension is built, but ever so gradually and subtly. If you are able to play all the way through Side 4 without dropping everything else for full musical attention, you really *are* a background music addict. And yet at the end you will not feel overstuffed. "Sylvia" has the attributes of French *haute cuisine* in musical terms.

I suspect that Fistoulari's wonderfully sensitive conducting of the music has much to do with this recording's unusual value. It takes a fine conductor to lead an orchestra through these dozens of changes of mood and tempo with such an intuitive rightness. As for Mercury's recording, it is ideal in sound as well as superb in technical excellence, impressive, yet tactfully unobtrusive in its "fi," and just dry enough to give the all-important feel of the ballet theater, rather than the reverberation of a concert hall—a distinction too many recording engineers overlook.

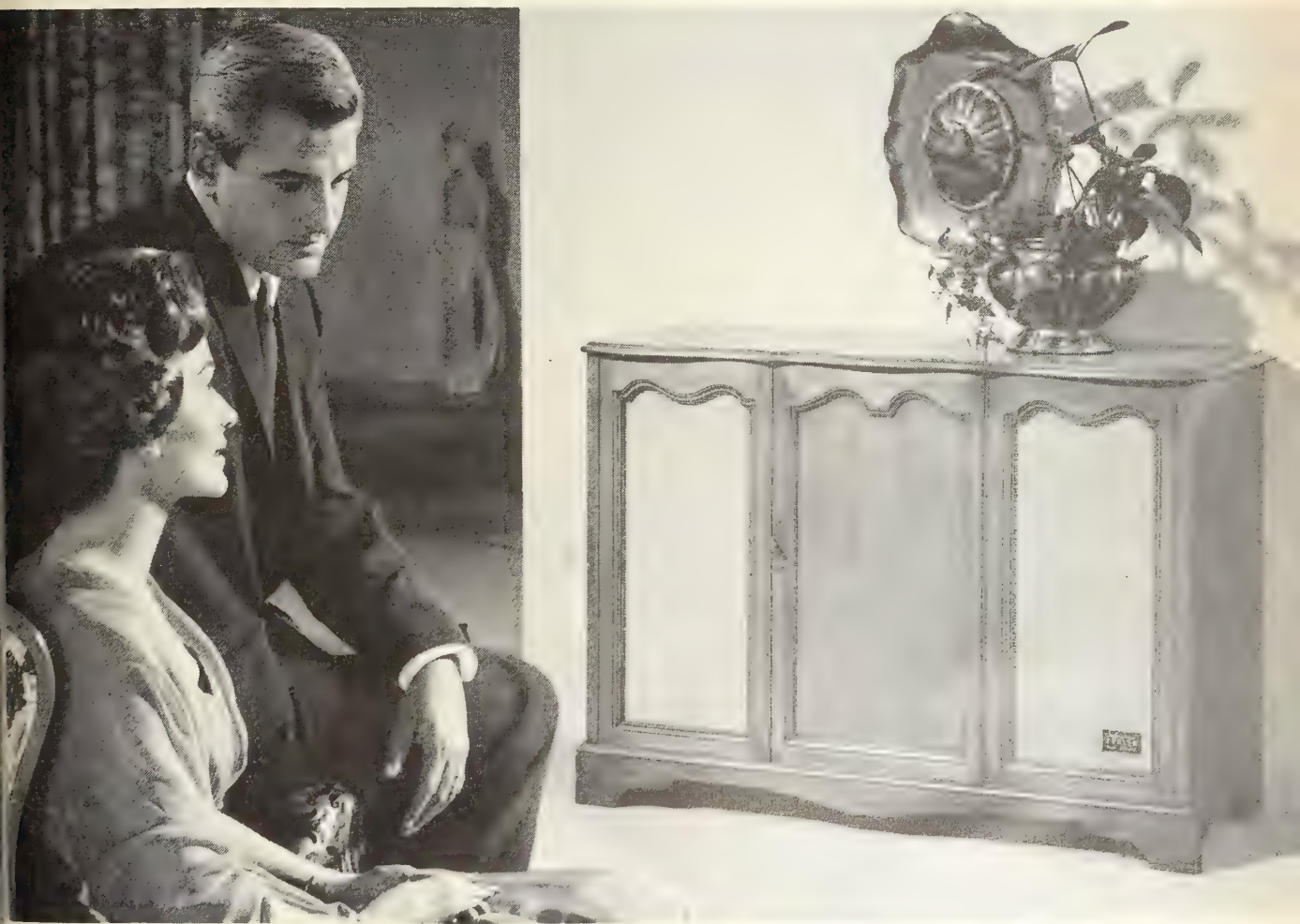
Tchaikowsky: Symphony #1 ("Winter Dreams"). Vienna Philharmusica, Swarowsky. Urania USD 1010 *stereo* (UR 8008 *mono*).

This is a splendid companion to the Second ("Little Russian") symphony by these same players on Urania—both are top-rank recordings and the music of these two "little" Tchaikowskys (they aren't really very short) is a welcome change from the sound of the late and familiar symphonies. I should guess that the Third is a likely bet, to complete the series. (P.S. It is USD 1026.)

The First has odd reminiscences of the early Schubert orchestra in its louder flourishes but the unmistakably Slavic tunes are like Glinka and Borodin. The



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slow movement is one of the finer things in Tchaikowsky and is really beautifully played here. No doubt about it, this orchestra and its hard-working conductor (he is on numerous minor record labels) rank very high in Tchaikowsky.

Urania's records are made via the same semi-standard equipment as many others—Telefunken mikes, Ampex recorder, Westrex stereo-disc-cutter—but the sound quality is extraordinary. Just goes to show how much value still attaches to careful judgment in the over-all production of a record, in respect to the thousands of detailed engineering and musical considerations that, somehow, must be made to jibe with costs and hoped-for profits. No two answers are the same.

Mendelssohn: Symphony #4 ("Italian"); Trumpet Overture in C. London Philh., Goossens; Vienna State Opera Orch., Swarowsky. Urania USD 1013 *stereo.*

Mendelssohn: Symphony #4 ("Italian"). Haydn: Symphony #104 ("London"). N. Y. Phila., Bernstein. Columbia MS 6013 *stereo.*

Here are two "Italians" that make an unusual comparison, both first-rate recordings but with significant differences.

The Goossens version (played by the orchestra that commissioned the work and did its first performance in 1833 under the composer) is a British conception—by which I mean that it reflects that wonderfully solid and often poetic middle-class Victorian respectability, slightly Germanic, that found Mendelssohn exactly suited to its needs for so long—and perhaps still does. The music is impeccably shaped and phrased, played with uncomplicated freshness. There is everywhere that wonderful sense of the elfin and slightly dumpy world of German folklore, as in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" or (later) "Hansel and Gretel." The Goossens first movement is a rollicking Mendelssohn scherzo; in the second he tiptoes carefully through bosky dells of the Black Forest. His minuet is as slow as molasses in much more expressive and his final movement is all good humor and precision bounce. An admirable performance within the British tradition.

Bernstein, who is utterly removed from this Anglo-German *entente cordiale*, brings out unsuspected qualities in the score if in a more impulsive, less disciplined fashion. Mendelssohn, we suddenly realize, was Jewish: this first movement is explosively emotional (with perhaps a bit of American drive and tension to it), the second is almost a Hebrew lament and effectively so. The minuet is as eloquent as Schumann and the finale can only be described as furious.

Most of us will prefer the more dramatic, more revealing Bernstein exposition but we should not by-pass the solid virtues of the British recording—for "solid" in England can include much singularly fine music-making.

There's an interesting technical comparison here, too. Columbia's groove is louder than Urania's and yet the entire work is compressed onto one side with room for the "London" on the other; but some pickups will find the going rather stiff, especially in the final movements. Urania, characteristically, spreads the music out over a side and a half, at a lower volume, which makes for an easy, clean sound and leaves room for a pertinent, seldom-heard trumpet overture.

Chausson: Piano Quartet in A Minor, Op. 30. André Previn, members of Roth Quartet. Stereo Records S 7014 (Soc. for Forgotten Music).

Vernon Duke's Society for Forgotten Music is managing to make its mark in the somewhat overplayed area of rediscovered music by exploring, of all unlikely periods, the nineteenth century. The fruits are interesting, if not exactly major finds.



French critics have hailed this neglected offshoot of the Franckian school as great; but then they hail much of Fauré and others of the time, with pardonable chauvinism. For us, the Chausson music is mild stuff, nicely written and redolent of César Franck but a good deal less strong than Franck himself.

It's a pleasing disc just the same, given such sympathetic playing as this, especially in the piano, and the stereo recording is improved over the earlier work of this company. The music is also available in mono (same cover) on the Society's own label.

Thuille: Piano Sextet in B Flat, Op. 6 (1885-87). Jesus Maria Sanroma, pf., Boston Woodwind Quintet. Boston BST 1001 *(stereo).*

This rather surprising work would at first glance seem to be French, but actually it is a piece of pure German Romanticism of the late Brahms period. The Thuille family name came from French Savoy; the composer was born in Bolzano (then Austrian) and as an orphan got a thoroughly German-Austrian musical education. He was a friend of Richard Strauss, who urged him to submit this very work for a Viennese prize. Didn't get it (more machinations by that famous Brahmsophile critic, Hanslick) but the music did have success.

For us, with Brahms *vs.* Strauss-Bruckner-Wagner factionalism long since meaningless, Thuille writes a most pleasingly extrovert and lyric Romanticism, quite uninhibited and wonderfully old-fashioned. It is not very important music but it makes good listening, thanks to fine craftsmanship. The performance is full of enthusiasm, sparked by the potent Sanroma.

You can have the music non-stereo on a single side of another Boston record, with Vivaldi and Telemann, but Boston's big stereo effect is so convincing that I recommend it even at double cost.

More of Kipling's Just So Stories. Read by Boris Karloff. Caedmon TC 1088.

Of all the storytelling records I know, this and the earlier "Just So" collection (TC 1038) are my favorites. Kipling's ingenious, whimsical, musical little essays on topsy-turvy evolution must surely have come out of a lot of much-too-serious talk on Darwinism! As Caedmon suggests, Kipling was probably on hand taking notes in those High and Far-off Times when all the animals of the land and sea were being thought up.

In this record you will hear how the Leopard got his spots, a very painless lesson on the values of accidental camouflage, and how the Elephant Child had his nose pulled out into a useful trunk by the Crocodile, who wanted him for dinner. The Kipling account of the chase of the small Kangaroo and the Yellow Dog Dingo is an early Australian saga, anticipating our own Vachel Lindsay and "The Congo" with its sing-song rhythms. Then there is the Armadillo. . . .

My own father read me these stories when I was small—but he'd be the first to admit that Karloff reads them even better.

NOTE: Virtually all major-label recordings and most on small-company labels are now released in both stereo and mono (standard) form, though I list here the version I received for review (usually stereo). I earnestly suggest that it is high time now to make your basic conversion to a stereo pickup cartridge, even though the rest of the stereo equipment must be postponed a while. The new cartridges play *all* LP and 45 records, stereo or mono, new or old, and their performance is now well beyond the experimental stage.

You may safely buy stereo discs, too. The difference in basic quality is musically very slight and is almost always outweighed in favor of stereo by the stereo sound-spread itself. I've found that in most cases a comparison between stereo and mono releases is not really worth the time it takes. I play the stereo version.

WORTH HEARING . . .

Palestrina and Monteverdi. Netherlands Chamber Choir, De Nobel. Angel 35667.

Motets for Christmas and Easter (Aichinger, Cooper, Lassus, Palestrina, Praetorius, Victoria). Philippe Caillard Vocal Ensemble. Westminster XWN 18809.

Music of Guillaume Dufay. Dessoff Choirs, Boepple; Leslie Chabay, tenor, instr. ensemble. Vanguard BGS 5008 *stereo* (BG 582 *mono*).

Vocal Polyphony from the 15th to 17th Centuries. Les Petits Chanteurs de la Renaissance, Marcel Noyre and Jean Pagot. Haydn Society HS 9007.

Bach: Mass in B Minor. Sailer, Bence, Wunderlich, Wenk, Swabian Chorale, Orch. 35th German Bach Festival, Grischkat. Stereo Vox STPL 511.283 (3) *stereo.*

Mozart: La Finta Giardiniera, K. 196; Highlights. Soloists, Cam. Ac. des Salzburger Mozarteums, Paumgartner. Epic LC 3543.

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JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

BIRD

There are several explanations for his nickname, but one of them is that Charlie Parker's alto sax did indeed squawk and twitter—and soar and float above the earth—like a bird. He had one of the induplicable voices. It is easier than many last-ditch fanciers of jazz antiquity still think to "dig" Bird—in the sense of recognizing him, anywhere, for his gliding flights and staccato runs. But what then?

Charlie Parker ought to be, yet is not, a part of the imaginative vocabulary of mid-century Americans. The jazz idiom has one small advantage over the verbal, in that it can allow such raw-edged men as this to express the full range of their harsh and complex selves. Few other artistic media are so sensitive to the problem of reconciling intellect with visceral drive, or allow for so great a variety of individual solutions. Bird was one of the breakthroughs, a triumph of creativity over its material so complete that every note he played bears the stamp of his uniqueness.

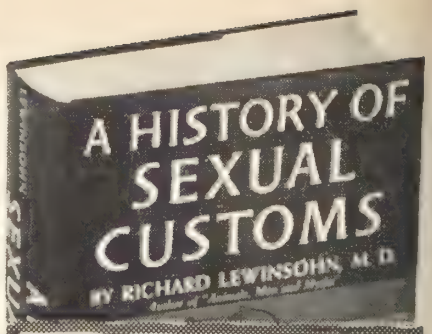
More than a generation of jazz-buffs has been nourished on Charlie Parker, and we have long since passed the point where a record company (as Savoy seems to have done) was bound to publish every note of his they had on tape. To make it worse, he became famous enough in the years before he died to be recorded "with strings," and in other miscellaneous combinations (by Verve) which he seems to have enjoyed more than his purist listeners would now like to allow. To the neophyte Parkerite I can only recommend beginning with the the Roost record listed first below.

Charlie Parker All Star Sextet, with Miles Davis, J. J. Johnson, Max Roach. Roost LP 2210.

Giants of Modern Jazz, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. Jazztone J-1201.

The Charlie Parker Story (with a biographical account by Nat Hentoff), Verve MGV 8100-2. (This is a condensation of **The Genius of Charlie Parker**, Vols. 1-8. Verve MGV 8003-10.)

Charlie Parker Memorial, Vol. 1, Savoy MG-12000, Vol. 2, Savoy MG-12009. **The Immortal Charlie Parker**, Savoy MG-12001. **The Genius of Charlie Parker**, Savoy MG-12014. **The Charlie Parker Story**, Savoy MG-12079.



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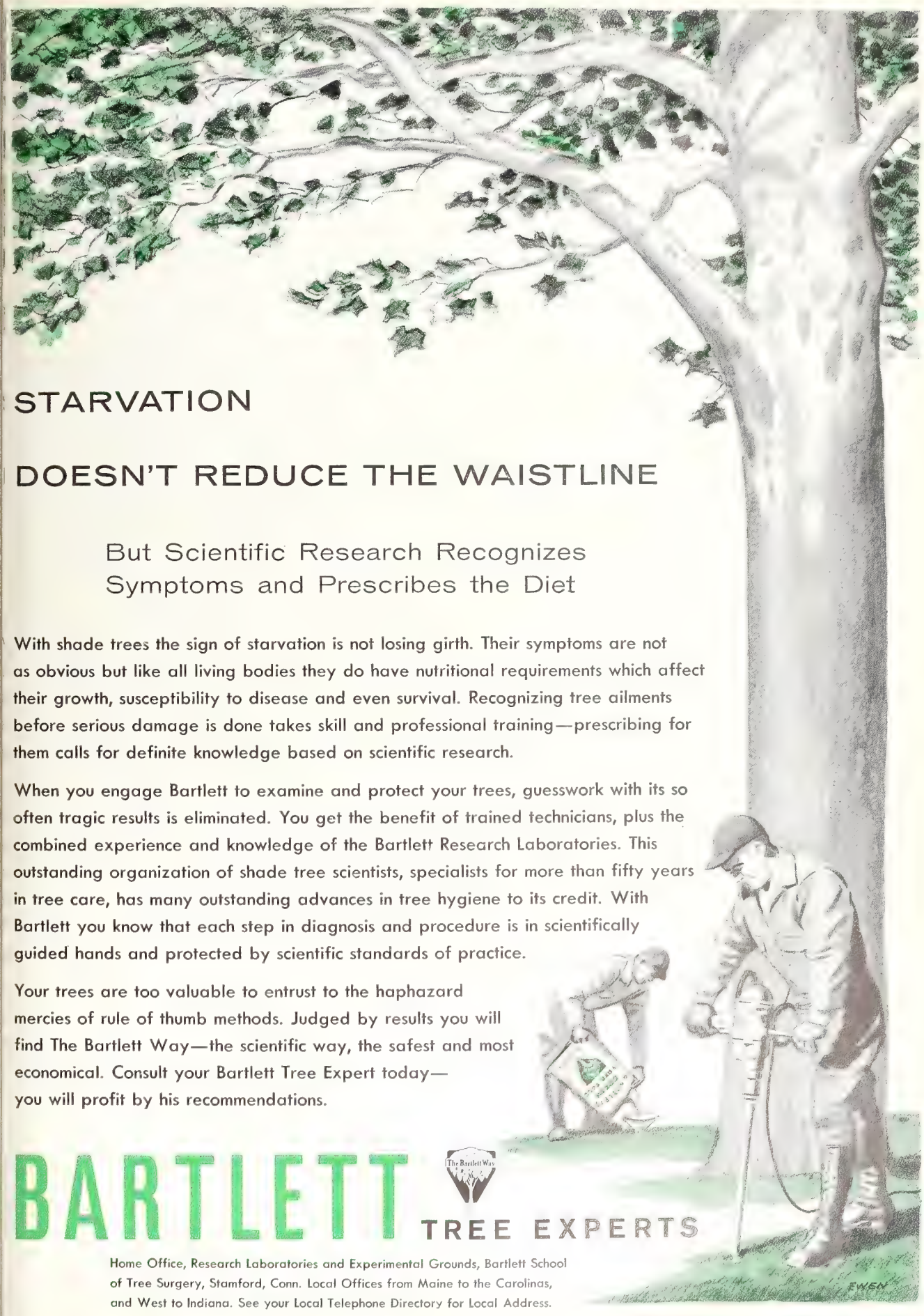
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